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IN ALL SHADES.

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of 'Babylon,' 'Strange Stories,' etc. etc.

CHAPTER I.

About one o'clock in the morning, by a flickering fire of half-dead embers, young men of twenty-five are very apt to grow confidential. Now, it was one o'clock gone, by the marble timepiece on Edward Hawthorn's big mantel-shelf in King's Bench Walk, Temple; and Edward Hawthorn and Harry Noel were each of them just twenty-five; so it is no matter for wonder at all that the conversation should just then have begun to take a very confidential turn indeed, especially when one remembers that they had both nearly finished their warm glass of whisky toddy, and that it was one of those chilly April evenings when you naturally cower close over the fire to keep your poor blood from curdling bodily altogether within you.

'It's certainly very odd, Noel, that my father should always seem so very anxious to keep me from going back to Trinidad, even for a mere short visit.'

Harry Noel shook out the ashes from his pipe as he answered quietly: 'Fathers are altogether the most unaccountable, incomprehensible, mysterious, and unmanageable of creatures. For my own part, I've given up attempting to fathom them altogether.'

Edward smiled half deprecatingly. 'Ah, but you know, Noel,' he went on in a far more serious tone than his friend's, 'my father isn't at all like that; he's never refused me money or anything else I've wanted; he's been the most liberal and the kindest of men to me; but for some abstruse and inconceivable reason—I can't imagine why—he's always opposed my going back home even to visit him.'

'If Sir Walter would only act upon the same principle, my dear boy, I can tell you confidentially I'd be simply too delighted. But he always acts upon the exact contrary. He's in favour of my coming down to the Hall in the very dampest, dreariest, and dullest part of all Lincolnshire, at the precise moment of time when I want myself to be off to Scotland, deer-stalking or grouse-shooting; and he invariably considers all my applications for extra coin as at least inopportune—as the papers say—if not as absolutely extravagant, or even criminal. A governor who deals lavishly while remaining permanently invisible on the other side of the Atlantic, appears to me to combine all possible and practical advantages.'

'Ah, that's all very well for you, Noel; you've got your father and your family here in England with you, and you make light of the privilege because you enjoy it. But it's a very different thing altogether when all your people are separated from you by half a hemisphere, and you've never even so much as seen your own mother since you were a little chap no bigger than that chair there. You'll admit at least that a fellow would naturally like now and again to see his mother.'

'His mother,' Noel answered, dropping his voice a little with a sort of instinctive reverential inflection. 'Ah, that, now, is a very different matter.'

'Well, you see, my dear fellow, I've never seen either my father or my mother since I was quite a small boy of eight years old or thereabouts. I was sent home to Joyce's school then, as you know; and after that, I went to Rugby, and next to Cambridge; and I've almost entirely forgotten by this time even what my father and mother look like. When they sent me home

those two photographs there, a few months back, I assure you there wasn't a feature in either face I could really and truly recognise or remember.'

'Precious handsome old gentleman your father, anyhow,' Noel observed, looking up carelessly at the large framed photograph above the fireplace. 'Seems the right sort too. Fine air of sterling coininess also, I remark, about his gray hair and his full waistcoat and his turn-down shirt-collar.'

'O Noel, please; don't talk that way!'

'My dear fellow, it's the course of nature. We fall as the leaves fall, and new generations replace us and take our money. Good for the legacy duty. Now, is your governor sugar or coffee?'

'Sugar, I believe—in fact, I'm pretty sure of it. He often writes that the canes are progressing, and talks about rattoons and centrifugals and other things I don't know the very names of. But I believe he has a very good estate of his own somewhere or other at the north end of the island.'

'Why, of course, then, that's the explanation of it—as safe as houses, you may depend upon it. The old gentleman's as rich as Crœsus. He makes you a modest allowance over here, which you, who are an unassuming, hard-working, Chitty-on-contract sort of fellow, consider very handsome, but which is really not one quarter of what he ought to be allowing you out of his probably princely income. You take my word for it, Teddy, that's the meaning of it. The old gentleman—he has a very knowing look about his weather-eye in the photograph there—he thinks if you were to go out there and see the estate and observe the wealth of the Indies, and discover the way he makes the dollars fly, you'd ask him immediately to double your allowance; and being a person of unusual penetration—as I can see, with half a glance, from his picture—he decides to keep you at the other end of the universe, so that you may never discover what a perfect Rothschild he is, and go in for putting the screw on.'

Edward Hawthorn smiled quietly. 'It won't do, my dear fellow,' he said, glancing up quickly at the handsome open face in the big photograph. 'My father isn't at all that sort of person, I feel certain, from his letters. He's doing all he can to advance me in life; and though he hasn't seen me for so long, I'm the one interest he really lives upon. I certainly did think it very queer, after I'd taken my degree at Cambridge and got the Arabic scholarship and so forth, that my father didn't want me to go out to the island. I naturally wanted to see my old home and my father and mother, before settling down to my business in life; and I wrote and told them so. But my father wrote back, putting me off with all sorts of made-up excuses: it was the bad season of the year; there was a great deal of yellow fever about; he was very anxious I should get to work at once upon my law-reading; he wanted me to be called to the bar as early as possible.'

'And so, just to please the old gentleman, you left your Arabic, that you were such a swell at, and set to work over Benjamin on Sales and Pollock on Mortgages for the best years of your lifetime, when you ought to have been shooting birds in Devonshire or yachting with me in the *Princess of Thule* off the west coast of Scotland. That's not my theory of the way fathers ought to be managed. I consented to become a barrister, just to pacify Sir Walter for the moment; but my ideas of barristering are a great deal more elastic and generous than yours are. I'm quite satisfied with getting my name neatly painted over the door of some other fellow's convenient chambers.'

'Yes, yes, of course you are. But then your case is very different. The heir to an English baronetcy needn't trouble himself about his future, like us ordinary mortals; but if I didn't work hard and get on and make money, I shouldn't ever be able to marry—at least during my father's lifetime.'

'No more should I, my dear fellow. Absolutely impossible. A man can't marry on seven hundred a year, you see, can he?'

Edward laughed. 'I could,' he answered, 'very easily. No doubt, you couldn't. But then you haven't got anybody in your eye; while I, you know, am anxious as soon as I can to marry Marian.'

'Not got anybody in my eye!' Harry Noel cried, leaning back in his chair and opening his two hands symbolically in front of him with an expansive gesture. 'Oh, haven't I. Why, there was a pretty little girl I saw last Wednesday down at the Buckleburies—a Miss Dupuy, I think, they called her—I positively believe, a countrywoman of yours, Edward, from Trinidad; or was it Mauritius? one of those sugary-niggery places or other, anyhow; and I assure you I fairly lost the miserable relics of my heart to her at our first meeting. She's going to be at the boatrace to-morrow; and—yes, I'll run down there in the dogcart, on the chance of seeing her. Will you come with me?'

'What o'clock?'

'Eleven. A reasonable hour. You don't catch me getting up at five o'clock in the morning and making the historical Noel nose, which I so proudly inherit, turn blue with cold and shivering at that time of the day, even for the honour of the old 'varsity. Plenty of time to turn in and get a comfortable snooze, and yet have breakfast decently before I drive you down to-morrow morning in my new dogcart.'

'All right. I'll come with you, then.—Are you going out now? Just post this letter for me, please, will you?'

Noel took it, and glanced at the address half unintentionally. 'The Hon. James Hawthorn,' he said, reading it over in a thoughtless mechanical way and in a sort of undertone soliloquy, 'Agualta Estate, Trinidad.—Why, I didn't know, Teddy, this mysterious governor of yours was actually a real live Honourable. What family does he belong to, then?'

'I don't think Honourable means that out in the colonies, you know,' Edward answered, stirring the embers into a final flicker. 'I fancy it's only a cheap courtesy title given to people

in the West Indies who happen to be members of the Legislative Council.' He paused for a minute, still seated, and poking away nervously at the dying embers; then he said in a more serious voice: 'Do you know, Noel, there's a district judgeship in Trinidad going to be filled up at once by the Colonial Office?'

'Well, my dear boy; what of that? I know a promising young barrister of the Inner Temple who isn't going to be such an absurd fool as to take the place, even if it's offered to him.'

'On the contrary, Harry, I've sent in an application myself for the post this very evening.'

'My dear Hawthorn, like Paul, you are beside yourself. Much learning has made you mad, I solemnly assure you. The place isn't worth your taking.'

'Nevertheless, if I can get it, Harry, I mean to take it.'

'If you can get it! Fiddlesticks! If you can get a place as crossing-sweeper! My good friend, this is simple madness. A young man of your age, a boy, a mere child'—they were both the same age to a month, but Harry Noel always assumed the airs of a father towards his friend Hawthorn—'why, it's throwing up an absolute certainty; an absolute certainty, and no mistake about it. You're the best Arabic scholar in England; it would be worth your while stopping here, if it comes to that, for the sake of the Arabic Professorship alone, rather than go and vegetate in Trinidad. If you take my advice, my dear fellow, you'll have nothing more to say to the precious business.'

'Well, Harry, I have two reasons for wishing to take it. In the first place, I want to marry Marian as early as possible; and I can't marry her until I can make myself a decent income. And in the second place,' Edward went on, 'I want to go out as soon as I can and see my father and mother in Trinidad. If I get this district judgeship, I shall be able to write and tell them positively I'm coming, and they won't have any excuse of any sort for putting a stopper on it any longer.'

'In other words, in order to go and spy out the hidden wealth of the old governor, you're going to throw up the finest opening at the English bar, and bind yourself down to a life of exile in a remote corner of the Caribbean Sea. Well, my good friend, if you really do it, all that I can say is simply this—you'll prove yourself the most consummate fool in all Christendom.'

'Noel, I've made up my mind; I shall really go there.'

'Then, my dear boy, allow me to tell you, as long as you live you'll never cease to regret it. I believe you'll repent it, before you're done, in sackcloth and ashes.'

Edward stirred the dead fire nervously once more for a few seconds and answered nothing.

'Good-night, Hawthorn. You'll be ready to start for the boatrace at ten to-morrow?'

'Good-night, Harry. I'll be ready to start. Good-night, my dear fellow.'

Noel turned and left the room; but Edward Hawthorn stood still, with his bedroom candle poised reflectively in one hand, looking long and steadfastly with fixed eyes at his father's and mother's photographs before him. 'A grand-looking old man, my father, certainly,' he said to himself, scanning the fine broad brow and firm but tender mouth with curious attention—'a grand-looking old man, without a doubt, there's no denying it. But I wonder why on earth he doesn't want me to go out to Trinidad? And a beautiful, gentle, lovable old lady, if ever there was one on this earth, my mother!'

CHAPTER II.

You wouldn't have found two handsomer or finer young fellows on the day of the boatrace, in all London, than the two who started in the new dogcart, at ten o'clock, from the door of Harry Noel's comfortable chambers in a quaint old house in Duke Street, St James's. And yet they were very different in type; as widely different as it is possible for any two young men to be, both of whom were quite unmistakable and undeniable young Englishmen.

Harry Noel was heir of one of the oldest families in Lincolnshire; but his face and figure were by no means those of the typical Danes in that distinctively Danish-English county. Sir Walter, his father, was tall and fair—a bluff, honest, hard-featured Lincolnshire man; but Harry himself took rather after his mother, the famous Lady Noel, once considered the most beautiful woman of her time in London society. He was somewhat short and well knit; a very dark man, with black hair, moustache, and beard; and his face was handsome with something of a southern and fiery handsomeness, like his mother's, reminding one at times of the purest Italian or Castilian stocks. There was undeniable pride about his upper lip and his eager flashing black eye; while his customary nonchalance and coolness of air never completely hid the hot and passionate southern temperament that underlay that false exterior of Pall Mall cynicism. A man to avoid picking a quarrel with, certainly, was Harry Noel, of the Inner Temple, and of Noel Hall, by Boston, Lincolnshire, barrister-at-law.

Edward Hawthorn, on the other hand, was tall and slight, though strongly built; a grand model of the pure Anglo-Saxon type of manhood, with straight fair hair, nearer white almost than yellow, and deep-blue eyes, that were none the less transparently true and earnest because of their intense and unmixed blueness. His face was clear-cut and delicately moulded; and the pale and singularly straw-coloured moustache, which alone was allowed to hide any part of its charming outline, did not prevent one from seeing at a glance the almost faultless Greek regularity of his perfectly calm and statuesque features. Harry Noel's was, in short, the kind of face that women are most likely to admire: Edward Hawthorn's was the kind that an artist would rather rejoice to paint, or that a sculptor would still more eagerly wish to model.

'Much better to go down by the road, you know, Teddy,' quoth Harry as they took their seats in the new dogcart. 'All the cads in London are going down by rail, of course. The whole riff-raff of our fellow-man that you're always talking about so sympathetically, with

your absurd notions, overflows to-day from its natural reservoirs in the third class into the upper tanks of first and second. Impossible to travel on the line this morning without getting one's self jammed and elbowed by all the tinkers and tailors, soldiers and sailors, butchers and bakers and candlestick makers in the whole of London. Enough to cure even you, I should think, of all your nonsensical rights-of-man and ideal equality business.'

'Have you ever travelled third yourself, to see what it was really like, Harry? I have; and, for my part, I think the third-class people are generally rather kinder and more unselfish than the first or second.'

'My dear fellow, on your recommendation I tried it last week.—But let that pass, and tell me where are you going to look for your beautiful young lady from Trinidad or Mauritius? You made her the ostensible pretext, you know, for going to the boatrace.'

'Oh, for that I trust entirely to the chapter of accidents. She said she was going down to see the race from somebody's lawn, facing the river; and I shall force my way along the path as far as I can get and quietly look out for her. If we see her, I mean to push boldly for an introduction to the somebody unnamed who owns the lawn. Leave the dogcart at some inn or other down at Putney, stroll along the river casually till you see a beautiful vision of sweet nineteen or thereabout, walk in quietly as if the place belonged to you, and there you are.'

They drove on to Putney through the crowded roads, and put the dogcart up at the *Coach and Horses*. Then Harry and Edward took to the still more crowded bank, and began to push their way among the densely packed masses of non-descript humanity in the direction of Barnes Bridge.

'Stand out of the way there, can't you,' cried Noel, elbowing aside a sturdy London rough as he spoke with a dexterous application of his gold-tipped umbrella. 'Why do you get in people's way and block the road up, my good fellow?'

'Where are you a-pushin' to?' the rough answered, not without reason, crowding in upon him sturdily in defence of his natural rights of standing-room, and bringing his heavy foot down plump on Harry Noel's neatly fitting walking-shoe. 'An' who are you, I should like to know, a-shovin' other people aside permiscuous like, as if you was acthally the Prince of Wales or the Dook of Edinboro? I'd like to hear you call me a fellow again, I should!'

'Appears to be some confusion in the man's mind,' said Noel, pushing past him angrily, 'between a fellow and a felon. I haven't got an etymological dictionary handy in my pocket, I regret to say, but I venture to believe, my good friend, that your philology is quite as much at fault in this matter as your English grammar.'

'My dear Noel,' Hawthorn put in, 'please don't add insult to injury. The man's quite within his right in objecting to your pushing him out of a place he took up before you came here. Possession's nine points of the law, you know—ten in the matter of occupancy, indeed—and surely he's the prior occupant.'

'Oh, if you're going to hold a brief for the defendant, my dear boy, why, of course I throw the case up.—Besides, there she is, Teddy. By Jove, there she is. That's her. Over yonder on the lawn there—the very pretty girl by the edge of the wall overhanging the path here.'

'What, the one in blue?'

'The one in blue! Gracious goodness, no. The other one—the very pretty girl; the one in the pink dress, as fresh as a daisy. Did you ever see anybody prettier?'

'Oh, her,' Edward answered, looking across at the lady in pink carelessly. 'Yes, yes; I see now. Pretty enough, as you say, Harry.'

'Pretty enough! Is that all you've got to say about her! You block of ice! you lump of marble! Why, my dear fellow, she's absolute perfection. That's the worst, now, of a man's being engaged. He loses his eye entirely for female beauty.'

'What did you say her name was?'

'Miss Dupuy. I'll introduce you in a minute.'

'But, my dear Harry, where are you going? We don't even know the people.'

'Nothing easier, then. We'll proceed to make their acquaintance. See what a lot of cads climbing up and sitting on the wall, obstructing the view there! First, seat yourself firmly on the top the same as they do; then, proceed to knock off the other intruders, as if you belonged to the party by invitation; finally, slip over quietly inside, and mix with the lot exactly as if you really knew them. There is such a precious crowd of people inside, that nobody'll ever find out you weren't invited. I've long observed that nobody ever does know who's who at a garden-party. The father always thinks his son knows you; and the son always fancies indefinitely you're particular friends of his father and mother.'

As Harry spoke, he had already clambered up to the top of the wall, which was steep and high on the side towards the river, but stood only about two feet above the bank on the inner side; and Edward, seeing nothing else to do but follow his example, had taken with shame a convenient seat beside him. In a minute more, Harry was busily engaged in clearing off the other unauthorised squatters, like an invited guest; and two minutes later, he had transferred his legs to the inner side of the wall, and was quietly identifying himself with the party of spectators on the lawn and garden. Edward, who was blessed with less audacity in social matters than his easy-going friend, could only admire without wholly imitating his ready adaptiveness.

'Miss Dupuy! How delightful! This is indeed lucky. How very fortunate I should happen to have dropped down upon you so unexpectedly.'

Nora Dupuy smiled a delicious smile of frank and innocent girlish welcome, and held out her hand to Harry half timidly. 'Why, Mr Noel,' she said, 'I hadn't the very slightest idea you knew our good friends the Boddingtons.'

'*Mr* Boddington?' Harry Noel asked with a marked emphasis on the dubious *Mr*.

'No; Colonel Boddington, of the Bengal Staff Corps. Why, how on earth do you happen not

to know their name even?—You have a friend with you, I perceive.'

'Exactly,' Harry said, turning to Edward, who was speechless with surprise. 'Allow me to introduce him. My friend, Mr Hawthorn, a shining light of the Utter Bar.—By the way, didn't you say you came from Trinidad or Mauritius or Ceylon or somewhere? I remember distinctly you left upon me a general impression of tropical fragrance, though I can't say I recollect precisely the particular habitat.'

'Trinidad,' she answered, looking down as she spoke.—'Why, Mr Noel, what about it?'

'Why, my friend Hawthorn here comes from Trinidad too, so you ought to be neighbours; though, as he hasn't been there himself for a great many years, I daresay you won't know one another.'

'Oh, everybody in Trinidad knows everybody else, of course,' Nora answered, half turning to Edward. 'It's such a little pocket colony, you know, that we're all first-cousins to one another through all the island. I'm not acquainted with all the people in Trinidad myself, naturally, because I haven't been there since I was a baby, almost; but my father would be perfectly sure to know him, at anyrate, I'm confident. I don't think I ever heard the name of Hawthorn before—connected with Trinidad, I mean; in fact, I'm sure not.—Do your people live out there still, Mr Hawthorn, or have they settled in England?'

'My father and mother are still in the island,' Edward answered, a little uncomfortably. 'My father is Mr James Hawthorn, of Agualta Estate, a place at the north side of Trinidad.'

'Agualta Estate,' Nora replied, turning the name over with herself once more dubiously, 'Agualta Estate. I've certainly heard the name of the place, I'm sure; but never of your people until this minute. How very strange.'

'It's a long time since you've been in the island, you say,' Noel put in suggestively, 'and no doubt you've forgotten Mr Hawthorn's father's name. He must be pretty well known in Trinidad, I should think, for he's an Honourable, you know, and a member of the local Legislative Council.'

Nora looked decidedly puzzled. 'A member of the Legislative Council,' she said in some surprise. 'That makes it stranger still. My papa's a member of Council too, and he knows everybody in the place, you know—that is to say, of course, everybody who's anybody; and poor mamma used always to write me home the chattiest letters, all about everybody and everybody's wife and daughters, and all the society gossip of the colony; and then I see so many Trinidad people when they come home; and altogether, I really thought I knew, by name at least, absolutely every one in the whole island.'

'And this proves you must be mistaken, Miss Dupuy,' Noel put in carelessly; for he was half jealous that his own special and peculiar discovery in pretty girls should take so much interest in Edward Hawthorn. 'But anyhow, you'll know all about him before very long, I've no doubt, for Mr Hawthorn is going to take a judgeship in the uttermost parts of the earth, even Trinidad. He'll be going out there, no doubt, from what he tells me, in a month or so from now.'

'Going out there!' Nora cried. 'Oh, how nice. Why, I shall be going out, too, in the end of June. How delightful, if we should both happen to sail in the same steamer together!'

'I should envy him the voyage immensely,' said Harry. 'But you don't mean to say, Miss Dupuy, you're really going to bury yourself alive in the West Indies?'

'Oh, I don't call it burying alive, Mr Noel; it's perfectly delightful, I believe, from what I remember. Summer all the year round, and dancing, with all the doors and windows open, from September to April.'

'Pray, inform me which is Colonel Boddington,' Harry exclaimed eagerly at this particular moment, as an old gentleman of military aspect strolled up casually to speak to Nora. 'Point me out mine host, for mercy's sake, or else he'll be bringing a summary action for ejectment against us both as rogues and vagabonds.'

'This is he,' Nora said, as the military gentleman approached nearer. 'Don't you know him? Perhaps I'd better introduce you. Colonel Boddington—Mr Noel, Mr Hawthorn.'

'And I'd better make a clean breast of it at once,' Harry Noel continued, smiling gracefully with his pleasant easy smile—Edward would have sunk bodily into the earth alive, rather than make the ridiculous confession. 'The fact is, we're intruders into your domain, sir—unauthorised intruders. We took our seats on the top of your wall to watch the race; and when we got there, we found a number of roughs were obstructing the view for the ladies of your party; and we assisted the gentlemen of your set in clearing the ground; and then, as I saw my friend Miss Dupuy was here, I made bold to jump over and come to speak to her, feeling sure that a previous acquaintance with her would be a sufficient introduction into your pleasant society here.—What a delightful place, sir, you've got on the river here.'

Colonel Boddington bowed stiffly. 'Any friend of Miss Dupuy's is quite welcome here,' he said with some chilly severity.—'Did I understand Miss Dupuy to say your name was Rowell?'

'Noel,' Harry corrected, smiling benignly. 'You may possibly know my father, Sir Walter Noel, of Noel Hall, near Boston, Lincolnshire.'

Colonel Boddington unbent visibly. 'I'm very glad of this opportunity, I'm sure, Mr Noel,' he said with his most gracious manner. 'As I remarked before, Miss Dupuy's friends will always be welcome with us. Since you've dropped in so unexpectedly, perhaps you and Mr—I didn't catch the name—will stay to lunch with us. Our friends mean to join us at lunch after the race is over.'

'Delighted, I'm sure,' Harry answered, quite truthfully. Nothing could have pleased him better than this opportunity. 'Here they come—here they come! Round the corner! Cambridge heads the race. Cambridge, Cambridge!' And for five minutes there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs and straining of eyes and confused sound of shouts and laughter, which left no time for Harry or any one else to indulge in rational conversation.

After the boats had passed out of sight, and the company had returned to the paths of sanity once more, Miss Dupuy turned round to Edward and asked curiously: 'Do you happen to know any people of the name of Ord, Mr Hawthorn?'

Edward smiled as he answered: 'General Ord's family? O yes, I know them very well indeed—quite intimately, in fact.'

'Ah, then,' she said gaily—'then you *are* the Mr Hawthorn who is engaged to dear Marian. I felt sure you must be, the moment I heard your name. Oh, I do so hope, then, you'll get this vacant Trinidad appointment.'

'Get it! He'll get it as sure as fate,' Harry said, intervening. 'But why are you so anxious he should take it?'

'Why, because, then, Marian would get married, of course, and come out with him to live in Trinidad. Wouldn't that be charming!'

'If they do,' Harry said quietly, 'and if you're going to be there, too, Miss Dupuy, I declare I shall come out myself on purpose to visit them.'

DESERT DUST.

THE visitor to the Egyptian Pyramids who gazes in wonder on those colossal structures which remain to attest the activity of races long since passed away, little dreams, perhaps, that in the dust which he treads beneath his feet, or which whirls in wind-tossed eddies round his head, there exist particles of so great antiquity, that the vast age of the Pyramids shrinks into littleness beside it. Such particles also may be found by the traveller in the snows which cover the higher slopes of Mont Blanc, and on other parts of the earth's surface.

The question arises, What are these particles which thus lie unnoticed in the dust beneath our feet, and which are fraught with such interest to mankind? Dust from the Sahara Desert, or from the upper slopes of Mont Blanc, is found to contain an appreciable quantity of magnetic iron particles. Examination by the microscope reveals the fact that the greater part of these are angular in shape, and there can be no doubt that they are simply the debris of terrestrial magnetic rocks. But here and there are found mingled with the other particles small but perfect spheres of iron, their spherical condition pointing to the fact that they have at some time been in a state of fusion. In speculating concerning their origin we are at the outset reduced to three possibilities—they may be of volcanic origin, or the product of fusion in terrestrial fires, or they may have a non-terrestrial origin, and be meteoric. A comparison with dust known to be volcanic discovers that these particles have little or no affinity with volcanic ejections. But the smoke which issues from the chimneys of our manufacturing districts contains iron particles similar in appearance to these iron particles of the Sahara and Mont Blanc; and although these latter are found far from any of the terrestrial sources which could give them birth, yet these light particles may be wafted by wind-currents to such immense distances, that this argument does not come with much strength to support the contention of their non-terrestrial origin.

The most crucial test is that of comparative chemical analysis; and its application to various of these iron particles reveals the fact, that whilst those known to be of terrestrial origin contained neither nickel nor cobalt, both these metals are found present in the magnetic particles collected at the observatory of Saint Marie du Mont, on Mont Blanc; and a meteoric origin has therefore been assigned to the latter. Nor is other proof wanting to support this presumption. In addition to these particles of cosmic dust, larger masses forming meteorites are not unfrequently found. Their general appearance is that of a dull black, but occasionally shining black, irregular exterior, forming a thin crust, which is totally different from the main mass within. Examined microscopically, the crust, which is usually one-hundredth, but may occasionally rise to one-eightieth, of an inch in thickness, is found to be a true black glass, filled with small bubbles, sharply divided from the interior—facts which indicate that the crust is due to igneous action, under conditions which have little or no influence within the mass. The interior usually consists of a stony mass formed of broken or angular particles. Here we have two alternatives—either it has been formed by aqueous deposition, or it has had an igneous origin. The latter, or fiery, origin is again believed to be the true one, for the reason, that certain microscopic characters always present in water-deposited crystalline masses are not seen in these meteorites; and an igneous *non*-terrestrial, rather than an igneous terrestrial, origin is assigned to them, because the glassy spherical structure found in meteorites can only be produced terrestrially by a combination of conditions very rarely found co-existent. The only instance known where such a combination obtains is in the crater of Kilauea, where the volcanic production known as Pele's Hair somewhat resembles the glassy structure of meteorites. Nor is this all; for, knowing as we do that meteors occasionally reach the earth in the form of substantial masses, the suggestion has been ventured that they fall in sufficient numbers to affect its bulk in the course of ages; and assuming, as we are entitled to assume, that these masses, to which we are unable to assign definitely a meteoric origin, are indeed meteorites, the link connecting them with cosmic (non-terrestrial) dust has then been found. M. Tissandier examining dust which he detached from the surface of a Bohemian meteorite, found its microscopic characters to resemble those of the dust-particles of Mont Blanc; and even more proof is not wanting to vindicate its non-terrestrial origin.

The connection between cosmic dust and meteors having been thus traced, we may now proceed to a brief consideration of their history ere they find a grave in the earth.

On a calm clear night, when above us gleams

> The sky
> With all its bright sublimity of stars,

with their eternal suggestions of peace and

immortality, there comes ever and anon from out the darkness a light darting across the heavens with increasing brightness. Sometimes the meteor will traverse a large portion of the heavens, travelling perhaps the entire vault, and then disappearing, while still bright, below the horizon. Occasionally, they may be seen to fall to earth; but more commonly, after a short course, the meteoric gleam dies away, leaving us to gaze again at the calm fixed brightness of the familiar constellations. The differences between these various classes of meteors are those of degree, and not of kind. Omitting for a moment the consideration of their origin, it is obvious that these bodies, no matter how they first originate, come within the attractive force of the earth, and enter its atmosphere in obedience to that attraction. The intense rapidity with which they fall generates an ever-increasing amount of heat, under the influence of which they become luminous, and begin to be consumed. A continuance of this process gradually diminishes their bulk, the smaller ones being entirely consumed high above the earth, and constituting the shooting-stars whose passage is as evanescent as a gleam of light. It is the dust formed as they are consumed, which, slowly settling to earth, constitutes the cosmic particles to which reference has been made.

But whilst on almost any clear night some few meteors may be seen to flash across the sky, observation has revealed the fact, that in certain months of the year, and on certain dates in those months, shooting-stars are much more numerous than in other months and on ordinary nights. Herr Schwabe, referring to the discovery of the sun-spot period as the result of continuous observation undertaken for the sake of recording phenomena, says: 'I went out like Saul to find my father's asses, and lo! I found a kingdom.' The remark might be echoed by those who made this discovery of the periodicity of these shooting-stars, leading, as it has done, to the discovery of facts hitherto unsuspected, and pointing to a connection and commonness of origin between phenomena apparently very widely divergent. At first, the meteor-streams of August 10 and November 14 were alone recognised. Soon it was discovered that the month of April was one in which a very large number of meteors were visible, and the 20th was fixed as the date for the maximum shower. But not only was it found that these evenings were characterised by large showers of meteors, but the further fact was ascertained, that all the meteors on any given evening emanated from one quarter of the heavens. Thus, in the shower which occurs on the 20th of April—although the shower has not been very marked of late years—the radiant point for the meteors is in the constellation Lyra; hence it is termed the Lyriad shower. In like manner, the August train has its radiant point in Perseus; and that of November 14 in Leo. It was still, however, thought that the meteors of ordinary nights had no connection of this kind; but later observations revealed the fact that they also are controlled by similar laws; and the further discovery was made that some, notably the mid-November swarm, vary in intensity from year to year, in obedience to regular laws, the entire cycle in that instance requiring thirty-three and a quarter years for its completion.

But although the life-history of the cosmic dust-particles of the Sahara has thus been traced back until they are found to be component parts of meteor-swarms, whose movements are controlled and dominated by definite laws, there yet remains the question of their origin, the explanation of the annual periodicity, and why this secular cycle should exist. Meteors being thus found to occur in these streams, it became possible to calculate their orbits, and M. Schiaparelli did this with the August swarm. A connection had begun to be suspected between meteors and comets, and it was found that the orbit of the August meteors, as calculated by the Italian physicist, coincided with that of a known comet. More life being thus given to the hypothesis, the orbit of the November stream was similarly calculated. It was found to be almost identical with the independently ascertained orbit of Tempel's comet. Other corroborative elements soon followed. The April meteors perform their journey in space along the orbit of the comet of 1861, while many other meteor-streams have been discovered to be similarly related to other comets. With the knowledge of the connection between comets and meteor-swarms, and our knowledge of the constitution of meteorites themselves, the vexed question as to the constitution of comets would seem to be rendered more easy of solution; but the subject is beset with many difficulties, and comets well situated for observation do not too often visit our skies.

Having traced back the history of the desert dust-particles until they have been found to be intimately bound up, if indeed not themselves forming bodies whose motions have laws 'as fixed as planets have,' it now remains to take yet another step back into the history of things, and endeavour to form some idea as to their first origin, and the part they have played, or play, in the economy of nature. Many and strange are the hypotheses which have from time to time been put forth. Some have held meteors to be the scattered remnants of an exploded planet, 'battered by the shocks of doom.' Other speculators have thought that this dust of space originated in ejections from volcanic vents when the volcanoes which stud the surface of our satellite were in energy. But for this to be true, it seems somewhat, though not entirely necessary that the moon's volcanoes should yet be active; whilst the question arises as to the possibility of the eruptive forces on the moon to have expelled matter beyond the influence of its attraction; and those who give most weight to these objections have themselves been inclined to believe that the true origin of meteors is to be found in eruption from one of the minor planets whose attractive force would be less than the moon; but when it is remembered how slight would be the chance of any such matter crossing the earth's path, such a theory loses all probability. There have not been wanting, either, those who, having in mind the brecciated structure of meteorites and the fewness of the characters in which they differ from terrestrial rocks, have boldly proclaimed for them a terrestrial origin, imagining them to have been erupted from volcanic vents at an early period of the world's

history—a view of course not open to the very serious objections which surround the minor planets' hypothesis. Yet another class of theorists hold that the sun itself is the source of these wandering streams, they being continually sent far into space by those mighty eruptions with which we know that orb to be continually convulsed. It is, however, probable that none of these theories of an eruptive origin, whether from satellite, planet, or sun, is the true one—it being more likely that meteors are the residue of nebulous matter not gathered into planets when the different members of the solar system began to exist independently, but which each hour, day, and year is being slowly gathered in by the earth and the other planets as these bodies come within the sphere of their gravitative influences. Thus much as to the origin of these meteoric swarms.

The final question now arises as to whether they play any part in the economy of nature. The aggregate weight of these small scattered streams must be beyond comprehension, and is probably to be estimated by billions of tons. These small masses are constantly falling towards the earth, some reaching its actual surface. So it must be with the moon, and with the other planets and satellites which compose the solar system; and this continual impact of meteors, however inappreciable its influence on the earth, cannot be without its heat-producing effects on the larger bodies of our system. If this be so, how much greater must be the result produced by the enormous number of these bodies which, from a variety of causes, would be incessantly precipitated upon the sun's surface; and the suggestion has been put forward that we may find in this a sufficient explanation of the apparently inexhaustible emission of light and heat which the sun is ever radiating into infinite space.

And if it be true that these meteors have had their origin in solar eruptions, we are brought to the strange reflection, that the matter which in the yesterday of ages was hurled with awful energy from the sun's surface, is being partly returned to it in the present age, as the energy and matter of to-day will be partly returned to feed its fires in the ages of to-morrow. Should these speculations be correct, then our meteor-systems do indeed play an important part in the economy of nature. All forms of force on earth, the energies of man himself, have their physical source in the centre of our system; and if it be that the energy of that source is being ever renewed by the physical impact of meteoric masses, they have an equal title with the sun to be regarded as the source of energy, although it must not be forgotten that the rain of meteors on the sun's surface is itself due to the attractive force inherent in the sun itself.

Will the continual gathering in by the sun, the earth, and other planets, gradually lead up to the time when these meteoric swarms shall have ceased to be, and the sun grow cold and dull? Who shall say? There are many causes to delay this end. As the sun, together with the solar system, sweeps through space, it will pass through regions now rich, now poor, in meteoric aggregations, and the total amount of matter which it will gather in will, therefore, vary from century to century, from epoch to epoch. Such are the thoughts up to which we are led in pursuing the history of our particles of dust. But whether or not these speculations be true, the study of this subject teaches many a theme of interest for the leisure hours of our workaday world.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

ELEVEN o'clock! Before the vibration of the nearest chimes had died away, the rain—which had long been threatening over London—poured down for some five minutes in a fierce gust, and then, as if exhausted by its efforts, subsided into a steady drizzle. The waves of light, cast on the glistening pavement from the gas lamps flickering in the wind, shone on the stones; but the unstable shadows were cast back by the stronger refulgence of the electric light at Covent Garden. Back into the gathered mist of Long Acre the pallid gleam receded; while, on the opposite side, the darkness of Russell Street seemed darker still. By Tavistock Street was a gin-shop, whose gilded front, points of flame, and dazzling glass seemed to smile a smile of crafty welcome to the wayfarer. A few yards away from the knot of loafers clustering with hungry eyes round the door, stood a woman. There were others of her sex close by, but not like her, and though her dress was poor and dilapidated to the last degree, the others saw instinctively she was not as they. She was young, presumably not more than five-and-twenty years, and on her face she bore the shadow of a great care. Gazing, half sullenly, half wistfully, into the temptingly arrayed window, her profile strongly marked by the great blaze of light farther up the street, the proud carriage of the head formed a painful contrast to her scanty garb and sorrow-stricken face. She was a handsome, poorly dressed woman, with a haughty bearing, a look of ever-present care, and she had twopence in her pocket.

If you will consider what it is to have such a meagre sum standing between you and starvation, you may realise the position of this woman. To be alone, unfriended, penniless, in a city of four million souls, is indeed a low depth of human misery. Perhaps she thought so, for her mind was quickly formed. Pushing back the door with steady hand, she entered the noisy bar. She had half expected to be an object of interest, perhaps suspicion; but, alas, too many of us in this world carry our life's history written in our faces, to cause any feelings of surprise. The barman served her with the cordial she ordered, and with a business-like 'chink,' swept away her last two coppers. Even had he known they were her last, the man would have evinced no undue emotion. He was not gifted with much imagination, and besides, it was a common thing there to receive the last pittance that bridges over the gulf between a human being and starvation. There she sat, resting her tired limbs, deriving a fictitious strength from the cordial, dimly conscious that the struggle against fate was past, and nothing remained for it but—a speedy exit from further trouble—one plunge from the bridges! Slowly

and meditatively she sipped at her tumbler, wondering—strange thought—why those old-fashioned glasses had never been broken. Slowly, but surely, the liquid decreased, till only a few drops remained. The time had come, then! She finished it, drew her scanty shawl closer about her shoulders, and went out again into the London night.

Only half-past eleven, and the streets filled with people. Lower down, in Wellington Street, the theatre-goers were pouring out of the Lyceum. The portico was one dazzling blaze of beauty and colour; men in evening dress, and dainty ladies waiting for their luxurious carriages. The outcast wandered on, wondering vaguely whether there was any sorrow, any ruin, any disgrace, remorse, or dishonour in that brilliant crowd, and so she drifted into the Strand, heedlessly and aimlessly. Along the great street as far as St Clement's Danes, unnoticed and unheeded, her feet dragging painfully, she knew not where. Then back again to watch the last few people leaving the Lyceum, and then unconsciously she turned towards the river, down Wellington Street, to Waterloo Bridge. On that Bridge of Sighs she stopped, waiting, had she but known it, for her fate.

It was quiet there on that wet night—few foot-passengers about, and she was quite alone as she stood in one of the buttresses, looking into the shining flood beneath. Down the river, as far as her eye could reach, were the golden points of light flickering and swaying in the fast-rushing water. The lap of the tide on the soft oozing mud on the Surrey side mingled almost pleasantly with the swirl and swish of the churning waves under the bridge. The dull thud of the cabs and omnibuses in the Strand came quietly and subdued; but she heard them not. The gas lamps had changed to the light of day, the heavy winter sky was of the purest blue, and the hoarse murmur of the distant Strand was the rustling of the summer wind in the trees. The far-off voices of the multitude softened and melted into the accents of one she used to love; and this is what she saw like a silent picture, the memories ringing in her head like the loud sea a child hears in a shell. A long old house of gray stone, with a green veranda covered with ivy and flowering creepers; a rambling lawn, sloping away to a tiny lake, all golden with yellow iris and water-lilies. In the centre of the lawn, a statue of Niobe; and seated by that statue was herself, and with her a girl some few years younger—a girl with golden hair surrounding an oval face, fair as the face of an angel, and lighted by truthful velvety violet eyes. This was the picture mirrored in the swift water. She climbed the parapet, looked steadily around: the lovely face in the water was so near, and she longed to hear the beautiful vision speak. And lo! at that moment the voice of her darling spoke, and a hand was laid about her waist, and the voice said: 'Not that way, I implore you—not that way.'

The woman paused, slowly regained her position on the bridge, and gazed into the face of her companion with dilated eyes. But the other girl had her back to the light, and she could not see.

'A voice from the grave. Have I been dreaming?' she said, passing her hand wearily across her brow.

'A voice of providence. Can you have reflected on what you were doing? Another moment, and think of it—oh, think of it!'

'A voice from the grave,' repeated the would-be suicide slowly. 'Surely this must be a good omen. Her voice!—how like her voice.'

The rescuing angel paused a minute, struggling with a dim memory. Where had she in her turn heard that voice before? With a sudden impulse, they seized each other, and bore towards the nearest gaslight, and there gazed intently in each other's face. The guardian angel looked a look of glad surprise; the pale face of the hapless woman was glorified, as she seized her rescuer round her neck and sobbed on her breast piteously.

'Nelly, Miss Nelly, my darling; don't you know me?'

'Madge, why, Madge! O Madge! to think of it—to think of it.'

Presently they grew calmer. The girl called Nelly placed the other woman's arm within her own and walked quietly away from the hated bridge; and, thoroughly conquered, the hapless one accompanied her. No word was spoken as they walked on for a mile or so, across the Strand, towards Holborn, and there disappeared.

The night-traffic of London went on. The great thoroughfares plied their business, unheedful of tragedy and sorrow. A life had been saved; but what is one unit in the greatest city of the universe? The hand of fate was in it. It was only one of those airy trifles of which life is composed, and yet the one minute that saved a life, unravelled the first tiny thread of a tangled skein that bound up a great wrong.

CHAPTER II.

Two years earlier. It was afternoon, and the sun, climbing over the house, shone into a sick-room at Eastwood—a comfortable, cheerful, old room; from floor to ceiling was panelled oak, and the walls decorated with artist proofs of famous pictures. The two large mullioned windows were open to the summer air, and from the outside came the delicate scent of mignonette and heliotrope in the tiled *jardinières* on the ledges. The soft Persian carpet of pale blue deadened the sound of footsteps; rugs of various harmonious hues were scattered about; and the articles of virtu and costly bric-à-brac were more suitable to a drawing-room than a bed-chamber.

On the bed reclined the figure of a man, evidently in the last stage of consumption. His cheek was flushed and feverish, and his fine blue eyes were unnaturally bright with the disease which was sapping his vital energy. An old man undoubtedly, in spite of his large frame and finely moulded chest, which, though hollow and wasted, showed signs of a powerful physique at some remote period. His forehead was high and broad and powerful; his features finely chiselled; but the mouth, though benevolent-looking, was shifty and uneasy. He looked like a kind man and

a good friend; but his face was haunted by a constant fear. With a pencil, he was engaged in tracing some characters on a sheet of paper; and ever and anon, at the slightest movement, even the trembling of a leaf, he looked up in agitation. The task was no light one, for his hand trembled, and his breath came and went with what was to him a violent exertion. Slowly and painfully the work went on; and as it approached completion, a smile of satisfaction shot across his sensitive mouth, at the same time a look of remorseful sorrow filled his whole face. It was only a few words on a piece of paper he was writing, but he seemed to realise the importance of his work. It was only a farewell letter; but in these few valedictory lines the happiness of two young lives was bound up. At last the task was finished, and he lay back with an air of great content.

At that moment, a woman entered the room. The sick man hid the paper hastily beneath the pillow with a look of fear on his face, pitiable to see. But the woman who entered did not look capable of inspiring any such sentiment. She was young and pretty, a trifle vain, perhaps, of her good looks and attractive appearance, but the model of what a 'neat-handed Phillis' should be.

Directly the dying man saw her, his expression changed to one of intense eagerness. Beckoning her to come close to him, he drew her head close to his face and said: 'She is not about, is she? Do you think she can hear what I am saying? Sometimes I fancy she hears my very thoughts.'

'No, sir,' replied the maid. 'Miss Wakefield is not in the house just now; she has gone into the village.'

'Very good. Listen, and answer me truly. Do you ever hear from—from Nelly now? Poor child, poor child!'

The woman's face changed from one of interest to that of shame and remorse. She looked into the old man's face, and then burst into a fit of hot passionate tears.

'Hush, hush!' he cried, terrified by her vehemence. 'For God's sake, stop, or it will be too late, too late!'

'O sir, I must tell you,' sobbed the contrite woman, burying her face in the bedclothes. 'Letters came from Miss Nelly to you, time after time; but I destroyed them all.'

'Why?' The voice was stern, and the girl looked up affrighted.

'O sir, forgive me. Surely you know. Is it possible to get an order from Miss Wakefield, and not obey? Indeed, I have tried to speak, but I was afraid to do anything. Even you, sir'——

'Ah,' said the invalid, with a sigh of ineffable sadness, 'I know how hard it is. The influence she has over one is wonderful, wonderful. But I am forgetting. Margaret Boulton, look me in the face. Do you love Miss Nelly as you used to do, and would you do something for her if I asked you?'

'God be my witness, I would, sir,' replied the girl solemnly.

'Do you know where she is?'

'Alas, no. It is a year since we heard.—But master, if you ask me to give her a letter or a paper, I will do so, if I have to beg my way to London to find her. I have been punished for not speaking out before. Indeed, indeed, sir, you may trust me.'

He looked into her face with a deep unfathomable glance for some moments; but the girl returned his gaze as steadily.

'I think I can,' he said at length. 'Now, repeat after me: "I swear that the paper intrusted to my care shall be delivered to the person for whom it is intended; and that I will never part with it until it is safely and securely delivered."'

The woman repeated the words with simple solemnity.

'Now,' he said, at the same time producing the paper he had written with such pain and care, 'I deliver this into your hands, and may heaven bless and prosper your undertaking. Take great care, for it contains a precious secret, and never part with it while life remains.'

The paper was a curious-looking document enough, folded small, but bearing nothing outside to betray the secret it contained. We shall see in the future how it fared.

The girl glanced at the folded paper, and thrust it rapidly in her bosom. A smile of peace and tranquillity passed over the dying man's face, and he gave her a look of intense gratitude. At this moment another woman entered the room. She was tall and thin, with a face of grave determination, and a mouth and chin denoting a firmness amounting to cruelty. There was a dangerous light in her basilisk eyes at this moment, as she gave the servant a glance of intense hate and malice—a look which seemed to search out the bottom of her soul.

'Margaret, what are you doing here? Leave the room at once. How often have I told you never to come in here.'

Margaret left; and the woman with the snaky eyes busied herself silently about the sickroom. The dying man watched her in a dazed fascinated manner, as a bird turns to watch the motions of a serpent; and he shivered as he noticed the feline way in which she moistened her thin lips. He tried to turn his eyes away, but failed. Then, as if conscious of his feelings, the woman said: 'Well, do you hate me worse than usual to-day?'

'You know I never hated you, Selina,' he replied wearily.

'Yes, you do,' she answered, with a sullen glowering triumph in her eyes. 'You do hate me for the influence I have over you. You hate me because you dare not hate me. You hate me because I parted you from your beggar's brat, and trained you to behave as a man should.'

Perfectly cowed, he watched her moistening her thin lips, till his eyes could no longer see. Presently, he felt a change creeping over him: his breath came shorter and shorter; and his chest heaved spasmodically. With one last effort he raised himself up in his bed. 'Selina,' he said painfully, 'let me alone; oh, let me alone!'

'Too late,' she replied, not caring to disguise her triumphant tone.

He lay back with the dews of death clustering on his forehead. Suddenly, out of the gathering darkness grew perfect dazzling light; his lips

moved; the words 'Nelly, forgive!' were audible like a whispered sigh. He was dead.

The dark woman bent over him, placing her ear to his heart; but no sound came. 'Mine!' she said—'mine, mine! At last, all mine!'

The thin webs of fate's weaving were in her hand securely—all save one. It was not worth the holding, so it floated down life's stream, gathering as it went.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS.

An interesting monograph, by Mr H. C. P. Bell, C.C.S., has been published by the Ceylon government, which throws a flood of light on the Maldive islands and their history. They seem to have been colonised about the beginning of the Christian era; but until the beginning of the thirteenth century, nothing certain can be established. At that time, however, the people seem to have been converted to Mohammedanism, and a connection established with the Malabar State of Cannanore, which lasted, with occasional interruptions, till about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, with the rise of the Portuguese power in the East, the suzerainty over the group was assumed by them. With the decline of Portuguese authority and the rise of Dutch ascendency in Ceylon in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the connection with the Maldives was assumed by the latter, and remained in their hands until 1796, when it naturally passed to the English on their acquisition of Ceylon, and has continued undisturbed till the present day. The political connection, however, has been in the hands of the English almost purely formal, no interference with the internal administration of the group having been attempted.

The people are very timid, and averse from intercourse with Europeans. The only sign of dependence on Ceylon is the yearly Embassy, conveying the usual letter from the sultan to the governor of Ceylon, with the nominal tribute, consisting principally of Maldive mats and sweetmeats. A reply is sent, and a return present made of betel nuts and spices, &c. The presentation of the letter to the governor is rather curious and interesting. The Embassy lands at the custom-house at Colombo, when a procession is formed, headed by a native Ceylon force called Lascareens of the guard, venerable as a remnant of the old days of the Kandy kings, but only formidable now from the excruciating nature of their music. Then follow Maldivian and Ceylon officials, in front of the ambassador, who, clad in a long silk robe, carries the letter on a silver tray on his head. Other officials follow, and the whole procession is closed by the Maldive boatmen carrying the presents. The audience is over in a few minutes; and then, in a few days, when they have got the governor's reply, the Maldivians return to Mali, and nothing more is heard of them for another year, except in the way of trade.

Having secured a letter of introduction from the government of Ceylon to the sultan, I chartered a schooner of about ninety tons, called the *Josephine*, and provisioned her for a long trip, as it was very uncertain when I would be able to get back, so treacherous are the currents in these seas. I engaged a European to navigate the schooner; and the native crew consisted of five men and two boys. I had likewise a cook and two boys for our own mess. The cabin was pretty roomy; but it was stuffy and hot, and full of all kinds of creeping things, so that I went into it as seldom as possible, and lived day and night under an awning on the poop. We had an uneventful voyage across, light winds and calms prevailing all the way, the only things that occurred to interest us being the glorious sunrises and sunsets. One night, however, when lying becalmed, we were startled out of sleep by a tremendous swishing of water, and there, two hundred yards from us, we saw a waterspout breaking up. The cloud was close down on the surface of the water, and condensation was so rapid that in twenty minutes it had entirely disappeared. By-and-by we sighted the north end of Mali Atoll; and here we first realised the force of the currents, for on trying to make our entrance into the lagoon, we were carried past the channel, and had to put about sharp, to avoid going on to the reef, on which the heavy swell from the open sea was breaking. We then ran for the channel between Mali and Gafor Atolls; and getting a pilot at the latter, we again tried to work into the lagoon in the former through a narrow opening. Here the schooner missed stays in one of our tacks; and before we could get way on her and try to get her round again, we were on the top of the reef. Luckily, we were in a sheltered position; but the current was running like a sluice, rendering us quite helpless; and the teeth-like points of live coral projecting upwards from the bottom looked very dangerous. Presently we caught on one; and dreading a capsize, we launched the boats at once; for there was not a point of the reef above water for miles, and no swimmer could have reached dry land in such a current. After a few anxious moments, the schooner swung free, and we dropped the anchor in a sort of pool. All the afternoon we were engaged in kedging out into the channel; and finally, after enormous labour, we got into deep water, where we anchored for the night.

The beauty of these coral reefs is something indescribable; nowhere else, either on sea or land, are such colours to be seen. On the inner edge, where there is considerable depth of water, the shade is of the deepest green; and as the water gets shallower towards the sea-face, it is lighter and lighter, till it is almost yellow just where the rollers form a fringe of white foam; and beyond all, there is the deep blue of the open sea. The whole has a sort of metallic sheen, wonderfully weird and unearthly. Curiously, too, it is only when there is a slight

ripple that one can see the reefs at a distance from the deck of a vessel. When it is a dead calm, you cannot see them until you are close above them. On Gafor Atoll we saw the wreck of the screw steamer *Seagull*, lost some years ago, but still standing up on the reef, as when first she struck.

Next day we got into the lagoon, and with a fair wind, made rapid progress for a time; but the navigation was intricate, and it was next evening before we finally cast anchor at the Sultan's island. The following day, I delivered my letter of introduction, and sent my presents to the sultan and the higher officials. During the next fortnight, whilst we lay at anchor, I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from the Maldivians; official visits were paid and returned, and all the time the sultan's barge, rowed by sixteen men, was at my disposal. The barge was of great length, but narrow beam; and at the stern was a broad platform, projecting over the sides, with a stout post in the centre to hold on by—a necessary precaution, as the jerk of sixteen oars was very great. When I called at a house, no matter what was the hour, I was obliged to partake of tea and biscuits; and it was rather curious to see, in such remote and unfrequented places, tins of Huntley and Palmer and Peek Frean figuring on the table. After refreshments, capital Manilas were handed round, and Maltese cigarettes. On the officials returning my visits on board the schooner, the teapot was brought out; and it was a treat to see how my preserves and tinned fruits were enjoyed. But what pleased them most of all was a bottle of tonic water; and after tossing off the glass, they would rub their stomachs and say: 'Pate ka waste bahut achcha hai,' meaning, 'Good for the stomach.'

The Maldivians are a quiet peaceable folk, very hospitable, though extremely afraid of Europeans, and averse from having intercourse with them. They are noted for their kindness to shipwrecked mariners; and have repeatedly earned the thanks of the Ceylon government for their conduct in this respect. They are of small stature. The women are rather inclined to plumpness, whilst many of them are very good-looking. In colour they are of a dark olive, and I noticed a good deal of mixture of race among them. They are strict Mohammedans; but the women are not kept in such seclusion as on the continent of India. Children were very numerous; and round, fat, healthy toddling things they were. The town of Mali is fairly well laid out, with good broad streets; and as the soil is pure sand, and only trodden by naked feet, cleanliness is the rule. In the houses, everything looks neat and in good order; but I must admit that I only saw those of the better class. The houses are mostly of wattle and daub, with thatched roofs overhanging the eaves; and the compounds were inclosed by a fence of cocoa-nut leaves, prettily plaited at the top.

The people live mostly on fish and rice. All the atolls swarm with various kinds of fishes, amongst which the bonito predominates; and they are very cheap. For one rupee we got almost as many as we liked to take; and for the same sum, were offered turtles that would have made an alderman's mouth water. Cocoa-nuts abound of course; but plantains are scarce; and the only other fruits I saw were limes and melons.

The Maldivians are capital boat-builders. I was surprised to see the graceful lines of the smaller craft, and the skilful way they are handled, with the mat-sails, and heavy loads piled up above the gunwale. The sea-going vessels called *dhonies* are not so handsome; but their huge lateen sail looks very well; and we found that they could go closer to the wind and sail better than our *Josephine*, smart though she was, and esteemed the fastest schooner in Colombo.

Common cotton cloth is woven on the atolls, and Maldivian mats are justly celebrated for the beauty of their designs and harmonious colours. They are woven with a kind of rush on a warp of coir fibre. The exports from the islands consist principally of dried fish, cocoa-nuts, coir fibre and coir yarn. For imports, rice is the principal item, together with areca nuts, sugar, cotton cloth, &c.

The botany of the Maldives is very simple, the prevailing feature being cocoa-nut trees, which grow wherever there is foothold for them. I saw also the bread-fruit tree, and several members of the Ficus tribe, such as *Elastica Indica*, *Ficus religiosa*, banian, &c.; also the common bamboo, sumach, *Thespesia populnea*, *Plumiera*, tapeta, cassava or *Manioc colocasias*, &c. Roses were cultivated with some success. No doubt, most of the trees have been imported, though the ocean currents must also have conveyed seeds from other countries.

Of animals, there are no indigenous species. The sultan has a few imported cows of the Brahminee kind; and a horse, a present from the Ceylon government some years ago. Goats are plentiful. I saw neither dog nor cat; but a kind of rat is said to commit great havoc among the cocoa-nut trees, which they climb, and destroy the nuts. Lizards swarm in immense numbers; and when going along with a crowd, one could hardly step without putting one's foot on a fat long-tailed specimen. Of birds there were a great many of the aquatic kind, gulls, gannets, noddies, herons, &c., and among land-birds, of course the ubiquitous crow soon makes its appearance. The kite also is seen sailing about and picking up any garbage that comes in its way. Plovers, sand-pipers, &c., are also said to frequent the group; but I saw none of them. Of fishes, sharks are plentiful; and the bonito literally swarms in the lagoons. We saw also several varieties of the perch, the wrasse, &c. Turtles abound.

The configuration of the Maldive group is singular, the northern and southern portions lying in a single line of atolls, whilst in the centre there is a double row. Nearly all are of an oval shape, with the longest axis north and south. They all consist of an annular ring of coral reef, a quarter to half a mile broad, with a lagoon in the centre, of the almost uniform depth of twenty-three to twenty-five fathoms. There are many openings from the open sea to the interior, through which the currents rush with great violence. The soundings on the outer face of the reef are about two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms sheer, whilst at a cable's length from the edge they are still more profound. On the inner edge, the reef drops sheer to the usual depth of the lagoon. In some of

the narrow channels between the atolls you get four or five fathoms on one side of the vessel, when you can see the smallest object on the white bottom; and on the other side the line goes down to a hundred fathoms. All through the lagoons there are numerous islands dotted about, forming beautiful objects in the placid blue waters, with their pure white strip of sandy beach; then a margin of scrubby jungle, the centre being filled up with a dense thicket of cocoa-nut trees. There are also numerous patches of reefs, some of them perfect little atolls.

Notwithstanding the more modern notion of the formation of coral reefs on a foundation that is gradually rising, as exemplified by the Tortugas group, I think these Maldivian atolls are perfect examples of Darwin's theory, that they are generally formed on land that is sinking gradually. How, otherwise, can you account for the profound depths on the outer face or the comparatively deep water on the inner edge, and all through the lagoon, when it is admitted that the little coral-'insect' builder cannot work in anything over ten or twelve fathoms? All the patches of reefs in the lagoons have a sheer drop to the general level of the floor. There is not a point on any of the atolls more than six to eight feet above the sea, and these only where vegetation has managed to get a hold, and in the course of time gathered a little soil about it, as leaves decayed and old plants died down and made way for fresh generations. It is said, indeed, by the Maldivians that some of the atolls show cocoa-nut trees already partly submerged; but of this I can give no testimony from personal observation.

We left Mali amid the openly expressed regret of many of the officials; and the sultan and others sent us various presents of mats, fruits, &c. Part of the sultan's present consisted of a young bullock, which we carried to Colombo, as it was hardly fat enough to be worth killing. We had great difficulty in getting out of the atoll, in consequence of the frightful currents and light winds, and we took two days to do about twenty miles. On entering the Tulisdu channel, we ran into frightful danger, for though we thought we had given a wide berth to three contiguous patches of coral, we were right in among them before we knew what we were about. The water was rushing over them like a sluice; and although the wind was fair, our schooner yawed about so terribly, that every moment I thought we would be dashed to pieces on one of them, when she took one of her wild rushes. However, we gradually worked our way into the channel. Our great object now was to keep close up to the northern shore, so that when we got into the southerly set of the current outside, we would be able to give a wide berth to the point on the other side, and on which the heavy rollers from the open sea were breaking with great violence. In spite of every effort, however, we were gradually borne over towards the dreaded point, until at one moment, when we were on the top of the swell, we looked down the slope of it to the rugged edge of the reef, as the momentarily retreating water laid it bare. It was a bad quarter of an hour for me; and the relief was intense when I saw that at last we were steadily drawing away from the terrible danger. Another five days took us to Colombo, without anything happening which would be worth writing here; and next day I paid off the schooner, after having spent seven pleasant weeks on board of her.

HOW I BECAME A CONVICT.

I WAS born on the estate of Lord ——, in the north of England. My father was one of the under-gardeners, and lived in one of the lodges on the domain. As soon as I entered upon my teens, I was taken into the great house as a sort of page, where I was treated with much kindness and favour. In a while I outgrew my 'buttons,' and was then sent to the stables as an under-groom. Before I had reached my eighteenth birthday, my noble master died. The son who succeeded to the title and estates was quite unlike his father. A clean sweep was made in the establishment: the racing-stud was done away with; the elder servants discharged; a retrenchment was made all round; and in the change I was one of the many who had to seek work elsewhere.

My lot was next cast in the large town of B——, whither I had gone to seek employment. A successful shopkeeper, who advertised his wares by sending round the town a showy van drawn by two handsome horses, driven by a good-looking, well-dressed coachman, wanted a suitable groom to complete the show. Coming fresh and ruddy from Lord ——'s stables, I obtained the post without any trouble, and added very much, I think, to the attraction of the shopkeeper's show as long as the bloom of youth and country air remained on my cheeks. But I found the new life very different from the old one. Coachee and I had more leisure than was good for us in this perambulating business. Hurry was no part of our duty in the delivery of parcels, and so our driver frequently turned aside into some by-street to indulge his weakness for drink. I had been accustomed to have my glass of home-brew in the servants' hall, and up to this time I can truly say that my habits were sober. But companionship with my van-fellow led me to join him in his tippling, until at length I was almost as bad as himself. One evening, after the usual calling at our favourite houses, we were both without a copper to take a parting glass for the night. In the stable-loft, at the back of our master's premises, a pier-glass had been stowed. It lay there for several weeks. We were in doubt about its ownership, and in our need of cash, the coachman suggested that we might raise a few shillings upon it. At first, I hesitated to take any part in the matter; but my scruples and fears were overcome by my companion. 'Nay, lad, you have nought to fear. On pay-day we'll get it out of pawn, and no one will be any the wiser.'

Thus persuaded, I joined in the first dishonest act of my life. As fate would have it, the pier-glass was wanted before pay-day came round.

The guilt was brought home to our door, and the coachman and myself had to change our livery for a prison dress. 'Three months' hard labour,' came like a death-knell upon my ears; and with a choking lump in my throat, I was lodged in the borough prison.

After the expiration of my sentence, the shame of my disgrace prevented me from going back to my father's cottage. All the people on the estate must have heard of my crime, and how could I dare to show myself there! Much down-hearted, I walked back to the town from which I had been imprisoned. The only opening that occurred to me was to join the army. I could hide myself there, I thought. So I walked to the recruiting quarters, took the Queen's shilling, and enlisted.

I was then under twenty years of age, and 'a promising youngster,' as the sergeant said. All in good time, I was sent to Aldershot. A few months' stay there made me home-sick. I repented of the step I had taken, and I made up my mind to give up soldiering as soon as I got the chance. My difficulty was to get the clothing of a civilian. I dare not buy clothes, for my purpose would thus be made known; neither could I take a comrade into my confidence. I resolved at length to bolt and take my chance. Passing through a Hampshire village, I saw a countryman's smock and trousers drying on a cottage hedge. 'The very thing,' I thought: 'all is fair in war;' and with such notions in my mind, I stole the articles and made off. But luck was against me. The theft was soon discovered, and I was pursued and arrested before I had gone far on the road. For this offence I was sent to Winchester jail for a couple of months. It also brought about my dismissal from the army, for the regiment was too respectable to keep a felon in its ranks.

During my imprisonment at Winchester, a circumstance took place, which, though trivial at the time, had much to do with me some time afterwards. One day, as I was taking exercise in the ring, a visitor stepped on to the ground. I immediately recognised in the stranger the chief superintendent of the prison where I had served three months. It seems that he had come from the north to prove a conviction against a man then awaiting trial in Winchester. He recognised me as quickly as I recognised him; but I little thought that such a meeting would affect my destiny. How? You shall know in good time.

From Winchester I made my way back to the north, to the town where I first fell into trouble, and was lucky enough to get employment as a 'striker' in some large iron-works. With wages at four shillings a day, I managed very nicely, and was comfortably off. After a while, another labourer in the same works, Joe Smith as he called himself, came to lodge in the same house as myself. Naturally we became somewhat familiar; but he was very silent about himself, so that I never got to know where he came from, or anything of his history. One day I saw that he had got possession of a watch, a far better-looking thing than I had been accustomed to see among working-men. 'Hillo, Joe,' said I, 'you're getting smart. Where did ye get that ticker from?'

'Oh, I won it in a shilling raffle. It's a beauty, isn't it?'

The following Saturday afternoon, just as I was leaving the house for a stroll, Joe met me rather hurriedly, saying: 'Tom, I'm going to Manchester till Tuesday. I haven't much time to catch t' train, and I just want one or two things in t' house, and a few shillings extra like. Just run and pawn this watch for me, there's a good lad, and we'll both go to station together.'

'All right, Joe,' I said; 'give it to me.'

'I'll follow thee in a minute,' he shouted, as I hurried to the nearest pawnshop.

When I handed the watch to the shopman, he examined it closely, and once or twice looked rather queerly at me. 'Where did you get this?' he asked.

'A mate of mine just gave it me to pawn,' I answered. 'He won it in a raffle; I expect him here directly.'

'Boy!' he shouted to an assistant in the shop, 'I shall want some change; run and get some as quick as you can.'

In a few minutes the boy came back with a policeman—the 'change' he was sent out for, as it proved.

'Officer,' said the shopman, 'this young man has just handed in a watch that's wanted. Here's the notice of warning sent round from the police office.'

'What have you got to say?' said the policeman.

'I know nothing about it; I will take it directly to the man who gave it me.'

But on going into the street, nothing was seen of Joe. We went to the lodgings, but no Joe was there. He must have seen the officer taken to the shop, and then thought it best to run away.

'Well, young man, you must come with me to the station. The watch is stolen, and has been found upon you;' so said the officer, as he laid hold of my arm to take me to the lock-up.

In due time I was brought before the magistrates, charged with having stolen a watch. I told my story, which, from the smiles on the faces in court, seemed to be a very stale one.

'Is anything known of this man?' sharply asked one of the magistrates.

'Yes, your worship,' answered an official, as he read from a large book. 'Convicted for stealing a pier-glass, April 19, 1867, and sentenced to three months' hard labour.'

It was now October 1868, only about eighteen months after my first appearance in the same dock. I saw that this fact told against my tale.

'You stand committed to the sessions,' was the reply of the Bench; and I went down below, lamenting my hard luck.

A day or two after my committal to the borough prison, the chief superintendent visited my cell, note-book in hand. 'You have been previously convicted,' he said. 'Once in this prison last year. Haven't you been in Winchester jail since?'

I saw it was useless to deny it; and now I began to realise the seriousness of my position. The superintendent was getting up my criminal history for the recorder, and two convictions in so short a time would certainly insure for me a long sentence. The knowledge of my innocence

in the present case made my position all the more grievous.

Each of the cells in this prison was provided with a small cistern for water, let into the outside wall, but with one of its sides flush with the interior wall. I found one of the screws, by which it was fastened, loose. Curiosity led me to try and loosen the others. This I at last accomplished. Then I took the cistern out, and saw a space in depth more than half the thickness of the wall, and large enough to admit the passage of my body. The thought of escape at once suggested itself, and I resolved to make the attempt. I carefully put back the cistern, replaced the screws, and covered them with whitewash from the walls.

Having several weeks to wait for trial, I was taken out of the cell a good deal, and was employed in many ways. One day, as I was doing a light job in the basement, I saw an iron bar about three feet long lying about. This I concealed in my clothes, and safely carried to my cell. My first object was to break the bar in two; but how was it to be done without a file? My eyes lighted upon the scrubbing-stone used for cleaning the floor. I tried the hardest piece I could find, and rubbed away with all my might. Imagine my delight when I found the iron showing signs of wear! Stone was to be had in abundance, and I persevered until success crowned my work and the iron bar lay in two pieces. I then began my attack upon the wall. The dinner-hour was usually a very safe time for prisoners to play pranks. Only one or two warders were left in charge, though the prison was a very large one and pretty full. Fortunately for my schemes, my cell was situated on the fourth landing from the basement, and in the reception ward, which at that time contained very few persons awaiting trial. Every dinner-hour, therefore, I pulled out the cistern and set to chipping away the brick wall behind it. The rubbish was carefully kept in the space thus made, and no suspicion seems to have been aroused of my movements. By the end of the week or so, I had broken away all but the thin outer edge, so that a vigorous shove would send the remaining part out.

The question now was how to get down to the ground outside. The distance from the hole to the yard below was fully sixty feet. A rope I must have somehow. All my ingenuity was called into play to get one. The rugs of my bed were double, and fastened together as if one was the lining of the other. The under ones I tore off and made into strips, which I plaited into a rope. Sundry other little things, which I found from day to day in my work about the corridors, were stealthily put aside and changed into rope. At length I had plaited what I thought sufficient. My materials were stowed away behind the cistern, and I determined to attempt an escape on the next Saturday evening. I chose that evening because it was usually the most free from any chance of interruption from the officers, and the most favourable for escaping detection, if I succeeded in reaching the crowded thoroughfares of the town.

Saturday came. Supper was served at five; the cells were locked up for the night; and by six o'clock the officers, excepting a couple left in charge, had left the building. 'The night watchman will be on duty outside at eight,' I said to myself; 'I must be out of this before then. Now for it.' I removed the cistern for the last time, pulled from their hiding-place the coils and irons, and with a thrust or two, sent the thin portion of wall into the yard below. I then fastened a bar of iron to each end of the rope. One of these, placed across the opening on the inside, afforded a safe holding; the other kept the hanging rope steady. I put my legs through the opening to descend, and managed to get through, and reached the basement yard, though not without fear and trembling. By a shake of the rope, the iron bar fell from its holding, and I was able to pull it down for my further use in scaling the outer wall. It was a November night—dark, cold, and windy. I now made for a part of the outer wall which separated the chaplain's garden from the prison, and where there was a suitable corner for the use of my rope. I had frequently noticed this spot from the reception ward, and guessed its height to be about fifteen feet. Over this spot I threw the iron bar at the end of the rope; by good luck, it caught somehow on the other side. I mounted quickly, sailor fashion, and in another minute I was free.

The by-road from the prison joined the highway to the town about six hundred yards off and skirted the warders' cottages. When I reached the junction I saw under the gas lamp one of the warders smoking and chatting with a policeman. At the sight my heart sank; but I quickly recovered courage, crossed the road, swinging my arms about in a careless way, and passed on safely towards the town. As I proceeded, it struck me as very foolish to venture into the lighted streets in prison dress; besides, there was no one in the town that I particularly cared to see. I therefore turned my steps in an opposite direction, and marched northwards into the country. After walking about seven miles, I took refuge for the night in an outhouse belonging to a small farm on the roadside. I hid myself in the loft among the hay and straw, and slept like a top. Early on the Sunday morning I was aroused by some one coming to milk the cows. I kept close under cover, but no one came into the loft.

As soon as darkness came on, I slipped away, and went on still northwards. All that night I tramped, scarcely meeting with a soul. By daybreak I had reached the outskirts of a large town, whose name I did not know. An empty house offered an enticing place of rest, and in I went for a few hours. By this time, I knew that the hue and cry would be abroad. Without a disguise, my liberty would be but short. The police of this unknown town would, I am sure, be now on the lookout, for the prison could not be thirty miles off. An empty house could supply me with nothing, so I resolved to go prospecting. I got through an attic window on the roof, and crawled to the nearest inhabited house. Looking through its attic window, I saw on a chair a suit of clothes—evidently some one's Sunday suit, not yet put away. They were quickly in my grasp, and a few moments found me back again in my refuge. I was, indeed, in luck's way, for in the trousers' pockets

were twenty-three shillings. I stowed the prison clothes up the chimney, and walked into the street dressed in the stolen suit. I hailed a cab coming down the road, and after one or two questions for information, I directed him to drive me to the barracks. Strange to say, this cabman was the owner of the clothes I had on. You may scarcely believe it; but it is quite true, as after events proved. And I paid the poor fellow with his own coin!

I enlisted in a foot regiment, under a feigned name of course. For a fortnight or so I kept pretty close to barracks; I then foolishly asked the wife of one of the sergeants to pawn the stolen clothes. It was the story of the watch over again. The theft had been reported to the police; the pawnbrokers had been warned; and now the woman's errand transferred me from the barracks to the police station. My photograph was taken and circulated. It was recognised at the prison from which I escaped. In a day or two I was visited by my old friend the chief superintendent, who claiming me as his property, took me forthwith back to my old quarters.

'Young man,' said he, 'do you know what you are likely to get for this?'

'A few months extra, I suppose,' I answered.

He smiled grimly, saying: 'Seven years, as sure as anything.'

'What! penal servitude?' I gasped. 'I never thought of that.'

And so it came to pass. I was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for 'breaking out of prison.' Thus I became a convict.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA AS A SETTLEMENT.

In an address, some time ago, at the Royal Institute, Sir F. Napier Broome, governor of Western Australia, spoke of the colony of Western Australia as one of the few remaining parts of the British empire in which there was still ample, almost boundless scope for enterprise and settlement. We are likely to hear a good deal about the possibilities of the country for British emigrants, in the near future. According to the contract signed by Mr Hordern for a railway of two hundred and twenty miles between Albany and Beverley, the contractor engages to introduce within seven years five thousand adults to the country. The contractor receives twelve thousand acres of land for every mile of railway completed, as payment from the government. This important railway, connecting Beverley with Albany, at the head of King George's Sound, gives through-communication from this port of call of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, to Perth and Freemantle, saving the rough passage round Cape Leeuwin in a coasting steamer, or the no less rough overland journey by coach.

In the light of this and other enterprises of a like kind, a few notes from Governor Broome's address may be instructive and interesting at this time. Founded in 1829, and therefore fifty-six years old, the colony of Western Australia had, until lately, made but slow progress. At this day, only thirty-two thousand settlers are thinly scattered over the occupied portion of her vast expanse. The most pressing want of the colony, the one great need, is more people, of the right sort of course; not only more hands to labour, but more capitalists to employ them. The development of valuable industries lying ready to hand is hampered at every turn by this want of population. In round figures, the extent of Western Australia is a million square miles, the chief centres of settlement being in the south-west corner. It is the largest of the Australian colonies, and about eight times bigger than the United Kingdom. In the whole of the tract north of the Murchison River there are only seven hundred white people, scattered in four or five very small townships, and on the sheep-runs into which the occupied country is parcelled. The flocks in this northern territory are almost entirely shepherded by aboriginal natives. In the southern districts, there are some thirty towns and villages, ranging from Perth, the capital, with its six thousand inhabitants; Freemantle, the chief port, with five thousand inhabitants, to such hamlets as Beverley and Kojonup, with their ten or twelve houses apiece. Of the total territory, two thousand seven hundred square miles have been sold or granted away. Of the land still owned by the Crown, two hundred and fifty thousand square miles have been leased for sheep and cattle runs; and the colonists own a million and a half of sheep, seventy thousand cattle, and thirty-five thousand horses. There is a considerable export trade in horses to India, the Straits, and Mauritius. About seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Western Australia are still unutilised, and in great part unexplored.

The principal industry is wool-growing, the northern districts being particularly favourable to stock of all kinds. There are waterless areas, as elsewhere in Australia, and districts in which water is salt, or scarce; but boring for water and the storage of water, which had as yet scarcely been attempted, would give a value to what were now worthless tracts. No part of the world could boast finer or more easily grown grapes. The south-west corner of the colony is rich in timber. A very good opening exists for immigrants at Albany. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers touch at Albany once a week on their way to or from Ceylon, this being their first and last port of call in Australia.

The Hon. John Forrest, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Surveyor-general for the colony, has published a concise pamphlet giving notes and statistics about the colony, from which it appears that the legislature has voted twenty thousand pounds for the encouragement of emigration. Free passages are granted from London by the Crown agents, under certain conditions, and three hundred and fifty-seven immigrants were introduced last year, at a cost of four thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds.

We understand that the land regulations of the colony are liberal, and specially adapted to induce settlement. The conditions for settlement in Western Australia may be learned from the Emigration Agency of Western Australia, Crown Agent's Office, London, S.W.

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TWO EVENINGS WITH BISMARCK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

The surprises that await the deputies and representatives of the North German League, when, after a hard day's work and a late supper, they return, wearied in body and mind, to their Berlin penates, are not, as a rule, of a very cheering description. They generally consist of large unwieldy packets of printed matter, which contain the orders for the next day's imperial Diet, and a mass of amendments on the coming motions, &c. Letters also, especially home ones, form no small portion of the evening's recreation. One may judge, therefore, of the general surprise, when, amongst the pile of evening correspondence, a short note appears from Prince Bismarck to the effect that he would be 'greatly obliged if Deputy or Privy-councillor So-and-so will give him the pleasure of his company every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, commencing from the 24th April, as long as the session of the imperial Diet lasts.'

What more natural than that the Chancellor should wish to assemble at his own familiar hearth, all those representatives of the nation who for the most part gladly accompany and support him on the rough and stony paths of German politics that he is treading, and to want to spend a few hours with them in pleasant social intercourse, after the many weary hours of heavy parliamentary work?

This same need was equally felt by most of the deputies and councillors and other members of the imperial Diet, who all equally looked forward to the coming evening.

As everything connected with the Diet is carried out with military precision, so here, also, the hour of nine had hardly finished striking, ere the guests began to arrive at the well-known modest two-storied building in the Wilhelmstrasse, which the Prussian government assigns to its Minister for Foreign Affairs as his official residence, and which Prince Bismarck inhabited in his threefold capacity of Minister for Lauenburg, Prussian President Minister, and Chancellor of the North German League. Here, on the ground-floor of the long unadorned building, are the workrooms of the Prussian ministerial officials. On the first floor are the work and reception rooms of Bismarck, as well as his private family apartments. At the back of the house, where the noise and turmoil of the great busy city never penetrate, lies one of those beautiful shady old timbered parks, such as the royal crown of Prussia possesses, between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Königstrasse, and also between the latter and the Leipzigerstrasse —in all about a hundred acres.

At the entrance are the inevitable constables, saluting the guests as they arrive. Numerous lackeys in black and white livery hand the visitor up the broad flight of stairs into an elegantly furnished anteroom, where those who wait to see the Chancellor on business can, while in the midst of the most harmonious surroundings of rich carpets, silken hangings, and luxurious seats, speculate as to what possible connection the stuffed hare, standing so prominently forward on the sideboard, can have with the family of Bismarck.

A more interesting sight, however, now greeted us. The Chancellor's wife, a tall aristocratic-looking woman, with decided but pleasing features, and in an elegant though simple toilet, received each guest as he arrived with gracious affability. Standing close beside the open portières, past which the eye glanced into the family living-rooms, she was a true type of the position she holds both in home and public life. A noble wife and mother, she has faithfully stood by her husband's side from the very commencement of his political career. A Chicago paper declares that Bismarck's wife is her husband's private secretary! How far this statement is true, we do not pretend to say; but an old friend of the family has repeatedly told us that during the saddest time that Germany has witnessed for the last fifty years, when Bismarck, disheartened and dispirited, retired to his small property of Schönhausen, there to vegetate as a small Prussian

landowner, while brooding moodily over all his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever fresh courage and hope.

A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on towards the billiard-room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas lies a handsome bearskin—the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand; and on a bracket stands the magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of his castle, which King William presented to the Prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The Prince, we were told, was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door, in animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new-comer—sometimes even stretching out both hands to right and left with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face, from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy colouring; the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year; his hair is of that light Saxon hue which defies both Time and impertinent curiosity; and the figure is as firm and upright as the youngest man there present. On this evening he also wore his favourite and most comfortable dress—that is, uniform, but *not* in strict accordance with Regulation.

Moltke's fine thin lips are curved with an amused smile, as he observes the Prince's unmilitary get-up. The short smart tunic is worn open, innocent of either sword or sword-belt, displaying an ordinary black cloth evening waistcoat underneath. Only the most necessary orders are worn; among them, some of those of the smaller states peep coquettishly forth. Are these meant to fascinate the hearts of the minor invited deputies?

Those who have only seen Bismarck in pictures or heard him speak in the Diet, or even met him in his walks, only know him from his official side, and as the great statesman and dignitary. But here, inside his own four walls, with ample leisure, and surrounded by celebrated and patriotic men, who all, more or less, have helped to advise, combat, or further his work, one learns to know and recognise in the Prince the real man and intelligent companion whose mighty intellect wields the affairs of nations. We have often heard visitors who were present at the sittings of the Diet declare that nothing surprised them so much as the intonation and pathos of Bismarck's voice when speaking. His height, his brows, his forehead, his chest, his speeches, were all far greater and more powerful than they had imagined; but his voice, either when giving utterance to the driest details, or when startling his audience by some passionate appeal, had something marvellously soft and winning in it. And they are not far wrong. One can always tell from the Prince's words, by the sound of his voice, what his feelings are at the time, no matter how moderate his speech may be; and never was this more distinct and vivid than on these Saturday evenings.

Now he approaches our circle. 'I wished much to see you here, gentlemen. It is so much easier to talk and understand one another here, than in the Diet House!'—and he shook hands all round. 'Besides, now, if you want to interpellate me, or one of the deputies or privy-councillors, you can do so quietly and at your ease in a corner, and settle the whole affair in a few minutes.'

The Prince was right. Never before had the necessity of familiar and friendly intercourse been more apparent than during this session. From various untoward causes, the most crying discords had arisen between the deputies and the Diet, chiefly owing to neither party thoroughly understanding the other.

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The first feeling of shyness having worn away, the various dainties, in the shape of cold game, saddle of venison, mayonnaises, Italian salads, &c., with which the long centre table was laden, were speedily done justice to. Even the modest Saxon privy-councillor, who three minutes before had retreated from the table and refused the invitation with a polite wave of the hand and a, 'No, no; thank you!' now followed in the war-path of the pioneers for food. There was no time or space to think of sitting down; each one helped himself to a plate from the piles, placed in readiness on the table, together with the necessary table requisites, and hastened to partake of the delicacies that had been prepared for his delectation. A party of Saxon and Rhenish gentlemen had succeeded in getting possession of a side-table, and there, seated at their ease, they intrenched themselves against the annexation tendencies of the North German League appetites; getting all their provisions through the proper constitutional channel of the Bismarckian domestics.

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landowner, while brooding moodily over all his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever fresh courage and hope.

A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on towards the billiard-room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas lies a handsome bearskin—the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand; and on a bracket stands the magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of his castle, which King William presented to the Prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The Prince, we were told, was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door, in animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new-comer—sometimes even stretching out both hands to right and left with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face, from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy colouring; the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year; his hair is of that light Saxon hue which defies both Time and impertinent curiosity; and the figure is as firm and upright as the youngest man there present. On this evening he also wore his favourite and most comfortable dress—that is, uniform, but *not* in strict accordance with Regulation.

Moltke's fine thin lips are curved with an amused smile, as he observes the Prince's unmilitary get-up. The short smart tunic is worn open, innocent of either sword or sword-belt, displaying an ordinary black cloth evening waistcoat underneath. Only the most necessary orders are worn; among them, some of those of the smaller states peep coquettishly forth. Are these meant to fascinate the hearts of the minor invited deputies?

Those who have only seen Bismarck in pictures or heard him speak in the Diet, or even met him in his walks, only know him from his official side, and as the great statesman and dignitary. But here, inside his own four walls, with ample leisure, and surrounded by celebrated and patriotic men, who all, more or less, have helped to advise, combat, or further his work, one learns to know and recognise in the Prince the real man and intelligent companion whose mighty intellect wields the affairs of nations. We have often heard visitors who were present at the sittings of the Diet declare that nothing surprised them so much as the intonation and pathos of Bismarck's voice when speaking. His height, his brows, his forehead, his chest, his speeches, were all far greater and more powerful than they had imagined; but his voice, either when giving utterance to the driest details, or when startling his audience by some passionate appeal, had something marvellously soft and winning in it. And they are not far wrong. One can always tell from the Prince's words, by the sound of his voice, what his feelings are at the time, no matter how moderate his speech may be; and never was this more distinct and vivid than on these Saturday evenings.

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so much life and humour, that the merriment of this South German group attracted general attention. The account of '*dicke* (portly) Daumer's' intense fear of death, or anything connected therewith, specially amused the sons of the now Prussianised district of Wiesbaden. Bismarck continued: 'One fine autumn morning, I was out hunting with "dicke Daumer" in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. After a long and tiring climb among the mountains, we sat down to rest on the edge of the forest, when, to my horror, I found I had brought no luncheon with me. "Dicke Daumer," however, drew forth a mighty sausage, and, in the most noble and magnanimous manner, offered me half of it. Now, gentlemen, I frankly confess to having a very good appetite, which this morning excursion in the keen mountain air had by no means lessened. The whole sausage would barely have sufficed to satisfy my hunger. Our meal commenced; I saw the end of my piece of sausage approaching; I was getting desperate! Then suddenly turning to "dicke Daumer," I ask in the most innocent manner possible: "Can you tell me, Herr Daumer, what that white thing down there among the plum-trees is?"

"Good gracious, Your Excellency, you quite take away one's appetite!" said Daumer, who so dreaded his latter end. "Why, that is the churchyard!"

"Is it really, now? Why, Herr Daumer, it looks so pretty! let us go down and choose out some nice secluded shady nook! How calm and peaceful it must be to rest in so sweet a spot!"

"Oh, Your Excellency!—there—there," and he put down the sausage: "I cannot touch another mouthful!"

'And old Daumer remained firm in this. So you see, gentlemen, I had a good luncheon after all.'

Universal laughter greeted this anecdote.

'How is it one never sees you now in the House?' I ask a young Thuringian who has made a name for himself both as a government lawyer and a wit.

'Oh, I am busy all day now in the European "Lint Congress,"' he replied.

'And pray, what may that be?' I ask.

'Why, my dear sir, did you not know that is the name the Berliner wits have given to the International Association for the care and nursing of wounded soldiers?'

Two of the greatest lawyers in the world stand close beside me deep in conversation. Every ten minutes, a fresh word is added to a paragraph for the future North German penal code. Braun-Wiesbaden approaches and joins the conclave, which is just discussing that much vexed question, the abolition of capital punishment.

'You may make your minds easy, gentlemen, and settle to abolish capital punishment,' he said.

'Indeed! Have you, then, found a surrogate?'

'I have.'

'Well?' ask the expectant lawyers with unbelieving curiosity.

'Why, you have only to send the delinquents to the "North German Commission for the better Regulation of Trade"—that will settle them!'

But I hear Bismarck's voice again close behind me. 'Let us drink to the welfare of the old blue red and gold colours of the Hannovera of Göttingen!' he called out to his old fellow-student, the Burgomaster Fromme of Lüneburg. And the two 'old collegians,' while emptying their glasses of sparkling Rhine wine, chat over the pleasant days of their youth.

Even as far back as that time, whenever Bismarck was asked what he was studying, his answer invariably was: 'Diplomacy.' He was then a very slight overgrown young student, with a fair sprouting moustache—known everywhere by his magnificent Newfoundland dog, and much feared on account of his skill with the sword, having, while still an undergraduate, come off victor in several duels with members of opposition corps; though the scar on his left cheek bears testimony to the uncertainty attending the fate of even the most skilful of fencers. The antagonist who inflicted this 'quart' now enjoys the confidence of a great part of the North German population, so much so, that he was elected representative for the Diet.

When he was first presented to Bismarck, the latter, pointing to the scar, asked: 'Are you *the* one?'

'Yes, Your Excellency.'

'Well, you certainly *did* give it me rather hot.'

'Yes, Your Excellency—that was what you said at the time; but the "duel-book" did not concur in it, and decided you gave as good as you got.'

But those diplomatic studies at Göttingen have borne visible fruits. It is only a pity that the multifarious duties of his threefold office of minister, Chancellor, and brandy-distiller—for he has been a distiller for over twenty years—prevent the Prince from coming forward as the advocate of practical diplomacy. Many a professor's chair would be open to him.

The theme of the Prince's diplomatic lecture this evening was 'the blue-books,' a subject he had already ventilated the day before in the Diet, urged thereto by Lasker.

'Well, gentlemen, if you absolutely wish to have a "blue-book," I will endeavour next year to provide one that will at least be harmless,' he had said amid the laughter of the House.

Now he gave us an example of the doubtful value of these collective despatches. 'Say, for example, Lord Augustus Loftus comes to me and asks me whether I am disposed to hear a private letter from his minister, Lord Clarendon. He then reads me a short epistle in the noble lord's own handwriting, and we talk the matter over quietly for about an hour. Five days after, he is again announced. This time he comes armed with a huge official despatch from the English Foreign Office. He commences to read. "I beg your pardon, Your Excellency!" I interrupt him, "but you told me all that last Monday."

"Yes, so I did; but now the despatch has to go into the blue-book."

"Then I suppose I must now repeat my answer all over again, for the benefit of your blue-book?"

"Certainly, if Your Excellency sees no reason against it—that is what is required."

"Well, I suppose I must let you have it;" and so I have to give up another hour to him just for the sake of the blue-book, and have in addition

constantly to explain to the English ambassador: "*This* sentence is *not* meant for your blue-book," as, for instance, that I look upon the blue-book as an essentially wordy and superfluous institution.'

But it is past eleven. Gradually the numerous guests take their leave of the Chancellor. He bids them all 'Adieu, au revoir.' Then passing through the apartment where his wife and daughters were seated, surrounded by a large circle of friends, we salute our noble hostess; and a quarter of an hour later sees us back at the *Petersburger Hof*, comfortably ensconced in the saloon of our hotel, and discussing the events of the evening under the soothing influence of the peaceful pipe.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER III.

'O MARIAN, do you know, I've met Mr Hawthorn; and what a delightful man he is! I quite fell in love with him myself, I assure you! Wasn't it absurd? He came down the other morning to the boatrace; and he and a friend of his positively jumped over the wall, without an invitation, into old Colonel Boddington's front garden.'

Marian took Nora's hand warmly. 'I'm so glad you like Edward,' she said, kissing her cheek and smoothing her forehead. 'I was sure you'd like him. I've been longing for you to come to town ever since we got engaged, so that you might manage to see him.—Well, dear, and do you think him handsome?'

'Handsome! O Marian, awfully handsome; and so nice, too. Such a sweet voice and manner, so grave and cultivated, somehow. I always do like Oxford and Cambridge men—ever so much better than army men, Marian.'

'Who had he with him at the boatrace?' Marian asked.

'Oh, my dear, such a funny man—a Mr Noel, whom I met last week down at the Buckleburies. Colonel Boddington says his father's one of the greatest swells in all Lincolnshire—a Sir Somebody Noel, or something. And do you know, Marian, he simply jumped over the wall, without knowing the Boddingtons one bit, just because he saw me there—wasn't it dreadful of him, after only meeting me once, too?—and then apologised to the old colonel, who was looking daggers. But the moment Mr Noel said something or other incidentally about his father Sir Somebody, the colonel became as mild as a lamb, and asked him to lunch at once, and tried to put him sitting right between Minnie and Adela. And Mr Noel managed to shuffle out of it somehow, and got on one side of me, with Mr Hawthorn on the other side; and he talked so that he kept me laughing right through the whole of lunch-time.'

'He's awfully amusing,' Marian said with a slight smile.—'And I suppose you rather liked Mr Noel, too, didn't you, Nora?'

Nora shook her head energetically. 'No, my dear; not my sort of man at all, really. I certainly wasn't in the least taken with him.'

'Not a little bit even, Nora?'

'Not even a little bit, dear,' she answered decidedly. 'He isn't at all the sort of man I should ever care for. Too dark for me, by several shades, for one thing, Marian. You know, we West Indians never can endure these very dark people.'

'But I'm dark, Nora, and you like me, you know, don't you?'

'Oh, you. Yes; that's quite another thing, Marian. That's nothing, to be dark as you are. Your hair and eyes and complexion are just perfect, darling. But Mr Noel—well, he's a shade or two too dark for me, anyhow; and I don't mind saying so to you candidly.—Mr Hawthorn's a great deal more my ideal of what a handsome man ought to be. I think his eyes, his hair, and his moustache are just simply lovely, Marian.'

'Why, of course, you and he ought to be friends,' Marian said, a natural thought flashing suddenly across her. 'He comes from Trinidad, just the same as you do. How funny that the two people I've liked best in all the world should both come from the very same little bit of an island. I daresay you used to know some of his people.'

'That's the very funniest part of it all, Marian. I can't recollect anything at all about his family; I don't even remember ever to have heard of them from any Trinidad people.'

Marian looked up quickly from the needlework on which she was employed, and said simply: 'I daresay they didn't happen to know your family.'

'Well, that's just what's odd about it, dear,' Nora continued, pulling out her crochet. 'Everybody in Trinidad knows my family. And Mr Hawthorn's father's in the Legislative Council, too, just like papa; and Mr Hawthorn has been to Cambridge, you know, and is a barrister, and knows Arabic, and is unusually clever, Mr Noel tells me. I can't imagine how on earth it is I've never even heard of him before.'

'Well, at anyrate, I'm so awfully glad you really like him, now that you've actually seen him, Nora. One's always so afraid that all one's friends won't like one's future husband.'

'Like him, dear; how on earth could one help liking him? Why, I think he's simply delightful. And that's so surprising, too, because generally, you know, one's friends *will* go and marry such regular horrid sticks of men. I think he's the nicest man I've ever met anywhere, almost.'

'And the exception is——?'

'Put in for propriety's sake, dear, for fear you should think I was quite too enthusiastic. And do you know, he tells me he's going in for a judgeship in Trinidad; and won't it be splendid, Marian, if he happens to get it, and you both go out there with me, darling? I shall be just too delighted.'

Marian gave a little sigh. 'I shall be very glad if he gets it in one way,' she said, 'because then, of course, Edward and I will be able to marry immediately; and papa's so very much opposed to a long engagement.'

'Besides which,' Nora put in frankly, 'you'd naturally yourself, too, be glad to get married as soon as possible.'

'But then, on the other hand,' Marian went on, smiling quietly, 'it would be a dreadful

thing going so far away from all one's friends and relations and so forth. Though, of course, with Edward to take care of me, I wouldn't be afraid to go anywhere.'

'Of course not,' said Nora confidently. 'And I shall be there, too, Marian; and we shall have such lovely times together. People have no end of fun in the West Indies, you know. Everybody says it's the most delightful place in the world in the cool season. The floors are kept polished all the year round, without any carpets, just like the continent, and so you can have a dance at any moment, whenever people enough happen to drop in together accidentally of an evening. Mamma used to say there was no end of gaiety; and that she never could endure the stiffness and unsociability of English society, after the hospitable habits of dear old Trinidad.'

'I hope we shall like it,' Marian said, 'if Edward really succeeds in getting this appointment. It'll be a great alleviation to the pain of parting with one's friends here, if you're going to be there too, Nora.'

'Yes, my dear, you must get married at once, and we must arrange somehow to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer. I mean to have no end of fun going out. And when you get there, of course papa'll be able to introduce you and Mr Hawthorn to all the society in the island. I call it just delightful.'

At that moment, the servant entered and announced Mr Hawthorn.

Marian rose from her seat and went forward to meet him. Edward had a long official envelope in his hands, with a large broken seal in red sealing-wax on the back, and the important words, 'On Her Majesty's Service,' printed in very big letters at the lower left-hand corner. Marian trembled a little with excitement, not unmixed with fear, as soon as she saw it.

'Well, my darling,' cried Edward joyously, in spite of Nora's presence, 'it's all right; I've got the judgeship. And now, Marian, we shall be able to get married immediately.'

A woman always succeeds in doing the most incomprehensible and unexpected thing under all circumstances; and Marian, hearing now for the first time that their hearts' desire was at last in a fair way to be accomplished, did not exhibit those emotions Edward might have imagined she would do, but fell back upon the sofa, half faint, and burst out suddenly crying.

Edward looked at her tenderly with a mingled look of surprise and sorrow. 'Why, Marian,' he said, a little reproachfully, 'I thought you would be so delighted and rejoiced to hear the news, that I almost ran the whole way to tell you.'

'So I am, Edward,' answered Marian, sobbing; 'but it's so sudden, so very sudden.'

'She'll be all right in a minute or two, Mr Hawthorn,' Nora said, looking up at him with an arch smile as she held Marian's hand in hers and bent over her to kiss her forehead. 'She's only taken aback a little at the suddenness of the surprise.—And now, Marian, we shall all be able actually to go out to Trinidad together in the same steamer.'

Edward's heart smote him rather at the strange way Marian had received the news that so greatly delighted him. It was very natural, after all, no doubt. Every girl feels the wrench of having to leave her father's house and her mother and her familiar surroundings. But still, he somehow felt vaguely within himself that it seemed like an evil omen for their future happiness in the Trinidad judgeship; and it dashed his joy not a little at the moment when his dearest hopes appeared just about to be so happily and successfully realised.

A WHALE-HUNT IN THE VARANGER FJORD.

BY A NORWEGIAN.

THERE seems, indeed, to be no limit to the part science is destined to play in the pursuits of man of late; but that it should lend a hand in killing the leviathans of the sea, would hardly have been credited a few years ago. This is, however, now a fact. Along the shores of Arctic Norway, in latitudes seventy to seventy-one degrees north, whale-hunting takes place annually by means of steamers and a cleverly contrived piece of ordnance. The steamers are seventy or eighty feet long, with very powerful engines, the number of vessels at present engaged in this pursuit being about thirty, most of which belong to the indefatigable hunter, Sven Foyn, of Tönsberg, the inventor of the gun, and originator of this important industry. The gun, which plays the leading part in the pursuit, is mounted on a platform in the prow of the vessel, so as to have an all-round range. A shaft is passed into the muzzle, leaving a small portion outside the nozzle, carrying four movable hooks pointing to the gun, and placed crosswise, each of the hooks being about eight inches long. In front of these, a large iron ball, or shell, with a steel point, is affixed, filled with an explosive substance. On the shaft runs an iron ring, to which a cable is attached about the thickness of a man's arm, which, when the shaft is inserted in the gun, is run up to the nozzle, and secured by a cord. When this terrible projectile is launched into the animal, the jerk of the rope is diminished by the cord holding the ring breaking, which latter thereby runs up to the top of the shaft. As soon as the animal feels the wound, it makes a sudden bound, whereby the hooks on the shaft spring into a horizontal position; by which action, again, through an ingenious piece of mechanism, the explosive in the shell is fired, and the latter bursts with such a force that death is almost instantaneous. This is Foyn's invention, on which he has spent large sums of money and many years of his life. It need hardly be said that the gun was, when first invented, not so perfect as at present; but Sven Foyn has gradually improved it.

The kinds of whales hunted in Finmarken belong to the family of 'fin'-whales, the largest of them all being the 'blue'-whale. The colour is bluish gray, lighter on the under side, with long white furrows or folds, the use of which to the animal, zoologists have not yet discovered. This whale lives, as far as we know, solely on 'krill,' a tiny crustacean, which also serves as food for the cod. It comes inshore in Finmarken towards the end of May, and again goes to sea

in the latter half of August, whence it is also called 'summer'-whale. It is generally this kind of whale which is seen by travellers to the North Cape. The next variety is the common fin-whale, which attains a length of sixty to seventy feet, is more slender in build than the other, black on the back, and light below. It moves very swiftly, and is probably found off the Norwegian coast all the year round. Its food is tiny fish and 'krill.' There are, besides these, two other varieties in the same seas, of which the largest is caught. Finally, there is the 'trold'-whale or 'humpback,' forty to fifty feet in length. It is exceedingly lively, and, when hotly pursued, *shricks* and lashes the sea to froth with its tail. It is, however, not very common on the Norwegian coast.

It is generally believed that the whale, in spite of its enormous size, is timid and easily put to flight; but that this is not always the case, will be seen from some stories I was told of its stupidity or viciousness by the fishermen last summer. Several boats, they stated, have been struck or run down by whales, sometimes resulting in loss of life, in consequence of which they are not loved by these toilers of the deep. On one occasion, in May last, a whale was shot from one of the steamers, which, by taking refuge right under the stern of the vessel, succeeded in breaking the rope, as the captain was afraid of losing his screw, if moving. The whale, feeling free, took a few turns round the vessel, and then ran full tilt at the stern, with such a force, that the keel was bent for several yards, and screw and rudder carried away. Having thus satisfied its revenge, it made leisurely for the ocean.

With these preliminary observations, I will proceed to describe a whale-hunt on the shores of the Land of the Midnight Sun, according to my own experiences of this summer.

It is a lovely sunlit evening at the end of July, when we steam out from one of the pretty little fjords in the South Varanger. The air is clear and balmy, and the sea lies before us transparent as a mirror, dark green in colour. The mountains in the south stand out as though carved on the dark background, while their shapely cones are reflected in the mirror at their foot. Not a patch of snow or ice is seen anywhere. By degrees, the copse-covered hills and birch groves at the bottom of the fjord are lost in the distance, and through its mouth we behold the broad mighty Varanger fjord, the greatest in Northern Norway. To the north, the view is arrested by lofty mountains, enveloped in an azure veil; the sun is still high in the sky, though it is past eight o'clock; and to the west we look down into the Varanger fjord, where giant chains of sombre cones stand out in picturesque contrast to the view before us. To the east, there is but one view—sky and sea. We are on the confines of the great Arctic Ocean. Under these promising auspices, we anticipated a good and quick catch, as the whale has that feeling in common with man, that he loves sunshine and a calm sea. In such weather he comes inshore, gambolling in the sun's rays, whilst from time to time leisurely disposing of a few bushels of 'krill' for supper, before proceeding to sea for the night. (By-the-bye, when travelling for pleasure in Arctic Norway, the period July-August should be chosen. True, one runs the risk of not seeing the midnight sun, which disappears in the latter half of July; but by way of recompense, there is no time of the year when nature in these regions stands forth in such colours as just then.) However, just now the Varanger seems rather out of temper; the weather thickens a little, and it begins to blow. No whale is in sight. A little while ago, there were a few 'puffs' down in the eastern horizon; but they are gone now; perhaps the supper has not been dainty or plentiful enough about us; there is neither whale nor bait to be seen. From time to time, a solitary seabird flits rapidly by, towards shore; he has been fetching his supper. Night slowly casts her veil over the ocean. We are soon far enough out; so the engines are ordered 'slow,' and everybody turns in who is not on the watch. We (officers and the writer) go aft to the captain's cabin, where we make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit, in order to snatch a few moments of rest, in which we soon succeed, lulled to sleep by the gentle rippling of the icy arctic waves as they lick the sides of the vessel.

At first streak of dawn in the east we are called. There are whales about. The boilers are fired under; we turn out, and see at a great distance some 'puffs;' but the captain remarks that they are only a few making for the fjord. They are soon out of sight; it is no use attempting to follow them. We again lie down to rest, but in vain—sleep has fled. We dress, and breakfast is served. The steward appears with a steaming pot of coffee and fresh bread—a true luxury. On this occasion, there being a guest on board, we are also treated to real cream; but otherwise a substitute of preserved milk and sugar, of home manufacture, is served. The demands of the body being satisfied, the mind also craves sustenance, and a pipe soon makes it contented. The captain offers, indeed, a cigar; but a pipe is far preferable, and looks more 'ship-shape' too. Towards noon we are off Rybatschi-Polostrow (the fisherman's peninsula). The peninsula is very low and sandy; inland, we see a ridge of mountains; around us, thousands of seabirds whirl with plaintive cries; but no whale is seen. They are, however, generally plentiful here; at times, there are even enormous shoals of them, particularly when the fishing draws eastwards, as the bait is then found here, which is what the whale likes. But now, during the summer months, they are more scattered. It is already past the mid-day meal, and still we have seen nothing. We go below a little disappointed, whilst the steamer's course is shaped for Vardö. Since last night there has been blowing a stiff breeze, and the sea is in foam in some places. The waves increase in size, and the steamer begins to roll. The smoke and the rest below are of short duration, so we go again on deck to look for 'puffs.' Now and then, the ship heels over; a hogshead or two of water comes swishing over the port bow, but does no harm, as we are dressed in sailor's boots, a thick coat, and sou'-wester. I stare till I am tired at the green sea and the foam-crested waves, as they come rolling towards the vessel. My

face becomes coated with a layer of salt, which settles there, when the foam of the waves is swept on board, as the ship plunges into the trough of the sea. If not accustomed to the arctic sea-air, one soon gets frightfully tired, and is obliged to rest, so, after being on the watch for a while, I went below and lay down. Soon sleep irresistibly overpowers me, thoughts become dreams, while the rolling of the ship feels like the gentle swing in a hammock; in fact, I am fast asleep, when a voice thunders down the companion: 'Turn out—whales in sight!' I jump up with a start, unable at first to remember where I am; but soon the consciousness of being on a whale-hunt becomes clear, and I rush on deck, fearing to lose any part of the grand spectacle.

What a change! Now, every wave has a snow-white cap; they tower high on all sides, and the vessel is tossed to and fro like a toy. Gulls and teistes sweep rapidly along the furrows between the waves, rise nearly perpendicularly as the wave breaks, and, just clearing the comb, dive into the next watery valley. 'Look, look, what a tremendous puff!' 'That's a big one.' 'Look, look—puff, puff!' 'There are a good many here.'

We are in the middle of a flock of the giants of the sea. The enormous brown and blue bodies rise out of the sea; the back is bent upwards—it looks like the bottom of a capsized ship; it disappears; but the sea becomes almost calm where the whale went down, and several minutes elapse before the waves are able to conquer the calm. From time to time, deep dull snorts are heard, thundering and trembling, as if the deepest strings of a dozen double-basses were being played down below; and at others, a sharp swishing sound like an enormous fountain suddenly set to play, and a column of crystal spray ascends some thirty feet into the air. The gigantic, glistening body appears on the surface; the back is bent upwards a second, and it again disappears. It looks as if the whale was warm and comfortable enough; the sea-water, to us looking so cold, plays pleasantly around it; hot steam issues from its dilated nostrils, and it seems like a man enjoying a refreshing morning dip.

During the last quarter of an hour we have seen some forty whales; but none has come within range. The gun has no certainty much beyond thirty yards, so that the whale must be nearly under the ship's bow when firing. As we stand looking at this magnificent spectacle, the water close round the ship suddenly becomes light green in colour and somewhat calm. Then a deep heavy thunder; the ship trembles from stem to stern; a great column of dampness is shot into the air, drenching us all, a dull snort, and an enormous blue-whale rises out of the sea a few yards on our starboard side. Now the captain will fire, we think, involuntarily holding on to the wire-rigging; but Foyn stands by his gun without making the least movement, and the next second the whale again descends into its watery home. The range was probably not a good one. A few minutes after, the same thunder, the same sensation, the same column, and the same snort—another whale appears close on the port side. The captain turns the gun, whilst we watch with beating hearts the movements of the animal as well as his own. Every second seems an eternity. He raises the gun, aims. Alas! a heavy sea strikes the vessel, heels her over; the gun is lowered, but the whale is gone. They seem all to have disappeared now, not a puff to be seen. We stand and talk about the incident, and somebody suggests to go aft and 'have a smoke;' when suddenly two whales are seen some distance off, now going side by side, now behind each other. The helm is turned, and we follow them in hot haste through wind and waves. A complete silence reigns on board during the pursuit, only now and then broken by the captain's short words of command, who stands calmly watching the animals. Now the vessel heels over—the whales are within range. 'Stop,' sounds in the engine-room. But the speed was too great, and we shoot past them. 'Full speed ahead,' sounds again. 'Two men at the helm!' The vessel turns swiftly, and we separate the couple. The whales disappear. We follow the direction they are taking, and look!—a little before us the sea becomes emerald green. 'Slow,' again. The vessel moves slowly forward, and the whale reappears twenty yards off. 'Stop,' shouts the captain. The gun is turned, raised, and again lowered—not a sound is heard on board—the whale has puffed—the back is bending; the captain aims—and a thundering report rends the air, and makes the vessel tremble in every section. We have watched all this with every nerve strained, and hardly feel the icy foam of the sea which bedews the cheek and benumbs the hands.

'Did you hit him?' we shout to the captain.

'Don't know,' is the laconic answer. 'Almost absurd to attempt it in such a sea; one risks losing the gear and frightening the whale.'

In the meantime all the crew are busy clearing the line of the harpoon, and we are still in doubt whether we have hit him; but the suspense does not last long, as immediately a 'Look out!' is shouted by the captain, and the line runs out with terrific speed and a great noise. 'Full speed ahead,' is shouted below; but the ship is running double her highest speed, such is the strength of the whale which has her in tow. The animal is fleeing at the top of its speed, and we follow right through the breaking seas. Ten minutes pass by—they seem ten hours—when suddenly a blood-streaked column of water is seen on the horizon. It is our whale! Another moment, and a clear one is seen. It is his companion, which follows her wounded mate. Both go down; the line does not run out so fast; the wounded whale appears once or twice more, when he sinks. The whale is dead. After a while, the hauling-in begins very carefully, and finally the great body rises to the surface, the ship heeling over. After a few hours' hard work in securing the monster to the vessel with chains and ropes, the course is shaped for home.

'What do you think of it, captain?' I ask.

'Not bad,' he answers simply.—'Steward, give the crew a drink all round! And let us have something to eat.'

The whale measured more than eighty feet in length.

Once more his widowed mate takes a turn

round the ship, when she stands out to sea; whilst we, with our noble spoil in tow, slowly make for the whale-station in South Varanger.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER III.

Mr Carver of Bedford Row, in the county of Middlesex, was exercised in his mind; and the most annoying part of it was that he was so exercised at his own trouble and expense; that is to say, he was not elucidating some knotty legal point at the charge of a client, but he was speculating over one of the most extraordinary events that had ever happened to him in the whole course of his long and honourable career. The matter stood briefly thus: His client, Charles Morton, of Eastwood, Somersetshire, died on the 9th of April in the year of grace 1882. On the 1st of May 1880, Mr Carver had made the gentleman's will, which left all his possessions, to the amount of some forty thousand pounds, to his niece, Eleanor Attewood. Six months later, Mr Morton's half-sister, Miss Wakefield, took up her residence at Eastwood, and from that time everything had changed. Eleanor had married the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and at the instigation of his half-sister, Mr Morton had disinherited his niece; and one year before he died, had made a fresh will, leaving everything to Miss Wakefield. Mr Carver, be it remarked, strongly objected to this injustice, seeing the baleful influence which had brought it about; and had he been able to find Eleanor, he hoped to alter the unjust state of things. But she disappeared with her husband, and left no trace behind her; so the obnoxious will was proved.

Then came the most extraordinary part of the affair. With the exception of a few hundreds in the bank at Eastwood, for household purposes, not a single penny of Mr Morton's money could be found. All his property was mortgaged to a high amount; all his securities were disposed of, and not one penny could be traced. The mortgages on the property were properly drawn up by a highly respectable solicitor at Eastwood, the money advanced by a man of undoubted probity; and further, the money had been paid over to Mr Morton one day early in the year 1883. Advertisements were inserted in the papers, in fact everything was done to trace the missing money, but in vain. All Miss Wakefield had for her pains and trouble was a poor sum of about eleven hundred pounds, so she had to retire again to her genteel poverty in a cheap London boarding-house.

This melancholy fact did not give Mr Carver any particular sorrow; he disliked that lady, and was especially glad that her deep cunning and underhand ways had frustrated themselves. In all probability, he thought, Mr Morton had in a fit of suspicion got hold of all his ready cash and securities, for the purpose of balking the fair lady whom he had made his heiress; but nevertheless the affair was puzzling, and Mr Carver hated to be puzzled.

Mr Carver stood in his office in Bedford Row, drumming his fingers on the grimy window-panes and softly whistling. Nothing was heard in the office but the scratch of the confidential clerk's quill pen as he scribbled out a draft for his employer's inspection.

'This is a very queer case, Bates, very queer,' said Mr Carver, addressing his clerk.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr Bates, continuing the scratching. That gentleman possessed the instinct of always being able to divine what his chief was thinking of. Therefore, when Mr Bates said 'Yes, sir,' he knew that the Eastwood mystery had been alluded to.

'I'd most cheerfully give—let me see, what would I give? Well, I wouldn't mind paying down my cheque for'——

'One thousand pounds, sir. No, sir; I don't think you would.'

'You're a wonderful fellow, Bates,' said his admiring master. ''Pon my honour, Bates, that's the exact sum I was going to mention.'

'It *is* strange, sir,' said the imperturbable Bates, 'that you and I always think the same things. I suppose it is being with you so long. Now, if I was to *think* you would give me a partnership, perhaps you would think the same thing too.'

'Bates,' said Mr Carver earnestly, never smiling, as was his wont, at his clerk's quiet badinage, 'if we unravel this mystery, as I hope we may, I'll tell you what, Bates, don't be surprised if I give you a partnership.'

'Ah, sir, if we unravel it. Now, if we could only find'——

'Miss Eleanor. Just what I was thinking.'

At this moment a grimy clerk put his head in at the door.

'Please, sir, a young person of the name of Seaton.'

'It is Miss Eleanor, by Jove!' said Bates, actually excited.

'Wonderful!' said Mr Carver.

In a few seconds the lady was ushered into the presence of Mr Carver. She was tall and fair, with a style of beauty uncommon to the people of to-day. Clad from head to foot in plain black, hat, jacket, and dress cut with a simplicity almost severe, and relieved only by a white collar at the throat, there was something in her air and bearing which spoke of a culture and breeding not easily defined in words, but nevertheless unmistakable. It was a face and figure that men would look at and turn again to watch, even in the busy street. Her complexion was almost painfully perfect in its clear pallid whiteness, and the large dark lustrous eyes shone out from the marble face with dazzling brightness. She had a perfect abundance of real golden hair, looped up in a great knot behind; but the rebellious straying tresses fell over her broad low forehead like an aureole round the head of a saint.

For a few moments she regarded Mr Carver with a faint, wavering, unsteady smile. That gentleman tried to speak, and then blew his nose with unnecessary and ostentatious violence.

'Don't you know me, Mr Carver?' she said at length.

'My dear Eleanor, my dear Eleanor, do sit down!' This was the person whom he had been longing for two years to see, and Mr Carver, cool as he was, was rather knocked off his balance for a moment.

'Poor child! Why, why didn't you come and see me before?'

'Pride, Mr Carver—pride,' she replied, with a painful air of assumed playfulness.

'But surely pride did not prevent your coming to see your old friend?'

'Indeed, it did, Mr Carver. You would not have me part with one of my few possessions?'

'Nonsense, nonsense!' said the lawyer, with assumed severity. 'Now, sit down there, and tell me everything you have done for the last two years.'

'It is soon told. When my uncle—poor deluded man—turned me, as he did, out of his house on account of my marriage, something had to be done; so we came to London. For two years my husband has been trying to earn a living by literature. Far better had he stayed in the country and taken to breaking stones or working in the fields. It is a bitter life, Mr Carver. The man who wants to achieve fortune that way must have a stout heart; he must be devoid of pride and callous to failure. If I had all the eloquence of a Dickens at my tongue's end, I could not sum up two years' degradation and bitter miserable poverty and disappointment better than in the few words, "Trying to live by literature."—However, it is useless to struggle against it any longer. Mr Carver, sorely against my inclination, I have come to you to help us.'

'My dear child, you hurt me,' said Mr Carver huskily, 'you hurt me; you do indeed. For two years I have been searching for you everywhere. You have only to ask me, and you know anything I can I will do.'

'God bless you,' replied Eleanor, with the gathering tears thick in her eyes. 'I know you will. I knew that when I came here. How can I thank you?'

'Don't do anything of the sort; I don't want any thanks. But before you go, I will do something for you. Now, listen to me. Before your uncle died'——

'Died! Is he dead?'

'How stupid of me. I didn't know'——

Mr Carver stopped abruptly, and paused till the natural emotions called forth in the young lady's mind had had time to expend themselves. She then asked when the event had happened.

'Two years ago,' said Mr Carver. 'And now, tell me—since you last saw him, had you any word or communication from him in any shape or form? Any letter or message?'

Eleanor shook her head, half sadly, half scornfully.

'You don't seem to know Miss Wakefield,' she said. 'No message was likely to reach me, while *she* remained at Eastwood.'

'No; I suppose not. So you have heard nothing? Very good. Now, a most wonderful thing has happened. When your uncle died and his will came to be read, he had left everything to Miss Wakefield. No reason to tell you that, I suppose? Now comes the strangest part of the story. With the exception of a few hundreds in the local bank, not a penny can be found. All the property has been mortgaged to the uttermost farthing; all the stock is sold out; and, in fact, nothing is left but Eastwood, which, as you know, is a small place, and not worth much. We have been searching for two years, and not a trace can we find.'

'Perhaps Miss Wakefield is hiding the plunder away,' Eleanor suggested with some indifference.

'Impossible,' eagerly exclaimed Mr Carver—'impossible. What object could she have in doing so? The money was clearly left to her; and it is not likely that a woman so fond of show would deliberately choose to spend her life in a dingy lodging-house.'

'And Eastwood?'

'Is empty. It will not let, neither can we sell it.'

'So Miss Wakefield is no better off than she was four years ago!' Eleanor said calmly. 'Come, Mr Carver, that is good news, at anyrate. It almost reconciles me to my position.'

'Nelly, I wish you would not speak so,' said Mr Carver seriously. 'It hurts me. You were not so hard at one time.'

'Forgive me, my dear old friend,' she replied simply. 'Only consider what a life we have been leading for the past two years, and you will understand.'

'And your husband?'

'Killing himself,' she said; 'wearing out body and soul in one long struggle for existence. It hurts me to see him. Always hoping, and always working, always smiling and cheerful before me; and ever the best of men and husbands. Dear friend, if you knew what he is to me, and saw him as I do day after day, literally wearing out, you would consider my seeming hardness pardonable. I am rebellious, you know.'

'No, no,' said Mr Carver, a suspicious gleam behind his spectacles; 'I can understand it. The only thing I blame you for is that you did not come to me before. You know what a lonely old bachelor I am, and how—how rich I am. It would have been a positive kindness of you to come and see me.—Now, listen. On Sunday, you and your husband must come and dine with me. You know the old Russell Square address?'

'God bless you for a true friend!' said Eleanor, her tears flowing freely now. 'We will come; and I may bring my little girl with me?'

'Eh, what?' replied the lawyer—'little girl? Of course, of course! Then we will talk over old times, and see what can be done to make those cheeks look a little like they used to do. —So you have got a little girl, have you? Dear, dear, how the time goes!—Now, tell me candidly, do you want any assistance—any, ah—that is—a little—in short, money?'

Eleanor coloured to the roots of her hair, and was about to reply hastily, but said nothing.

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Carver rapidly.—'I think, Bates'——

But Mr Bates already had his hand on the cheque-book, and commenced to fill in the date. Mr Carver gave him a look of approbation, and flashed him a sign with his fingers signifying the amount.

'I suppose you have some friends?' he continued hastily, to cover Eleanor's confusion. 'It's a poor world that won't stand one good friend.'

'Yes, we have one,' replied Eleanor, her face lighting up with a tender glow—'a good friend.

You have heard of Jasper Felix the author? He is far the best friend we have.'

'Heard of Felix! I should think I have. Read every one of his books. I am glad to hear of his befriending you. I knew the man who writes as he does must have a noble heart.'

'He has. What we should have done without his assistance, I shudder to contemplate. I honestly believe that not one of my husband's literary efforts would have been accepted, had it not been for him.'

'I can't help thinking, Nelly, that there is a providence in these things, and I feel that better days are in store for you. Anyway, it won't be my fault if it is not so. I have a presentiment that things will come out all right in the end, and I fancy that your uncle's fortune is hidden away somewhere; and if it is hidden away, it must be, I cannot help thinking, for your benefit.'

'Don't count upon it, Mr Carver,' said Eleanor calmly. 'I look upon the money as gone.'

'Nonsense!' said that gentleman cheerfully; 'while there is life there is hope. I begin to feel that I am playing a leading character in a romance; I do, indeed! Firstly, your uncle dies, and his fortune is lost; secondly, you disappear; and at the very moment I am longing—literally longing—to see you, you turn up. Now, all that remains is to find the hidden treasure, and to be happy ever afterwards, like the people in a fairy tale.'

'Always enthusiastic,' laughed Eleanor. 'All we have to do is to discover a mystic clue to a buried chest of diamonds, only we lack the clue.'

''Pon my word, my dear, do you know I really think you have hit it?' replied Mr Carver with great solemnity. 'Now, at the time you left Eastwood, your companion Margaret was in the house; and after your uncle's death, she disappeared. From a little hint Miss Wakefield dropped to me, your old friend was in the sick-room alone with your uncle the day he died.'

'Alone? and then disappeared,' said Eleanor, all trace of apathy gone, and her eyes shining with interest.

'Alone. Now, if we could only find Margaret Boulton'——

Eleanor rose from her seat, and approached Mr Carver slowly. Then she said calmly: 'There is no difficulty about that; she is at my house now. I found her only last night on Waterloo Bridge—in fact, I saved her.'

'Saved her? Didn't I say there was a providence in it? Saved her?'

'From suicide!'

A quarter of an hour later, Eleanor was standing outside Mr Carver's office, evidently seeking a companion. From the bright flush on her face and the sparkle in her eyes, hope—and a strong hope—had revived. She stood there, quite unconscious of the admiration of passers-by, sweeping the street in search of her quest. Presently the object she was seeking came in view. He was a tall man, of slight figure, with blue eyes deeply sunk in a face far from handsome, but full of intellectual power and great character; a heavy, carelessly trimmed moustache hid a sensitive mouth, but did not disguise a bright smile. That face and figure was a famous one in London, and people there turned in the busy street to watch Jasper Felix, and admire his rugged powerful face and gaunt figure. He came swinging down the street now with firm elastic step, and treated Eleanor to one of his brightest smiles.

'Did you think I had forgotten you?' he said. 'I have been prowling about Gray's Inn Road, for, sooth to say, the air of Bedford Row does not agree with me.'

'I hope I have not detained you,' said Eleanor timidly; 'I know how valuable your time is to you.'

'My dear child, don't mention it,' replied the great novelist lightly; 'my time has been well occupied. First, I have been watching a fight between two paviors. Do you know it is quite extraordinary how those powerful men can knock each other about without doing much harm. Then I have been having a long chat with an intellectual chimney-sweep—a clever man, but a great Radical. I have spent quite an enjoyable half-hour.'

'A half-hour! Have I been so long? Mr Felix, I am quite horrified at having taken up so much of your time.'

'Awful, isn't it,' he laughed lightly. 'Well, you won't detain me much longer, for here you are close at home.—Now, I will just run into Fleet Street on my own business, and try and sell this little paper of your husband's at the same time. I'll call in this afternoon; only, mind, you must look as happy as you do now.'

Jasper Felix made his way through a court into Holborn, and along that busy thoroughfare till he turned down Chancery Lane. Crossing the street by the famous *Griffin*, he disappeared in one of the interminable courts leading out of Samuel Johnson's favourite promenade, Fleet Street. The object of his journey was here. On the door-plate was the inscription, 'The *Midas Magazine*,' and beneath the legend, 'First Floor.' Ascending the dingy stair, he stopped opposite a door on which, in white letters, was written the word 'Editor.' At this door he knocked. It was not the timid rap of a literary aspirant, but the important tap of a man who knew that he was welcome. Without pausing for a reply, he pushed open the door.

'How de do, Simpson?' said Mr Felix, with a look of amusement in his blue eyes.

'Glad to see you, Felix,' said the editor of the *Midas* cordially. 'I thought you had forgotten us. I hope you have something for our journal in your pocket.'

'I *have* something in my pocket to show you,' answered Felix, 'and I think you will appreciate it.'

'Is it something of your own?' queried the man of letters.

'No, it is not; and, what is more, I doubt if I could write anything so good myself. I know when you have seen it, you will accept it.'

'Um! I don't know,' replied the editor dubiously. 'You see, I am simply inundated with amateur efforts. Of course, sometimes I get something good; but usually—— Now, if the matter in discussion was a manuscript of your own'——

'Now, seriously, Simpson, what do you care for me or anything of mine? It is the name you want, not the work. You know well enough what sells magazines of the *Midas* type. It is not so much the literary matter as the name. The announcement that the next month's *Midas* will contain the opening chapters of a new serial by some one with a name, is quite sufficient to increase your circulation by hundreds.'

''Pon my honour, you're very candid,' rejoined Mr Simpson. 'But what is this wonderful production you have?'

'Well, I'll leave it with you. You need not trouble to read it, because, if you don't take it, I know who will.'

'What do you want for this triumph of genius?'

'Well, in a word, ten pounds. Take it or leave it.'

'If you say it is worth it, I suppose I must oblige you.'

'That is a good way of putting it; and it will oblige me. But mark me—this man will some day confer favours by writing for you, instead of, as you regard it at present, favouring him.'

The proprietor of the *Midas* sighed gently. The idea of paying over ten pounds to an unknown contributor was not nice, but the fact of offending Felix was worse.

'If,' said he, harping on the old string, and shaking his head with a gentle deprecating motion—'if it was one of yours now'——

'What confounded nonsense you talk!' exclaimed Felix impatiently.

'Don't get wild, Felix,' replied Mr Simpson soothingly. 'I will take your protégé's offering, to oblige you.'

'But I don't want you to oblige me. I want you to accept—and pay for—an article good enough for anything. It is a fair transaction; and if there is any favour about it, then it certainly is not on your side.'

Mr Simpson showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile. 'Well, Felix, I do admire your assurance,' he said loftily. 'I never heard the matter put in that light before. My contributors, as a rule, don't point their manuscript at my head metaphorically, and demand speedy insertion and prompt pay.—Do you want a cheque for this manuscript now?'

'Yes, you may as well give me the cash now.'

Mr Simpson drew a cheque for the desired amount, and passed it over to Felix, who folded the pink slip and placed it in his pocket; whereupon the conversation drifted into other channels.

REVOLUTION BELOW-STAIRS.

The relations of employer and employed in private life and in public are in a state of transition. The foundations of society itself are undergoing drastic modifications, which will either sap or enhance its strength. The air is charged with reform in every department of social life. The very conditions of existence are more or less in the crucible. The connection between man and man, between woman and man, between man and the State, or woman and the State, are every one of them passing through an ordeal of stringent examination. In no direction is the old order of things vanishing more rapidly than in the household. The relations of mistress and maid are not to-day what they were yesterday, or what they will be to-morrow. A hundred years ago, servants were more part and parcel of the establishment than they are now. They entered a family, in the majority of cases, whilst they were young, and marriage or death was the only cause of separation in general. It never occurred to the domestic of the past to 'give notice,' any more than it occurred to the mistress to dismiss her servants, on the slightest provocation.

We need not travel far to ascertain what are the agencies which have wrought the change. The same influences which are every day giving the working classes increased power have affected in at least an equally pronounced degree the domestic employee. In 1886, the footman or the housemaid, the butler or the cook, is perhaps as well educated as were many heads of households in 1786. If the upper classes are now more cultured than they were in the olden days, so are the lower classes. Advertising mediums, cheapness and ease of locomotion, and the ever-spreading education of the masses, were boons undreamed of by the 'Jeames' whom Thackeray portrayed. Before these results of our progress were realised, the sphere within which the energies of servants found play was exceedingly limited. Beyond the locality in which they lived and the immediate circle of their master's acquaintances, the world was to them little more than a blank and a mystery. To-day, they are nearly as familiar with the world as are their masters.

The sooner this is understood and appreciated, the better for the peace and stability of households. It is an invariable rule that the most contented homes are those in which the servant is treated with the greatest respect. Servants must be servants. No one but a lunatic would suggest that they had any right to enter the drawing-room or the dining-room on a footing of equality with its owner. But not less idiotic is it to imagine that they will much longer consent to be regarded as only one degree removed from the beast of burden. Their opportunities for acquiring knowledge are so manifold that it would be wonderful if this were not the case. Ladies and gentlemen sitting round their table are apt to forget that the man or maid waiting upon them has ears, and that their comments on life and the way the world is wagging, cannot fail to excite attention on the part of the domestic. Topics thrashed out in the dining-room or drawing-room are frequently carried below-stairs, and there subjected to a similar process, though it may be on very different lines. The result, equally with that of love as defined by Kenelm Chillingly, must inevitably be 'a disturbance of the mental equilibrium.'

The unrest which characterises society itself characterises every section of the community. To 'better' themselves is the lifelong aim of servants in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Good servants are already at a premium. The complaint is constantly made that whilst domestics are more independent than of yore, their

work is less carefully attended to. Those who understand the forces at work in our midst have no difficulty in recognising that, as time goes on, first-class servants will become rarer still. Preposterous as it may seem, this phenomenon is only another phase of the 'social status' question. There is, quite without reason, attaching to service a certain disposition on the part of many of our domestics to resent the washing-up of dishes or the cleaning of a floor.

The rule is not, of course, absolute, and there are many really good servants who enter a family and stay in it a number of years. But the tendency of the period is nomadic. In some quarters, there is a disposition to account for the perpetual changing of servants on the ground that servants love change. This is not altogether accurate. Many dislike nothing so much as fresh faces and fresh work, and are by no means eager to enter upon the duties of their new home. Others, however, leave one situation with the express hope that they may never enter another, and if employment of a different kind offers, eagerly avail themselves of it, albeit generally to their own disadvantage. Thousands of young men and women in every way qualified for service are swamping many callings. Milliners, dressmakers, clerks, shop-assistants—what a host might be found in the ranks of these who would constitute first-class recruits for private service! It is a fact, that whilst their numbers are on the increase, the numbers of domestics are almost stationary. During the decade 1871 to 1881, the census proved that indoor servants had increased by only one per cent., and consequently, proportionately to the increase of population, were scarcer in 1881 than ten years before. On the other hand, clerks had doubled; milliners had increased by nearly nineteen per cent.; dressmakers, by nearly eight per cent.; and seamstresses, by over five per cent.

These figures afford food for reflection. A large proportion of the young men and women to whom they refer are earning barely enough to keep body and soul together. In most cases they are a load upon the shoulders of their friends. For some months of the year the majority are without work. When they are in work, their money will never more than cover immediate wants. Would they not be better off beneath the gentleman's roof with regular food and regular money? No one who knows anything at all about them will hesitate for a moment to reply in the affirmative. 'Why, then,' it will be, and often is asked, 'do they not go into service?' It would be found that if they applied for a situation in the household to-morrow, they would want to become ladies'-maids or valets. This disposition is to be explained on two grounds. First, exceptional privileges attach to the personal attendant; secondly, the lower grades of the domestic calling are still regarded with the feelings to which George Eliot gave expression in her dissertation on servants' logic. The ordinary servant is too frequently and often unjustly branded with the mark of servility and ignorance not only among the upper classes, but to some extent among the industrial classes. To be 'only a servant' is, in the society in which the artisan or the clerk moves, to be entitled to less consideration than is given to those who follow a more independent calling. Just as it is the genius of the stage who alone is recognised in the best society, so it is only a few servants who have the power of impressing those with whom they come in contact with their worth, who secure friends outside the domestic circle.

The growing antipathy to service is a sign of the times which has to be reckoned with. Nor is this wonderful. No class of the community are kept to so perpetual a round of labour as the domestic servant. With the exception of an occasional afternoon or evening—often it is not more than once in a fortnight—those who live below-stairs rarely have an hour which they can call entirely their own. They may perhaps frequently have an opportunity of getting through their work early in the day, but they must not leave the house till they have asked permission. Again, they may stay in the same family for many years. But what do they gain by it? There is in England no such recognition of long and faithful service as exists in Germany. Seven years ago, the Empress of the Fatherland instituted a Long Service Order, and since that time many hundreds of domestic servants who have lived with the same master and mistress for forty years, have received from royalty diplomas and golden crosses.

Is such an Order impossible in Great Britain? Could we not modify and adapt it to ourselves? If a person is to work well for any length of time, some motive must be found. Why should not a system of rewards be adopted? No one can doubt that if a lady, when engaging a domestic, said, 'Supposing you stay with me and perform your duties to the best of your ability for ten years, I will, in consideration thereof, present you at the termination of your engagement with twenty-five pounds,' the effect would be beneficial. On condition of being assured that the money was safe, many servants, for the sake of the bonus, would consent to accept lesser wages than they receive at present. Even though the plan now suggested cost a few pounds more than would be spent under existing circumstances, would not the freedom from worry and anxiety be ample compensation? The outlay, however, would probably amount to little more than is now expended in advertising, in paying fares to and from the house for the purpose of interviews, and in various other ways incidental to the constantly recurring necessity of engaging servants.

Further, there can be no reason why mistresses should not agree to let each of their servants have a certain number of hours during the week which they may consider their own. The one drawback to service, in the eyes of many who would be better off in service than they are now, is, that they cannot have the evenings which at present are at their disposal. If the housewife gives the matter a little thought, she will see that this is an enigma the solution of which is not impracticable. The future must be pregnant with reform in the relations between the occupants of the drawing-room and of the servants' hall. If masters and mistresses are wise, they will rob the revolutionary spirit of the age of any force it may have, by anticipating in a generous and liberal-handed manner

claims which, if ignored, may result in a condition of things as undesirable as that which to-day obtains in Australia, where servants, at least as they are known in the old country, are non-existent.

A SUBAQUEOUS EXCURSION.

Our good-fortune in obtaining permission to descend a caisson of the gigantic Forth Bridge—which when completed will be one of the most stupendous railway viaducts in the world—obtained additional zest from the fact that comparatively few structures are founded on what is termed the pneumatic principle in this country—the employment of compressed air being more in vogue on the continent—and still fewer are open to the passing visitor, uninfluenced alike by professional or scientific ardour.

Arrived at North Queensferry, on the Fife side of the Firth of Forth, we embark for the island in mid-channel, and rounding the easternmost promontory of the rock, see before us a huge iron cylinder, which, but for the incongruity of its position, we should take for a gasometer, and not a caisson. We land, and are forthwith marshalled to the dressing-room. Leathern caps and garments of a sombre blue hue are donned, and we are ready to descend. Before, however, proceeding, a brief outline of the working of a caisson, the end in view, and the means adopted in the attainment of that end, may be given, which will enable the reader to follow our movements.

Over the site of the proposed pier, a large circular cylinder is sunk, which rests on the rock-bottom, and has its upper edge slightly above high water. A horizontal floor divides the cylinder into two chambers. The lower chamber, seven feet in height, is charged with compressed air by machinery situated on shore, and connected with it by flexible hose. The air under pressure excludes the water, enabling workmen to descend into the lower chamber—which is, in fact, a large diving-bell—and to excavate the rock on which the caisson rests. The excavated material is drawn up in buckets or 'skips' and thrown over, whilst the caisson gradually descends by its own weight until a level bed is formed. The upper and lower chambers of the caisson are then filled with concrete, and this circular monolithic foundation carries the granite pier on which rests the steel superstructure. A tube, connecting the air-chamber below with an air-lock on the upper platform of the caisson, gives access to the working beneath. In principle, the air-lock of a caisson in no way differs from the well-known lock on a canal. The air-lock is formed by a tube of larger diameter, which surrounds the upper end of the vertical tube leading to the air-chamber.

Having entered this outer chamber, the door is closed behind us, and our connection with the outer world severed. A cock is turned, and with a steady hiss, the compressed air enters, a fact of which we soon become painfully conscious by the pressure that is brought to bear upon the drum of the ear. We follow the directions previously given us, and by copiously swallowing the compressed air and forcing it into the ears, with closed nostrils, we equalise the pressure on both sides of the drums, and succeed in accommodating ourselves to the novel atmospheric conditions. The inrush of compressed air at length ceases; and the pressure being now equal in the outer chamber—in which we are—and the internal tube, the door between them opens without difficulty. We enter, and descending a vertical ladder some ninety feet, we find ourselves in the air-chamber, and standing on the solid rock-bed of the Firth of Forth fifty feet below water-level. The scene is as striking as it is novel. A circular iron chamber, seventy feet in diameter and seven feet high, brilliantly illuminated by arc-lights suspended from the roof. Groups of foreign workmen—enlisted for this service, owing to continental experience in this class of work—are busily engaged in levelling the surface of the rock. The majority of these men wield pick and bar; whilst others fill the iron tubs or 'skips' with the fragments of rock, which are then drawn to the surface, passing through a lock similar in principle, though differing slightly in design from that we have ourselves traversed; and having discharged their contents over the edge of the caisson, return for another load.

We would fain linger amid a scene so weird and wonderful; but time fails, and we must return to 'bank.' We take a last look at the air-chamber with its busy occupants, and ascending the ladder, not without exertion, for a vertical ladder at all times calls muscle into play, and the pressure we are under by no means lightens our labours, we find ourselves again in the air-lock. The reverse process now takes place. The inner door is closed, the compressed air is allowed to escape from the outer chamber in which we now are, and causes a thick mist, cold and chilly. Before long, the pressure ceases; the outer door opens, and we again tread terra firma. The pressure-gauge records thirty pounds per square inch.

We now discard our exploring garments, and having enjoyed a not unneedful wash, we quit the works, and returning homewards, congratulate each other on having trodden the very foundations of the wonderful Forth Bridge, and ponder how little the future traveller, as he lightly skims the estuary at sixty miles an hour, will think of the practical ingenuity and patient labour that wrought, deep down beneath the waters of the Forth, the foundations on which repose the huge structures through which the flying express is whirling him.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BORAX.

We learn from a contemporary a good deal that is interesting about the history and preparation for the market of the borax of commerce. In 1874 Mr A. Robottom, prospecting for commercial purposes some of the vast tracts of unoccupied land in Southern California, came across a long deep valley, about fifteen by eight miles, which was apparently the basin, or series of basins, of once active volcanoes. This valley was covered with crude borates, combined with earthy impurities. The heat was oppressive, one hundred and nineteen degrees in the shade; and the atmosphere so dry, that even breathing was difficult. At this time, the explorer's attention

was drawn to a dark object lying upon the ground, upon which he seated himself, and found it was a dead horse. He was naturally surprised that no smell emanated from the carcase, and taking out his knife, he cut to the bones, only to find that the flesh was quite sweet. The explanation of this was that the boron from the boracic land had saturated it thoroughly. He learned afterwards that the carcase of this horse had lain there for seven months, having been left by a party of emigrants. The remarkable antiseptic powers of boron in its crude state having thus been proved to him, he took over this Boron Valley for the State of California, and arranged with a Company in England to make it available for commercial purposes.

As it reaches this country, Californian borax, after being freed from its earthy elements at the Borax Lake, is put up in small bags, and consists of pure white crystals, which are crushed into a fine, white, almost inpalpable powder in the factories. After undergoing various processes, it comes out eventually to the outside world as borax extract of soap, borax dry soap, washing-powders, &c. In one factory, over thirty-seven million of packets are turned out annually. This prepared Californian borax is used in the laundry, for washing cattle, for helping to heal wounds, and many other household purposes. Its virtues in preventing decomposition in hams and salted meats are also well known. Water containing one per cent. of borax will keep pure and sweet for years, and remain safe for drinking.

The soap prepared with borax, however, has been thought by some to have a more corrosive influence on fibres than common soap. In Belgium, powdered borax is used for washing purposes, with a view to economise soap; while in Sweden, meat and milk are largely preserved by means of boracic acid, its use in no way rendering these viands less wholesome. It is also valuable for hard soldering, and is in use for pottery glazes and enamels.

In addition to the natural supply of crude borax already mentioned, this substance is largely made from boracic or boric acid, found among the matters ejected around the craters of volcanoes. Works for utilising and preparing it exist in the Maremma of Tuscany, where the acid is condensed from the boiling springs and heated gases issuing from fissures in the rocks. It is also found in Central Asia, Canada, Peru, and in Nevada, United States.

AMERICANISMS.

The *Globe*, in an article by an 'American Journalist,' says: 'The opportunity may here be taken to gently suggest that the word Yankee is very often misapplied on this side of the Atlantic. It is a genuine American word, but it only applies to the inhabitants of a certain part of the big Republic. A stranger in the States describing an inhabitant of Cincinnati, or St Louis, or Richmond, Virginia, as a Yankee, would stand a good chance of a broken head, or even worse. As a matter of fact, the Yankees are the people who inhabit the New England States, and the title is considered a term of reproach, not to say insult, by all others. This, however, is all by the way. There are three terms very often quoted as American "slang," which possess certain peculiarities of locality. These are "guess," "calculate," and "reckon." One may travel through what are known as the Southern States for five years and never once hear either of the first two words, unless spoken by a Northerner or a man from the West. The Southerners "reckon" everything, except, perhaps, consequences, and they are left to take care of themselves. "Guess" is more or less universal in the States, and "calculate" is common only to the North and extreme East. "Straanger" is frequently erroneously used by English writers and speakers as an ordinary colloquialism of all Americans. It is the property of the South and South-west only, and even there is rapidly becoming obsolete. But to these expressions it is hardly fair to append the stigma of "slang." Now there are plenty of slang words and phrases in vogue in America which probably are meaningless to English minds. A lady has purchased an article for considerably more than its value; she shows it to her husband, proclaiming its beauty and cheapness. He, seeing that she has been overcharged, endeavours to persuade her that such is the case, vainly, for she is quite satisfied with her bargain. "All right," says he; "it's not my funeral." This is slang, pure and simple, but it has a derivation. It is an unintentional protest against the elaborate obsequial ceremonies indulged in by all classes in the United States, and it is a grim reference to one of those not unfrequent "shindies" that take place in Western bar-rooms, from which the men who escape with whole skins have reason to thank their stars that "it is not their funeral." Many are the political and party expressions which may well come under the head of slang terms, such as "log-rolling," "the bloody shirt"—a reference to the late civil war—"mugwumps"—a name given in ridicule to independent voters—"the ticket," meaning the list of candidates recommended for election by either party, and so on. The speculative nature of nearly all Americans has originated the expression "you bet," which is the basis of many phrases, as, "you bet your life," "bet your sweet life," "bet your bottom dollar," "bet your boots," "stake your pile," "go the lot on that." Favourite games of cards have caused such expressions as "euchred!" to signify that one is exposed or thwarted; "I pass," meaning that one declines further conjecture or speculation; "let's make a Jack-pot," a proceeding in the game of poker similar to making a pool; "pooling the issues," denoting an intention or proposal to put all the results of some action together and "divvy up" or divide equally among the partners. To "catch on" means to understand or comprehend quickly, and has its parallel on this side of the Atlantic in "do you catch my meaning?" It is usual in the States to call railways "railroads," railway lines "tracks," carriages "cars," and stations "depots." Tramway carriages are referred to as "street" or "horse" cars, in contradistinction to "steam-cars" or railway trains. A railway engine is known as a "locomotive," in opposition to a stationary engine. The guards are all "conductors;" and there is no luggage, but all "baggage," and hence porters are called opprobriously "baggage-smashers," from their anything but gentle handling of the baggage. The speed of the trains has given rise to the

phrase "to railroad a thing through," meaning to get a thing done quickly; and the huge lamp which flashes along the line from the front of the engine has given its name to a special lamp-oil called "headlight oil." Very nearly every State has its special provincialisms, and they are as numerous as the words peculiar to the counties of England. Climate has had a great deal to do with many of these peculiarities, the languid heat of the Southern States having induced a soft drawling accent and a habit of slurring over certain letters, syllables, and sounds.'

A NATURAL SALMON-TRAP.

The salmon, the cousin of the trout, is famous for its method of going up-stream; it darts at falls ten or twelve feet high, leaps into the air, and rushes up the falling water in a marvellous manner. So determined are the salmon to attain the high and safe waters, that in some localities nets are placed beneath the falls, into which the fish tumble in their repeated attempts to clear the hill of water. Other than human hunters, moreover, profit by these scrambles up-hill. Travellers report that on the banks of the Upper St John River, in Canada, there was once a rock in which a large circular well, or pot-hole, had been worn by the action of the water. At the salmon-season, this rock proved a favourite resort for bears; and for a good reason. Having an especial taste for salmon, the bears would watch at the pot-hole, and as the salmon, dashing up the fall, were thrown by its force into the rocky basin, the bears would quickly scrape them out of the pot-hole, and the poor salmon would be eaten before they had time to wonder at this unlooked-for reception. The Dominion government finally authorised a party of hunters to destroy the pot-hole, and thus break up the bears' fishing-ground.

'POOR JACK.'

A correspondent sends us the following. He says:

Reading the interesting article entitled 'Poor Jack' in the *Journal* of the 7th November, I venture to send you a few notes, thinking that an excerpt from them may possibly be of interest to your readers. As the writer states, Jack is, thanks to the Board of Trade, much better off than he used to be. At all ports where there is not a separate Mercantile Marine Office, the custom-house is used as one, and the customs officials discharge the necessary duties. It is only at large ports that sailors are enabled to proceed home at once, if they *do* reside—as is generally the case—at a seaport town. They receive a document from the Board of Trade officer, which they present to the officer at the port where they live; and he, being advised through post by the officer at the arrival port, pays the amount of wages due. Here Jack is protected thoroughly from all temptations, and usually arrives at home sober, with his hard-earned wages safe in his pocket. This beneficial system, however, is not extended to the middle-class and small ports, and at these places Jack too often falls a ready prey to the land-sharks. Usually, when a foreign-going ship arrives in port, some hours—or perhaps a day or two—elapse before Jack is paid off. In the meantime he has his liberty, and it is then that the land-sharks are on the lookout for him. They entice him to their houses and give him drink, and so manage matters that, when the ship is paid off and he receives his wages, he is already considerably indebted to them, and perhaps is in such a muddled condition as to be incapable of taking care of his money. Seamen's Money Orders are of great service in rescuing Jack's wages from the clutches of these plunderers. They are obtained free of charge and for any amount at the time the ship is paid off, and steady seamen generally make use of them. They can be drawn on any Mercantile Marine Office; and as the seaman can make them payable to himself if he is not married, they enable him to get a good portion of his wages home in safety without any expense or risk. What is wanted in many places is that some one concerned in the mission-work amongst sailors should be on the lookout when a ship arrives in port with a crew to pay off, and see the men lodged in respectable boarding-houses or sailors' homes, so that they can send their wages home by means of the Money Orders; and also to see them safely to the railway station. It is grievous to think that the wages of many of our sailors, who have perhaps been out on a voyage of many months' duration, should be dissipated in a few days, and most of it fall into the hands of the worthless creatures who live by this species of plunder.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

Tangled ivy creeps and twines
Where once bloomed my Lady's flowers;
And the twisting wild woodbines
Weave o'er all their clustering bowers;
And the fruit-trees from the wall
Droop forgotten and forlorn,
And the rose-trees, thick and tall,
From their trellis-work are torn.
Dewy paths—once velvet-smooth
For the dainty steps of youth—
Weedy now, and overgrown
With the rank grass all unmown.

Here and there, amid confusion,
Gleams a berry scarlet-hued,
And pale bindweed in profusion
(By the summer breezes wooed),
Creeps, where once verbenas grew,
Or the myrtle flowered so fair
In the warm and scented air;
And the speedwell—deepest blue—
Shakes its frail flowers everywhere.

So, amid these paths—all haunted
By the memory of old flowers—
Grow these wild-wood blooms undaunted,
Through the glowing autumn hours.
Ah! how long ago it seems
Since bright faces glowed and smiled
In this garden of our dreams,
Now so desolate and wild!
They will come again no more,
And no time shall e'er restore
Golden days and fairy flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours.

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SIGNALLING AT SEA.

The wonderful improvements which have been effected in modes of communication during the latter part of the present century have resulted in bridging over space, and bringing the dwellers on this planet into closer and more constant intercommunion. Submarine cables, telegraphs, and telephones have each contributed their aid towards the realisation of Puck's idea of putting 'a girdle round the earth;' and, as might have been expected, the inventive faculty has been directed, in some measure at least, towards enabling those 'who go down to the sea in ships' to communicate with each other on the ocean highways with such facility as might be found practicable under the ever-varying conditions which obtain at sea.

At no very remote date, the appliances at the command of a shipmaster who might desire to convey a request to a passing vessel consisted mainly of a pair of strong lungs and a speaking-trumpet. A variation was occasionally attempted by the introduction of a plank and a lump of chalk. The writer remembers having seen an English brig in the South Atlantic, during a strong gale, attempting to convey to a stately frigate an intimation that the brig's chronometer was broken, and that, in consequence, her worthy captain was at sea, in more senses than one. The brig, which had been running before the wind, braced up on the port tack, and ran as close under the frigate's stern as was deemed prudent under the circumstances. The captain, clinging to the weather main rigging with one hand, and using the other as a speaking-trumpet, yelled forth a sentence or two which met the fate of most utterances under similar conditions. 'I'—'of'—and 'the' were faithfully re-echoed from the hollow of the frigate's mainsail, but the vital words of the message were borne away on the wings of the gale. A similar attempt failed; and finally it occurred to the skipper to write with chalk upon a tarpaulin hatch-cover the words, 'Chronometer smashed, bound Table Bay.' The tarpaulin with the foregoing legend was exhibited over the side for a few brief seconds, till a fiercer blast than usual whirled it high in air, and then bore it away to leeward. Fortunately, the purport of the writing had been understood on board the frigate, and no time was lost in displaying a black board with the latitude, longitude, and magnetic course for Table Bay inscribed thereon. Now, if the brig had been provided with the International Code of Signals, the trouble and delay involved in the attempts to communicate by hailing or by written signs, would have been obviated; and whilst holding on her course, the hoisting of a few flags would have completed the entire business in less than five minutes. The Code was certainly in existence at the date referred to, but its use was neither general nor compulsory.

The peculiar requirements of the service upon which ships of war are engaged, and the practice of cruising together in fleets or squadrons, necessitate the establishment of a system of signalling which shall be both rapid and effective. Such a system has been in operation in the Royal Navy for many years. Numerous modifications have been made latterly in the Admiralty signal books; those changes being rendered necessary by the altered conditions of naval warfare and the scientific precision which is desirable in the movements of a fleet of warships. An admiral in command of a fleet has now at his disposal such an effective equipment and complete organisation as would enable him to manœuvre his ships in presence of the enemy with almost mathematical exactitude. The 'signal staff' on board the ship which carries the flag of the commander-in-chief consists of about twenty persons, officers and men, whose duty it is to convey the admiral's orders to the captains under his command by the varied systems of signalling prescribed for use in Her Majesty's ships. The 'staff' is divided into 'three watches;' and by day and night, in harbour and at sea, a vigilant 'lookout' is kept, not only on board the flagship, but on every vessel in the fleet. Each ship on

being commissioned is provided with a General Signal Book, Vocabulary Signal Book, and a semaphore. For use at night, a flashing lamp, and recently, an electrical apparatus, are supplied. By an ingenious arrangement, any of the signals contained in the books may be made during thick weather by the steam whistle or the fog-horn.

Before putting to sea, a 'fleet number' is assigned to each ship, the admiral's ship being No. 1, the remaining numbers being distributed according to the seniority of the respective captains. If the commander-in-chief wishes his squadron to sail in one line, he makes the signal, 'Single column in line ahead,' by means of three 'numeral' flags. This signal, like every other evolutionary signal, is kept flying at the mast-head until the signal officer reports, 'All answered, sir.' The fact that the admiral's signal is seen and understood is signified, in the case of tactical orders, by each ship repeating the flags. When the proper moment arrives for executing the movement, the flagship's signal is swiftly hauled down, the helms are put 'hard over,' the ships swing round in the admiral's wake, and the evolution is complete.

Communication between the vessels of the fleet is effected at night by means of the flashing light worked on the short and long flash principle, invented by Captain Colomb, R.N. There are few sights more suggestive of the advance in modes of communication and the development of the inventive faculty than that of the admiral 'talking' to his captains by means of the flashing lamp in the darkness of the night and far out on the trackless ocean. It may be necessary during the night to alter the course of the squadron. If the course indicated at sunset be due north, and it be required to alter the direction to west, all lights on board the flagship, except the flashing light, are carefully obscured, and the brilliant rays of a solitary lamp leap through the darkness conveying the order, 'Alter course to west.'

The instructions contained in the General Signal Book are varied and comprehensive. Upwards of a thousand separate signals, adapted to every probable change of condition and circumstance in times of peace and in the exigences of battle, are concisely set forth, every tactical order being elucidated by diagrams showing the direction to be taken and the position to be assumed by each ship. The Vocabulary Signal Book, as its name indicates, is a sort of dictionary, but possessing also the character of a lexicon, as not only words in alphabetical order, but phrases under their proper heading, are methodically arranged in its pages. For example, under the heading of 'Admiral,' which word is represented in 'flag language' by A.H.V., will be found, 'Admiral desires,' 'Admiral intends,' and the cheerful announcement, 'Admiral requests the pleasure of your company to dinner.'

It will be seen from the foregoing observations that the signal system adopted in the Royal Navy approaches as near to perfection as is possible under the circumstances; and therefore, when the occasion arose for a revision of the mercantile signal code, the Committee appointed by the Board of Trade for that purpose had recourse to the Admiralty Codes as a basis for the International Code of Signals, which is now used by most of the maritime countries of the world. This Code is the universal means of communication between the ships and signal stations of all nations. Translations of it have been made by France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Norway. The captain of a British vessel being desirous of conveying a message to an Italian ship, for example, may do so by simply hoisting the flags indicating the letters which are found opposite the words that express his meaning in the Code; and, similarly, vessels of any nationality may communicate with the utmost facility, although the parties so signalling may be totally unacquainted with any language but their own. For signalling purposes, eighteen flags and a copy of the Code are required. The combinations which are possible with that number of flags amount to the extraordinary number of seventy-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two, using two, three, and four flags at one hoist. The Code is divided into four parts: (1) Brief signals; (2) vocabulary; (3) distant and boat signals; (4) an appendix containing the distinguishing letters of every vessel to which a Code signal has been allotted. 'Urgent signals' are made by means of two flags only, and in the following manner: J.D., You are standing into danger; N.S., I have sprung a leak; H.M., Man overboard; P.C., Want assistance; mutiny. The square shape of the uppermost flag, and the number of flags used, indicate the urgent character of the message, and its specific meaning is ascertained by reference to the book. Latitude and longitude, geographical and time signals, are made by three flags. A vocabulary message is transmitted by using four flags, thus: D.R.Q.L., If you do not carry sail, we shall part company.

The vocabulary section of the Code is frequently used for messages which do not strictly refer to matters maritime. The valedictory 'Farewell' or the cheerful 'Welcome' may be transmitted with quite as much ease as the purely nautical 'Square your mainyard.' Even in departments of human activity so far removed from marine affairs as art or politics, the Signal Code may find some application. During the summer cruise of the British fleet in the Mediterranean in 1869, and whilst the ships were steaming through the Straits of Messina, a steamer flying the Turkish flag was sighted steering towards the harbour. The Code 'pennant' hoisted under her ensign indicated a desire to communicate; and on the signal being answered from the flagship of the commander-in-chief, the Turkish vessel made the following communication: D.G.N.H. = Irish; C.P.B.R. = Church; C.S.L.P. = dislocated; D.J.K.P. = Her Majesty's government; D.M.G.T. = surplus. This being rendered into the vernacular, was understood to mean that the Irish Church Disestablishment Act had been passed by a large majority. The captain of the steamer, who was an Englishman in all probability, was laudably anxious to communicate a piece of information which could not fail to be full of interest to the people of the English squadron. His use of the verb 'dislocated' was forced upon him by the absence of the word 'disestablished' from the Code; and a similar reason necessitated the substitution of 'surplus' for 'majority.' Having regard to the

circumstances, it will probably be admitted that the courteous captain's arrangement, if not strictly syntactical, was certainly apposite.

Strenuous efforts have been made by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Committee of Lloyd's Registry to instruct the officers of the mercantile marine in the use of the International Code. The Admiralty has ordered that all men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve shall receive instruction in its use; and all candidates for officers' certificates of competency are required by the Board of Trade to pass a satisfactory examination in signalling. Notwithstanding these regulations, there is good reason for believing that many officers in the merchant service are not so well acquainted with the working of the Code as they ought to be. Blunders are frequently committed, either in selecting the wrong signal or confusing the flags, which lead to serious inconvenience, not to say danger. A very superficial acquaintance with the Signal Book led the captain of an English steamer to neglect the 'vocabulary' part of the Code, and have recourse to the singular expedient of using the flags as a medium for spelling his communication. As read on board the New York liner to which the signal was directed, it took the cabalistic form of 'MCHDRGDWNTW.' As no flags denoting the vowels are contained in the Code, the difficulties of spelling were obviously increased; and it was only by the ingenuity of a passenger on board the liner that a translation was effected in the shape of, 'Machinery deranged; want tow.' On another occasion, the master of a timber-laden ship bound from Quebec to Liverpool had been prevented by foggy weather from taking solar observations for the purpose of verifying his position, and having sighted a steamer bound to the westward, he hoisted the prescribed signal, asking the steamer to indicate the latitude and longitude at the time of meeting. Either through carelessness in manipulating the flags or from an imperfect acquaintance with the Code, a position was signalled which located the ship in the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc!

Upwards of thirty signal stations have been established at various points on the coasts of the British Isles, where messages may be transmitted from passing vessels by means of the International Code; and there are twenty stations in various parts of the world, as widely apart as Aden, Ascension, Malta, St Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and Skagen in Denmark, where communication may be effected by the same means. Many of these stations have direct telegraphic connection with London, so that shipowners may be kept acquainted with the movements of their vessels, and may also transmit instructions for the guidance of their captains. It is matter for wonder and regret, notwithstanding the existence of a carefully elaborated system of signals and a world-wide network of shore stations, that the use of the Signal Code is not in any sense compulsory on the part of shipowners. Considering the innumerable advantages which a speedy means of communication must afford to all concerned, it is with surprise that one learns, from a note prefixed to the official Maritime Directory for the past year, that 'cases have been reported in which officers at the signal stations have hoisted the International Code Signals warning ships of danger, and the ships have been afterwards lost, from the inability of the masters to read the signals.' This is a state of affairs which ought not to be permitted to continue in the interests of the men whose lives are at stake. Another and still more serious defect in a system which is admirable in many respects, is the total absence from the Code of any method of signalling at night. As we have seen, Her Majesty's ships are provided with appliances for this purpose which are skilfully adapted to the end in view; but merchant vessels are absolutely without the power of communicating after darkness sets in. It is true that by private arrangement with the shore stations on several parts of the coast, the steamers belonging to the great Companies may by the use of certain lights indicate their names and the Company to which they belong; but this cannot, save in the most elementary sense, be regarded as a satisfactory method of communication. It is probable that the night signals in use in the Royal Navy are too complicated in character to permit of their being learned and worked efficiently without much more study and practice than can reasonably be expected from the master of a merchant vessel. Still, it ought to be within the power of science to suggest some plan for enabling a vessel to signal to ship or shore during the hours when the perils of the sea are rendered more terrible by darkness.

In these days, when our ocean highways and harbours are crowded with shipping, a collision between two of our large iron or steel vessels, which might happen at any time, would send one of them to the bottom in a few minutes. Two vessels, each going at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and sighting one another at two miles off, with this joint speed of forty miles an hour, would meet in about three minutes. Hence the importance of a ready and efficient method of signalling.

By the present system, red and green lights are placed on each side of the vessel, a green light on the starboard side, and a red light on the port side, with a board shutting off each light from the opposite side. An officer seeing a coloured light at a distance of two miles has no indication what course the vessel is steering. Hence the importance of the apparatus invented by The Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., M.P., Edinburgh, an Associate of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, which he calls the Electric Holophote Course-indicator, for the prevention of collisions at sea.

By means of a powerful electric light, the approach of another vessel is indicated, and information is given at the same time as to what course she is on and what course she intends to hold to. The light is also useful for illuminating the water immediately before the ship, and is also valuable when passing down a river, through shoals, or close to a lee shore. The instrument consists of a strong reflector, with an arc light placed in the middle of it, which is affected by every movement of the helm. As long as the helm is amidships, the handle cannot be moved at all, but is held firm by two pegs. But if the helm is moved from amidships, an electric circuit is formed, which actuates an electro-magnet, and thereby removes one of

the pegs. When the helm is ported, the reflector is set free by the removal of one of the pegs, so that by working the handle, the light can be swept from amidships over the starboard bow, and brought back again. If the helm be starboarded, the reflector is freed from the other peg, so that the light can be swept from amidships over the port bow and back again. But as this is a mere side-to-side movement, means are provided for giving more intelligible information, such as a driver gives when waving his hand to indicate his course, by a shutter connected with the reflector in such a way that when the beam has completed its side-movement, the shutter rises up and obscures the light, and does not drop again until the reflector has been turned back to its middle position. The shutter then falls down; and the light being again exposed, the process of sweeping round to starboard, screening, and bringing back to amidships, can be repeated as long as the helm remains at port. When the helm is starboarded, the light can be swept round to port in the same way. The light is immovable when the helm is amidships, and can be swept only over the starboard bow when the helm is ported, and only over the port bow when the helm is starboarded. In order to guard against the risk of the reflector being carelessly worked by not completing its sweep either way, the instrument is provided with two tell-tale bells, which will enable the officer on the bridge to check the working of the reflector.

In foggy weather, when the light would be ineffective, two steam whistles can be shunted into action by the reflector handle, one giving off a succession of short shrill notes, the other a succession of deep long notes, according as the helm is to starboard or port. This invention has been awarded a medal at three Exhibitions, including the Inventories; while Admiral Bedford Pim, one of the nautical jurors, has styled it an 'excellent course indicator.'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a brilliant, cloudless, tropical day at Agualta Estate, Trinidad; and the cocoa-nut palms in front of the pretty, picturesque, low-roofed bungalow were waving gracefully in the light sea-breeze that blew fresh across the open cane-pieces from the distant horizon of the broad Atlantic. Most days, indeed, except during the rainy season, were brilliant enough in all conscience at beautiful Agualta: the sun blazed all day long in a uniform hazy-white sky, not blue, to be sure, as in a northern climate, but bluish and cloudless; and the sea shone below hazy-white, in the dim background, beyond the waving palm-trees, and the broad-leaved bananas, and the long stretch of bright-green cane-pieces that sloped down in endless succession towards the beach and the breakers. Agualta House itself was perched, West India fashion, on the topmost summit of a tall and lonely rocky peak, a projecting spur or shoulder from the main mass of the Trinidad mountains. They chose the very highest and most beautiful situations they could find for their houses, those old matter-of-fact West Indian planters, not so much out of a taste for scenery—for their mental horizon was for the most part bounded by rum and sugar—but because a hilltop was coolest and breeziest, and coolness is the one great practical desideratum in a West Indian residence. Still, the houses that they built on these airy heights incidentally enjoyed the most exquisite prospects; and Agualta itself was no exception to the general rule in this matter. From the front piazza you looked down upon a green ravine, crowded with tree-ferns and other graceful tropical vegetation; on either side, rocky peaks broke the middle distance with their jagged tors and precipitous needles; while far away beyond the cane-grown plain that nestled snugly in the hollow below, the sky-line of the Atlantic bounded the view, with a dozen sun-smit rocky islets basking like great floating whales upon the gray horizon. No lovelier view in the whole of luxuriant beautiful Trinidad than that from the creeper-covered front piazza of the white bungalow of old Agualta.

Through the midst of the ravine, the little river from which the estate took its Spanish name—curiously corrupted upon negro lips into the form of Wagwater—tumbled in white sheets of dashing foam between the green foliage 'in cataract after cataract to the sea.' Here and there, the overarching clumps of feathery bamboo hid its course for a hundred yards or so, as seen from the piazza; but every now and again it gleamed forth, white and conspicuous once more, as it tumbled headlong down its steep course over some rocky barrier. You could trace it throughout like a long line of light among all the tangled, glossy, dark-green foliage of that wild and overgrown tropical gully.

The Honourable James Hawthorn, owner of Agualta, was sitting out in a cane armchair, under the broad shadow of the great mango-tree on the grassy terrace in front of the piazza. A venerable gray-haired, gray-bearded man, with a calm, clear-cut, resolute face, the very counterpart of his son Edward's, only grown some thirty years older, and sterner too, and more unbending.

'Mr Dupuy's coming round this morning, Mary,' Mr Hawthorn said to the placid, gentle, old lady in the companion-chair beside him. 'He wants to look at some oxen I'm going to get rid of, and he thinks, perhaps, he'd like to buy them.'

'Mr Dupuy!' Mrs Hawthorn answered, with a slight shudder of displeasure as she spoke. 'I really wish he wasn't coming. I can't bear that man, somehow. He always seems to me the worst embodiment of the bad old days that are dead and gone, Jamie.'

The old gentleman hummed an air to himself reflectively. 'We mustn't be too hard upon him, my dear,' he said after a moment's pause, in a tone of perfect resignation. 'They were brought up in a terrible school, those old-time slavery Trinidad folk, and they can't help bearing the impress of a bad system upon them to the very last moment of their existence. I think so meanly of them for their pride and intolerance, that I take care not to imitate it. You remember what Shelley says: "Let scorn be not repaid with scorn." That's how I always feel, Mary, towards Mr Dupuy and all his fellows.'

Mrs Hawthorn bit her lip as she answered slowly: 'All the same, Jamie, I wish he wasn't coming here this morning; and this the English mail-day too! We shall get our letter from Edward by-and-by, you know, dear. I hate to have these people coming breaking in upon us the very day we want to be at home by ourselves, to have a quiet hour alone with our dear boy over in England.'

'Here they come, at anyrate, Mary,' the old gentleman said, pointing with his hand down the steep ravine to where a couple of men on mountain ponies were slowly toiling up the long zigzag path that climbed the shoulder. 'Here they come, Theodore Dupuy himself, and that young Tom Dupuy as well, behind him. There's one comfort, at anyrate, in the position of Agualta—you can never possibly be taken by surprise; you can always see your visitors coming half an hour before they get here.—Run in, dear, and see about having enough for lunch, will you, for Tom Dupuy's sure to stop until he's had a glass of our old Madeira.'

'I dislike Tom Dupuy, I think, even worse than his old uncle, Jamie,' the bland old lady answered softly in her pleasant voice, exactly as if she was saying that she loved him dearly. 'He's a horrid young man, so selfish and narrow-minded; and I hope you won't ever ask him again to come to Agualta. I can hardly even manage to be decently polite to him.'

The two strangers slowly wound their way up the interminable zigzags that led along the steep shoulders of the Agualta peak, and emerged at last from under the shadow of the green mango grove close beside the grassy terrace in front of the piazza. The elder of the two, Nora's father, was a jovial, round-faced, close-shaven man, with a copious growth of flowing white hair, that fell in long patriarchal locks around his heavy neck and shoulders; a full-blooded, easy-going, proud face to look at, yet not without a certain touch of gentlemanly culture and old-fashioned courtesy. The younger man, Tom Dupuy, his nephew, looked exactly what he was—a born boor, awkward in gait and lubberly in feature, with a heavy hanging lower jaw, and a pair of sleepy boiled fish eyes, that stared vacantly out in sheepish wonder upon a hopelessly dull and blank creation.

Mr Hawthorn moved courteously to the gate to meet them. 'It's a long pull and a steep pull up the hill, Mr Dupuy,' he said as he shook hands with him. 'Let me take your pony round to the stables.—Here, Jo!' to a negro boy who stood showing his white teeth beside the gateway; 'put up Mr Dupuy's horse, do you hear, my lad, and Mr Tom's too, will you?—How are you, Mr Tom? So you've come over with your uncle as well, to see this stock I want to sell, have you?'

The elder Dupuy bowed politely as Mr Hawthorn held out his hand, and took it with something of the dignified old West Indian courtesy; he had been to school at Winchester forty years before, and the remote result of that half-forgotten old English training was still plainly visible even now in a certain outer urbanity and suavity of demeanour. But young Tom held out his hand awkwardly like a born boor, and dropped it again snappishly as soon as Mr Hawthorn had taken it, merely answering, in a slow drawling West Indian voice, partly caught from his own negro servants: 'Yes, I've come over to see the stock; we want some oxen. Cane's good this season; we shall have a capital cutting.'

'Is the English mail in?' Mr Hawthorn asked anxiously, as they took their seats in the piazza to rest themselves for a while after their ride, before proceeding to active business. That one solitary fortnightly channel of communication with the outer world assumes an importance in the eyes of remote colonists which can hardly even be comprehended by our bustling, stay-at-home English people.

'It is,' Mr Dupuy replied, taking the proffered glass of Madeira from his host as he answered. Old-fashioned wine-drinking hospitality still prevails largely in the West Indies. 'I got my letters just as I was' starting. Yours will be here before long, I don't doubt, Mr Hawthorn. I had news, important news in my budget this morning. My daughter, sir, my daughter Nora, who has been completing her education in England, is coming out to Trinidad by the next steamer.'

'You must be delighted at the prospect of seeing her,' Mr Hawthorn answered with a slight sigh. 'I only wish I were going as soon to see my dear boy Edward.'

Mr Dupuy's lip curled faintly as he replied in a careless manner: 'Ah, yes, to be sure. Your boy's in England, Mr Hawthorn, isn't he? If I recollect right, you sent him to Cambridge.—Ah, yes, I thought so, to Cambridge. A very excellent thing for you to do with him. If you take my advice, my dear sir, you'll let him stop in the old country—a much better place for him in every way, than this island.'

'I mean to,' Mr Hawthorn answered in a low voice. 'God forbid that I should ever be a party to bringing him out here to Trinidad.'

'Oh, certainly not—certainly not. I quite agree with you. Far better for him to stop where he is, and take his chance of making a living for himself in England. Not that he can be at any loss in that matter either. You must be in a position to make him very comfortable too, Mr Hawthorn! Fine estate, Agualta, and turns out a capital brand of rum and sugar.'

'Best vacuum-pan and centrifugal in the whole island,' Tom Dupuy put in parenthetically. 'Turned out four hundred and thirty-four hogsheads of sugar and three hundred and ninety puncheons of rum last season—largest yield of any estate in the Windward Islands except Mount Arlington. You don't catch me out of it in any matter where sugar's in question, I can tell you.'

'But my daughter, Mr Hawthorn,' the elder Dupuy went on, smiling, and sipping his Madeira in a leisurely fashion—'my daughter means to come out to join me by the next steamer; and my nephew Tom and I are naturally looking forward to her approaching arrival with the greatest anxiety. A young lady in Miss Dupuy's position, I need hardly say to you, who has been finishing her education at a good school in England, comes out to Trinidad under exceptionally favourable circumstances. She will have

much here to interest her in society, and we hope she will enjoy herself and make herself happy.'

'For my part,' Tom Dupuy put in brusquely, 'I don't hold at all with this sending young women from Trinidad across the water to get educated in England—not a bit of it. What's the good of it?—that's what I always want to know—what's the good of it? What do they pick up there, I should like to hear, except a lot of trumpery fal-lal, that turns their heads, and fills them brimful of all sorts of romantic topsy-turvy notions? I've never been to England myself, thank goodness, and what's more, I don't ever want to go, that's certain. But I've known lots of fellows that have been, and have spent no end of a heap of money over their education too, at one place or another—I don't even know the names of 'em—and when they've come back, so far as I could see, they've never known a bit more about rum or sugar than other fellows that had never set foot for a single minute outside the island—no, nor for that matter, not so much either. Of course, it's all very well for a person in your son's position, Mr Hawthorn; that's quite another matter. He's gone to England, and he's going to stay there. If I were he, I should do as he does. But what on earth can be the use of sending a girl in my cousin Nora's station in life over to England, just on purpose to set her against her own flesh and blood and her own people? Why, it really passes my comprehension.'

Mr Dupuy's forehead puckered slightly as Tom spoke, and the corners of his mouth twitched ominously; but he answered in a tone of affected nonchalance: 'It's a pity, Mr Hawthorn, that my nephew Tom should take this unfavourable view of an English education, because, you see, it's our intention, as soon as my daughter Miss Dupuy arrives from England, to arrange a marriage at a very early date between himself and his cousin Nora. Pimento Valley, as you know, is entailed in the male line to my nephew Tom; and Orange Grove is in my own disposal, to leave, of course, to my only daughter. But Mr Tom Dupuy and I both think it would be a great pity that the family estates should be divided, and should in part pass out of the family; so we've arranged between us that Mr Tom is to marry my daughter Nora, and that Orange Grove and Pimento Valley are to pass together to them and to their children's children.'

'An excellent arrangement,' Mr Hawthorn put in, with a slight smile. 'But suppose—just for argument's sake—that Miss Dupuy were not to fall in with it?'

Mr Dupuy's brow clouded over still more evidently. 'Not to fall in with it!' he cried excitedly, tossing off the remainder of his Madeira—'not to fall in with it!—Why, Mr Hawthorn, what do you mean, sir? Of course, if her father bids her, she'll fall in with it immediately. If she doesn't—why, then, sir, I'll just simply have to make her. She shall marry Tom Dupuy the minute I order her to. She should marry a one-eyed man with a wooden leg if her father commanded it. She shall do whatever I tell her. I'll stand no refusing and shilly-shallying. Let me tell you, sir, if there's a vice that I hate and detest, it's the vice of obstinacy. But I'll stand no obstinacy.'

'No obstinacy in those about you,' Mr Hawthorn put in suggestively.

'No, sir, no—not in those about me. Other people, of course, I can't be answerable for, though I'd like to flog every obstinate fellow I come across, just to cure him of his confounded temper. O no, sir; I can't endure obstinacy—in man or beast, I can't endure it.'

'So it would seem,' Mr Hawthorn replied drily. 'I hope sincerely, Miss Dupuy will find the choice you have made for her a suitable and satisfactory one.'

'Suitable, sir! Why, of course it's suitable; and as to satisfactory, well, if I say she's got to take him, she'll have to be satisfied with him, willy-nilly.'

'But she won't!' Tom Dupuy interrupted sullenly, flicking his boot with his short riding-whip in a vicious fashion. 'She won't, you may take my word for it, Uncle Theodore. I can't imagine why it is; but these young women who've been educated in England, they'll never be satisfied with a planter for a husband. They think a gentleman and a son of gentlemen for fifty generations isn't a good enough match for such fine ladies as themselves; and they go running off after some of these red-coated military fellows down in the garrison over yonder, many of whom, to my certain knowledge, Mr Hawthorn, are nothing more than the sons of tradesmen across there in England. I'll bet you a sovereign, Uncle Theodore, that Nora'll refuse to so much as look at the heir of Pimento Valley, the minute she sees him.'

'But why do you think so, Mr Tom,' their host put in, 'before the young lady has even landed on the island?'

'Ah, I know well enough,' Tom Dupuy answered, with a curious leer of unintelligent cunning. 'I know the ways and the habits of the women. They go away over there to England; they get themselves crammed with French and German, and music and drawing, and all kinds of unnecessary accomplishments. They pick up a lot of nonsensical new-fangled notions about Am I not a Man and a Brother? and all that kind of humbug. They think an awful lot of themselves because they can play and sing and gabble Italian. And they despise us West Indians, gentlemen and planters, because we can't parley-voo all their precious foreign lingoes, and don't know as much as they do about who composed *Yankee Doodle*. I know them—I know them; I know their ways and their manners. Culture they call it. I call it a precious lot of trumpery nonsense. Why, Mr Hawthorn, I assure you I've known some of these fine new-fangled English-taught young women who'd sooner talk to a coloured doctor, as black as a common nigger almost, just because he'd been educated at Oxford, or Edinburgh, or somewhere, than to me myself, the tenth Dupuy in lineal succession at Pimento Valley.'

'Indeed,' Mr Hawthorn answered innocently—no other alternative phrase committing him, as he thought, to so small an opinion on the merits of the question.—'But do you know, Mr Tom, I don't believe any person of the Dupuy blood is very likely to take up with these strange

modern English heresies that so much surprise you.'

'Quite true, sir,' Mr Dupuy the elder answered with prompt self-satisfaction, mistaking his host's delicate tone of covert satire for the voice of hearty concurrence and full approval. 'You're quite right there, Mr Hawthorn, I'm certain. No born Dupuy of Orange Grove would ever be taken in by any of that silly clap-trap humanitarian rubbish. No foolish Exeter Hall nonsense pertains to the fighting Dupuys, sir, I can assure you—root and branch, not a single ounce of it. It isn't in them, Mr Hawthorn—it isn't in them.'

'So I think,' Mr Hawthorn answered quietly. 'I quite agree with you—it isn't in them.'

As he spoke, a negro servant, neatly dressed in a cool white linen livery, entered the piazza with a small budget of letters on an old-fashioned Spanish silver salver. Mr Hawthorn took them up eagerly. 'The English mail!' he said with an apologetic look towards his two guests. 'You'll excuse my just glancing through them, Mr Dupuy, won't you? I can never rest, the moment the mail's in, until I know that my dear boy in England is still really well and happy.'

Mr Dupuy nodded assent with a condescending smile; and the master of Agualta broke open his son's envelope with a little eager hasty flutter. He ran his eye hurriedly down the first page; and then, with a sudden cry, he laid down the letter rapidly on the table, and called out aloud: 'Mary, Mary!'

Mrs Hawthorn came out at once from the little boudoir behind the piazza, whose cool Venetian blinds gave directly upon the part where they were sitting.

'Mary, Mary!' Mr Hawthorn cried, utterly regardless of his two visitors' presence, 'what on earth do you think has happened? Edward's coming out to us—coming out immediately. Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy, this is too unexpected! He's coming out to us at once, at once, without a single moment's warning!'

Mrs Hawthorn took up the letter and read it through hastily with a woman's quickness; then she laid it down again, and looked blankly at her trembling husband in evident distress; but neither of them said a single word to one another.

The elder Dupuy was the first to break the ominous silence. 'Not by the next steamer, I suppose?' he inquired curiously.

Mr Hawthorn nodded in reply. 'Yes, yes; by the next steamer.'

As he spoke, Tom Dupuy glanced at his uncle with a meaning glance, and then went on stolidly as ever: 'How about these cattle, though, Mr Hawthorn?'

The old man looked back at him half angrily, half contemptuously. 'Go and look at the cattle yourself, if you like, Mr Tom,' he said haughtily. —'Here, Jo, you take young Mr Dupuy round to see those Cuban bullocks in the grass-piece, will you? I shall meet your uncle at the Legislative Council on Thursday, and then, if he likes, he can talk over prices with me. I have something else to do at present beside haggling and debating over the sale of bullocks; I must go down to Port-of-Spain immediately, immediately—this very minute.—You must please excuse me, Mr Dupuy, for my business is most important.—Dick, Isaac, Thomas!—some one of you there, get Pride of Barbadoes saddled at once, very fast, will you, and bring her round here to me at the front-door the moment she's ready.'

'And Tom,' the elder Dupuy whispered to his nephew confidentially, as soon as their host had gone back into the house to prepare for his journey, 'I have business, too, in Port-of-Spain, immediately. You go and look at the bullocks if you like—that's your department. I shall ride down the hills at once, and into town with old Hawthorn.'

Tom looked at him with a vacant stare of boorish unintelligence. 'Why, what do you want to go running off like that for,' he asked, open-mouthed, 'without even waiting to see the cattle? What does it matter to you, I should like to know, whether old Hawthorn's precious son is coming to Trinidad or not, Uncle Theodore?'

The uncle looked back at him with undisguised contempt. 'Why, you fool, Tom,' he answered quietly, 'you don't suppose I want to let Nora come out alone all the way from England to Trinidad in the very same steamer with that man Hawthorn's son Edward? Impossible, impossible!—Here, you nigger fellow you, grinning over there like a chattering monkey, bring my mare out of the stable at once, sir, will you—do you hear me, image?—for I'm going to ride down direct to Port-of-Spain this very minute along with your master. Hurry up, there, jackanapes!'

THE LAND OF FURS.

In 1867, the United States government, for a payment to Russia of about a million and a half pounds sterling, received in exchange the strange isolated country in the far north known as Alaska, separated by one thousand miles of British colonial territory from the republican frontier. For some years there were constant conflicts with the Indians, and altogether the early history of the American occupation of Alaska is not a bright one. The San Franciscan speculators who had been attracted by hopes of gold and of untold wealth in forests and fisheries were wofully disappointed, and the majority of them gradually cleared out again.

A mere glance at the map hardly gives one an idea of the enormous superficial extent of this outlying possession of our American cousins. According to the special Report of the United States Census Commissioners—to which we are mainly indebted for the facts given in this article—the total area of Alaska is five hundred and thirty-one thousand four hundred and nine square miles, or about one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. But one hundred and twenty-five thousand two hundred and forty-five square miles are wholly within the arctic circle, an area which has rarely been traversed by the white man, and upon the coast-borders of which are a few Eskimo villages. The natives of these, it is sad to learn,

are becoming rapidly deteriorated by commerce with the crews of the whalers which resort in summer to the neighbourhood, and seek only to barter what natural produce, in the shape of furs, or oil, or ivory, they can collect for the means of intoxication. The immense area of the northern division of Alaska is left to the bear, the fox, the reindeer, and other polar animals, and to somewhere about three thousand degraded Eskimos.

The largest geographical division of Alaska is that which the United States officials have named the Yukon section. It is so called because it comprises the valley of the river Yukon, said to be the largest river in America, if not in the world, and which discharges into Behring's Sea a volume of water estimated at about one-third more than that of the Mississippi. The Yukon division contains one hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and fifteen square miles, and is peopled by four thousand two hundred and seventy-six Eskimos, two thousand five hundred and fifty-seven Athabaskan Indians, eighteen whites, and nineteen creoles—total, six thousand eight hundred and seventy. The occupation of the natives is entirely in hunting fur-skinned animals, which they barter with the whites for sugar, flour, tea, cloth, hardware, &c. The money value of the skins bartered is said to be about fifteen thousand pounds annually. Foxes are the chief wealth-yielders of this district, and they are found of all shades, from silver-gray and black to red and snow-white. Next to these in importance are the skins of the martens (or sables) and land-otters; and then, but in a much smaller degree, those of the black and brown bears. The moose-skins and deerskins are all retained by the natives for their own purposes, for clothing, bedding, &c.

The principal trading-post is called Saint Michael, and here are kept stocks of coal for the use of the whaling-steamers which force their way into the arctic seas every year.

The third largest geographical division is called the Kuskokvim division, from the river which intersects it. The Kuskokvim division lies to the south of the Yukon division, is bounded on the east by a range of mountains, on the west by Behring's Sea, and it comprises the valleys of three large rivers and an intervening system of lakes. There is a trading-station called Kalmakovsky, from which are brought down from the unknown interior, by the natives, skins of beaver, marten, and fox, which all appear to be very plentiful. This trade is carried on by a race which appears to be a mixture of the Eskimos and Indians; but below Kalmakovsky, down to the sea, and along the coast, the Eskimos alone appear. These Eskimos support themselves mainly by seal and salmon fishing. The salmon are caught in traps, and are dried upon poles, which line both banks of the lower river from June to August. The estuary is very wide, and the tide rushes in with tremendous force, the rise and fall being very great, sometimes over fifty feet when the wind is from the south-west.

The houses of the natives are much the same in all the divisions of Alaska. These dwellings are thus described: 'A circular mound of earth, grass-grown and littered with all sorts of household utensils, a small spiral coil of smoke rising from the apex, dogs crouching, children climbing up or rolling down, stray morsels of food left from one meal to the other, and a soft mixture of mud and offal surrounding it all. The entrance to this house is a low irregular square aperture, through which the inmate stoops, and passes down a foot or two through a short low passage on to the earthen floor within. The interior generally consists of an irregularly shaped square or circle, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, receiving its only light from without, through the small smoke-opening at the apex of the roof, which rises, tent-like, from the floor. The fireplace is directly under this opening. Rude beds or couches of skin and grass mats are laid, slightly raised above the floor, upon clumsy frames made of sticks and saplings or rough-hewn planks, and sometimes on little elevations built up of peat or sod. Sometimes a small hall-way with bulging sides is erected over the entrance, where, by this expansion, room is afforded for the keeping of utensils and water-vessels and as a shelter for dogs. Immediately adjoining most of these houses will be found a small summer kitchen, a rude wooden frame, walled in and covered over with sods, with an opening at the top to give vent to the smoke. These are entirely above ground, rarely over five or six feet in diameter, and are littered with filth and offal of all kinds; serving also as a refuge for the dogs from the inclement weather. In the interior regions, where both fuel and building material are more abundant, the houses change somewhat in appearance and construction; the excavation of the coast-houses, made for the purpose of saving both, disappears, and gives way to log-structures above the ground, but still covered with sods. Living within convenient distance of timber, the people (inland) do not depend so much upon the natural warmth of mother-earth.'

All the islands in Alaskan waters are mountainous, some of the elevations rising from four thousand to eight thousand feet; but the entire division is devoid of trees. The soil is a mixture of loam, clay, and volcanic detritus; and grasses of all kinds grow in great abundance. Coal has been discovered in the island of Ounga; but this is the only mineral riches yet disclosed, although 'prospecting' has been carried on for years. The coal is of very poor quality. The climate of this division is more temperate than that of the other districts, and at one time it was thought that the rich grasses might allow of cattle-breeding on a considerable scale. The long winters, however, have shown this to be impracticable; and it has been found that hay, even, can be imported from San Francisco cheaper than it can be grown and

cured on the spot. The only part where cattle are kept by the priests and white traders is at Oonalashka, and the fact is interesting as indicating the danger of trusting to poetic descriptions of places. Thomas Campbell, it may be remembered, speaks of 'the pilot' guiding his bark where

> Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
> From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
> And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar,
> The wolf's long howl from Oonalashka's shore.

As a matter of fact, the country here is neither 'wastes,' nor does it 'slumber in eternal snow.' The summer is warm; the vegetation, as we have said, is rich; and it may be doubted if the 'wolf's long howl' has ever been heard by the oldest inhabitant. At anyrate, we can find no mention of wolves there now, although foxes are abundant enough. The Aleutian islands are well peopled; and the people are semi-civilised, the Russians having had relations with them and settlements and missions among them for more than a century. There are now schools at which both English and Russian are taught, and 'stores' at which the natives can provide themselves with the clothing of civilisation. The Aleutian ladies, indeed, whose lords have grown rich with their seal-fishing, can even sport silks on great occasions, and at all times display a fondness for ribbons and 'trade' jewellery. Only the exceptionally rich, however, can afford bonnets or hats; and the Russian-peasant fashion of tying a handkerchief over the head is the prevailing one. The men are especially fond of the broad-crowned, red-banded caps of the Russian uniforms, which were the first examples of civilised clothing ever seen on their shores. While the men devote themselves to the fishing, the women make mats, baskets, cigar-cases, and other articles of grass-cloth; and they turn out some very delicate and beautiful work. The waters are rich in fish of all kinds; but the most important industry is the seal-fishing that is now conducted under leases from the United States government, which retains the monopoly.

The south coast of the eastern half of the Alaska peninsula, with the adjacent islands and a portion of the mainland, forms another geographical division called the Kadiak section. It comprises altogether some seventy thousand eight hundred and eighty-four square miles, and has a population of four thousand three hundred and fifty-two, of which thirty-four are whites, and nine hundred and seventeen creoles. This district is mountainous, well watered, abounds in fur-clad animals, and the men, when not hunters, are fishers. Several settlements and missions were founded by the Russians in various parts of this district; and at one time there was even a ship-building establishment in Resurrection Bay. The forests are dense, and some of the timber is of immense size, especially the spruce.

A narrow strip of coast running from Mount St Elias to the boundary-line of British Columbia, forms the last or south-eastern division of Alaska. It covers twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty square miles, and it forms a wedge of some five hundred miles in length between Canada and the western sea. In character, this section of Alaska differs from all the rest, and is essentially similar to that of the British possessions. It is mountainous and densely wooded; the forests come quite down to the sea-line, and are very valuable; the coast is indented by countless bays and fiords, and is sheltered the greater portion of its length by a chain of islands, forming the Alexander Archipelago. The spruce and the yellow cedar are the most valuable of the forest-trees, and the timber of these is annually exported in considerable quantity. Coal exists on several of the islands, and at some places on the mainland, but has not been worked yet to any great extent. Both copper and gold are known to exist, and have been and are to some extent being mined. Other minerals are supposed to exist, and the Americans expect that this division of Alaska will in time become a great mining field. Already the mining industry has thrown the fur-trade into the second place, and yet the yield of fox, marten, otter, bear, and beaver skins is annually very considerable. The hunting is carried on by the natives, who are of the Thlinket Indian race; the rest of the population of seven thousand seven hundred and forty-eight being made up of two hundred and ninety-three whites and two hundred and thirty creoles. Salmon, halibut, and herring fishing are carried on along the coast; and there are two or three salting and canning establishments. There are also factories for the production of oil from the herring, the dog-fish, and the shark; and on the islands there is some seal-fishing.

The climate of this division is not very cold, the average mean temperature being forty-three degrees twenty-eight minutes; but the rainfall is heavy, ranging from eighty to one hundred inches per annum. The principal settlement of this district is Sitka. Here are the headquarters of the United States naval station for Alaska, and here also resides the collector of customs, who is the civil representative of the government of Washington in the territory. In the time of the Russians, there were several schools and churches at Sitka, but now there is only one church, and the teaching is left practically to the missionaries of the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic bodies.

The total population of the whole of the enormous country called Alaska is computed at only 33,426, and of this number, only four hundred and thirty are whites; creoles number 1756; Eskimos, 17,617; Aleuts, 2145; Athabaskans, 3927; Thlinkets, 6763; and Hydas, 788. Of the habits, customs, and beliefs of these curious peoples, we may tell something on another occasion.

To sum up, it may be said that the acquisition of Alaska by the Americans has been a good deal of a disappointment to them. They thought it would be an excellent district for extensive settlement for agricultural purposes, and the country, as we have seen, is quite unsuited almost everywhere for such purposes. Then they had glowing dreams of rich mineral deposits; but although gold and silver and coal have been found, and are being partially worked, the mining industry is a secondary feature in Alaskan wealth. The extent of the forests, however, has been found greater than was expected. On this point, the United States Commissioner thus enlarges: 'The timber of Alaska . . . clothes the steep hills and

mountain sides, and chokes up the valleys of the Alexander Archipelago and the contiguous mainland: it stretches, less dense, but still abundant, along the inhospitable reach of territory which extends from the head of Cross Sound to the Kenai peninsula, where, reaching down to the westward and south-westward as far as the eastern half of Kadiak Island, and thence across Shelikhof Strait, it is found on the mainland and on the peninsula bordering on the same latitude; but it is confined to the interior opposite Kadiak, not coming down to the coast as far eastward as Cape Douglas. From the interior of the peninsula, the timber-line over the whole of the great area of Alaska will be found to follow the coast-line at varying distances of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the seaboard, until the section of Alaska north of the Yukon mouth is reached, where a portion of the coast of Norton Sound is directly bordered by timber as far north as Cape Denbigh. From this point to the eastward and north-eastward, a line may be drawn just above the Yukon and its immediate tributaries as the northern limits of timber to any considerable extent. There are a number of small water-courses rising here, that find their way into the Arctic, bordered by hills and lowland ridges, on which some wind-stunted timber is found, even to the shores of the Arctic Sea.

But although the tree-clothed area is thus enormous, the market value of the timber is not so great as one might imagine. The most valuable is the yellow cedar; but this is not nearly so abundant as the spruce or fir, and even that is not of the very best quality.

More important than the timber is the produce of the waters, for it is said that in the seas which wash the shores of Alaska there are no fewer than seventy-five species of food-fishes. Many of these, however, are only considered as suitable for bait wherewith to catch the richer kinds. The chief of these is the cod, which abounds off the whole of the southern coasts, and the catching and curing of which promises to become an important industry. The quality is said to be quite equal to the cod of the North Atlantic. We have already spoken of the salmon, the herring, and halibut, all of which swarm in the waters in shoals of countless myriads; and there are also many valuable white-fishes, which at present are caught for native consumption only. Fish, indeed, is the chief diet in Alaska, and the consumption is enormous.

But the real wealth at present of Alaska rests in the abundance of its fur-skinned animals. It was for the fur-trade that the Russians occupied the country after it had been discovered by Behring, and it was mainly for the fur-trade that the Americans acquired it from Russia. The extent of the trade has proved greater even than was expected at the time of the transfer. The shipments of sea-otter and fur-seal skins alone have more than doubled since 1867, and now average annually about three hundred thousand pounds in value. Of land-furs, as they are called, the list is a long one, and in the order of wideness of distribution may be thus given: land-otter, beaver, brown bear, black bear, red fox, silver fox, blue and white fox, mink, marten, polar bear, lynx, and musk-rat. Rabbits, marmots, and wolverines are also common, but the skins are retained by the natives. The annual value of the furs, sea and land, now obtained from Alaska is estimated to average about half a million sterling, and there is no sign of decrease in the yield. On the contrary, the competition of the traders for skins has stimulated the natives to greater industry in hunting; while the prices now paid to the hunters are from four to ten times more than were current during the Russian rule.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER IV.

QUEEN SQUARE, Bloomsbury, is a neighbourhood which by no means accords with the expectation evoked by its high-sounding patronymic. It is, besides, somewhat difficult to find, and when discovered, it has a guilty-looking air of having been playing hide-and-seek with its most aristocratic neighbours, Russell and Bloomsbury, and lost itself. Before Southampton Row was the stately thoroughfare it is now, Queen Square must have been a parasite of Russell Square; but in time it seems to have been built out. You stumble upon it suddenly, in making a short-cut from Southampton Row to Bedford Row, and wonder how it got there. It is quiet, decayed—in a word, shabby-genteel—and cheap.

On the south side, sheltered by two sad-looking trees of a nondescript character, and fronted by an imposing-looking portico, is a decayed-looking house, the stucco of which bears a strong likeness to the outside of a Stilton cheese. The windows are none too clean, and the blinds and curtains are all deeply tinged with London fog and London smoke. For the information of the metropolis at large, the door bears a tarnished brass plate announcing that it is the habitation of Mrs Whipple; and furthermore—from the same source—the inquiring mind is further enlightened with the fact that Mrs Whipple is a dressmaker. A few fly-blown prints of fashions, of a startling description and impossible colour, support this fact; and information is further added by the announcement that the artiste within lets apartments; for that legend is inscribed, in runaway letters, on the back of an old showcard which is suspended in one of the ground-floor windows.

From the general *tout ensemble* of the Whipple mansion, the most casual-minded individual on lodgings bent can easily judge of its cheapness. The 'ground-floor'—be it whispered in the strictest confidence—pays twenty-five shillings per week; the honoured 'drawing-rooms,' two pounds; and the slighted 'second-floors,' what the estimable Whipple denominates 'a matter of fifteen shillings.' It is with the second-floors that our business lies.

The room was large, and furnished with an eye to economy. The carpet was of no particular pattern, having long since been worn down to the thread; and the household gods consisted of five chairs and a couch covered by that peculiar-looking horsehair, which might, from its hardness

and capacity for wear, be woven steel. A misty-looking glass in a maple frame, and a chimney-board decked with two blue-and-green shepherdesses of an impossible period, completed the garniture. In the centre of the room was a round oak table with spidery uncertain legs, and at the table sat a young man writing. He was young, apparently not more than thirty, but the unmistakable shadow of care lay on his face. His dress was suggestive of one who had been somewhat dandyish in time gone by, but who had latterly ceased to trouble about appearances or neatness. For a time he continued steadily at his work, watched intently by a little child who sat coiled up in the hard-looking armchair, and waiting with exemplary patience for the worker to quit his employment. As he worked on, the child became visibly interested as the page approached completion, and at last, with a weary sigh, he finished, pushed his work from him, and turned with a bright smile to the patient little one.

'You've been a very good little girl, Nelly.—Now, what is it you have so particularly to say to me?' he said.

'Is it a tale you are writing, papa?' she asked.

'Yes, darling; but not the sort of tale to interest you.'

'I like all your tales, papa. Uncle Jasper told mamma they were all so "liginal." I like liginal tales.'

'I suppose you mean original, darling?'

'I said liginal,' persisted the little one, with childish gravity. 'Are you going to sell that one, papa? I hope you will; I want a new dolly so badly. My old dolly is getting quite shabby.'

'Some day you shall have plenty.'

The child looked up in his face solemnly. 'Really, papa! But do you know, pa, that some day seems such a long way off? How old am I, papa?'

'Very, very old, Nelly,' he replied with a little laugh. 'Not quite so old as I am, but very old.'

'Yes, papa? Then do you know, ever since I can remember, that some day has been coming. Will it come this week?'

'I don't know, darling. It may come any time. It may come to-day; perhaps it is on the way now.'

'I don't know, papa,' replied the little one, shaking her head solemnly. 'It is an awful while coming. I prayed so hard last night for it to come, after mamma put me in bed. What makes mamma cry when she puts me to bed? Is she crying for some day?'

'Oh, that's all your fancy, little one,' replied the father huskily. 'Mamma does not cry. You must be mistaken.'

'No, indeed, papa; I'se not mistook. One day I heard mamma sing about some day, and then she cried—she made my face quite wet.'

'Hush, Nelly; don't talk like that, darling.'

'But she did,' persisted the little one. 'Do you ever cry, papa?'

'Look at that little sparrow, Nelly. Does he not look hungry, poor little fellow? He wants to come in the room to you.'

'I dess he's waiting for some day papa,' said the child, looking out at the dingy London sparrow perched on the window ledge. 'He looks so patient. I wonder if he's hungry? I am, papa.'

The father looked at his little one with passionate tenderness. 'Wait till mamma comes, my darling.'

'All right, papa; but I am *so* hungry!—Oh, here is mamma. Doesn't she look nice, papa, and so happy?'

When Eleanor entered the dingy room, her husband could not fail to notice the flush of hope and happiness on her face. He looked at her with expectation in his eyes.

'Did you think mother was never coming, Nelly? and do you want your dinner, my child?'

'You do look nice, ma,' said the child admiringly. 'You look as if you had found some day.'

Eleanor looked inquiringly at her husband, for him to explain the little one's meaning.

'Nelly and I have been having a metaphysical discussion,' he said with playful gravity. 'We have been discussing the virtues of the future. She is wishing for that impossible some day that people always expect.'

'I don't think she will be disappointed,' said Mrs Seaton, with a fond little smile at her child. 'I believe I have found it.—Edgar, I have been to see Mr Carver.'

'I supposed it would have come to that. And he, I suppose, has been poisoned by the sorceress, and refused to see you?'

'O no,' said Eleanor playfully. 'We had quite a long chat—in fact, he asked us all to dinner on Sunday.'

'Wonderful! And he gave you a lot of good advice on the virtues of economy, and his blessing at parting.'

'No,' she said; 'he must have forgotten that: he gave me this envelope for you with his compliments and best wishes.'

Edgar Seaton took the proffered envelope listlessly, and opened it with careless fingers. But as soon as he saw the shape of the inclosure, his expression changed to one of eagerness. 'Why, it is a cheque!' he exclaimed excitedly.

'O no,' said his wife laughingly; 'it is only the blessing.'

'Well, it is a blessing in disguise,' Seaton said, his voice trembling with emotion. 'It is a cheque for twenty-five pounds.—Nelly, God has been very good to us to-day.'

'Yes, dear,' said his wife simply, with tears in her eyes.

Little Nelly looked from one to the other in puzzled suspense, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. Even her childish instinct discerned the gravity of the situation.

'Papa, has some day come? You look so happy.'

He caught her up in his arms and kissed her lovingly, and held her in one arm, while he passed the other round his wife. 'Yes, darling. Your prayer has been answered. Some day—God be thanked—has come at last.' For a moment no one spoke, for the hearts of husband and wife were full of quiet thankfulness. What a little it takes to make poor humanity happy, and fill up the cup of pleasure to the brim!

Round the merry dinner-table all was bright and cheerful, and it is no exaggeration to say the board groaned under the profuse spread.

Eleanor lost no time in acquainting her husband with the strange story of her uncle's property, and Mr Carver's views on the subject—a view of the situation which he felt almost inclined to share after a little consideration. It was extremely likely, he thought, that Margaret Boulton would be able to throw some light on the subject; indeed, the fact of her strange rescue from her self-imposed fate pointed almost to a providential interference. It was known that she had a long conversation with Mr Morton the day he died, a circumstance which seemed to have given Miss Wakefield great uneasiness; and her strange disappearance from Eastwood directly after the funeral gave some colouring to the fact.

Margaret Boulton had not risen that day owing to a severe cold caught by her exposure to the rain on the previous night; and Edgar and his wife decided, directly she did so, to question her upon the matter. It would be very strange if she could not give some clue.

'I think, Nelly, we had better take Felix into our confidence,' said Edgar, when the remains of dinner had disappeared in company with the grimy domestic. 'He will be sure to be of some assistance to us; and the more brains we have the better.'

'Certainly, dear,' she acquiesced; 'he should know at once.'

'I think I will walk to his rooms this afternoon.'

'No occasion,' said a cheerful voice at that moment. 'Mr Felix is here very much at your service. I've got some good news for you; and I am sure, from your faces, you can return the compliment.'

CHAPTER V.

Mr Felix was much struck by the tale he heard, and was inclined, in spite of the dictates of common-sense, to follow the Will-o'-the-wisp which grave Mr Carver had discovered. In a prosaic age, such a thing as the disappearance of a respectable Englishman's wealth was on the face of it startling enough; and therefore, although the thread was at present extremely intangible, he felt there must be something romantic about the matter. Mr Felix, be it remembered, was a man of sense; but he was a dreamer of dreams, and a weaver of romance by profession and choice; consequently, he was inclined to pooh-pooh Edgar's half-deprecating, half-enthusiastic view of the case.

'I do not think you are altogether right, Seaton, in treating this affair so cavalierly,' he said. 'In the first place, Miss Wakefield is no relation in blood to your wife's uncle. If the property was in her hands, I should feel myself justified in taking steps to have the existing will set aside; but so long as there is nothing worth doing battle for, it is not worth while, unless Miss Wakefield has the money, and is afraid of proceedings'——

'That is almost impossible,' Eleanor interrupted. 'You have really no conception how fond she is of show and display, and I know no such fear would prevent her indulging her fancy, if she had the means to do so.'

'So long as you are really persuaded that is the case, we have one difficulty out of the way,' Felix continued. 'Then we can take it for granted that she neither has the money nor has the slightest idea where it is.—Now, tell me about this Margaret Boulton.'

'That is soon told,' Eleanor replied. 'Last night, shortly after eleven, I was crossing Waterloo Bridge'——

'Bad neighbourhood for a lady to be alone,' interrupted Felix, with a reproachful glance at Seaton.—'I beg your pardon. Go on, please.'

'I had missed my husband at Waterloo Station, and I was hurrying home as quickly as I could'——

'Why did you not take a cab?' exclaimed Felix with some asperity. Then seeing Eleanor colour, he said hastily: 'What a dolt I am! I—I am very sorry. Please, go on.'

'As I was saying,' continued Eleanor, 'just as I was crossing the bridge, I saw a woman close by me climb on to one of the buttresses. I don't remember much about it, for it was over in less than a minute, and seems like a dream now; but it was my old nurse, or rather companion, Margaret Boulton, strange as it seems. Now, you know quite as much as I can tell you.'

Felix mused for a time over this strange history. He could not shake off the feeling that it was more than a mere coincidence. 'Seriously,' he said, 'I feel something will come of this.'

'I hope so,' answered Eleanor with a little sigh. 'Things certainly look a little better now than they did; but we need some permanent benefit sadly.'

'I thought some day had come, mamma,' piped little Nelly from her nest on the hearthrug.

'Little pitchers have long ears,' said the novelist. 'Come and sit on poor old Uncle Jasper's knee, Nelly, and give him a kiss.'

'Yes, I will, Uncle Jasper; but I'm not a little pitcher, and I've not dot long ears.—Mamma, are my ears long?'

'No, darling,' replied her mother with a smile. 'Uncle Felix was not speaking of you.'

'Then I will sit upon his knee.' Whereupon she climbed up on to that lofty perch, and proceeded to draw invidious distinctions between Mr Felix' moustache and the hirsute appendage of her father, a mode of criticism which gave the good-natured literary celebrity huge delight.

'Now,' continued Felix, when he had placed the little lady entirely to her satisfaction—'now to resume. In the first place, I should particularly like to see this Margaret Boulton to-day.'

'I do not quite agree with you, Mr Felix. It would be cruel, with her nerves in such a state, to cross-examine her to-day,' Mrs Seaton said with womanly consideration. 'You can have no idea what such a reaction means.'

'Precisely,' Felix replied grimly. 'Do you not see what I mean? Her nervous system is particularly highly strung at present—the brain in a state of violent activity, probably; and she is certain to be in a position to remember the minutest detail, and may give us an apparently trivial hint, which may turn out of the utmost importance.'

'Still, it seems the refinement of cruelty,' said Eleanor, her womanly kindness getting the better of her curiosity. 'She is in a particularly nervous

state. Naturally, she is inclined to be morbidly religious, and the mere thought of her attempted crime last night upsets her.'

'Yes, perhaps so,' Felix said; 'but I should like to see her now. We cannot tell how important it may be to us.'

'I declare your enthusiasm is positively contagious,' laughed Seaton.—'Really, Felix, I did not imagine you were so deeply imbued with curiosity. My wife is bad enough, but you are positively girlish.'

'Indeed, sir, you belie me,' said Eleanor with mock-indignation. 'I am moved by a little natural inquisitiveness; but I shall certainly not permit that unfortunate girl to be annoyed for the purpose of gratifying the whim of two grown-up children.'

'*Mea culpa*,' Felix replied humbly. 'But I should like to see the interesting patient, if only for a few minutes.'

Eleanor laughed merrily at this persistent charge. 'Well, well,' she said, 'I will go up to Margaret and ascertain if she is fit to see any one just yet; but I warn you not to be disappointed, for she certainly shall not be further excited.'

'I do not think the curiosity is all on our side,' Felix said, as Eleanor was leaving the room.—'You are a fortunate man, Seaton, in spite of your troubles,' he continued. 'A wife like yours must make anxiety seem lighter.'

'Indeed, you are right,' Edgar answered earnestly. 'Many a time I have felt like giving it up, and should have done so, if it had not been for Eleanor.'

'Strange, too,' said Felix musingly, 'that she does not give one the impression of being so brave and courageous. But you never can tell. I have been making a study of humanity for twenty years, and I have been often disappointed in my models. I have seen the weakest do the work of the strongest. I have seen the strongest, on the other hand, go down before the first breath of trouble. I have seen the most acid of them all make the most angelic of wives.'

'I wonder you have never married, Felix.'

'Did I not tell you my model women have always been the first to disappoint me?' he replied lightly. 'Besides, what woman could know Jasper Felix and love him?'

'Your reputation alone'——

'Yes, my reputation—and my money,' Felix said bitterly. 'Twenty years ago, when I was plain Jasper Felix, I did—— But bah! I don't want to discuss faded rose-leaves with you.—Let us change the subject. I have some good news for you. In the first place, I have sold the article you gave me.'

'Come, that is cheering. I suppose you managed to screw a guinea out of one of your friends for me?'

'On the contrary, I sold it on its merits,' Felix replied, 'and ten pounds was the price.'

'Ten pounds! Am I dreaming, or am I a genius?'

'Neither; which is true, if not complimentary. There is the cheque to prove you are not dreaming; and as to the other thing, you have no genius, but you have considerable talent.—But I have some further news for you. I have had a note from the editor of *Mayfair*, to whom I showed your work. Now, Baker of the *Mayfair* is about the finest judge of literary capacity I know. He says he was particularly struck with your descriptive writing; and if you like to undertake the work, he wants you to visit the principal of the foreign gambling clubs in London, and work up a series of gossiping articles for his paper. The work will not be particularly pleasant; but you will have the *entrée* of all these clubs, and the golden key to get to the working part of the machinery. The thing will be hard and somewhat hazardous; but it is a grand opportunity of earning considerable *kudos*. Will you undertake it?'

'Undertake it!' said Seaton, springing to his feet. 'Will I not? Felix, you have made a new man of me. Had it not been for you, I don't know what would have become of us by this time. I cannot thank you in words, but you know that I feel your kindness.'

'I do not see why this should not lead to something like fortune; anyway, it means comfort and ease, if I do not mistake your capacity,' said Felix, totally ignoring the other's gratitude. 'If I were in your place, I should not tell my wife I was doing anything dangerous.'

'Poor child, how thankful she will be! But you are perfectly right as regards the danger—not that I fear it particularly, though there is no reason to make her anxious.'

'What mischief are you plotting?' said Eleanor, entering the room at that moment. 'You look on particularly good terms with yourselves.'

'Good news, Nelly, good news! I have actually got permanent work to do. You need not ask whose doing it is.'

'No, no,' said Felix modestly. 'It is your own capability you must thank.—What about the patient?'

'I really must ask you to postpone your inquiry for the present,' she replied; 'she is incapable of answering any questions just now. Indeed, I am so uneasy, that I have sent for a doctor.'

'Indeed! Well, I suppose we must wait for the present.—And now, I must tear myself away,' said Felix, as he rose and proceeded to button his overcoat.—'Seaton, you must hold yourself in readiness for your work at any moment.—No thanks, please,' as Eleanor was about to speak. 'Now, I must go.—Good-night, little Nelly; don't forget to think of poor old Uncle Jasper sometimes.'

'Good-night, Felix,' said Edgar with a hearty hand-shake. 'I won't thank you; but you know how I feel.—Good-night, dear old boy!'

'IN AT THE DEATH.'

THERE were three of us chumming together in a solitary little hole in the jungle, not so very far—as one counts distance in India—from Secunderabad. We were Cooper's Hill young men; and fate and the government had given us a chance of distinguishing ourselves, and extinguishing our fellow-creatures, by the making of a branch railway including a bridge and a tunnel. So there were three of us; and a right jolly time we had on the whole. Our bungalow was a real work of art, covered with creepers, by which I do not mean to insinuate centipedes, of which, however,

there were also a good few, but jessamine, plumbago, a climbing moss—which one of us had rescued from the tangle of the jungle, and coaxed to live in a more civilised position—besides many other lovely specimens. To save our valuable time, we generally addressed each other by our initials. Mine, unfortunately, spelt M. A. G., to which my companions, in moments of hilarity, sometimes added a second course of P. I. E. I was the eldest of the trio.

We had not been very long at our branch-line work, when I was laid low with an exhausting attack of jungle fever and ague. My friends E. S. P. and H. F. by turns nursed me with a tenderness and care for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I pulled through, thanks to them; but since that time, have been subject to rather severe fits of ague, from one of which I was recovering, at the time the incident happened I wish to tell you about.

It had been an absolutely broiling day, and we had been driven to the verge of insanity between the heat and the flies. We were reclining, after our day's work, on our basket sofas, on the veranda, in the cool of the evening, puffing away solemnly and silently at our brier-root pipes, when it suddenly struck us that a group of native workmen, who were superintending the cooking of their evening meal in a corner of our very improvised sort of compound, must have received some exciting intelligence. Being young and sportively inclined, we were all three fellows of one idea, and that idea was, 'tigers.'

'Just call to that gaping fool and ask him what's up,' suggested I, in a washed-out voice.

'St John!' shouted E. S. P., whose voice carried farther than either of ours, clapping his hands loudly at the same time, to attract the attention of the gabbling group; and up came the tallest, thinnest native to be met in a very long day's ride. We had christened this man 'St John,' first, because he wore the most fearfully and wonderfully made camel's-hair garment that civilised eyes ever looked upon; and secondly, because he was so desperately lean and lanky, we were certain that he must feed on either locusts or grasshoppers, which are both supposed to be a very anti-fat diet.

Up, then, came this mysterious coolie; and, with many salaams, much gesticulation and showing the whites of his eyes, he informed us that there was a most bloodthirsty man-eater lurking in the neighbourhood, close by, at our very door! I looked nervously round, not enjoying the idea of being caught by Monsieur Maneater armed only with a brier-wood pipe. E. and H. at once appeared to be seized with St Vitus's dance, so absurdly and hysterically active had they suddenly become.

'Where was he last seen?' 'How large was he?' 'What village was the scene of his last meal?' 'How many people was he known to have eaten?' 'Who brought the news?' 'Send him up to be questioned!'

St John went away; and in a few minutes reappeared, accompanied by a native postman, who, it seemed, knowing that the railway Sahibs were partial to tiger, had kindly dropped in with the intelligence. We found out all we could from the man, and rewarded him with some money and tobacco.

The last victim was a poor native woman, who had crept into the corner of the veranda of a bungalow some miles away, and fallen asleep, from which, poor soul, she was roughly awakened, and then half-carried, half-dragged to a clump of thick jungle-grass and bushes about two and a half miles from where we were. The postman's eyes and teeth glistened with sympathetic pleasure, as he saw how keen and eager the other two fellows were to be after the brute. I was out of it altogether, as I could not trust my shaky hands with a rifle in such a case of life or death, so I looked on and listened to all their suggestions and arrangements with the deepest interest.

'That poor old bag of bones is not likely to have afforded him much of a "gorge,"' said H. 'He may turn up on *our* veranda to-night, boys, to see if he can find some light refreshment here.'

'He will get some black pepper which may not agree with him,' said E. S. P., who had gone into what we called our armoury and brought out his rifle, which he began to clean and make ready for very active service.

By this time darkness had closed in round us, with that small respect for twilight which so bothers the enterprising traveller in foreign lands. The servants and workmen had dispersed to their various habitations, and our white-headed native factotum was standing before us announcing dinner.

'Hush!' said H., putting his finger up in a commanding way and listening intently. 'Didn't either of you hear something leap over the wall?'

'Oh, bother your imagination—I'm off to dinner,' said I, rising abruptly, and disappearing through the open window. The other fellows followed, and were soon busily employed in making the most of *the* meal of the day and arranging about the morrow's sport.

When 'To Tum,' as we irreverently called our venerable butler, brought me my tea and biscuits at six the next morning, I had much to ask him, for E. and H. had gone off without waking me, probably thinking that the sight of them with two rifles in their hands, and a tiger in the bush, would be too exciting and tantalising for me. I found that the Massa Sahibs had departed after a very hasty breakfast, and had taken St John with them, carrying a third gun, in case of accident. A railway coolie reported distant shots, heard about an hour after the Sahibs had left the bungalow; but nothing had since been seen or heard of men or man-eater.

'You can open that blind, To Tum,' said I, pointing to one of the windows looking towards the north, for I thought I should probably see the conquering heroes returning that way, covered with glory and thorn scratches. The butler had departed and left me to my meditations, and good intentions of performing my toilet and going to see what was doing on the line. I continued to lie, looking dreamily out of the window, the jalousie of which To Tum had thrown back. It was not much of a view, consisting only of a corner of the compound wall and the jungle beyond; but a soft pinky haze beautified everything; and, fanned by a most delicious cool breeze, I closed my eyes again and dozed for a few minutes, utterly and blissfully ignorant that sudden death had just cleared

that compound wall, and was making, stealthily and wearily, straight for my open window. I heard—in a dream as it were, so did not heed—a curious scratching noise, followed by soft limping footsteps across the veranda; then heavy breathing, almost gasping, which seemed so unpleasantly near, that I opened my sleepy, dreamy eyes just in time to see his most Serene Highness the Bengal tiger throw himself in an utterly done-for condition by the side of my bed!

Here was a situation! My very marrow seemed to freeze in my bones, and every hair on my head was alive with electrified fright. I lay as still as a corpse, and in my heart thanked a considerate providence which had made the beast turn its back to me, instead of its villainous face. I was too paralysed even to think of what I could do to get out of the room, which, perhaps, was fortunate. The animal had evidently run far and fast, as its panting sides and foam-flaked jaws plainly showed; so there was just a feeble chance of its going to sleep, and *then* would be the time to cautiously escape. Its great murderous-looking paws were stained with blood; and, though I could see that one of them was wounded, the idea *would* take possession of my weak and agitated mind, that it was the blood of one of my companions, and not the tiger's own. Suddenly, to my horror, the brute lifted its head from its paws, pricked up its ears, and listened intently. I also listened as well as I could; but every nerve was throbbing, and the sound in both ears was as the surging of stormy waves on a pebbly beach. I, too, however, caught a distant 'click,' very faint and indistinct, and I could not make out what it was. The tiger again composed itself to sleep or watch; it was impossible to see if its eyes were open or shut. After a lifetime of miserable sensations, I guessed, by the even rise and fall of its sides, that it must be having what might not be more than the proverbial forty winks; so now was my time, or never! Not once taking my eyes off the object of my terror, I slipped out of the bed, which gave a gentle creak, that, to my fevered imagination, sounded like a death knell. He did not move! I wished I had more on, I felt *so* defenceless. I crept slowly to the door, not taking one foot off the ground till I had carefully steadied myself on both. I reached the only thing that divided me from comparative safety, softly turned the handle. The door was locked! For one second I had taken my steady gaze from the sleeping brute; when I looked again, what a change! Head thrown back, ears flat, eyes glaring savagely, and flanks trembling and quivering with the stealthy movement of an animal about to spring! But not at me! I followed the tiger's glance, and caught a glimpse of the barrel of a rifle, just one second—then a flash—a roar—a struggle—and I fell senseless on the floor.

When I came to myself, I was lying wrapped in my dressing-gown on a sofa in the sitting-room. E. S. P. was kneeling beside me with a bottle of something in his hand, and H. F. was standing at my feet with an expression of the greatest solicitude.

'Don't talk just yet, old fellow,' said he; 'wait till you feel stronger, and we'll tell you all about it. By Jove! you *had* a narrow escape.'

After a few minutes' quiet, my curiosity awoke in full force. 'Tell me,' said I—'did you kill him straight off?'

'O yes,' answered E. S. P. 'He's as dead as mutton. But we had no idea that you were there. To Tum told us that you had gone to the line ages ago; and we tracked the brute through your open window, where he had taken refuge. H. wounded him in the off hind-leg, when we got our first sight of him in the jungle; and instead of coming at us, he bolted, and led us a precious dance. To Tum bolted your door on the outside, thinking it would stand a charge better, in case the tiger made one; but he thought that you were safe off the premises.'

'Well,' said I, shuddering at the recollection, 'I really don't think I am more cowardly than most people, but may I never spend another such *mauvais quart d'heure!*'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW LIGHT.

THE rise and progress of the mineral-oil industry are too well known to need any special comment. In this and other countries, the supply of hydro-carbon oils, both from shale-beds and springs, has of late years received remarkable development. Nor will surprise be expressed, viewing the enormous quantities of this material brought into the market, and the low figure at which it can be supplied, that efforts are continually being made, and experiments carried out, to utilise in new forms the heat and light giving properties so eminently possessed by this commodity.

Some little time back, we touched on heat-production from hydro-carbon oil, and pointed out its adaptability for raising steam on board ships, and similar cases where saving in space and weight forms an important desideratum. Since then, matters have advanced considerably, and the late voyage of a vessel in British waters propelled entirely by oil-fed furnaces, sufficiently testifies to the progress already made.

Hydro-carbon oils promise, however, to find employment in another direction—namely, for lighting purposes, and already at the great Forth Bridge works a considerable number of the new lights are in regular operation, and giving results in every respect satisfactory. The essential principle involved in this method of lighting consists in forcing air, compressed to about twenty pounds on the square inch, through the heavy hydro-carbon oil. The oil issues from the burner in a fine spray, which burns with a remarkably steady and brilliant light, the oxygen of the air being thoroughly consumed. The absence of smoke and smell is particularly noticeable. The oil is stored in circular tanks of galvanised iron, holding some twenty gallons, or about ten hours' supply. A vertical tube extends upwards from the tank and carries the burner; whilst an ingeniously contrived shade, arranged to turn around the burner according to the direction of the wind, affords shelter to the flame. A safety-valve is fitted to the tank to obviate any undue increase of pressure in the air. The whole

apparatus is mounted on a stand some fifteen to twenty feet high, and sheds a brilliant light for at least two hundred yards.

It may be added that the well-diffused light of the new system contrasts very forcibly with the black dense shadows cast by the electric light, and forms a strong argument in favour of the former. The power required to supply air is not large, about one-eighth horse-power being found sufficient for each light. Thus, a small air-compressor of five horse-power can readily produce abundant pressure for forty lights. When employed on a large scale, and laid down permanently, other economies and conveniences can be effected, as, for example, the erection of a central tank arranged to feed all the burners.

Turning now to the oil employed, it may be noted that almost any oil may be utilised, the crude and waste products of oil and gas works being found to yield excellent results. This fact alone, enabling products of small value to be rendered serviceable, should advance the light in no small degree. There is beyond all question a large field for any illuminating agent, which can be readily erected in goods-sheds, ship-yards, or engineering works, and can be worked at moderate cost. Whether or not this adaptation of hydro-carbon oil will fulfil all the conditions necessary to render it a commercial success and lead to its wide development, time alone can tell. We have, however, shown that it has already done good work, and promises well for the future.

MR G. A. SALA ON LABOUR IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr G. A. Sala, recently addressing the representative of an Australian journal, said: 'I recognise that labour is needed everywhere in Australia—more working men, more domestic servants, more young men, more intelligent men, more Scotsmen—as many more as ever you like. I think I have also been able to discern the people who are not required here. These are the black-sheep of good families, loafers, idlers, young men who come out and spend their money, drift into dissolute habits, get remittances to take them home again, where they do nothing but abuse the colonies, of which they know nothing, and in which their presence was likely to do more harm than good. I have been preaching lay sermons for a good many years; and were I not too old and too wicked, I would get into some pulpit at home and preach as a minister, for certainly ministers have more influence over their congregations than lecturers have over audiences. I would say to my hearers: "My capable, hard-working, shrewd, intelligent brethren, go out to Australia. You and your wives and your children, go out, work hard; and be assured that, with or without capital, you will, by hard working, frugality, and sobriety, greatly better your condition. Not only that, but you will also better those whom you leave behind. You will give more and more backbone, more and more muscle, more and more red blood, to the body politic of Australia." But I would also add: "My idle brethren, my stupid brethren, my wicked, needy brethren, my vicious brethren, my drunken brethren, stop at home and gravitate to your natural refuge, the poorhouse. Do not go out to Australia to become a nuisance and a pest there." Then, in more forbearing language, I would amicably advise young men in England of mere clerical attainments, who can at best only hope to be bookkeepers or shop assistants, to think twice, nay thrice, before they travel thirteen thousand miles to find a country where the native youths equal, if they do not excel them in the ability demanded by the requirements of the counting-house and shop-counter.'

FOREIGN COMPETITION.

Sir John Brown, of the well-known firm of John Brown & Co., has said that he 'feared England had almost, if not altogether reached the summit of her prosperity, and that she must not again look for any material prosperity such as the last thirty or forty years had displayed.' English trade was being nibbled right and left by Germany, Austria, Prussia, and the United States. Illustrating this, Sir John stated that his large ship-building Company at Hull had recently taken their supplies of steel plates from Germany at prices varying from ten shillings to twenty shillings per ton below the prices at which Sheffield could supply the material. The same was true of ship-building firms at Newcastle and other places. Notwithstanding the cost of carriage, rails were sent more cheaply from Germany, by Antwerp and the German Ocean, to Hull and Newcastle than they could be made in England. A process of cold-rolling is known only to certain French and American houses; and it is curious, but not altogether creditable to ourselves, that steel is sent to Paris to be cold-rolled, and is afterwards returned to this country.

BONNIE DRYFE.

Bonnie Dryfe, my native stream,
I have loved thee lang and dearly,
Glancing in the sunny beam,
Glinting through the bracken clearly.

Wayward, wandering, mountain bairn,
Dancing down thy glen so grassy,
Leaping light by cliff and cairn,
Gleesome as a muirland lassie.

Singing by the Roman moat,
Neighbours ye 've been lang together,
Sadd'ning memories vex thee not,
Lilting blithely through the heather.

Seaward wandering, bright and free,
Dreaming not of Old World story;
Fallen empire 's nought to thee,
Older thou than Roman glory.

I have roamed by silver Tweed,
Stately Clyde majestic rushing,
Strayed where Highland rivers speed
O'er their rocky channels gushing.

Nane can sing a sang like thine,
Nane can dance so light and airy,
Nane can cheer this heart o' mine
Like thee, thou merry mountain fairy.

William Gardiner.

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AN ANGLER'S IDYLL.

I am once more at the water's edge. It is the Tweed, silver-voiced, musical, its ripples breaking into liquid crystals as the rushing stream leaps into the breast of the softly-circling pool. Here, in its upper reaches, amid the pastoral hills of Peeblesshire, its volume of fair water is untainted by pollution. It has miles and miles yet to run ere it comes up with the floating scum and dismal discoloration of 'mill-races' and the refuse of the dye-house. And, there!—is not that Drummelzier Castle on the opposite bank above, its gray walls powdered with the yellows and browns of spreading lichens, and its shattered bastions waving here and there a crest of summer's greenest grass? The fierce old chieftains who wrangled Border-fashion in its halls are silent to-day; the wild Tweedies and Hays and Veitches have had their rough voices smothered in the churchyard dust. From the shady angle of the old tower steps out a great brindled bull, leading his following of milky dames to where the pasture is juicy in the haughs below. I am thankful the broad deep stream is between us, for as he lifts his head and sees me where I stand, he announces his displeasure in a short angry snort and a sudden lashing of his ponderous tail. Perhaps it is only the flies tormenting him. In any case, it is well to be beyond his reach.

Above me and around are the great brown hills of Tweed-dale. They have this morning a dreamy look. The soft west wind plays about them, and the sunlight weaves a web of mingled glory and gloom over their broad summits and down their furrowed sides. The trees wave green branches in the soft warm air; but I hear them not—only the swish and tinkle of the waters. The sheep that feed upon the long gray slopes move about in a kind of spectral stillness; I almost fancy I hear them bleat, but may be mistaken, so far-off and dream-like is the sound. A distant shot is heard, and a flock of white pigeons rise with swift wing from the summit of the battered old keep, and wheel quick circles round the tower, then settle down as still and unseen as before. And something else is moving on the farther side. It is a milkmaid, tripping down the bank towards the river, her pitchers creaking as she goes. She pauses ere dipping them in the stream, and looks with level hand above her eyes across the meadows now aflame with the morning sun. Perhaps she expects to see some gallant Patie returning from the 'wauking o' the fauld,' or some bashful Roger hiding mouse-like behind the willows. Her light hair has been bleached to a still lighter hue by the suns and showers of many a summer day, but these, though they have bronzed her broad brow and shapely neck, have left undimmed the rosy lustre of her cheek. Light-handed, red-cheeked Peggy, go thy way in sweet expectation! When the westering sun flings purple shadows over the hills, he whose rustic image stirs thy glowing pulses shall steal to meet thee here.

And I?—what have I to do? There is the tempting stream; the pliant rod, with its gossamer line and daintily busked lures, is ready to hand. Deft fingers have mounted it for me without ostentation or display. There has been no struggling with hanked line or tangled cast; I have been served like a prince among anglers, and am ready-equipped to step into the stream. And yet at the moment I am all alone; for round me only are the silent hills, and beneath me the broadly-flowing Tweed.

I have never fished so before. I feel as light as if the normal fifteen pounds to the square inch of atmospheric pressure no longer existed for me. Ah, with what delight I feel the cool water lapping round my limbs, as I fling the light line far across the rippling stream, and watch the 'flies' as they drop and float downwards with the current. The broad brown hills, the dewy woods, the gray tower, are forgotten now. The brindled bull and his milky following have gone, with the rosy milkmaid, out of sight and out of mind. The pigeons

high on the shattered keep may wheel fleet circles as they choose, and spread white wings in the orient sun, but they cannot draw my eyes from the charmed spot. Down there, in the haugh beneath, near to where Powsail Burn joins the Tweed, the thorn-tree is shading the wizard's grave; but gray Merlin, sleeping or waking, living or dead, is nothing to me. Yonder, up the river, is Mossfennan Yett, and the Scottish king, for all I know, may once more be riding round the Mereclough-head, 'booted and spurred, as we a' did see,' to alight him down, as in days of old, and 'dine wi' the lass o' the Logan Lea;' but to me that old royal lover is at this moment a thing of nought. Border story and Border song, tale of love and deed of valour—what are they now to me, with the soft wind sighing round my head and the swift river rushing at my feet?

A splendid stream, indeed! For a hundred yards it sweeps with broken and jagged surface, from the broad shallow above to the deep dark pool below. In the strong rush of its current, it is not easy keeping your feet. The bottom is of small pebbles, smooth and round, gleaming yellow and brown through the clear water, and they have an awkward knack of slipping cleverly from beneath your feet, giving you every now and then a queer sensation of standing upon nothing. But this is only for a moment, or ever so much less than a moment. For if it were longer than the quickest thought, it might bring you a bad five minutes. To lose your footing in this swift-hurrying stream, might be to have a fleet passage into the great pool that hugs its black waters beneath the shadow of yonder gloomy rock over which the pine-trees wave their sunless boughs. But really, after all, one has no fear of that. Usage gives security. The railway train in which you sit quietly reading the morning paper, might at any moment leave the rails, or break an axle, or collide with the stone bridge ahead; but you do not think of that, or anticipate it—or, if you did, life would not be worth living. So is it here in the broad Tweed. With the faculties engrossed in the work of the moment, foot and hand are equally and instinctively alert. Slowly and securely you move over the shining pebbles, making cast after cast—wondering if ever you are to have a rise.

I must work here with cautious hand and shortened line. For a belt of trees borders the river on the farther side, and a long-armed ash is pushing his boughs far out over the stream, as if seeking to dip his leaf-tips in the cool-flowing water. To hank one's line on these quivering boughs would lead to a loss of time and probably of temper, and this morning everything is too beautiful and bright for any angry mood. As yet I have no success. Not a fin is on the rise; not a single silvery scale has glittered. Still, what beauties I know to be lurking there. You see that point, where the ground juts out a little into the stream, and a ragged alder hangs with loosened roots from the crumbling bank? It is being slowly undermined by the stream, and one day will slip down and be carried away. But as yet, it affords a rare sheltering-place for the finny tritons. It was but last season I hooked one at that very spot, and after a long and stubborn fight got my net beneath him, and went victor home.

And I know that others are there still, as brave and as beautiful as he. In fancy's eye I can see them even now, lying with head up-stream, and motionless but for now and then a quick jerk of the tail sideways, their yellow flanks gleaming in speckled radiance when a sunbeam reaches them through the fret-work of the overhanging leaves. That sharp jerk of the tail sideways means that they are keeping their weather-eye open. Being, among other things, insectivorous, they know if they would secure their prey they must be quick about it, hence they are ever on the alert. And yet, the flies which I am offering must have passed close by them a dozen times, but still they have stirred not, except in that knowing way which indicates they are not to be taken in. They have learned a thing or two, these Tweed trout, since the time of the Cæsars. Speak about animals not having reasoning powers? Let any one who deludes himself with this vain fallacy, purchase the best angling apparatus going, and then try his hand upon Tweed trout. Three hours afterwards he will not feel quite so satisfied as to the immeasurable superiority of man over the lower creatures. He may even have some half-defined suspicion that it is himself, and not the other party, that has been taken in. And not without cause. These Tweed trout can pick you out an artificial fly as skilfully as a tackle-maker.

The thought disheartens me for a moment, as I stand here, lashing away, middle-deep in the stream. But it is only for a moment. The wind is soft; the air is bright, but not too bright, with sunshine; a luminous haze is gathering between me and the distant mountains, and the skies have now more of gray than of blue in their airy texture. Everything is beautiful, from the soft contour of the rounded hills to the glitter and sparkle of the silvery stream.—But, there! My reel is whirring off with a sound that seals the senses against everything else. He is *on!* I saw him rise, and as he turned to descend I struck—and there he is! It was all quicker than thought. He has rushed up-stream a dozen yards, but is turning now. As I reel in, I begin mentally to calculate the ratio of his weight to his strength of pull. This is a useful thing to do; because if you should happen to lose your fish, you are then in a position to assure your friend Jones, who is higher up the water, and very likely has done nothing, that you had one 'on' which was two pounds if it was an ounce. Jones will of course believe it, and condole with you upon your loss—perhaps with a secret chuckle.

But this is digressive. I have other work than to talk about Jones at present. Master Fario is not taking kindly to the bridle which I have put in his mouth, and is having another run for it. There he goes, swish out of the water a couple of feet. What an exhilarating moment! Another leap and whirl, and off he goes careering towards the pool below in a way you never saw. But the line is running out after him, and still he is fast. The fight is keen, but he is worth fighting for. With the point of the rod well up, and a considerable strain upon the line, he must soon either yield—or break off. The alter-

native is dreadful to contemplate. So I renew my caution, and play him gently. By-and-by I feel he is yielding. Reeling in once more, I soon draw him within range of eyesight. What a beauty he is! Plump and fat, the very pink of trouts! Moving uneasily from side to side—boring occasionally as if he would make his way down to catch hold of something, but with a swinging and swaying motion about him indicative of failing power—he comes nearer and nearer to me where I stand, breathless with excitement, dreading lest, even at this last stage of the struggle, I may yet lose him. The supreme moment is at hand! He is almost at my feet. I hold the rod with one hand, and with the other undo the landing-net. He circles round me at as great a distance as the shortened line will allow, and though I have tried once or twice to pass the net beneath him, he has hitherto managed to baffle me. But now, at last, the net is under him—and, there——

. . . . . .

Tap, tap!—'Come in!'—And enter two or three little ones to bid papa good-night. Ah, little sweethearts, what a vision you have undone! The flowing stream, the overhanging trees, the old gray tower, the silent hills, have all, at the touch of your tiny fingers, vanished!

I was not dreaming—no, nor yet asleep. My book lies turned face down on my knee, and my pipe, extinguished, is still between my lips. It is towards the end of December; the Christmas bells have already rung out their message, and the New Year is waiting, in a few days to be ushered in. Outside, the wind is blowing in loud noisy gusts through the darkness, scattering the snow-flakes before it in a level drift. Here, in my bookroom, as I sat with foot on fender, watching the glowing embers in the grate, thoughts of summer days had stolen over me. I was once more by silvery Tweed, under sunny skies, plying 'the well-dissembled fly'—the storm and the snow-drift without, being as if they were not. To you, reader, I have uttered aloud the reverie of those brief five minutes of swift fancy; to you, brother anglers, may that phantasmal expedition be the harbinger of coming sport; and with each and all of you I now will part, bidding you reverently, as I bid my little ones, Good-night!

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER V.

The letter from Edward that had so greatly perturbed old Mr Hawthorn had been written, of course, some twenty days before he received it, for the mail takes about that time, as a rule, in going from Southampton across the Atlantic to the port of Trinidad. Edward had already told his father of his long-standing engagement to Marian; but the announcement and acceptance of the district judgeship had been so hurried, and the date fixed for his departure was so extremely early, that he had only just had time by the first mail to let his father know of his approaching marriage, and his determination to proceed at once to the West Indies by the succeeding steamer. Three weeks was all the interval allowed him by the inexorable red-tape department of the Colonial Office for completing his hasty preparations for his marriage, and setting sail to undertake his newly acquired judicial functions.

'Three weeks, my dear,' Nora cried in despair to Marian; 'why, you know, it can't possibly be done! It's simply impracticable. Do those horrid government-office people really imagine a girl can get together a trousseau, and have all the bridesmaids' dresses made, and see about the house and the breakfast, and all that sort of thing, and get herself comfortably married, all within a single fortnight? They're just like all men; they think you can do things in less than no time. It's absolutely preposterous.'

'Perhaps,' Marian answered, 'the government-office people would say they engaged Edward to take a district judgeship, and didn't stipulate anything about his getting married before he went out to Trinidad to take it.'

'Oh, well, you know, if you choose to look at it in that way, of course one can't reasonably grumble at them for their absurd hurrying. But still the horrid creatures ought to have a little consideration for a girl's convenience. Why, we shall have to make up our minds at once, without the least proper deliberation, what the bridesmaids' dresses are to be, and begin having them cut out and the trimmings settled this very morning. A wedding at a fortnight's notice! I never in my life heard of such a thing. I wonder, for my part, your mamma consents to it.—Well, well, I shall have you to take charge of me going out, that's one comfort; and I shall have my bridesmaid's dress made so that I can wear it a little altered, and cut square in the bodice, when I get to Trinidad, for a best dinner dress. But it's really awfully horrid having to make all one's preparations for the wedding and for going out in such a terrible unexpected hurry.' However, in spite of Nora, the preparations for the wedding were duly made within the appointed fortnight, even that important item of the bridesmaids' dresses being quickly settled to everybody's satisfaction.

Strange that when two human beings propose entering into a solemn contract together for the future governance of their entire joint existence, the thoughts of one of them, and that the one to whom the change is most infinitely important, should be largely taken up for some weeks beforehand with the particular clothes she is to wear on the morning when the contract is publicly ratified! Fancy the ambassador who signs the treaty being mainly occupied for the ten days of the preliminary negotiations with deciding what sort of uniform and how many orders he shall put on upon the eventful day of the final signature!

At the end of that short hurry-scurrying fortnight, the wedding actually took place; and an advertisement in the *Times* next morning duly announced among the list of marriages, 'At Holy Trinity, Brompton, by the Venerable Archdeacon Ord, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Augustus Savile, B.D., Edward Beresford Hawthorn, M.A., Barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, late Fellow of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, and District Judge of the Westmoreland District, Trinidad, to Marian Arbuthnot, only daughter of General C. S. Ord, C.I.E.,

formerly of the Bengal Infantry.' 'The bride's toilet,' said the newspapers, 'consisted of white broché satin de Lyon, draped with deep lace flounces, caught up with orange blossoms. The veil was of tulle, secured to the hair with a pearl crescent and stars. The bouquet was composed of rare exotics.' In fact, to the coarse and undiscriminating male intelligence, the whole attire, on which so much pains and thought had been hurriedly bestowed, does not appear to have differed in any respect whatsoever from that of all the other brides one has ever looked at during the entire course of a reasonably long and varied lifetime.

After the wedding, however, Marian and Edward could only afford a single week by way of a honeymoon, in that most overrun by brides and bridegrooms of all English districts, the Isle of Wight, as being nearest within call of Southampton, whence they had to start on their long ocean voyage. The aunt in charge was to send down Nora to meet them at the hotel the day before the steamer sailed; and the general and Mrs Ord were to see them off, and say a long good-bye to them on the morning of sailing.

Harry Noel, too, who had been best-man at the wedding, for some reason most fully known to himself, professed a vast desire to 'see the last of poor Hawthorn,' before he left for parts unknown in the Caribbean; and with that intent, duly presented himself at a Southampton hotel on the day before their final departure. It was not purely by accident, however, either on his own part or on Marian Hawthorn's, that when they took a quiet walk that evening in some fields behind the battery, he found himself a little in front with Nora Dupuy, while the newly married pair, as was only proper, brought up the rear in a conjugal tête-à-tête.

'Miss Dupuy,' Harry said suddenly, as they reached an open space in the fields, with a clear view uninterrupted before them, 'there's something I wish to say to you before you leave to-morrow for Trinidad—something a little premature, perhaps, but under the circumstances—as you're leaving so soon—I can't delay it. I've seen very little of you, as yet, Miss Dupuy, and you've seen very little of me, so I daresay I owe you some apology for this strange precipitancy; but—— Well, you're going away at once from England; and I may not see you again for—for some months; and if I allow you to go without having spoken to you, why'——

Nora's heart throbbed violently. She didn't care very much for Harry Noel at first sight, to be sure; but still, she had never till now had a regular offer of marriage made to her; and every woman's heart beats naturally—I believe—when she finds herself within measurable distance of her first offer. Besides, Harry was the heir to a baronetcy, and a great catch, as most girls counted; and even if you don't want to marry a baronet, it's something at least to be able to say to yourself in future, 'I refused an offer to be Lady Noel.' Mind you, as women go, the heir to an old baronetcy and twelve thousand a year is not to be despised, though you may not care a single pin about his mere personal attractions. A great many girls who would refuse the man upon his own merits, would willingly say 'Yes' at once to the title and the income. So Nora Dupuy, who was, after all, quite as human as most other girls—if not rather more so—merely held her breath hard and tried her best to still the beating of her wayward heart, as she answered back with childish innocence: 'Well, Mr Noel; in that case, what would happen?'

'In that case, Miss Dupuy,' Harry replied, looking at her pretty little pursed-up guileless mouth with a hungry desire to kiss it incontinently then and there—'why, in that case, I'm afraid some other man—some handsome young Trinidad planter or other—might carry off the prize on his own account before I had ventured to put in my humble claim for it.—Miss Dupuy, what's the use of beating about the bush, when I see by your eyes you know what I mean! From the moment I first saw you, I said to myself: "She's the one woman I have ever seen whom I feel instinctively I could worship for a lifetime." Answer me yes. I'm no speaker. But I love you. Will you take me?'

Nora twisted the tassel of her parasol nervously between her finger and thumb for a few seconds; then she looked back at him full in the face with her pretty girlish open eyes, and answered with charming naïveté—just as if he had merely asked her whether she would take another cup of tea: —'Thank you, no, Mr Noel; I don't think so.'

Harry Noel smiled with amusement—in spite of this curt and simple rejection—at the oddity of such a reply to such a question. 'Of course,' he said, glancing down at her pretty little feet to hide his confusion, 'I didn't expect you to answer me *Yes* at once on so very short an acquaintance as ours has been. I acknowledge it's dreadfully presumptuous in me to have dared to put you a question like that, when I know you can have seen so very little in me to make me worth the honour you'd be bestowing upon me.'

'Quite so,' Nora murmured mischievously, in a parenthetical undertone. It wasn't kind; I daresay it wasn't even lady-like; but then you see she was really, after all, only a schoolgirl.

Harry paused, half abashed for a second at this very literal acceptance of his conventional expression of self-depreciation. He hardly knew whether it was worth while continuing his suit in the face of such exceedingly outspoken discouragement. Still, he had something to say, and he determined to say it. He was really very much in love with Nora, and he wasn't going to lose his chance outright just for the sake of what might be nothing more than a pretty girl's provoking coyness.

'Yes,' he went on quietly, without seeming to notice her little interruption, 'though you haven't yet seen anything in me to care for, I'm going to ask you, not whether you'll give me any definite promise—it was foolish of me to expect one on so brief an acquaintance—but whether you'll kindly bear in mind that I've told you I love you—yes, I said love you'—for Nora had dashed her little hand aside impatiently at the word. 'And remember, I shall still hope, until I see you again, you may yet in future

reconsider the question.—Don't make me any promise, Miss Dupuy; and don't repeat the answer you've already given me; but when you go to Trinidad, and are admired and courted as you needs must be, don't wholly forget that some one in England once told you he loved you—loved you passionately.'

'I'm not likely to forget it, Mr Noel,' Nora answered with malicious calmness; 'because nobody ever proposed to me before, you know; and one's sure not to forget one's first offer.'

'Miss Dupuy, you are making game of me! It isn't right of you—it isn't generous.'

Nora paused and looked at him again. He was dark, but very handsome. He looked handsomer still when he bridled up a little. It was a very nice thing to look forward to being Lady Noel. How all the other girls at school would have just jumped at it! But no; he was too dark by half to meet her fancy. She couldn't give him the slightest encouragement. 'Mr Noel,' she said, far more seriously this time, with a little sigh of impatience, 'believe me, I didn't really mean to offend you. I—I like you very much; and I'm sure I'm very much flattered indeed by what you've just been kind enough to say to me. I know it's a great honour for you to ask me to—to ask me what you have asked me. But—you know, I don't think of you in that light, exactly. You will understand what I mean when I say I can't even leave the question open. I—I have nothing to reconsider.'

Harry waited a moment in internal reflection. He liked her all the better because she said *no* to him. He was man of the world enough to know that ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would have jumped at once at such an eligible offer. 'In a few months,' he said quietly, in an abstracted fashion, 'I shall be paying a visit out in Trinidad.'

'Oh, don't, pray, don't,' Nora cried hastily. 'It'll be no use, Mr Noel, no use in any way. I've quite made up my mind; and I never change it. Don't come out to Trinidad, I beg of you.'

'I see,' Harry said, smiling a little bitterly. 'Some one else has been beforehand with me already. No wonder. I'm not at all surprised at him. How could he possibly see you and help it?' And he looked with unmistakable admiration at Nora's face, all the prettier now for its deep blushes.

'No, Mr Noel,' Nora answered simply. 'There you are mistaken. There's nobody—absolutely nobody. I've only just left school, you know, and I've seen no one so far that I care for in any way.'

'In that case,' Harry Noel said, in his decided manner, 'the quest will still be worth pursuing. No matter what you say, Miss Dupuy, we shall meet again—before long—in Trinidad. A young lady who has just left school has plenty of time still to reconsider her determinations.'

'Mr Noel! Please, don't! It'll be quite useless.'

'I must, Miss Dupuy; I can't help myself. You will draw me after you, even if I tried to prevent it. I believe I have had one real passion in my life, and that passion will act upon me like a magnet on a needle for ever after. I shall go to Trinidad.'

'At anyrate, then, you'll remember that I gave you no encouragement, and that for me, at least, my answer is final.'

'I *will* remember, Miss Dupuy—and I won't believe it.'

That evening, as Marian kissed Nora good-night in her own bedroom at the Southampton hotel, she asked archly: 'Well, Nora, what did you answer him?'

'Answer who? what?' Nora repeated hastily, trying to look as if she didn't understand the suppressed antecedent of the personal pronoun.

'My dear girl, it isn't the least use your pretending you don't know what I mean by it. I saw in your face, Nora, when Edward and I caught you up, what it was Mr Noel had been saying to you. And how did you answer him? Tell me, Nora!'

'I told him *no*, Marian, quite positively.'

'O Nora!'

'Yes, I did. And he said he'd follow me out to Trinidad; and I told him he really needn't take the trouble, because in any case I could never care for him.'

'O dear, I *am* so sorry. You wicked girl! And, Nora, he's such a nice fellow too! and so dreadfully in love with you! You ought to have taken him.'

'My dear Marian! He's so awfully black, you know. I really believe he must positively be—be *coloured*.'

OUR DOMESTICATED OTTER.

One fine day in early autumn, while straying along the banks of one of the sparkling little trout streams which appear to be at once the cause and the purpose of those lovely winding valleys so numerous in Northern Devon, our attention was drawn, by a faint distressed chirping sound, to a small dark object stirring in the grass at some distance from the stream. We hurried to the spot, and there saw, to our great surprise, wet, muddy, and uneasily squirming at our feet, a baby otter! Poor infant! how came it there? By what concatenation of untoward circumstances did the helpless innocent find itself in a position so foreign to the habits of its kind? Its appearance under conditions so utterly at variance with our experience of the customs and manners of otter society, was so amazing, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. However, there the little creature undoubtedly was; and congratulating ourselves on this unlooked-for and valuable addition to our home menagerie—for these animals are rare in Devon, and to light upon a young scion of the race in evident need of a home and education was quite a piece of good luck—the forlorn bantling was promptly deposited in a coat-pocket and proudly borne homewards.

Introduced to the family circle, 'Tim'—as he was afterwards duly christened—became at once the centre of domestic interest and unceasing care. To feed him was necessarily our first consideration. A feline or canine mother deprived

of her young was suggested as a suitable foster-mother; but, unfortunately, no such animal was at hand, and meantime the creature must be fed. We therefore procured an ordinary infant's feeding-bottle, and filling it with lukewarm cow's milk, essayed thus to make good the absence of mamma-otter. At first the little stranger absolutely declined even to consider this arrangement, and in consequence pined somewhat; but in the end the pangs of hunger wrought a change in his feelings, and after several energetic though unscientific attempts, he overcame the difficulties of his new feeding apparatus, and was soon vigorously sucking. For a time, all went well. Tim, with commendable regularity, alternately filled himself with milk and slept peacefully in his basket of sweet hay. But at the close of the second day, a change came over our interesting charge; he was restless and uneasy during the night, and in the morning, refused to feed, and appeared to be suffering pain. Finally, his respiration became laboured and difficult, and for a whole day and night our hopes of rearing him were at the lowest ebb. But at the end of that time, to our great satisfaction, the distressing symptoms began to abate, and in a few hours had disappeared, and the convalescent returned *con amore* to his bottle. Believing his attack was attributable to over-feeding, we henceforth diluted the cow's milk with warm water, and removed his bottle at the first sign of approaching satiety, nor did we again administer it until his demands for sustenance became vociferous and imperative. On this system we were successful in rearing him in the face of many prophecies of failure.

At this early stage of his existence, being exhibited to admiring friends, he crawled laboriously and flatly about on the carpet, with a decided preference for backward motion; but if he encountered a perpendicular surface, such as the sides of his hamper or a trouser-leg, he would, with the aid of his claws, climb up it with considerable agility. He distinctly showed a love of warmth, and gave us to understand that he appreciated caresses, by nestling down in feminine laps, and ceasing his plaintive cry while our hands were about him. On awakening from sleep, he would begin, as do ducklings and chickens, with a gentle reminder of his existence and requirements. If no notice were taken of this, the note—which was something between the magnified chirp of a chicken and the very earliest bark of a puppy—would steadily increase in power and insistence, until it became an absolute clamour. When his bottle was given to him, he would seize on the leather teat and tug at it, and plunge about with a violence and impatience which defeated its own end, and woe to the unwary or awkward fingers which came in the way of the tiny fine white teeth at this moment!

Obstacles overcome and success attained, Tim settled down to steady sober enjoyment; the webbed paws were alternately spread and closed like a cat's when thoroughly content, and the tail curled and uncurled and wagged to and fro, as does a lamb's when happily feeding. After the lapse of a few days, our new pet showed decided signs of intelligence and a sense of fun: he would run round after one's finger in a clumsy-lively way, and a jocular poke in the ribs would rouse him to an awkwardly playful attempt to seize the offending digit. In less than three weeks he knew his name, and scuttled across the room when called, followed us about the garden, and endeavoured to establish friendly relations with a pet wild rabbit, which was furiously jealous of the new favourite, and administered sly scratches, and 'hustled' him on every possible occasion.

About this time, he also acquired a charming habit of beginning, the moment the sun rose, a clamour which deprived half the household of further sleep, and which was only to be quieted by his being taken into some one's bed, where he would at once 'snuggle' down and lie motionless for hours. At first we resisted this importunity on the part of Tim, partly because an otter is not exactly the animal one would select as a bed-fellow, and partly because we could not think it a desirable or wholesome habit for the creature itself. But Master Tim was too much for us. 'If you won't let me sleep with you, you shan't sleep at all!' he declared in unmistakable language, and by dint of sticking to his point he carried it.

At the end of the first month of his civilised life, some one gave him a scrap of raw meat; and after that, though he ate bread and milk very contentedly between times, he made us understand that his constitution required the support of animal food, and was never satisfied without his daily ration of uncooked flesh. Fish, strange to say, he seemed to prefer cooked. When we were seated at meals, a hand held down would bring Tim quickly to one's side with an eager look in the small yellow eyes; his cold nose sniffed at one's fingers with rapid closing and unclosing of the curiously formed nostrils; the softly furred head would be thrust into the palm in search of the expected dainty morsel. If none were to be found, his temper would be sadly ruffled, sometimes to the extent of inflicting with his teeth a sharp reminder that not even an otter's feelings should be trifled with!

As he grew older, he developed an amount of intelligence scarcely to be expected from the small brain contained in the flat and somewhat snake-like head; he showed decided preferences for some members of the family over others; if permitted, he would follow everywhere at our heels like a dog, and played with the children after the manner of one, but with awkward springs and jumps that put us in mind of a particularly ungraceful lamb. He occasionally made quite energetic assaults on the ankles of some of the ladies of the family; and if he perceived that the owner of unprotected ankles went in fear of him, showed a malicious pleasure in renewing the attack at every favourable opportunity.

When the children went for a country ramble, Tim frequently accompanied them, taking the greatest delight in these excursions. He would be carried until beyond danger from wandering

dogs, and then being set at liberty, the fun would begin. Master Tim, all eagerness, trotting on before in search of interesting facts, the children take advantage of a moment when all his faculties are engaged with some novelty attractive to the otter mind, to vanish through a neighbouring gate or behind a haystack. The unusual quiet soon arouses Tim's suspicions; he looks round, and finds himself alone. The situation, from its strangeness, is appalling to him; he utters a shriek of despair, and scurries back as fast as his legs can take him, squeaking loudly all the time. If he should chance, in his fright, to pass by the hiding-place of his young protectors without discovering them, great is their delight. One little face after another peers out and watches, with mischievous glee, poor Tim's plump and anxious form trundling along as fast as is possible to it in the wrong direction! But very soon the humour of the situation is too much for some young spirit, and a smothered laugh or a half-suppressed giggle reaches the tiny sharp ears, and Tim quickly turns, and with another shriek of mingled satisfaction and indignation, gives chase to his playful tormentors. Once arrived in the open meadows, where this novel game of hide-and-seek is not possible, it is Tim's turn. Still, he follows obediently enough, frisking and gamboling in the fresh soft grass, until one of the innumerable small streams is approached. As soon as he catches sight of the water, he is off. At a rapid trot he hurries to the brink, and with swift and noiseless dart, in a flash he has disappeared in the current, and in another reappeared some yards away. Rolling over, turning, twisting, diving, he revels in his cold bath, and it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to get him out of the water. A cordon of children is formed—the two biggest with bare feet and legs, to cut off his retreat up and down stream—which, gradually closing in on him, seizes him at last; and reluctantly he is compelled to dry himself in the grass preparatory to returning to the forms and ceremonies of civilised life.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER VI.

'How do you feel now, Margaret?'

'Nearly over, Miss Nelly. I shall die with the morning.'

A week later, and the patient had got gradually worse. The constant exposure, the hard life, and the weeks of semi-starvation, had told its tale on the weak womanly frame. The exposure in the rain and cold on that eventful night had hastened on the consumption which had long settled in the delicate chest. All signs of mental exhaustion had passed away, and the calm hopeful waiting frame of mind had succeeded. She was waiting for death; not with any feeling of terror, but with hopefulness and expectation.

Up to the present, Eleanor had not the heart to ask for any memento or remembrance of the old life; but had nursed her patient with an unceasing watchful care, which only a true woman is capable of. All that day she had sat beside the bed, never moving, but noting, as hour after hour passed steadily away, the gradual change from feverish restlessness to quiet content, never speaking, or causing her patient to speak, though she was longing for some word or sign.

'You have been very good to me, Miss Nelly. Had it not been for you, where should I have been now!'

'Hush, Margaret; don't speak like that. Remember, everything is forgiven now. Where there is great temptation, there is much forgiveness.'

'I hope so, miss—I hope so. Some day, we shall all know.'

'Don't try to talk too much.'

For a while she lay back, her face, with its bright hectic flush, marked out in painful contrast to the white pillow. Eleanor watched her with a look of infinite pity and tenderness. The distant hum of busy Holborn came with dull force into the room, and the heavy rain beat upon the windows like a mournful dirge. The little American clock on the mantel-shelf was the only sound, save the dry painful cough, which ever and anon proceeded from the dying woman's lips. The night sped on; the sullen roar of the distant traffic grew less and less; the wind dropped, and the girl's hard breathing could be heard painfully and distinctly. Presently, a change came over her face—a kind of bright, almost unearthly intelligence.

'Are you in any pain, Madge?' Eleanor asked with pitying air.

'How much lighter it is!' said the dying girl. 'My head is quite clear now, miss, and all the pain has gone.—Miss Nelly, I have been dreaming of the old home. Do you remember how we used to sit by the old fountain under the weeping-ash, and wonder what our fortunes would be? I little thought it would come to this.—Tell me, miss, are you in—in want?'

'Not exactly, Madge; but the struggle is hard sometimes.'

'I thought so,' the dying girl continued. 'I would have helped you after *she* came; but you know the power she had over your poor uncle, a power that increased daily. She used to frighten me. I tremble now when I think of her.'

'Don't think of her,' said Eleanor soothingly. 'Try and rest a little, and not talk. It cannot be good for you.'

The sufferer smiled painfully, and a terrible fit of coughing shook her frame. When she recovered, she continued: 'It is no use, Miss Nelly: all the rest and all your kind nursing cannot save me now. I used to wonder, when you left Eastwood so suddenly, why you did not take me; but now I know it is all for the best. Until the very last, I stayed in the house.'

'And did not my uncle give you any message, any letter for me?' asked Eleanor, with an eagerness she could not conceal.

'I am coming to that. The day he died, I was in his room, for she was away, and he asked me if I ever heard from you. I knew you had written letters to him which he never got; and so I told him. Then he gave me a paper for

you, which he made me swear to deliver to you by my own hand; and I promised to find you. You know how I found you,' she continued brokenly, burying her face in her hands.

'Don't think of that now, Margaret,' said Eleanor, taking one wasted hand in her own. 'That is past and forgiven.'

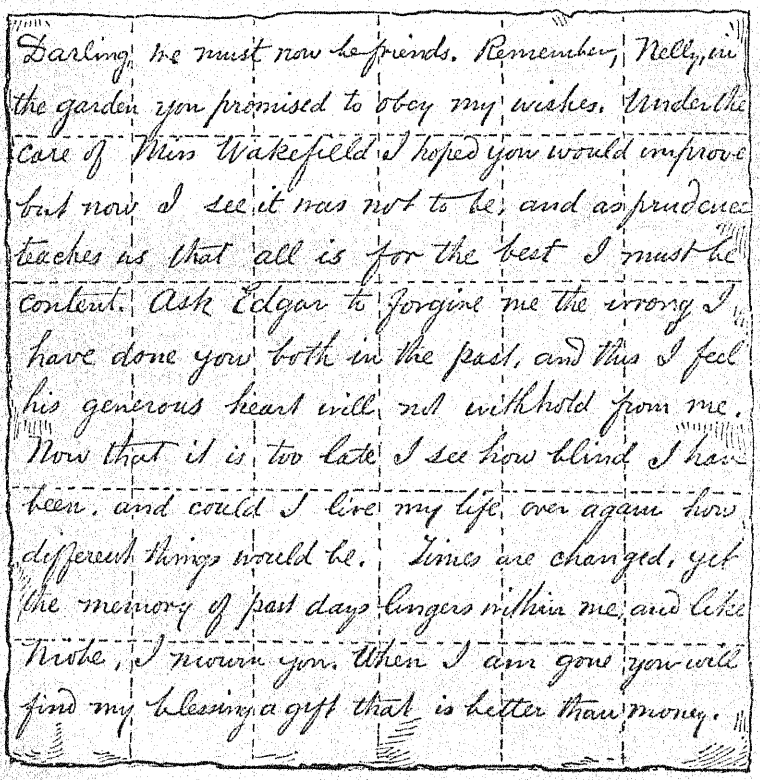
'I hope so, miss. Please, bring me that dress, and I will discharge my trust before it is too late. Take a pair of scissors and unpick the seams inside the bosom on the left side.'

The speaker watched Eleanor with feverish impatience, whilst, with trembling fingers, she followed the instructions. Not until she had drawn out a flat parcel, wrapped securely in oiled paper, did the look of impatience transform to an air of relief.

'Yes, that is it,' said Margaret, as Eleanor tore off the covering. 'I have seen the letter, and have a strange feeling that it contains some secret, it is so vague and rambling, and those dotted lines across it are so strange. Your uncle was so terribly in earnest, that I cannot but think the paper has some hidden meaning. Please, read it to me. Perhaps I can make something of it.'

'It certainly does appear strange,' observed Eleanor, with suppressed excitement.

Turning towards the light, Eleanor read as follows:


Darling we must now be friends. Remember, Nelly, in the garden you promised to obey my wishes. Under the care of Mrs Wakefield I hoped you would improve but now I see it was not to be, and as prudence teaches us that all is for the best I must be content. Ask Edgar to forgive me the wrong I have done you both in the past, and thus I feel his generous heart will not withhold from me. Now that it is too late I see how blind I have been, and could I live my life over again how different things would be. Times are changed, yet the memory of past days lingers within me, and like Rose, I mourn you. When I am gone you will find my blessing a gift that is better than money.

The paper was half a sheet of ordinary foolscap, and the words were written without a single break or margin. It was divided perpendicularly by five dotted lines, and by four lines horizontally, and displayed nothing to the casual eye but an ordinary letter in a feeble handwriting.

The tiny threads of fate had begun to gather. All yet was dark and misty; but in the gloom, faint and transient, was one small ray of light.

Eleanor gazed at the paper abstractedly for a few moments, vaguely trying to find some hidden clue to the mystery.

'You must take care of that paper, Miss Nelly. Something tells me it contains a secret.'

'And have you been searching for me two long years, for the sole purpose of giving me this?' Eleanor asked.

'Yes, miss,' the sufferer replied simply. 'I promised, you know. Indeed, I could not look at your uncle and break a vow like mine.'

'And you came to London on purpose?'

'Yes. No one knew where I was gone. I have no friends that I remember, and so I came to London. It is an old tale, miss. Trying day by day to get employment, and as regularly failing. I have tried many things the last two bitter years. I have existed—I cannot call it living—in the vilest parts of London, and tried to keep myself by my needle; but that only means dying by inches. God alone knows the struggle it is for a friendless woman here to keep honest and virtuous. The temptation is awful; and as I have been so sorely tried, I hope it will count in my favour hereafter. I have seen sights that the wealthy world knows nothing of. I have lived

where a well-dressed man or woman dare not set foot. Oh, the wealth and the misery of this place they call London!'

'And you have suffered like this for me?' Eleanor said, the tears now streaming down her face. 'You have gone through all this simply for my sake? Do you know, Madge, what a thoroughly good woman you really are?'

'*I*, miss?' the dying girl exclaimed in surprise. 'How can I possibly be that, when you know what you do of me! O no; I am a miserable sinner by the side of you. Do you think, Miss Nelly, I shall be forgiven?'

'I do not doubt it,' said Eleanor softly; 'I cannot doubt it. How many in your situation could have withstood your temptation?'

'I am so glad you think so, miss; it is comfort to me to hear you say that. You were always so good to me,' she continued gratefully. 'Do you know, Miss Nelly dear, whenever I thought of death, I always pictured you as being by my side?'

'Do you feel any pain or restlessness now, Margaret?'

'No, miss; thank you. I feel quite peaceful and contented. I have done my task, though it has been a hard one at times. I don't think I could have rested in my grave if I had not seen you.—Lift me up a little higher, please, and come a little closer. I can scarcely see you now. My eyes are quite misty. I wonder if all dying people think about their younger days, Miss Nelly? *I* do. I can see it all distinctly: the old broken fountain under the tree, where we used to sit and talk about the days to come; and how happy we all were there before she came. Your uncle was a different man then, when he sat with us and listened to your singing hymns. Sing me one of the old hymns now, please.'

In a subdued key, Eleanor sang *Abide with me*, the listener moving her pallid lips to the words. Presently, the singer finished, and the dying girl lay quiet for a moment.

'Abide with me. How sweet it sounds! "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day." I am glad you chose my favourite hymn, Miss Nelly. I shall die repeating these words: "The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide." Now it is darker still; but I can feel your hand in mine, and I am safe. I did not think death was so blessed and peaceful as this. I am going, going—floating away.'

'Margaret, speak to me!'

'Just one word more. How light it is getting! Is it morning? I can see. I think I am forgiven. I feel better, better! quite forgiven. Light, light, light! everywhere. I can see at last.'

It was all over. The weary aching heart was at rest. Only a woman, done to death in the flower of youth by starvation and exposure; but not before her task was done, her work accomplished. No lofty ambition to stir her pulses, no great goal to point to for its end. Only a woman, who had given her life to carry out a dying trust; only a woman, who had preserved virtue and honesty amid the direst temptation. What an epitaph for a gravestone! A eulogy that needs no glittering marble to point the way up to the Great White Throne.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr Carver sat in his private office a few days later, with Margaret's legacy before him. A hundred times he had turned the paper over. He had held it to the light; he had looked at it upside down, and he had looked at it sideways and longways; in fact, every way that his ingenuity could devise. He had even held it to the fire, in faint hopes of sympathetic ink; but his labour had met with no reward. The secret was not discovered.

The astute legal gentleman consulted his diary, where he had carefully noted down all the facts of the extraordinary case; and the more he studied the matter, the more convinced he became that there was a mystery concealed somewhere; and, moreover, that the key was in his hands, only, unfortunately, the key was a complicated one. Indeed, to such absurd lengths had he gone in the matter, that Edgar Allan Poe's romances of *The Gold Bug* and *The Purloined Letter* lay before him, and his study of those ingenious narratives had permeated his brain to such an extent lately, that he had begun to discover mystery in everything. The tales of the American genius convinced him that the solution was a simple one—provokingly simple, only, like all simple things, the hardest of attainment. He was quite aware of the methodical habits of his late client, Mr Morton, and felt that such a man could not have written such a letter, even on his dying bed, unless he had a powerful motive in so doing. Despite the uneasy consciousness that the affair was a ludicrous one to engage the attention of a sober business man like himself, he could not shake off the fascination which held him.

'Pretty sort of thing this for a man at my time of life to get mixed up in,' he muttered to himself. 'What would the profession say if they knew Richard Carver had taken to read detective romances in business hours? I shall find myself writing poetry some day, if I don't take care, and coming to the office in a billy-cock hat and turn-down collar. I feel like the heavy father in the transpontine drama; but when I look in that girl's eyes, I feel fit for any lunacy. Pshaw! —Bates!'

Mr Bates entered the apartment at his superior's bidding. 'Well, sir?' he said. The estimable Bates was a man of few words.

'I can *not* make this thing out,' exclaimed Mr Carver, rubbing his head in irritating perplexity. 'The more I look at it the worse it seems. Yet I am convinced'——

'That there is some mystery about it!'

'Precisely what I was going to remark. Now, Bates, we must—we really must—unravel this complication. I feel convinced that there is something hidden here. You must lend me your aid in the matter. There is a lot at stake. For instance, if'——

'We get it out properly, I get my partnership; if not, I shall have to—whistle for it, sir!'

'You are a very wonderful fellow, Bates—very. That is precisely what I was going to say,' Mr Carver exclaimed admiringly. 'Now, I have been reading a book—a standard work, I may say.'

'Williams's Executors, sir, or——?'

'No,' said Mr Carver shortly, and not without some confusion; 'it is not that admirable volume—it is, in fact, a—a romance.'

Mr Bates coughed dryly, but respectfully, behind his hand. 'I beg your pardon, sir; I don't quite understand. Do you mean you have been reading a—novel?'

'Well, not exactly,' replied Mr Carver blushing faintly. 'It is, as I have said, a romance—a romance,' he continued with an emphasis upon the substantive, to mark the difference between that and an ordinary work of fiction. 'It is a book treating upon hidden things, and explaining, in a light and pleasant way, the method of logically working out a problem by common-sense. Now, for instance, in the passage I have marked, an allusion is made, by way of example.—Did you ever—ha, ha! play at marbles, Bates?'

'Well, sir, many years ago, I might have indulged in that little amusement,' Mr Bates admitted with professional caution; 'but really, sir, it is such a long time ago, that I hardly remember.'

'Very good, Bates. Now, in the course of your experience upon the subject of marbles, do you ever remember playing a game called "Odd and Even?"'

Bates looked at his principal in utter amazement, and Mr Carver, catching the expression of his face, burst into a hearty laugh, faintly echoed by the bewildered clerk. The notion of two gray-headed men solemnly discussing a game of marbles in business hours, suddenly struck him as being particularly ludicrous.

'Well, sir,' Bates said with a look of relief, 'I don't remember the fascinating amusement you speak of, and I was wondering what it could possibly have to do with the case in point.'

'Well, I won't go into it now; but if you should like to read it for yourself, there it is,' said Mr Carver, pushing over the yellow-bound volume to his subordinate.

Mr Bates eyed the volume suspiciously, and touched it gingerly with his forefinger. 'As a matter of professional duty, sir, if you desire it, I will read the matter you refer to; but if it is a question of recreation, then, sir, with your permission, I would rather not.'

'That is a hint for me, I suppose, Bates,' said Mr Carver with much good-humour, 'not to occupy my time with frivolous literature.'

'Well, sir, I do not consider these the sort of books for a place on a solicitor's table; but I suppose you know best.'

'I don't think such a thing has happened before, Bates,' Mr Carver answered with humility. 'You see, this is an exceptional case, and I take great interest in the parties.'

'Well, there is something in that,' said Mr Bates severely, 'so I suppose we must admit it on this occasion.—But don't you think, sir, there is some way of getting to the bottom of this affair, without wasting valuable time on such stuff as that?' and he pointed contemptuously at the book before him.

'Perhaps so, Bates—perhaps so. I think the best thing we can do is to consult an expert. Not a man who is versed in writings, but one of those clever gentlemen who make a study of ciphers. For all we know, there may be a common form of cipher in this paper.'

'That is my opinion, sir. Depend upon it, marbles have nothing to do with this mystery.'

'Mr Seaton wishes to see you, sir,' said a clerk at this moment.

'Indeed! Ask him to come in.—Good-morning, my dear sir,' as Seaton entered. 'We have just been discussing your little affair, Bates and I; but we can make nothing of it—positively nothing.'

'No; I suppose not,' Edgar replied lightly. 'I, for my part, cannot understand your making so much of a common scrap of paper. Depend upon it, the precious document is only an ordinary valedictory letter after all. Take my advice—throw it in the fire, and think no more about it.'

'Certainly not, sir,' Mr Carver replied indignantly. 'I don't for one moment believe it to be anything but an important cipher.—What are you smiling at?'

Edgar had caught sight of the yellow volume on the table, and could not repress a smile. 'Have you read those tales?' he said.

'Yes, I have; and they are particularly interesting.'

'Then I won't say any more,' Edgar replied. 'When a man is fresh from these romances, he is incapable of regarding ordinary life for a time. But the disease cures itself. In the course of a month or so, you will begin to forget these complications, and probably burn that fatal paper.'

'I intend to do nothing of the sort; I am going to submit it to an expert this afternoon, and get his opinion.'

'Yes. And he will keep it for a fortnight, after reading it over once, and then you will get an elaborate report, covering some sheets of paper, stating that it is an ordinary letter. Who was the enemy who lent you Poe's works?'

'I read those books before you were born, young man; and I may tell you—apart from them—that I am fully convinced that there is a mystery somewhere. 'Pon my word, you take the matter very coolly, considering all things. But let us put aside the mystery for a time, and tell me something of yourself.'

'I am looking up now, thanks to you and Felix,' Edgar replied gratefully. 'I have an appointment at last.'

'I am sure I am heartily glad to hear it. What is it?'

'It was the doing of Felix, of course. The editor of *Mayfair* was rather taken by my descriptive style in a paper which Felix showed him, and made me an offer of doing the principal continental gambling-houses in London.'

'Um,' said Mr Carver doubtfully. 'And the pay?'

'Is particularly good, besides which, I have the entrée of these places—the golden key, you know.'

'Have you told your wife about it?'

'Well, not altogether; she might imagine it was dangerous for me. She knows partly what I am doing; but I must not frighten her. I have had two nights of it, and apart from the excitement and the heat, it is certainly not dangerous.'

'I am glad of that,' said Mr Carver; 'and am heartily pleased to hear of your success—providing it lasts.'

'Oh, it is sure to last, for I have hundreds of places to go to. To-night I am going to a foreign place in Leicester Square. I go about midnight, and think I may generally be able to get home about two. I have to go alone always.'

'Well, I hope now you have started, you will continue as well,' Mr Carver said heartily; 'at anyrate, you can continue until I unravel the mystery, and place you in possession of your fortune. Until then, it will do very well.'

'I am not going to count on that,' Edgar replied; 'and if it is a failure, I shall not be so disappointed as you, I fancy.'

CHAPTER VIII.

It wanted a few minutes to eleven o'clock, the same night when Seaton turned into Long Acre on his peculiar business. A sharp walk soon brought him to the Alhambra, whence the people were pouring out into the square. Turning down —— Street, he soon reached his destination—a long narrow house, in total darkness—a sombre contrast to the neighbouring buildings, which were mostly a blaze of light, and busy with the occupations of life. A quiet double rap for some time produced no impression; and just as he had stood upon the doorstep long enough to acquire considerable impatience, a sliding panel in the door was pushed back, and a face, in the dim gas-light, was obtruded. A short but somewhat enigmatical conversation ensued, at the end of which the door was grudgingly opened, and Edgar found himself in black darkness. The truculent attendant having barricaded the exit, gave a peculiar whistle, and immediately the light in the hall was turned up. It was a perfectly bare place; but the carpet underfoot was of the heaviest texture, and apparently—as an extra precaution—had been covered with india-rubber matting, so that the footsteps were perfectly deadened; indeed, not the slightest footfall could be heard. Following his guide in the direction of the rear of the house, and ascending a short flight of steps, Edgar was thrust unceremoniously into a dark room, the door of which was immediately closed behind him and locked. For a few seconds, Edgar stood quite at a loss to understand his position, till the peculiar whistle was again repeated, and immediately, as if by magic, the room was brilliantly lighted. When Edgar recovered from the glare, he looked curiously around. It was a large room, without windows, save a long skylight, and furnished with an evident aim at culture; but though the furniture was handsome, it was too gaudy to please a tasteful eye. The principal component parts consisted of glass gilt and crimson velvet; quite the sort of apartment that the boy-hero discovers, when he is led with dauntless mien and defiant eye into the presence of the Pirate king; and indeed some of the faces of the men seated around the green board would have done perfectly well for that bloodthirsty favourite of our juvenile fiction.

There were some thirty men in the room, two-thirds of them playing rouge-et-noir; nor did they cease their rapt attention to the game for one moment to survey the new-comer, that office being perfectly filled by the Argus-eyed proprietor, who was moving unceasingly about the room. 'Will you play, sare?' he said insinuatingly to Edgar, who was leisurely surveying the group and making little mental notes for his guidance.

'Thanks! Presently, when I have finished my cigar,' he replied.

'Ver good, sare, ver good. Will not m'sieu take some refreshment—a leetle champein or eau-de-vie?'

'Anything,' Edgar replied carelessly, as the polite proprietor proceeded to get the desired refreshment.

For a few minutes, Edgar sat watching his incongruous companions, as he drank sparingly of the champagne before him. The gathering was of the usual run of such places, mostly foreigners, as befitted the neighbourhood, and not particularly desirable foreigners at that. On the green table the stakes were apparently small, for Edgar could see nothing but silver, with here and there a piece of gold. At a smaller table four men were playing the game called poker for small stakes; but what particularly interested Edgar was a young man deep in the fascination of écarté with a man who to him was evidently a stranger. The younger man—quite a boy, in fact—was losing heavily, and the money on the table here was gold alone, with some bank-notes. Directly Edgar saw the older man, who was winning steadily, he knew him at once; only two nights before he had seen him in a gambling-house at the West End playing the same game, with the same result. Standing behind the winner was a sinister-looking scoundrel, backing the winner's luck with the unfortunate youngster, and occasionally winning a half-crown from a tall raw-looking American, who was apparently simple enough to risk his money on the loser. Attracted by some impulse he could not understand, Edgar quitted his seat and took his stand alongside the stranger, who was losing his money with such simple good-nature.

'Stranger, you have all the luck, and that's a fact. There goes another piece of my family plate. Your business is better 'n gold-mining, and I want you to believe it,' drawled the American, passing another half-crown across the table.

'You are a bit unlucky,' replied the stranger, with a flash of his white teeth; 'but your turn will come, particularly as the young gentleman is really the better player. I should back him myself, only I believe in a man's luck.'

'Wall, now, I shouldn't wonder if the younker is the best player,' the American replied, with an emphasis on the last word. 'So I fancy I shall give him another trial. He's a bit like a young hoss, he is—but he's honest.'

'You don't mean to insinuate we're not on the square, eh?' said the lucky player sullenly; 'because, if that is so'——

'Now, don't you get riled, don't,' said the American soothingly. 'I'm a peaceable individual, and apt to get easily frightened. I'm a-goin' to back the young un again.'

The game proceeded: the younger man lost.

Another game followed, the American backing him again, and gradually, in his excitement, bending further and further over the table. The players, deep in his movements, scarcely noticed him.

'My game!' said the elder man triumphantly. 'Did you ever see such luck in your life? Here is the king again.'

The American, quick as thought, picked up the pack of cards and turned them leisurely over in his hand. 'Wall, now, stranger,' he said, with great distinctness, 'I don't know much about cards, and that's a fact. I've seen some strange things in my time, but I never—no, never—seed a pack of cards before with two kings of the same suit.'

'It must be a mistake,' exclaimed the stranger, jumping to his feet with an oath. 'Perhaps the cards have got mixed.'

'Wall, it's not a nice mistake, I reckon. Out to Frisco, I seed a gentleman of your persuasion dance at his own funeral for a mistake like that. He didn't dance long, and the exertion killed him; at least that's what the crowner's jury said.'

'Do you mean to insinuate that I'm a swindler, sir? Do you mean to infer that I cheated this gentleman?' blustered the detected sharper, approaching the speaker with a menacing air.

'That *is* about the longitude of it,' replied the American cheerfully.

Without another word and without the slightest warning, the swindler rushed at the American; but he had evidently reckoned without his host, for he was met by a crashing blow full in the face, which sent him reeling across the room. His colleague deeming discretion the better part of valour, and warned by a menacing glance from Edgar, desisted from his evident intention of aiding in the attack.

By this time the sinister proprietor and the players from the other tables had gathered round, evidently, from the expression of their eyes, ripe for any sort of mischief and plunder. Clearly, the little group were in a desperate strait.

'Have it out,' whispered Edgar eagerly to his gaunt companion. 'I'm quite with you. They certainly mean mischief.'

'All right, Britisher,' replied the American coolly. 'I'll pull through it somehow. Keep your back to mine.'

The proprietor was the first to speak. 'I understand, sare, you accuse one of my customer of the cheat. Cheat yourself—pah!' he said, snapping his fingers in the American's face. 'Who are you, sare, that comes here to accuse of the cheat?'

'Look here,' said the American grimly. 'My name is Æneas B. Slimm, generally known as Long Ben. I don't easily rile, you grinning little monkey; but when I do rile, I rile hard, and that's a fact. I ain't been in the mines for ten years without knowing a scoundrel when I meet him, and I never had the privilege of seein' such a fine sample as I see around me to-night. Now you open that door right away; you hear me say it.'

The Frenchman clenched his teeth determinedly, but did not speak, and the crowd gathered more closely around the trio.

'Stand back!' shouted Mr Slimm—'stand back, or some of ye will suffer. Will you open that door?'

The only answer was a rush by some one in the crowd, a movement which that some one bitterly repented, for the iron-clamped toe of the American's boot struck him prone to the floor, sick and faint with the pain. At this moment the peculiar whistle was heard, and the room was instantly in darkness. Before the crowd could collect themselves for a rush, Mr Slimm passed his hand beneath his long coat-tails and produced a flat lantern, which was fastened round his waist like a policeman's, and which gave sufficient light to guard against any attack; certainly enough light to show the hungry swindlers the cold gleam of a revolver barrel covering the assembly. The American passed a second weapon to Edgar, and stood calmly waiting for the next move.

'Now,' he said, sullenly and distinctly, 'I think we are quits. We air going to leave this pleasant company right away, but first we propose to do justice. Where is the artist who plays cards with two kings of one suit? He 'd better come forward, because this weapon has a bad way of going off. He need not fancy I can't see him, because I can. He is skulking behind the brigand with the ear-rings.'

The detected swindler came forward sullenly.

'Young man,' said Mr Slimm, turning towards the boy who had been losing so heavily, 'how much have you lost?'

The youngster thought a moment, and said about twenty pounds.

'Twenty pounds. Very good.—Now, my friend, I 'm going to trouble you for the loan of twenty pounds. I don't expect to be in a position to pay you back just at present; but until I do, you can console yourself by remembering that virtue is its own reward. Come, no sulking; shell out that money, or'——

With great reluctance, the sharper produced the money and handed it over to the youth. The American watched the transaction with grave satisfaction, and then turned to the landlord. 'Mr Frenchman, we wish you a very good-night. We have not been very profitable customers, nor have we trespassed upon your hospitality. If you want payment badly, you can get it out of the thief who won my half-crowns.—Good-night, gentlemen; we may meet again. If we do, and I am on the jury, I 'll give you the benefit of the doubt.'

A moment later, they were in the street, and walking away at a brisk pace, the ungrateful youth disappearing with all speed.

'I am much obliged to you,' Edgar said; 'you got me well out of that.'

'Not at all,' Mr Slimm replied modestly; 'you would have got out of it yourself; you 've plenty of grit.'

'Well, I don't know,' Edgar said admiringly; 'I would give something to have your pluck and coolness.'

'Practice,' replied the American dryly. 'That isn't what I call a scrape—that's only a little amusement. But I was rather glad you were with me. I like the look of your face; there's plenty of character there. As to that pesky young snip, if I 'd known he was going to slip off like that, do you think I should have bothered about his money for him? No, sir.'

'I fancy he was too frightened to say or do much.'

'Perhaps so.—Have a cigar?—I daresay he's some worn-out roué of eighteen, all his nerves destroyed by late hours and dissipation, at a time when he ought to be still at his books.'

'Do you always get over a thing as calmly as this affair?' asked Edgar, at the same time manipulating one of his companion's huge cigars. 'I don't think dissipation has had much effect on *your* nerves.'

'Well, it don't, and that's a fact,' Mr Slimm admitted candidly; 'and I've had my fling too.—I tell you what it is, Mr—Mr'——

'Seaton—Edgar Seaton is my name.'

'Well, Mr Seaton, I've looked death in the face too often to be put out by a little thing like that. When a man has slept, as I have, in the mines with a matter of one thousand ounces of gold in his tent for six weeks, among the most awful blackguards in the world, and plucky blackguards too, his nerves are fit for most anything afterwards. That's what I done, ay, and had to fight for it more than once.'

'But that does not seem so bad as some dangers.'

'Isn't it?' replied the American with a shudder. 'When you wake up and find yourself in bed with a rattlesnake, you've got a chance then; when you are on the ground with a panther over you, there is just a squeak then; but to go to sleep expecting to wake up with a knife in your ribs, is quite another apple.—Well, I must say good-night. Here is Covent Garden. I am staying at the *Bedford*. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and don't forget to ask for Æneas Slimm.'

'I will come,' said Edgar, with a hearty handshake.—'Good-night.'

SNOW-BLOSSOM.

UNDER the above title, Professor Wittrock, in *Nordenskjöld's Studies and Researches in the Far North*, has given us a wonderful and exhaustive account of the lowest order of plants—those which have their existence on the surface of the snow and ice, and colour the monotonous white or dirty gray of the everlasting snowfields with the warmest and most lovely rosy red and crimson, vivid green, and soft brown, until it almost appears as if these frigid zones have also their time of spring and blossom.

Late researches go to show that the snow and ice flora is far greater and richer than was at one time supposed. Formerly, people had only heard of 'red snow'—which Agardh poetically calls 'snow-blossoms'—and 'green snow,' first discovered by the botanist Unger—specimens of which were brought from Spitzbergen by Dr Kjellmann, and from Greenland by Dr Berlin. But a closer examination has discovered in the 'green snow' about a dozen different kinds of plants, and these not merely comprising the *lowest* order, but also including some mosses. The latter, however, were only in their germinating state, looking like the green threads of algæ, and therefore showing a much inferior degree of development to that which they would have if growing on a warmer substratum. The flora of the loose snow, too, is generally far richer than that of the solid ice; already forty different varieties of plants having been found, which number will no doubt be greatly increased by every fresh expedition to the arctic zone. On the solid ice, only ten different kinds have been observed.

There is a great difference between the real ice and snow plants which grow exclusively on the snow-line and those hardened children of the sun which only grow on the snow. The latter all belong to the one-celled microscopic algæ of the lowest order, which increase by partition, possessing no generic character, and generally appearing in large horizontal masses of vegetable matter. They are also distinguished by seldom having the pure green chlorophyll colour of other plants, but instead display shades of red, brown, and sap green, whence they have been named coloured algæ.

Some botanists suppose that the chief and most numerous of all the algæ, the red snow, only represents a lower state of a higher class of algæ which has never attained to full development in the region of perpetual snow; and this supposition is the more remarkable, as the brilliant red granules of this species—about the four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter—probably surpass in reproductive powers every other plant. They cover enormous tracts of snow in such dense masses that it sometimes appears as if the snow was coloured blood-red to the depth of several feet. Ever since it was first found, red snow has greatly exercised the minds of the learned. It is often mentioned in old writings, though whether the red snow referred to took its colour from the red algæ or from the meteor-dust which contains iron, is not certain. But there is no doubt that it was the real red-snow algæ which De Saussure found in his Alpine expeditions. He mentions this phenomenon several times in 1760, and states that he had found the most beautiful species on Mont St Bernard, but had thought it must be pollen, wafted thither by the wind, although he knew of no plant that had that kind of red pollen.

The knowledge that the red snow of the polar regions and mountains owes its colour to a living plant, only dates from the year 1818, when Ross and Parry made their celebrated polar expedition, and Ross discovered the 'crimson cliffs' of the coast of Greenland, six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here the red snow coloured the rocky walls of Baffin's Bay a rich glowing crimson, reaching in some parts to a depth of nine or ten feet, and close to Cape York extending over a distance of eight nautical miles. Various were the surmises and conjectures as to the origin and nature of the phenomenon. Bauer was the first to examine it under a microscope, and he fancied the organic red granules represented a species of fungus. The same year, Charpentier, the great Alpine explorer, started the idea that the red appearance was caused by some meteoric matter, which, falling from the sky, spread over the immense tracts of snow. Hooker was the first who recognised the true nature of this new plant, and compared it to the red slime algæ which are found floating in blood-red masses in water or damp places; while Wrangel declared the granules had apparently no organic substratum, and they must therefore be of the lichen

tribe, suggesting also that the germs were generated by the electricity in the air, for he had once seen a rock split in two by lightning, the sides of which were thickly covered with a red dust similar in nature to the 'red snow.' Two more botanists agreed that the red granules were 'red powder that had become organic matter in the oxidised snow;' the stern hard rock as it decayed had defied death, and come to life again in a new form. It remained for Agardh to put an end to these various fancies by proving the undoubted algal nature of the plant, and to give it, besides, its poetical name of 'snow-blossom,' the scientific one of crimson primitive snow-germ (*Protococcus Kermesina nivalis*). In 1838, Ehrenberg watched the development of this new species by sowing some specimens he had brought with him from the Swiss Alps, on snow, and noting how they developed first into green and then into red granules, joined together like a chain; he called it snow granulæ (*Sphærella nivalis*), which name it still bears.

Even now, the wild theories about the red snow were not yet ended. Seeing that the young spores of the algæ moved incessantly backwards and forwards in the water, the idea arose that they were animalcula, and 'red snow' only the lowest form of animal life. By degrees, however, it came to be an accepted fact that this voluntary motion does not belong exclusively to animal life, and that the young spores of the lower plants, although they move freely about in the water, and are plentifully provided with fine hair-like threads like the real infusoria, still remain plants, and never turn into animals. And thus the plant-nature of the 'snow-blossom' was finally settled.

The red-snow alga found on the Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and also on the summits of the North American mountains as far down as California, is not, however, such a determined enemy to heat as its having its home in the ice-region would imply. In the arctic circle, as well as on our own mountains of perpetual snow, especially on Monte Rosa, the red snow is seen in summer like a light rose-coloured film, which gradually deepens in colour, particularly in the track of human footsteps, till at length it turns almost black. In this state, however, it is not a rotten mass, but consists principally of carefully capsuled 'quiescent spores,' in which state these microscopic atoms pass the winter, bearing in this form the greatest extremes of temperature. Some have been exposed to a dry heat of a hundred degrees, and were found still to retain life-bearing properties; while others, again, were exposed with impunity to the greatest cold known in science. This proves that the reproductive organs in a capsuled state can bear vast extremes of temperature without injury; a significant fact, in which lies the secret of the indestructibility of those germs which are recognised as promoters of so many diseases.

Time, too, that great destroyer of most things, seems to pass harmlessly over this capsuled life. If the spores find no favourable outlet for their development, they do not die, no matter how long a time they may remain thus; and so the dried remains of red snow brought home from various polar expeditions have, even after the lapse of several years, fructified. During the uninterrupted light of the arctic summers, the 'snow blossom' develops itself so rapidly, that at last it covers vast and endless tracts of snow. Although the sun does not rise very high above the horizon even at midsummer, yet, owing to the great clearness and dryness of the atmosphere in those high regions, it has a considerable degree of warmth at noon, and Nordenskjöld observed that one day in July, at mid-day, the temperature just above the snow was between twenty-five and thirty degrees centigrade. But it must not be supposed that the red alga vegetates in the pure snow; this would not be possible, as, according to chemical analysis, its body contains numerous mineral substances. The outer skin or membrane, particularly, in which the granulæ are stored seems to hold a quantity of silicon; but chalk, iron, and other mineral substances peculiar to the vegetable world, are also not found wanting in the ashes of the red snow. In fact, the upper surface of the snow and ice always shows, whenever it has lain long enough, a thin coating of inorganic dust, which brings to the snow alga the mineral constituent parts it requires.

Nordenskjöld gives some very interesting details about this dust, from observations made during his various expeditions. At one time it was supposed to be a slimy mass carried down from the hills which pierce the snow, and lodged on the lower stretches of its upper surface; but Nordenskjöld found this same dust in like quantity on the interior ice-fields of Greenland, where for miles around there were no mountains near, and also on ice-hummocks that quite surmounted the ice-plains, as well as on the nearest hills. During their long sojourn in the land of ice, they searched very carefully for any traces of small stones even as large as a pin's head; but they could find none; while many square miles were covered by this fine dust, gray in its dry state, and becoming black when moist. It was therefore at last decided that this dark-coloured matter must be a precipitate from the atmosphere, and that the summer sun melting the snows, had allowed numerous dust-showers to accumulate thus, one on the top of the other. Nordenskjöld further thinks that it is not exclusively earth-dust wafted thither by currents of air, but that it contains a number of metallic particles, that can be extracted by a magnet, consisting, like the metallic meteor-stones, of iron, nickel, and cobalt. This metallic cosmic dust, which has been noticed previously in our pages, and which is spread over the whole world, is best observed and gathered on these vast snow and ice fields, and as it also bears a similitude to our ordinary earth-dust, Nordenskjöld has given it the name of Kyrokonit, or ice-dust.

At first, the alga of the red snow was looked upon as the sole inhabitant of the ice-lands of the polar regions; but in 1870, Dr Berggren, botanist of Nordenskjöld's expedition, discovered a second or reddish-brown alga. It is allied to the 'snow-blossom,' but has this peculiarity, that it is never found on *snow*, but combined with the kyrokonit, it covers enormous tracts of *ice*, giving to them a beautiful purple brown tint, which greatly adds to their beauty. Besides growing on the surface of the ice, this red-brown alga was also found in holes one or two feet deep, and three or four feet across, in some parts so

numerous and close together that there was scarcely standing-room between them. A closer examination showed that this very alga was the cause of these holes, as wherever it spreads itself, it favours the melting of the ice. The dark-brown body absorbs more heat than either the gray dust or the snow, therefore it sinks ever deeper into the hollows, until the slanting rays of the sun can no longer reach it.

Thus these microscopic algæ play the same part on the ice-fields of Greenland that small stones do on European glaciers. By creating holes, they give the warm summer air a larger surface to take hold of, and thus materially assist the melting of the ice. Perhaps it is to these microscopic atoms that we owe some of the vast changes that our globe has experienced; it may be by their agency that the vast wastes of snow that in the glacial period covered great tracts both of the European and American continents for some distance from the poles, have melted gradually away and given place to shady woods and fields of grain. It is indeed a remarkable instance of the power and importance of even the smallest thing in nature; all the more interesting in this case, that the sun creates for itself in these tiny dark atoms, the instruments for boring through the ice.

One important fact we must not forget to mention in conclusion, namely, that these microscopic plants have tempted many insects—to which they serve as food—into these inhospitable regions. A small black glacier flea lives principally on the red snow; and even in the arctic regions we find many tiny insects subsisting entirely on the red and green algæ. These insects, too, possess the same property as the algæ, of shutting themselves up in capsules during the long winter, and like them too, remain alive even when in a dried condition. When Professor Wittrock, in the winter of 1880 to 1881, placed the dried spores of the red snow in water to germinate, a number of tiny colourless worms appeared, still living. Thus even the stern, rigid north pole cannot prevent the universal spread of life; and if those cosmological prophets are right who declare that the whole surface of the earth will one day be covered with snow and ice, then these minute insects will have an ample store of food in the red, green, and brown algæ, and as the last of living beings, will be able to mock at the general stagnation; ay, perhaps even become the foundation of a fresh development of life on our earth, should any cosmical cause sufficiently increase the temperature.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EXTENDED USE OF GAS COOKING-STOVES.

We have repeatedly called attention to the practical utility and convenience of gas-stoves for cooking purposes, and facts to hand seem to show that these are being largely taken advantage of by the public. Many gas Companies now lend them out at a cheap rate, and they may be had for purchase at a price to suit most buyers. Since the Corporation Gas Company of Glasgow introduced the system of hiring out these stoves, about three thousand five hundred had been lent out in six months, and the demand continues unabated. In hotels, restaurants, and many a private home, they are found doing their work with economy, ease, and a great saving of labour.

Dr Stevenson Macadam, speaking of gas-cooking in its sanitary aspects, says: 'The wholesomeness of the meat cooked in the gas-stoves must be regarded as beyond doubt; gas-cooked meat will be found to be more juicy and palatable, and yet free from those alkaloidal bodies produced during the confined cooking of meat, which are more or less hurtful, and even poisonous.' A joint cooked in a gas-oven weighs heavier than the same joint cooked in a coal-oven, from the fact, that in the case of the gas-cooked joint the juices are more perfectly preserved.

At the East London Hospital, where the entire cooking for an enormous number of patients is done by gas, the managers calculate that fully six hundred pounds is saved yearly since the introduction of gas-cooking.

For the extended use of gas-stoves in Scotland, the public is greatly indebted to R. and A. Main, Glasgow, who are ever ready to adopt everything new in gas-apparatus. Gas is also now largely used in connection with washing by means of steam. When we noticed Morton's Steam-washer, probably not more than half a dozen had adopted this easy and economical method of washing, in Scotland, and now those who do so may be counted by the hundred.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY COUPLING.

For several months past, some of the goods-wagons working the traffic on the South Dock Railway lines of the East and West India Dock Company have (says the *Times*) been fitted with a new form of coupling, which possesses several important advantages over the ordinary coupling. Not the least of these are simplicity in construction and automaticity, combined with certainty in action. The coupling is the invention of Mr J. H. Betteley, of 42 Old Broad Street, London, and consists of a long shackle which is attached to the drawbar, and stands out at a slight angle of depression from the carriage or wagon. Connected with this shackle is a hook of special shape, which is attached to a bar running across the carriage front, and having a short lever fixed on either end just outside the buffers. To couple the vehicles, they are run together in the usual way, and, on meeting, the shackle on one carriage runs up the shackle on the other and instantly engages with the hook. Thus the shunter has no dangerous work whatever to perform. To uncouple, he has simply to depress the lever, which action raises the hook and releases the shackle. The hook is so formed that no matter how much bumping of the carriages there may be, it cannot be freed from the shackle without the intervention of the lever, and the combination therefore forms a perfectly safe and reliable coupling. In fact, the whole train could be coupled up automatically, and the engaged hook and shackle then constitute a locking apparatus which prevents the carriages becoming accidentally detached. The coupling can, moreover, be used on any kind of railway vehicle, and it is of no moment if the couplings are not all on the same level, as the higher shackle will

always travel up the lower one and engage with the hook of the latter. The apparatus has been examined and the trucks fitted with it have been severely tested by General Hutchinson and Major Marindin, of the Board of Trade, who have given it their united approval. It certainly appears to be well fitted to supersede the ordinary coupling, which has cost so many lives.

CHARLES DICKENS AT WORK.

An unpretentious volume entitled *Charles Dickens* has been issued in the 'World's Workers' series (Cassell & Co.), written by the eldest daughter of the great novelist. It is simply and pleasantly compiled, and though it may be read through at a sitting, it gives a good idea as to what manner of man Dickens was, and how he lived, talked, wrote, and spoke. As Forster's Life of Dickens is beyond the reach of many, this book, which has been specially written for the young, will form a good introduction to his writings, of which there is a complete summary at the end of the volume. It forms an affectionate tribute from a daughter to a father, and, as was to be expected, exhibits the more human side of his character. A sketch of his demeanour in his study, as witnessed by one of his daughters, who had been taken there after an illness, will have the charm of novelty to many people. 'For a long time there was no sound but the rapid moving of his pen on the paper; then suddenly he jumped up, looked at himself in the glass, rushed back to his desk, then to the glass again, when presently he turned round and faced his daughter, staring at her, but not seeing her, and talking rapidly to himself, then once more back to his desk, where he remained writing until luncheon-time. . . . It was wonderful to see how completely he threw himself into the character his own imagination had made, his face, indeed his whole body, changing, and he himself being lost entirely in working out his own ideas. Small wonder that his works took so much out of him, for he did literally *live* in his books while writing them, turning his own creations into living realities, with whom he wept, and with whom he rejoiced.'

PLASTERING MADE EASY.

Architects and those interested in the erection of new houses have frequently looked upon the application of plaster as one of the greatest drawbacks of modern building, showing, besides, a marked deterioration from old plaster-work, such as that found on walls of ancient buildings, some of which, of a highly decorative character, may still be found almost as sound as when first executed. In Hardwick Old Hall, Derbyshire, though roof and floor are gone, the decorative friezes still remain in wonderful preservation. Many ancient manor-houses and farm-buildings show specimens of fine and enduring plaster-work.

A new cement has been invented, and patented, which appears to have the qualities of both cement and plaster, and greatly simplifies the process. The patentees are Joseph Robinson & Co., of the Knothill Cement and Plaster Works, near Carlisle, who have been engaged in the manufacture of plaster for the past sixty years. From the almost inexhaustible products of their alabaster quarries in Inglewood Forest, this new cement is made. It is claimed for it that, while being equal to the Keene's and Parian cements now in use, it is cheap enough to be used as they are, and also as a substitute for ordinary plastering.

In the erection of new buildings, the plasterer's pit takes up much room, and is often looked upon as a necessary evil. In putting on the common three coats of plaster, the second and third can only be laid on when that before it is sufficiently dry. Owing to the unequal shrinkage of the different materials, it is often an uncertain method of doing good work. When using the cement we speak of, the plasterers can be put into a room with the requisite quantities of sand and cement, and work straight away. There is no delay required for drying, for as fast as one coat is done, the finishing coat can be run on and the whole completed. It has the merit, also, of neither shrinking nor expanding, is impervious to absorption and infection, and its hard surface affords facilities for washing or taking on paint.

As to its fire-resisting qualities, Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, is of opinion that it 'would be much more effectual in preventing the spread of fire than any other of the common plasters or cements generally used in this country.'

AT WAKING.

I bore dead Love unto his grave,
Beneath a willow, in winter's rain,
Where he might feel the branches wave,
And hear me, if he woke again.

One withered rose-tree on his tomb
I planted, so that, by-and-by,
If he should wake, the rose might bloom,
And I should know, and hear him cry.

I decked his breast with rosemary,
Laid on his lips one violet,
That once he kissed; I think if he
Should wake, he will not quite forget.

I set a crown about his brow,
The crown affection weaves and wears;
At waking, he will hardly know,
I fear, whose diadem he shares.

I placed a lily in his hand—
Sceptre of his dead sovereignty;
At waking, will he understand
Who placed it there, to bloom or die?

I laid my heart, that for his sake
Remembers now no old sweet strain,
Close to his ear; he, if he wake,
Perchance may tune its strings again.

If he should wake! Till death be dead,
Till life begin, and sleep be past,
Till on his breast he lay thy head,
And flowers begin to bloom at last—

O soul, remember! lest by thee
That unknown sweetness be forgot
Which now thou lookest for, and he
Bid thee 'Depart! I know thee not.'

SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

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LITERARY ENDEAVOUR.

A recent writer remarks that 'the practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind. To find the right word is so doubtful a success, and lies so near to failure, that there is no satisfaction in a year of it.' A cynical warning, indeed; but there is, we think, no danger of a scarcity of literary effort in the immediate future, whatever the appreciable results of it may be. There will always be a host of aspirants for literary honours, and the reason of this may perhaps lie, to a certain extent, in that very uncertainty which attends the pursuit of letters as an avocation; the brilliant rewards which have been earned and the underlying risk of failure, present together the very conditions of enterprise most powerfully attractive to many minds. For it must be remembered that there is no fixedness in the canon either of public opinion or of criticism in literature; that which fails to win attention to-day, may attract to-morrow; and success, especially that form of it which results from passing popularity, is in many cases very much dependent on the proverbial fickleness of the reading public. It would be difficult, we think, on other grounds than that of this attractiveness of the chances and prizes of the literary occupation, to account for the active competition which is so observable in the profession. That the pure literary faculty, as a stimulus, does not form a distinguishing characteristic of all aspirants, is plain enough. No doubt, a great impetus has been given to literary endeavour by the periodical press, which, by popularising ephemeral literature among the masses, and by its own requirements of supply, has thus increased its production. And the same is true of the newspaper press also, with its opportunities for the contribution of correspondence, which, though frequently a humble enough opening for talent, has often sufficed to originate and foster the habit of more ambitious composition.

The canon of literary criticism is, we have said, not an unvarying one. But undoubtedly there is, for all perfect, and still more for all enduring work in the world of letters a certain measure and standard of excellence in the mode of expression, which even the most brilliant genius cannot afford wholly to disregard, but which is as incapable of exact definition as it is difficult of attainment. It is much more, certainly, than 'the finding of the right word,' even granting that the right idea be behind it. A literary composition may be characterised by the most perfect accuracy of expression, may be faultless in every detail, and yet be after all a very mediocre piece of work at the best, though it may be difficult exactly to indicate in what respect it is defective. We can only in a case of this kind point to acknowledged merit as possessing what the attempt in question lacks.

It has also to be noted that excellence in literary workmanship is properly independent both of the nature of its subject and the scale on which it is executed. An instance of this may be found in Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*. In these apparently careless sketches, a designedly trivial subject is chosen; the treatment of it is everything, and the artistic finish is of the highest; the subject is dwarfed in the handling, and yet the very handling interests the reader abnormally in the subject. Perhaps, however, this subordination of the subject to the treatment —as in the inimitable narrative of the schoolboy purchasing, from his companion, the pencil-case with the movable calendar atop—is as a whole inferior to that method by which the incidents of the subject are brought out in relief, as it were, by the simplicity of the description, so much so, that the art of that simplicity is concealed. Nathaniel Hawthorne in his *House of the Seven Gables* and several of the *Twice-told Tales* has some exquisitely pellucid specimens of this complete literary facility. In such masterpieces we see the results only, without any indication of the labour involved in its execution. The statue is there in all its finished loveliness, but the chips of the marble have been swept away. 'How clear and flowing your melody is,' was

once remarked to an eminent musical composer; 'how easily you must write!' 'Ah!' replied he, 'you little know with what hard work that ease you speak of has been purchased.' When the late Charles Mathews was playing in Melbourne, fifteen years ago, he received what he considered the highest compliment of his professional career. A little girl in the audience was asked by her friends at the conclusion of the performance how she was pleased, to which she replied: 'I didn't care for Mr Mathews' acting a bit; he just walked up and down the stage as papa walks up and down the dining-room at home.' It is the fact of this appearance of perfect spontaneity in the highest art, being really the outcome of the most assiduous care, that renders it so truly inimitable, and the counterfeit so easy of detection. The 'round O of Giotto' was only a perfect circle, but it needed the master-hand to execute it with a simple sweep of the crayon. Ruskin tells us in one of his treatises on Landscape Painting, that in some of the greatest works of genius, an effect which is almost magical at the proper focal distance, is conveyed by what appears, to the uninstructed eye and viewed close at hand, to be a mere dash of loaded colour, but which in reality could not be added to or diminished by the smallest particle without detracting from the effect.

If it be true that literary excellence is only to be attained by the patient bestowal of 'infinite pains,' that there is no easy method of reaching it, it is no less the fact that, as a general rule, the time is wasted—perhaps worse than wasted—which is devoted by the young writer to a laborious imitation of the style of any distinguished author. Such an imitation is generally an unsuccessful one, and results in a reproduction of the faults and defects of the original without its graces. The advice Dr Johnson gave to those 'desirous of attaining the English style,' to 'give their days and nights to the volumes of Addison,' must be taken with reserve. Such a style, though eminently beautiful in itself, would practically nowadays be out of date, even if faithfully reproduced, while at the same time it is most likely that the student would overlook that deficiency of force with which the manner of Addison is fairly chargeable. The best model for style is not that of any particular or favourite writer, but rather the excellency of the best writers generally—the highest qualities of the highest types.

We have hitherto spoken of that perfect mastery of our language in writing which has been the possession of those famous in the history of English letters, and it may be inquired if such a high standard should in all cases be necessarily aimed at, seeing that for many purposes of everyday life a lesser degree of cultivation might be found as practically useful. To this it is sufficient to reply that much positive good must result from an endeavour to follow the best examples in the practice of any art, and further, that such an endeavour will be found the surest way by which to avoid all faulty and careless work, which can under no possible conditions be praiseworthy or even tolerable. No young writer can afford to write carelessly, till such time, at all events, as he has become fully versed in his art, when he will probably find that to write with the effect of carelessness is beyond his power. At the same time, young writers should be careful not to adopt for imitation a style of too great elevation, for by so doing they may find that they have contracted that worst of all literary diseases—bombast.

In estimating the amount of labour bestowed on the production of literary work, care must be taken to include the original mental processes involved in the conception of the ideas, as well as the subsequent elaboration of them in detail; the higher sort of composition includes both; and it is evident that when the question comes to be one of the labour of origination, we find ourselves in a region where estimate is all but impossible. 'The workshop of the imagination' will reveal no record of its toil. Edgar Allan Poe, indeed, in his *Philosophy of Composition* introduces us to what he would have us believe to be the very beginnings of invention, endeavouring to portray the very earliest growth of his marvellous constructive faculty exemplified in his poem of *The Raven*. But his explanation reads more like an intellectual pastime than a reality, even if it were beyond question that the central idea of the poem was original, and not borrowed from an eastern source. In the case of Auguste Comte, however, we have an instance of the amount of intellectual travail which may often precede the birth of a great work, the mental preparation before the committal of the thoughts to paper. To quote M. Littré's account of Comte's method: 'Here is the way in which he composed each of the six volumes of the Positive philosophy. He thought the subject over without writing a word; from the whole he passed to the secondary groups, from the secondary groups to the details. Then, when this elaboration, first total, then partial, was completed, he said that his volume was done.'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE three weeks' difference in practical time between England and the West Indies, due to the mail, made the day that Edward and Marian spent at Southampton exactly coincide with the one when Mr Dupuy and his nephew Tom went up to view old Mr Hawthorn's cattle at Agualta Estate, Trinidad. On that very same evening, while Nora and Harry were walking together among the fields behind the battery, Mr Tom Dupuy was strolling leisurely by himself in the cool dusk, four thousand miles away, on one of the innumerable shady bridle-paths that thread the endless tangled hills above Pimento Valley.

Mr Tom was smoking a very big Manila cheroot, and was accompanied upon his rounds by a huge and ferocious-looking Cuban bloodhound, the

hungry corners of whose great greedy slobbering mouth hung down hideously on either side in loose folds of skin of the most bloodthirsty and sinister aspect. As he went along, Tom Dupuy kept patting affectionately from time to time his four-footed favourite, to whom, nevertheless, every now and again he applied, as it seemed out of pure wantonness, the knotted lash of the cruel dog-whip which he carried jauntily in his right hand. The dog, however, formidable as he was, so far from resenting this unkindly treatment, appeared to find in it something exceedingly congenial to his own proper barbarous nature; for after each such savage cut upon his bare flanks from the knotted hide, he only cowered for a second, and then fawned the more closely and slavishly than ever upon his smiling master, looking up into his face with a strange approving glance from his dull eyes, that seemed to say: 'Exactly the sort of thing I should do myself, if you were the dog, and I were the whip-holder.'

At a bend of the path, where the road turned suddenly aside to cross the dry bed of a winter torrent, Tom Dupuy came upon a clump of tall cabbage palms, hard by a low mud-built negro hut, overshadowed in front by two or three huge flowering bushes of crimson hibiscus. A tall, spare, gray-headed negro, in a coarse sack by way of a shirt, with his bare and sinewy arms thrust loosely through the long slits which alone did duty in the place of sleeve-holes, was leaning as he passed upon a wooden post. The bloodhound, breaking away suddenly from his master, at sight and smell of the black skin, its natural prey, rushed up fiercely towards the old labourer, and leapt upon him with a savage snarl of his big teeth, and with ominous glittering eyes. But the negro, stronger and more muscular than he looked, instead of flinching, caught the huge brute in his long lean arms, and flung him from him by main force with an angry oath, dashing his great form heavily against the rough pathway. Quick as lightning, the dog, leaping up again at once with diabolical energy in its big flabby mouth, was just about to spring once more upon his scowling opponent, when Tom Dupuy, catching him angrily by his leather collar, threw him down and held him back, growling fiercely, and showing his huge tearing teeth in a ferocious grin, after the wonted manner of his deadly kind. 'Quiet, Slot, quiet!' the master said, patting his hollow forehead with affectionate admiration. 'Quiet, sir; down this minute! Down, I tell you!—He's death on niggers, Delgado—death on niggers. You should stand out of the way, you know, when you see him coming. Of course, these dogs never can abide the scent of you black fellows. The *bookay d'Afreek* always drives a bloodhound frantic.'

The old negro drew himself up haughtily and sternly, and stared back in the insolent face of the slouching young white man with a proud air of native dignity. 'Buckra gentleman hab no right, den, to go about wid dem dog,' he answered angrily, fixing his piercing fiery eye on the bloodhound's face. 'Dem dog always spring at a black man wherebber dey find him. If you want to keep dem, you should keep dem tied up at de house, so as to do for watch-dog against tievin' naygur. But you doan't got no right to bring dem about de ro-ads, loose dat way, jumpin' up at people's troats, when dem standin' peaceable beside dem own hut here.'

Tom Dupuy laughed carelessly. 'It's their nature, you see, Delgado,' he answered with a pleasant smile, still holding the dog and caressing it lovingly. 'They and their fathers were trained long ago in slavery days to hunt runaway niggers up in the mountains and track them to their hiding-places, and drag them back, alive or dead, to their lawful masters; and of course that makes them run naturally after the smell of a nigger, as a terrier runs after the smell of a rat. When the rat sees the terrier coming, he scuttles off as hard as his legs can carry him into his hole; and when you see Slot's nose turning round the corner, you ought to scuttle off into your hut as quick as lightning, if you want to keep your black skin whole upon your body. Slot never can abide the smell of a nigger.—Can you, Slot, eh, old fellow?'

The negro looked at him with unconcealed aversion. 'I is not rat, Mistah Dupuy,' he said haughtily. 'I is gentleman myself, same as you is, sah, when I come here over from Africa.'

Tom Dupuy sneered openly in his very face. 'That's the way with all you Africans,' he answered with a laugh, as he flipped the ash idly from his big cheroot. 'I never knew an imported nigger yet, since I was born, that wasn't a king in his own country. Seems to me, they must all be kings over yonder in Congo, with never a solitary subject to divide between them.—But I say, my friend, what's going on over this way to-night, that so many niggers are going up all the time to the Methody chapel? Are you going to preach 'em a missionary sermon?'

Delgado glanced at him a trifle suspiciously. 'Dar is a prayer-meetin', sah,' he said with a cold look in his angry eye, 'up at Gilead. De bredderin gwine to meet dis ebenin'.'

'Ho, ho; so that's it! A prayer-meeting, is it? Well, if I go up there, will you let me attend it?'

Delgado's thick lip curled contemptuously, as he answered with a frown: 'When cockroach gib dance, him no ax fowl!'

'Ah, I see. The fowl would eat the cockroaches, would he? Well, then, Louis Delgado, I give you fair warning; if you don't want a white man to go and look on at your nigger meetings, depend upon it, it's because you're brewing some mischief or other up there against the constituted authorities. I shall tell my uncle to set his police to look well after you. You were always a bad-blooded, discontented, disaffected fellow, and I believe now you're up to some of your African devilry or other. No obeah,* mind you, Delgado—no obeah! Prayer-meetings, my good friend, as much as you like; but whatever you do, no obeah.'

'You tink I do obeah because I doan't will let you go to prayer-meetin'! Dat just like

* Obeah, a form of African magic or witchcraft.

white-man argument. Him tink de naygur can nebber be in de right. Old-time folk has little proverb: "Mountain sheep always guilty when jungle tiger sit to judge him."'

Tom Dupuy laughed and nodded. 'Well, good-night.—Down, Slot, down, good fellow; down, down, down, I tell you!—Good-night, Louis Delgado, and mind, whatever you do, no obeah!'

The negro watched him slowly round the corner, with a suspicious eye kept well fixed upon the reluctant stealthy retreat of the Cuban bloodhound; and as soon as Dupuy had got safely beyond earshot, he sat down in the soft dust that formed the bare platform outside his hut, and mumbled to himself, as negroes will do, a loud dramatic soliloquy, in every deep and varying tone of passion and hatred. 'Ha, ha, Mistah Tom Dupuy,' he began quietly, 'so you go about always wid de Cuban bloodhound, an' you laugh to see him spring at de troat ob de black man! You tink dat frighten him from come steal your cane an' your mangoes! You tink de black man afraid ob de dog, yarra! yarra! Ha, dat frighten Trinidad naygur, perhaps, but it doan't frighten salt-water naygur from Africa! I hab charms, I hab potion, I hab draught to quiet him! I doan't afraid ob fifty bloodhound. But it doan't good for buckra gentleman to walk about wid dog dat spring at de black man. Black man laugh to-day, perhaps, but press him heart tight widin him. De time come when black man will find him heart break out, an' de hate in it flow over an' make blood run, like dry ribber in de rainy season. Den him sweep away buckra, an' bloodhound, an' all before him; an' seize de country, colour for colour. De land is black, an' de land for de black man. When de black man burst him heart like ribber burst him bank in de rainy season, white man's house snap off before him like bamboo hut when de flood catch it!' As he spoke, he pushed his hands out expansively before him, and gurgled in his throat with fierce inarticulate African gutturals, that seemed to recall in some strange fashion the hollow eddying roar and gurgle of the mountain torrents in the rainy season.

'Chicken doan't nebber lub jackal, yarra,' he went on after a short pause of expectant triumph; 'an' naygur doan't nebber lub buckra, dat certain. But ob all de buckra in de island ob Trinidad, dem Dupuy is de very worst an' de very contemptfullest. Some day, black man will rise, an' get rid ob dem all for good an' ebber. If I like, I can kill dem all to-day; but I gwine to wait. De great an' terrible day ob de Lard is not come yet. Missy Dupuy ober in England, where de buckra come from. England is de white man's Africa; de missy dar to learn him catechism. I wait till Missy Dupuy come back before I kill de whole family. When de great an' terrible day ob de Lard arrive, I doan't leave a single Dupuy a libbin soul in de island ob Trinidad. I slay dem all, an' de missy wid dem, yarra, yarra!'

The last two almost inarticulate words were uttered with a yell of triumph. Hearing footsteps now approaching, he broke out into a loud soliloquy of exultation in his own native African language. It was a deep, savage-sounding West Coast dialect, full of harsh and barbaric clicks or gutturals; for Louis Delgado, as Tom Dupuy had rightly said, was 'an imported African'—a Coromantyn, sold as a slave some thirty years before to a Cuban slave-trader trying to break the blockade on the coast, and captured with all her living cargo by an English cruiser off Sombrero Island. The liberated slaves had been landed, according to custom, at the first British port where the cutter touched; and thus Louis Delgado—as he learned to call himself—a wild African born, from the Coromantyn seaboard, partially Anglicised and outwardly Christianised, was now a common West Indian plantation hand on the two estates of Orange Grove and Pimento Valley. There are dozens of such semi-civilised imported negroes still to be found under similar circumstances in every one of the West India islands.

As the steps gradually approached nearer, it became plain, from the soft footfall in the dust of the bridle-path, that it was a shoeless black person who was coming towards him. In a minute more, the new-comer had turned the corner, and displayed herself as a young and comely negress—pretty with the round, good-humoured African prettiness of smooth black skin, plump cheeks, clear eyes, and regular, even pearl-white teeth. The girl was dressed in a loose Manchester cotton print, brightly coloured, and not unbecoming, with a tidy red bandana bound turban-wise around her shapely head, but barefooted, barelimbed, and bare of neck and shoulder. Her figure was good, as the figure of most negresses usually is; and she held herself erect and upright with the peculiar lithe gracefulness said to be induced by the universal practice of carrying pails of water and other burdens on the top of the head from the very earliest days of negro childhood. As she approached Delgado, she first smiled and showed all her pretty teeth, as she uttered the customary polite salutation of 'Marnin'! sah, marnin'!' and then dropped a profound courtesy with an unmistakable air of awe and reverence.

Louis Delgado affected not to observe the girl for a moment, and went on jabbering loudly and fiercely to himself in his swift and fluent African jargon. But it was evident that his hearer was deeply impressed at once by this rapt and prophetic inattention of the strange negro, who spoke with tongues to vacant space in such an awful and intensely realistic fashion. She paused for a while and looked at him intently; then, when he stopped for a second to take breath in the midst of one of his passionate incoherent outbursts, she came a step nearer to him and courtesied again, at the same time that she muttered in a rather injured querulous treble: 'Mistah Delgado, you no hear me, sah? You no listen to me? I tellin' you marnin'.'

The old man broke off suddenly, as if recalled to himself and common earth by some disenchanting touch, and answered dreamily: 'Marnin', Missy Rosina. Marnin', le-ady. You gwine up to Gilead now to de prayer-meetin'?'

Rosina, glancing down at the Bible and hymn-book in her plump black hand, answered demurely: 'Yes, sah, I gwine dar.'

Delgado shook himself vigorously, as if in the

endeavour to recover from some unearthly trance, and went on in his more natural manner: 'I gwine up too, to pray wid de bredderin. You want me for someting? You callin' to me for help you?'

Rosina dropped her voice a little as she replied in her shrill tone: 'You is African, Mistah Delgado. Naygur from Africa know plenty spell for bring back le-ady's lubber.'

Delgado nodded. 'Dat is true,' he answered. 'Creole* naygur doan't can make spell same as African. Coromantyn naygur hab plenty oracle. De oracles ob Aaron descend in right line to de chiefs ob de Coromantyn.'

'Dem say you is great chief in your own country.'

The old man drew himself up with a haughty air. 'Me fader,' he answered with evident pride, 'hab twelve wives, all princess, an' I is de eldest son ob de eldest. King Blay fight him, an' take me prisoner, an' sell me slabe, an' dat is how I come to work now ober here on Mistah Dupuy plantation.'

After a pause, he asked quickly: 'Who dis sweetheart dat you want spell for?'

'Isaac Pourtalès.'

'Pourtalès! Him mulatto! What for pretty naygur girl like you want to go an' lub mulatto? Mulatto bad man. Old-time folk say, mulatto always hate him fader an' despise him mudder. Him fader de white man, an' mulatto hate white; him mudder de black girl, an' mulatto despise black.'

Rosina hung her head down slightly on one side, and put the little finger of her left hand with artless coyness into the corner of her mouth. 'I doan't know, sah,' she said sheepishly after a short pause; 'but I feel somehow as if I lub Isaac Pourtalès.'

Delgado grinned a sinister grin. 'Very well, Missy Rosy,' he said shortly, 'I gain him lub for you. Wait here one, two, tree minute, le-ady, while I run in find me Bible.'

In a few minutes, he came out again, dressed in his black coat for meeting, with a Bible and hymn-book in one hand, and a curious volume in the other, written in strange, twisted, twirligig characters, such as Rosina had never before in her life set eyes on. 'See here!' he cried, opening it wide before her; 'dat is book ob spells. Dat is African spell for gain lubber. I explain him to you'—and his hand turned rapidly over several of the brown and well-thumbed pages: 'Isaac Pourtalès, mulatto; Rosina Fleming, black le-ady; dat is de page. Hear what de spell say.' And he ran his finger line by line along the strange characters, as if translating them into his own negro English as he went. '"Take toot' ob alligator," same as dis one'—and he produced a few alligators' teeth from his capacious pocket; '"tie him up for a week in bag wid Savannah flower an' branch of calalue; soak him well in shark's blood"—I gib de blood to you—"den write de name, Isaac Pourtalès, in big letter on slip ob white paper; drop it in de bag; an' burn it all togedder on a Friday ebenin', when it doan't no moon, wid fire ob manchineel wood." Dat will gain de lub ob your lubber, as sure as de gospel.'

The girl listened carefully to the directions, and made Delgado repeat them three times over to her. When she had learned them thoroughly, she said once more: 'How much I got to pay you for dis, eh, sah?'

'Nuffin.'

'Nuffin?'

'No, nuffin. But you must do me favour. You is house-serbant at Orange Grove; you must come see me now an' den, an' tell me what go on ober in de house dar.'

'What far, sah?'

'Doan't you ax what far; but listen to me, le-ady. De great an' terrible day ob de Lard will come before long, when de wicked will be cut off from de face ob de eart', an' we shall see de end ob de evil-doer. You read de Prophets?'

'I read dem some time.'

'You read de Prophet Jeremiah, what him say? Hear de tex'. I read him to you. "Deliber up deir children to de famine, an' pour out deir blood by de sword." Dat de Lard's word for all de Dupuys; an' when de missy come from England, de word ob de prophecy comin' true.'

The girl shuddered, and opened wide her big eyes with their great ring of white setting. 'How you know it de Dupuys?' she asked, hesitating. 'How you know it dem de prophet 'ludin' to?'

'How I know, Rosina Fleming? How I know it? Because I can expound an' interpret de Scripture; for when de understandin' ob de man is enlightened, de mout' speaketh forth wonderful tings. Listen here; I tellin' you de trut'. Before de missy lib a year in Trinidad, de Lard will sweep away de whole house ob de Dupuys out ob de land for ebber an' ebber.'

'But not de missy!' Rosina cried eagerly.

'Ah, de missy! You tink when de black man rise like tiger in him wrath, him spare de missy! No, me fren'. Him doan't gwine to spare her. De Dupuys is great people now; puffed up wid pride; look down on de black man. But dem will drop dem bluster bime-by, as soon as deir pride is taken out ob dem wid adversity.'

Rosina turned away with a look of terror. 'You comin' to prayer-meetin'?' she asked hastily. 'De bredderin will all be waitin'.'

Delgado, recalled once more to his alternative character, pushed away the strange volume through the door of his hut, took up his Bible and hymn-book with the gravest solemnity, drew himself up to his full height, and was soon walking along soberly by Rosina's side, as respectable and decorous a native Methodist class-leader as one could wish to see in the whole green island of Trinidad.

Those who judge superficially of men and minds, would say at once that Delgado was a hypocrite. Those who know what religion really means to inferior races—a strange but sincere jumble of phrases, emotions, superstitions, and melodies, permeating and consecrating all their acts and all their passions, however evil, violent, or licentious—will recognise at once that in his

* The word *Creole* is much misunderstood by most English people. In its universal West Indian sense it is applied to any person, white, black, or mulatto, born in the West Indies, as opposed to outsiders, European, American, or African.

own mind Louis Delgado was not conscious to himself in the faintest degree of any hypocrisy, craft, or even inconsistency.

(To be continued.)

SOME AMERICANISMS.

A VERY erroneous impression generally exists in this country as to the manner in which the English language is spoken in the United States. This has arisen in some degree from the circumstance that travellers have dwelt upon and exaggerated such peculiarities of language as have come under their observation in various parts of the Union; but also in greater measure from the fact that in English novels and dramas in which an American figures—no matter whether the character depicted be represented as a man of good social position and, presumably, fair education, or not—he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining the peculiarities of speech of every section of the country from Maine to Texas. With the exception of the late Mr Anthony Trollope's *American Senator*, I cannot recall to mind a single work of fiction in which this is not the case. Take, for instance, those portions of *Martin Chuzzlewit* the scenes of which are laid in the United States; Richard Fairfield, in Bulwer's *My Novel;* the Colonel in Lever's *One of Them;* Fullalove, in Charles Reade's *Very Hard Cash;* the younger Fenton in Yates's *Black Sheep;* or the American traveller in *Mugby Junction*—in each and every instance the result is to convey a most erroneous idea as to the manner in which our common tongue is ordinarily spoken in the United States.

It is the same on the stage. The dialect in which Americans are usually made to express themselves in English dramas is as incorrect and absurd as was the language put into the mouths of their Irish characters by the playwrights of the early part of the eighteenth century.

As a matter of fact, the speech of educated Americans differs but little from that of the same class in Great Britain; whilst, as regards the great bulk of the people of the United States, there can be no question but that they speak purer and more idiomatic English than do the masses here. In every State of the Union the language of the inhabitants can be understood without the slightest difficulty. This is more than can be said of the dialects of the peasantry in various parts of England, these being in many instances perfectly unintelligible to a stranger. Again, the fluency of expression and command of language possessed by Americans even in the humbler ranks of life forms a marked contrast to the poverty of speech of the same class in this country, where, as an eminent philologist has declared, a very considerable proportion of the agricultural population habitually make use of a vocabulary not exceeding three hundred words.

But to return to the subject of this paper. Some words which have become obsolete in this country, or now convey a totally different meaning from that primarily attaching to them, are still current in America in the sense in which they were originally employed. *Prink*, to ornament or adorn, which is found in Spenser and other writers of the Elizabethan age, is at the present day a common term in the Eastern States. One Yankee girl will say to another, who has been some time at her toilet, 'Oh, you have been prinking;' or, 'What a long while it has taken you to prink.' In fact the verb is used in all its moods and tenses. *Muss*, a confused encounter or scramble, is generally supposed to be a purely American idiom. On the contrary, it is good Shakspearean English. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony says:

> 'Of late when I cry'd ho!
> Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth.'

Lamm, to beat, to maltreat, is an American word of English parentage. In a north-country ballad of the time of Edward VI., one line runs, 'They lammed him and bammed him;' and the word may also be found in Marlowe. *Sick* is an expression universally used in the United States in the sense of indisposition. A man will say, 'I am sick,' never, 'I am ill.' It scarcely need be said that the phrase was perfectly good English two centuries and a half ago, the word 'ill,' with the meaning now attaching to it, not once occurring in the translation of the Bible.

Bug, again, employed in America as a generic term for every species of insect, was used in England, formerly, in the same sense. 'A bug hath buzzed it in mine ears,' says Bacon in one of his letters. At the present day, the word has in England so limited an application, that when an edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe was published in London, the editor altered the title of one story, *The Golden Bug*, to *The Golden Beetle*, in order not to give offence to 'ears polite.'

Fearful, which now signifies to inspire terror or awe, has still in the United States the meaning it bore in Shakspeare's time, when it was invariably used in the sense of timid or afraid. In *Romeo and Juliet*, when Romeo, after slaying Tybalt, is lying hidden in Friar Lawrence's cell, the Friar says:

> 'Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man;'

and again, in *The Tempest*, in that scene in which Prospero threatens Ferdinand, Miranda exclaims:

> 'O dear father,
> Make not too rash a trial of him, for
> He's gentle and not fearful.'

So obsolete, however, is now the word in the sense in which it is employed by the poet, that in most editions of Shakspeare, a footnote is appended to it, giving the definition as 'timorous.' In America, the expression, 'He is a fearful man,' or, 'She is a fearful woman,' is frequently applied to an individual of timid disposition, the meaning intended to be conveyed being precisely the opposite to that which in this country would attach to the phrase.

Some common English words have in the United States completely lost their original signification, wherefore, it would not be easy to say. *Ugly*, for instance, means ill-natured; *smart*, clever; *clever*, of an amiable disposition; and *lovely*—although this last locution is not perhaps so common as the others—lovable.

I was, when resident in New York, present during a conversation in the course of which a rather curious equivoque occurred, owing to the peculiar sense in which the words in question

are used on the other side of the Atlantic. On the occasion referred to, an American lady and an Englishwoman—who had only been a short time in the United States—were speaking of an old gentleman with whom they both were acquainted. The former was warm in his praises.

'Mr R——,' she declared, 'is quite lovely.'

'Why,' was the surprised reply, 'how can you think so? I consider him decidedly ugly.'

'Ugly!' indignantly retorted the first speaker. 'He is not at all ugly. On the contrary, he is real clever.'

'That Mr R—— is a man of talent, I admit,' was the response; 'but he is certainly anything but good-looking.'

'Well, I do not deny that he is homely, and I never said that he was not,' rejoined the other lady.

'But,' exclaimed the puzzled Englishwoman, 'you have just asserted that he was not ugly.'

'No more he is!' was the quick retort.

When the dialogue had reached this point, it being obvious not only that the two ladies were at cross-purposes, but that they were, in consequence, becoming a little heated, I deemed it advisable to interpose, and explain how their mutual misapprehension had arisen.

In connection with the phrase, 'A man of talent,' made use of by my countrywoman in the course of the above conversation, I may observe that 'talent' or 'talented' is an expression seldom heard from the lips of a native of New England. Lord Macaulay asserts that these words owe their origin to the 'Parable of the Talents' in the New Testament, and on one occasion he challenged Lady Holland to cite a single instance of their being employed by any English writer prior to the latter part of the seventeenth century. To the circumstance, therefore, that at the period when the Puritans left their native land to seek new homes in the New World, the words in question had not been incorporated into the language, may, I conceive, be attributed the fact that to this day they seldom have a place in the vocabulary of the inhabitants of the Eastern States.

When a word is already in existence which is fully adequate to express the idea it is employed to convey, it seems not a little curious that the use of it should be superseded by another, not, indeed, coined for the purpose, but by one divorced from its original meaning. Yet this has been the case in various instances in the United States. A place where goods are sold at retail is called a 'store,' not a shop, the use of the latter word being exclusively confined to those establishments in which some manufacturing or other mechanical industry is carried on. When 'corn' is spoken of, maize or Indian corn is always meant; all the other cereals being invariably designated by their respective names, as wheat, oats, barley, &c. Railway in America becomes 'railroad;' station, 'depôt;' line, 'track;' carriage, 'car;' whilst for tram, the phrase employed is 'horse-car.' A timber building is a 'frame-building;' a row of houses is a 'block' of houses. For poorhouse or workhouse, the expression used is 'almshouse.' When the idea intended to be conveyed is that which an Englishman attaches to the latter phrase, the word 'asylum' or 'home' is used by an American.

In fact, a list which should comprise all the words employed by our transatlantic cousins in a different sense from ourselves would be a tolerably long one. But the desultory examples I have given will suffice to illustrate the fact—to which I have already adverted—that in numerous instances, and without any apparent cause, many common English words have acquired in the United States a totally different meaning from that which they bear in this country.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was nearly ten o'clock on the following morning before Edgar reached the *Bedford*, Covent Garden. He found the American in his private room waiting his arrival, and clad in a loose dressing-gown, which made him look extra tall and thin—a wonderful garment, embracing every known hue and colour, and strongly resembling, save as to its garishness, a Canadian wood in the fall. Mr Slimm laid aside a disreputable brier he was smoking, as soon as he perceived his visitor. 'Morning!' he said briskly. 'Tolerably punctual. Hope you don't object to the smell of tobacco so early?'

'I don't know,' Edgar replied, throwing himself down in a chair. 'Like most well-regulated Britons, I cannot say I am partial to the smell of tobacco before breakfast.'

'Do you know,' Mr Slimm responded dryly, 'I have seen the time when I never smoked before breakfast. I don't allude to any great outbreak of virtue on my part; but the fact is, when a man can't get a breakfast, he can't be accused of smoking before it—no, sir.' Having administered this crushing piece of logic with characteristic force, Mr Slimm rang the bell and proceeded to order 'the fixings,' which was his term for the matutinal repast.

'You Britishers have got some sound notions on the subject of dinners and promiscuous refreshment; but your imagination don't soar to breakfast. There's nothing substantial about it,' said Mr Slimm, after finishing a pound or so of steak. 'The Francatelli who rules the kitchen here is fairly good; and I flatter myself if I stay here much longer he will know what a breakfast is. I stayed for a week at a little place off the Strand once; but I was almost starved. Ham and eggs, chops and steaks, was the programme, with a sole, by way of a treat, on Sundays.'

'Very sad,' replied Edgar, with considerable gravity. 'You must have suffered. You don't seem, however, particularly short here.'

'Well, no,' Mr Slimm admitted, at the same time helping himself to fish; 'I can manage here.'

'I hope last night's little scrimmage has not injured your appetite this morning?' Edgar asked politely.

'Not much. Æneas Slimm generally can pick up his crumbs tolerably. This little village is a fine place to sharpen the appetite.'

'How long do you propose to stay here?'

'I don't know; it all depends. I am doing London, you see, and when I do a place, I do it well. You've got some fine old landmarks here—very fine,' said Mr Slimm with proverbial American reverence for the antique. 'I guess we should be proud of the Tower over to New York—yes, sir.'

'I have never been over it,' Edgar said carelessly.

'Do, tell. Man, I guess you're funning. Seems to me kind o' incredible for an Englishman to live in London and not see the Tower.'

'Really, Mr Slimm, I have never seen the Tower.'

'Wall, if this don't beat snakes! Never seen the Tower!' exclaimed the American, chipping his third egg. 'Maybe you never heard of a picturesque pile known to the inquiring stranger as the British Museum?—Now, *have* you ever heard of Westminster Abbey?'

'Well,' said Edgar laughingly, 'I believe I have; but I must confess that I have never been inside either of the places you mention.'

'Wonderful! Mr Seaton, you're born to make a name. The man who can pass these places without emotion, ain't no common shake. I guess you're the kind of matter they make genius out of.'

'You seem to be astonished. Surely, in New York, you have buildings and churches quite as fine as anything in London?'

'You think so, do you? Wall, if it's any consolation to you, keep on thinking so; it won't hurt any one.—Mr Seaton,' continued Slimm, lowering his voice reverently, 'when I get pottering about down at Westminster, and look at the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, strike me if I don't wish I was a Britisher myself!'

'That is high praise indeed; and I think it is due to your native patriotism to say your approval does you credit. But candidly, it always struck me that our Houses of Parliament are particularly mean-looking for their position.'

'Maybe, maybe,' Mr Slimm replied meditatively; 'but there's something about them that makes me feel chockful of poetry. When I wander into the Abbey among these silent stones and listen to that grand organ, I feel it does me good.'

'You do not look like a man who took any particular delight in music.'

'I don't, and that's a fact. I don't know F sharp from a bull's foot; but I can feel it. When the artist presiding at the instrument pulls out that wonderful stop like a human voice, I feel real mean, and that's a fact—yes, sir.'

'It is wonderful what an effect music has on the human understanding,' Edgar replied. '"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." My wife always says'——

'Your wife! I didn't know you were married.'

'Considering I never told you that interesting fact, I do not see very well how you could know,' Edgar replied with a smile; which was, however, not so cordially received by Mr Slimm.

'Um,' he said doubtfully.—'Now, look here, my young friend; I'm a rough chap, and I've just got to say my mind, if I die for it. Don't you think a young married man has no business in such a place as we met last night?'

'But, you see, I had business there,' Edgar said, still smiling. 'It was stern business, and nothing else, which took me to that place.'

'You've got the bulge of me, and that's a fact.'

'You mean, you don't understand. Well, I am what is usually known—or rather, in my case, unknown—as a literary man. I am working up a series of articles on gambling-houses.'

'Why don't you get on a more respectable line?'

Edgar tapped his pocket and nodded significantly.

'Hard up,' said Mr Slimm. 'Case of needs must when what's-his-name drives. You don't look as if you were dragged up to this sort of thing neither?'

'To be candid with you, I was not,' Edgar replied, urged by some strange impulse to confide in the American. 'I am a university man without money. My history is a common one. Educated at a public school, and afterwards at Cambridge, I am expected to get a living in some mysterious way. All my little money was spent upon my education, and then I had to shift for myself. Much good my second-class honours have done me.'

'Then, to prove your wisdom, you got married?'

'Of course. But now comes the most remarkable part of my story. My wife was her uncle's heiress—not that her money was any inducement to me—and I was engaged to her with his approval. It was arranged I was to manage his property, and we were to live with him. Then a relative of his—a lady—came to stay, and everything went wrong from that time. Finally, acting under the lady's wonderful fascination, my wife's uncle forbade our marriage, and ordered her to marry a nephew of the lady's. This, of course, she refused to do, and was consequently disinherited.'

'What sort of a seraph was the lady?' asked Mr Slimm, with considerable interest.

'Don't mention her, pray. She had the evil-eye, if ever woman had.—But to continue. After our wedding, we came to London, and at different times tried to bring about a reconciliation; but to no effect. Then the old gentleman died.'

'A common story enough; but considerable rough on you and your wife,' said Mr Slimm.

'After that, a most remarkable occurrence happened. When the will was proved, not a sixpence of the old gentleman's money could be found—that is, excepting the few hundreds in the local bank for household expenses. It is four years ago now, and to this day not one farthing has turned up.'

'Penny plain, and twopence coloured,' the American said sententiously—'to be continued in our next. There's the making of a sound family romance about this.—Anything more?'

'A little. An old companion of my wife's turned up the other day—or I should say my wife found her accidentally in London. She was standing in the rain on Waterloo Bridge,

looking into the water.—You comprehend, don't you?'

'"One more unfortunate, weary of breath,"' quoted Mr Slimm with a tender inflection which surprised Edgar. 'Go on.'

'It was a wonderful coincidence, if nothing more. It appeared that my wife's uncle on his dying bed gave her a paper for my wife; and he charged her most solemnly to find her and deliver it, which has been done.'

'And it was some secret cipher, bet my boots.'

'On the contrary, it is only a letter—a valedictory letter, containing no clue whatever.'

'Stranger, you take this matter sort of calm,' said Slimm solemnly. 'I should like to see that letter. Mark me; providence has a hand in this, and I want you not to forget it. Such a meeting as that between your wife and her old companion didn't happen for nothing. Listen, and I'll tell you what once happened to me in Australia. I shall never forget it. I'm a rich man now, for my wants; but I was poor then; in fact, it was just at the time when fortune had turned. I had, at the time I am speaking of, nearly a thousand ounces of dust buried in my tent. As far as I could tell, not a soul in the camp knew what I had, as I had kept it quiet. Well, one night, I started out to visit an old chum in a neighbouring claim. It was nearly dark when I started, and I had no companion but my dog. I had not gone very far when he began to act in a ridiculous manner, barking and snapping at my horse's heels, till I thought he was stark mad. Then he turned towards home, stopping every now and then to whine, and finally he struck off home in a bee-line. I rode on, never thinking anything about it till suddenly my horse stumbled and nearly threw me. He had never done such a thing before, and I hadn't got twenty yards before he did it again. Stranger! I want you to believe I was scared, and I don't scare easy either. Then I thought of the tales I had read about dogs and their cunning, and, urged by something I can't understand, I turned back. You'd better believe I'm glad I did. When I got back to my tent, I stole in quietly, and there were three of the biggest scoundrels in the camp digging away exactly over the gold. I didn't give them much time for meditation, I reckon. It was a tough fight; but I saved my gold. I got this valentine to remember it by; darn their ugly pictures;' and Mr Slimm bared his huge chest, and displayed a livid gash seamed and lined thereon.

'And the robbers—what became of them?'

'Suffocation,' Slimm replied laconically. 'The quality of mercy is strained pretty considerable in a mining camp.'

'And the dog?'

'Dead!—killed by these scoundrels. I ain't powerful in the water-cart line; but I don't mind saying I snivelled then. I can't think of that faithful insect without a kind of lumpiness in my throat.—And now, my friend, don't you tell me there's no such thing as fate. You mind if your affair don't turn out trumps yet.'

'I don't think so,' Edgar replied dubiously. 'It is all forgotten now, though it was a nine days' wonder in Somersetshire at the time.'

'Somersetshire? Now, that's strange. I'm going to Somersetshire in a few days to see a man I haven't set eyes on for years. He is a very different man from me—a quiet, scholarly gentleman, a little older than myself. He is a bookish sort of man; and I met him in the mines. We kind of froze to each other; and when we parted, it was understood that whenever I came to England, I was to go and see him. What part of Somersetshire do you hail from?'

'The name of my wife's old home is Eastwood.'

'Eastwood? Tell me quickly, is it possible that your wife's uncle is Mr Charles Morton?'

'The same,' Edgar gasped.—'What do you know of him?'

'What do I know of him? Why, he was the man I was going to visit; and he's dead, poor old fellow! You see, I always liked him, and once I saved his life. It's a curious thing, but when you do a man a favour, or save his life, or any trifle of that kind, you always get to like him some way. Poor old Morton! Well, if this don't beat snakes! And your wife is the little Nelly he was always raving about? Dear, dear!'

'There must be something more than meets the eye here,' Edgar said, with a little quaver in his voice. 'Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it looks as if some inscrutable providence has a hand in it.'

'You bet. I'm not particularly learned, nor no scholar; but I do remember some lines of your immortal poet which tells us "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." The more I think of life, the more it puzzles me, and that's a fact. To think of you and I—two people in five millions—meeting by such chance! And to think of your wife being the niece of my old friend!'

'Did he speak much of her to you?' Edgar asked.

'A few. "Speak" is no word for it: he raved about her. If ever a man loved a girl, it was your uncle. You must not judge him harshly.'

'I do not; I never did. That there has been collusion, or something more, I have always been convinced. He was so fond of me till his half-sister came; and as to Nelly, he worshipped her.'

'He just did, I know. I should like to see that letter.'

'So you shall; but really, I can see nothing in it.'

'Try and describe it to me.'

'That is soon done. It is a commonplace epistle, saying he wished to be remembered as a friend, asking me to forgive him, and hinting that if he had his life to live over again, how different things would be.'

'That is only a blind, perhaps.—Describe the letter.'

'It is written on part of a sheet of foolscap; and from the beginning of the first line to the finish, the paper is covered with writing.'

'No heading or superscription, no signature?' queried Mr Slimm.

'No; it is not signed; but is precisely like a letter without heading or signature trimmed close up to the writing with a pair of scissors.'

'And is it folded, or are there any lines about it?'

'It is folded like an ordinary note, and there are various horizontal and perpendicular lines upon it. The lines are dotted. Can you make anything of it?'

'Yes,' said the American quietly. 'I can make fortune of it. Show me that letter for five minutes, and I will show you something you would give ten thousand pounds to see.'

And so, arranging for an early meeting, they parted for the day.

. . . . . .

Next morning, Eleanor told her husband of a curious dream she had had during the night. She thought she stood on a strange shore, with the sea spread out before her to the utmost horizon. It was sunrise, and coming towards her over the quiet waters, was a great ship—an 'Argosy with golden sails'—and somehow she thought it brought golden treasure for her. Three times she dreamed the dream, and saw the stately ship. She asked Edgar what he thought of it. He said that dreams went by contraries.

(To be concluded next month.)

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognised fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedient whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He accordingly invited the man 'learned in the law' to dine at his house on a particular evening, as a friend and an old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client prompt to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and by-and-by the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit dissertation upon the subject the host wished to be informed upon. The client was pleased, satisfied, and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer, free of cost!

The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and both being satisfied, all went as merry as a marriage bell. But a few days afterwards, the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was thirteen shillings and fourpence, and would he 'kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience, and oblige.' The client was wild—caught in his own trap. But being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for 'dinner, wines, and accessories supplied' on the 16th inst., amounting to thirteen shillings and fourpence, saying that if he would settle the inclosed bill, he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against mine host for selling wines without a license, unless his, the lawyer's, bill was immediately paid. Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious?

When I was a boy, I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw out the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm; and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house, he was immediately ushered into the sickroom, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink, and paper. There were none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead-pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last, the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk 'scores' or 'shots.' He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man! The farmer subsequently died. The hearthstone will was sent to the principal registry in London with special affidavits, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.

It is stated that a lawyer was some time ago cross-examining a witness in a local court, when he asked: 'Now, then, Patrick, listen to me. Did the defendant in this case strike the plaintiff with malice?'—'No, sor, sure,' replied Pat gravely; 'he struck him wid the poker, bedad.' Again he inquired of the same witness: 'Did the plaintiff stand on the defensive during the affray?'—'Divil a diffinsive, yer honour; he stood on the table.'

A celebrity noted for being 'a bit of a poet' was brought up before a bench of local magistrates for an assault, when the following conversation took place:

Magistrate. Is your name John Fray?

Prisoner. It is, your honour; so the people say.

Mag. Was it you who struck this man and caused the alarm?

Pris. Sure it was, your honour; but I thought there was no harm.

Mag. Now, stop that! Did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris. No, your honour; but it will happen sometimes.

The magistrate, laughing at the fellow's ready wit, said: 'Go away, you rascal, get out of my sight!'

Pris. (smiling). Thank ye, your honour; an' a very good-night.

There was once a plain out-spoken judge, who, addressing the jury, said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict.'

It was once reported to the notorious Judge Jeffries that the Prince of Orange was on the point of entering into the country, and that he was already preparing a manifesto as to his inducements and objects in so doing. 'Pray, my Lord Chief Justice,' said a gentleman present, 'what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?'—'Mine will be one,' he grimly replied.

An undoubted alibi was some time ago successfully proved in an American court as follows:

'And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing this rooster from Mr Jones?' queried the judge.

'Yes, sir, I am innocent—as innocent as a child.'

'You are confident you did *not* steal the rooster from Mr Jones?'

'Yes, sir; and I can prove it.'

'How can you prove it?'

'I can prove that I didn't steal Mr Jones' rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr Graston same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's.'

'The proof is conclusive,' said the judge; 'discharge the prisoner.'

It is said that the other day a client received the following bill from his lawyer: 'Attending and asking you how you did, 6s. 8d. Attending you on the pier, when you desired me to look through a piece of smoked glass, 6s. 8d. Looking through the same, 6s. 8d. Rubbing my eye, which watered, 13s. 4d. Attending at luncheon, when you praised the sandwiches and asked me to partake thereof, 6s. 8d. Consulting and asking my opinion thereon, when I said they were very good, 6s. 8d.' Most probably the client treated this as a joke; or perhaps it drove him to extremities.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, 'there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury box, gentlemen.' We are informed that that counsel did not win his case. The jury were not so pig-headed.

Judge Kent, the well-known jurist, presided in a case in which a man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence at the trial showed that the burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that inasmuch as he never entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must therefore be set at liberty. In reply to this plea, the judge told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge accordingly sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head to imprisonment with hard labour in the State prison for two years, remarking, that as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.

Lord Justice-clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and of strong business habits, and consequently when he courted his second wife, he said to her: 'Lizzie, I'm looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer on or off to-morrow, and nae mair aboot it.' The lady, next day, replied in the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage, Lord Braxfield's butler came to him to give up his situation because he could not bear her ladyship's continual scolding. 'Man,' Braxfield exclaimed, 'ye've little to complain of; ye may be thankfu' ye're no' married to her.'

During the time that Brougham was rising in his profession, he had a friend, a brother-counsel, who had contracted the habit of commencing the examination of a witness in these words: 'Now, sir, I am about to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.' Brougham, with others, had begun to grow tired of this eternal formula, and consequently one morning he met his brother-lawyer near the temple and addressed him thus: 'Now, Jones, I am about to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.—How do you do?'

The celebrated lawyer Butt was one night going home very late, when he was accosted by a desperate-looking villain in one of the suburbs of Dublin, and asked what he was going 'to stand.' 'Well,' replied Butt meekly, 'I'm very sorry that I can't give you much, my friend, but what I have we will share. Here,' he continued, drawing a revolver from his pocket, 'is a weapon which has six chambers; I will give you three, and'—— But the lawyer immediately found himself alone.

'Mr Robinson,' said counsel, 'you say you once officiated in a pulpit. Do you mean that you preached?'—'No, sir; I held the candle for the man who did.' 'Ah, the court understood you differently; they supposed that the discourse came from you.'—'No, sir; I only throwed a light on it.'

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said an Irish barrister, 'it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity.'

We have heard of several cases of female ingenuity in aiding the escape of prisoners. Here is one. The criminals were handcuffed, and with their escort were awaiting the train which would convey them to the county jail. Suddenly a woman rushed through the crowd

of spectators, and with a shower of tears, cried out: 'Kiss me; good-bye, Ned.' The escort good-naturedly allowed the process of osculation to be performed, and the sheriff smiled feelingly. The woman passed a key from her own to the prisoner's mouth, with which he undid the 'bracelets,' and escaped whilst the train was in motion.

There is a girl who seems to have peculiar notions of breach of promise cases, for she threatens to sue her own father for breach of promise! She explains that the old gentleman first gave his consent to her marriage with her lover, and then withdrew it, and that in consequence her beau got tired of waiting, and has gone off with another girl.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said the judge to a man on his trial for murder, 'is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?' —'Judge,' replied the prisoner, 'there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt, if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on, judge, and give me as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The annexation of Upper Burmah to the British Empire represents the most important addition to our possessions which has been made for very many years. Lying between India and China, the two most populous countries in the world, Burmah is favourably situated as a highway, along which a vast trade can be conducted. As to the country itself, it presents many valuable features. It has a plentiful rainfall, a healthy climate, and a luxuriant vegetation. The principal crops are rice, oil-seed, cotton, and tobacco. Sixty-one varieties of rice are known to cultivators, and half of these are of the hard kind familiar to us. The remainder have a soft glutinous grain, which is preferred by the natives of Burmah. The revenue and population of the country have both increased enormously during the past ten years.

In Mr Hallett's interesting paper addressed to the members of the Scottish Geographical Society, entitled 'A Survey for Railway Connections between India, Siam, and China,' he showed that there is now no political hindrance to prevent our driving the locomotive up to the gates of China and opening up a vast trade with that prosperous empire. Mr Hallett has personally explored and surveyed Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States, and he points out how a railway can be made to join the Brahmapootra valley with the valley of the Irrawadi, and that such a railway could join the line which already finds a terminus at the seaport of Rangoon. This short line of railway, only one hundred and sixty-two miles in length, pays a good dividend, although it finds a formidable rival in the admirable flotilla of steamers which ply on the Irrawadi River hard by.

At a recent meeting of the Russian Geographical Society, M. Grjimailo gave an interesting description of the Pamir region, which we may remind our readers is a high tableland of Asia on the western limit of Little Tibet. His tour through this little-known region covered a period of eighteen months, during which time he was able to make extensive observations of its flora and fauna, as well as of the condition of its inhabitants. During the long winter, the people have to seek the shelter of their tents, and seem in the spring to wake up from a kind of lethargy with the joy and light-heartedness of children. The women do most of the work, which is of a pastoral kind. The country is intersected with enormous glaciers, and is situated at such a great elevation that the natives call it by a name which signifies 'Roof of the World.'

The Cleopatra's Needle which adorns Central Park, New York, has suffered much from transatlantic cold, and a mass of scales and chips has been removed from it by atmospheric influences, as thoroughly as if a number of masons had been set to work to achieve the same result. This gradual disintegration of the noble Egyptian obelisk has, however, been stopped by coating the monument with paraffin, which coating has given a slightly darker colour to the stone. Those who have charge of public buildings in Britain which have been built of perishable stone—and there are unfortunately many such—would do well to make a note of this employment of paraffin as a successful preservative.

A new artificial fireproof stone or plaster has recently been invented. Its principal constituent is asbestine, a mineral which is plentiful in certain localities in the State of New York, U.S.A. This asbestine, which is a silicate of magnesium, is mixed with powdered flint and caustic potash, and is then mingled with sufficient water-glass (silicate of soda) to make it into an adhesive plaster. In this condition it is prepared for transport, and is mixed with sand before use. This plaster is not only fireproof, but it adheres with wonderful tenacity to perfectly smooth surfaces. It does not, therefore, require a roughened surface before attachment, such as a wall composed of nailed laths, as is the usual case. A common mode of applying it is to line a room with sheet-iron, protected from rust by a coating of asphaltum, and to spread upon this metal basis a thickness of the new plaster. Besides being unaffected by heat, it will not crack if water is thrown upon it when in a heated state.

Mr Hannay, of Glasgow, has invented a new form of lamp which will prove very useful for various industrial purposes, where the more intense rays of the electric arc are not readily available. The lamp consists of a cylindrical vessel containing about thirty gallons of any heavy

hydrocarbon oil, such as creosote. At one side of this vessel is an entry-pipe for air, which must be under pressure of about fifteen pounds on the square inch. The air thus admitted forces the oil up a vertical pipe which springs from the bottom of the vessel, and ends in a burner which extends for some feet outside the oil receptacle. Another pipe surrounds the oil-tube, and through this, part of the air is carried, so that at the point where both tubes terminate, there rushes forth a blast of mingled air and creosote in fine particles. This is turned into a flame of great brightness when a match is applied to it, a flame, too, which is unaffected by wind or rain. The quantity of oil given above will supply a light for about twenty hours, which will be effective at two hundred yards from the lamp. This contrivance has already been used with success at the Forth Bridge works. It is now being introduced for various purposes by Mr James Sinclair, 64 Queen Victoria Street, London.

A plan for rendering paper so tough that it can be used for various purposes for which formerly it was considered there was 'nothing like leather,' has recently been published. The process is of continental origin. The paper pulp during manufacture is mixed with chloride of zinc in solution, and the more concentrated this solution is, the tougher is the finished paper. It is said that the new material has been successfully used in boxmaking, combmaking, and has actually taken the place of leather in bootmaking. This last application of the material is perhaps not quite so much of a novelty as it seems to be; for in the cheaper kinds of boots and shoes, the soles, instead of being of solid leather, are often made of a compound of which brown-paper pulp seems to be the chief constituent. The adulteration is not apparent to the wearer until wet weather makes it very evident indeed.

In the building operations of man he uses hair to bind the particles of lime together in forming a plaster wall. In the work of nature, much the same end is achieved by binding loose particles of soil together with the rootlets of various plants. The continually slipping particles of a newly made embankment have to be rendered secure by this means; but such grasses as have hitherto been used for the purpose need several months for their development. M. Cambier, of the French railway service, has recently pointed out that the double poppy is a valuable plant for this purpose. Its germination is rapid, and in a week or two its rootlets are sufficiently strong to give some support to the soil. But at the end of three or four months, the roots attain a length of twelve inches, and form a far stronger network to hold the soil in place than any grass known. The plant is an annual, but it sows itself after the first year.

We are glad to notice that a 'Plumage League' is being established for the purpose of discountenancing the inhuman fashion now in vogue of introducing the dead bodies of birds as ornaments on ladies' bonnets, hats, and dresses. Lady Mount-Temple, in advocating the establishment of this League, the members of which will bind themselves to discourage in every way the use of plumage in dress, writes thus: 'A milliner told me she had put twelve birds on one (dress). Another told us of a ball-dress covered with canaries.' We should rejoice to see the Princess of Wales or some other member of the Royal Family setting her veto upon the cruel practice of adorning female dress with the bodies of our feathered songsters.

The Crematorium at Woking Cemetery has just been used for the third time under the auspices of the Cremation Society. In France, the Prefecture of the Seine is about to spend three thousand pounds on the erection of a similar building in the well-known cemetery, Père-la-Chaise. Sanitary reformers will rejoice that cremation is making some progress in both countries, although that progress is slow.

The fastest time ever made by a steam-vessel has recently been made by the Falke torpedo boat, built by Messrs Yarrow for the Austrian government. The mean speed of her six runs over the measured mile—during which time she was fully fitted and in fighting trim—reached the wonderful figure of 22·263 knots per hour. She then ran, according to contract with the Austrian government, for an hour at full speed, when she covered just twenty-two and a quarter miles. It is said that the vessel answered her helm well throughout these trials, and that there was very little vibration from the engines even when going at the highest speed. Messrs Yarrow are building twenty-four torpedo boats for the British government, besides several others for foreign customers.

Every poison is supposed to have its antidote, and the establishment of the torpedo system has necessitated the introduction of an antidote in the shape of torpedo catchers. The first vessel of this type which has been constructed has lately been tried at Portsmouth with satisfactory results, not only with regard to speed, but also with regard to manœuvring power. The vessel was fitted with an inner and an outer rudder on the system of Mr J. S. White, and known as the 'turn-about' method. This vessel is built of thin steel; it possesses a conning tower on deck, from which it is steered, and it is one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Some interesting gunnery experiments have just been concluded at Portland Bill. Their object was to test the value of the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' principle of mounting guns for coast-defence, a system which, like most others, has its detractors as well as its advocates. At Portland, a dummy gun only was used, so that the ship firing upon it from the sea had not the disadvantage of attacking a foe who could hit back. The gun was placed in a pit, and was so arranged that it remained hidden for two and a half minutes; then it appeared for half a minute, delivered its imaginary fire—which was represented by a puff of gunpowder to aid the foe in

sighting it—and again disappeared. The ship *Hercules* failed to make any impression upon the gun at all, although it was only made of wood and canvas. We may therefore conclude that the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' system of mounting guns is the most effectual which has ever been brought forward, and we may look for its great extension in our coast-defences.

Professor Germain Sée, of Paris, during a course of lectures on dietetics, has recently pointed out the importance of water in connection with food, that fluid being the only one which can dissolve the salts taken with the food into the body, and eliminate them from the system. He also remarked that it was quite impossible for man, an omnivorous being, to exist entirely on vegetable foods. So-called vegetarians are forced to make up for the want of solid meat by consuming eggs, milk, and butter. A healthy man must for his food draw upon the elements furnished by the three kingdoms of nature.

A new kind of turning-lathe, which seems really to possess the merit of novelty, is described by the *Scientific American*. It is intended for turning such articles as balusters for staircases, when such articles are required in quantities, and when they are wanted to be square or octagonal, instead of round. The lathe consists of a kind of skeleton cylinder, upon the surface of which the square rods which are ultimately to form balusters are readily clamped by levers working at each end. An ordinary T-rest supports the tool in cutting the required ornamentation on the rods as the lathe revolves. When one side of the rods has thus been treated, they are unclamped, turned over, and once more fixed in place. In this way the four sides of the square rods are operated upon one after the other. This lathe, which has been patented, will finish with clean, sharp edges about fifty balusters or other pieces of wood an hour.

The *Lancet* alludes to an alleged discovery which has been made in Columbia, which, if it should be confirmed, will be a valuable aid in surgery. It is reported that a certain shrub which is called 'aliza' exudes a juice which has the property of stopping hemorrhage, so that if a surgeon's operating knife were only smeared with this juice, his work could be done with little or no loss of blood.

A meteorological station twenty thousand feet above the sea-level is being established by the Mexican government among their highest mountains. Those who remember the hardships which were encountered by Mr Wragge in his constant visits to the instruments on Ben Nevis before the observatory building was established there, will be prepared to understand the difficulties of dealing with a station at so much higher an altitude. For this reason, the instruments are being constructed to work automatically, to be self-recording, and, as far as possible, to require no attention for twelve months, if need be.

The Chinese alphabet consists in its integrity of about forty thousand pictorial symbols, and it is this alphabet which with some modifications has been used from time immemorial by their clever and more advanced neighbours in Japan. But the adoption of Western ways which has since 1868 been so rapid among the Japanese, has made them discontented with a system so elaborate and bewildering. They have therefore formed a Society called the Roman Alphabet Association, by which they seek to replace the cumbrous Chinese alphabet by the twenty-two letters of the Roman alphabet which are found sufficient to express all the sounds found in the Japanese language. The change is a necessary one, and marks a new and important phase of Japanese progress. It is somewhat akin to the movement which has for some time been in progress in Germany, by which Roman characters are being substituted for the old Gothic ones.

At a late meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, it was announced that M. M. Henry had photographed part of the Milky-way. The exposure required was an hour, but the star discs were perfectly round and sharp. This wonderful result shows that the driving clock for keeping the telescope in motion, so as to counteract the motion of the earth, must have been of the most perfect kind.

From Germany, we learn that in that country during the last ten years the leather manufacture has shown a most extraordinary development. Large factories have been established, which produce goods of the highest quality, and compare favourably with those of foreign make. No expenses have been spared to import the best machines; the sons of the most prominent manufacturers are sent to America, England, and France, to learn the manufacture of the leather trade in all its details. The largest firms study principally the American methods of manufacturing, and the consequence is that many German factories are managed after the American system. German manufacturers are anxious to raise their goods to the highest perfection, and look forward to the time when German machine-made ladies' boots will be found in the West End of London.

We learn from a South African newspaper that Natal is at last going to cultivate tea in earnest. The aroma of the samples produced is described as excellent; it has a taste by no means unpleasant, which is not characteristic of China teas, but it is one which would be readily acquired and appreciated. It is anticipated that fifty thousand pounds will be grown this season.

A large German lithographic firm doing a considerable trade in England, it is said has entirely left off printing from stone, and uses zinc plates only. The saving is said to be very considerable, and may partly explain how they are able to print more cheaply than our own lithographers. A Chicago trade journal estimates that if a work is to be printed in ten colours, requiring five double-sized stones of twenty-eight by forty-two inches, the cost of each stone would be about twelve pounds, while a first-class zinc plate costs eight shillings.

Mr H. T. Crewe, 17 Sunning Hill Road, Lewisham, London, S.E., has recently patented a system by which conservatories, the various structures of the horticulturist, and other buildings, can be fitted with glass roofs and walls without the use of putty. The system is an extremely simple one. Panes of glass are laid upon parallel rafters or beams. They are not placed flatly one beside the other, but the upper panes are made to slightly overlap the lower panes. They are fixed together by means of little metal clips, which

receive screws, that afterwards pass through holes in the panes and into the rafters or beams. Among the advantages claimed for the new system of glazing are, that it causes the roof to remain perfectly rain-proof, and that the greatest facility and despatch are attained in detaching and replacing panes. Condensation is carried away from the inside of the glass by the grooves which are cut in the rafters or beams.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SAFETY IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Mr Edward Harford, general secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, replying to a request forwarded by peers, members of the House of Commons, and others for information as to the causes of railway accidents, and the means which, in the opinion of the Society, ought to be adopted for the safety of the general public and of railway servants, has issued a list of twenty-three proposals which set forth the necessary requirements. The principal are the following:

'All railways ought to be worked on the absolute block-system, strictly carried out, so that no two trains shall ever be in one section at the same time.

The blocks and interlocking systems should be electrically combined and controlled, so that the safety of a block-section shall be under the control of two signalmen.

Junction block-working should be adopted at all junctions, so that no two trains which can foul each other at the points and crossings shall ever be allowed to approach a junction at one and the same time. All sidings and goods-lines should be provided with properly interlocked safety-points.

One code of block-system regulations and one pattern of signals should be adopted throughout the kingdom. A red light should be the only danger-signal. The practice of using purple or other lights is highly dangerous.

Facing-points ought to be avoided as far as possible. All facing-points, and points leading to main-lines, ought to be provided with a locking-bar and bolts, and properly interlocked with the signals and with the electric apparatus.

All passenger-trains ought to be provided with an efficient automatic continuous brake, having brake-blocks upon the wheels of the engine, tender, and every vehicle throughout the train, and fulfilling the five conditions laid down by the Board of Trade, August 30, 1877, and highly approved by the Society. To avoid the present dangerous practice of brake-power being cut off and rendered useless by the introduction of an unfitted vehicle, it ought to be the law that the Company should not be allowed to send vehicles over the line of another Company unless each vehicle is provided with the same form of continuous brake as that used by such foreign Company.

All goods-engines should be fitted with brakes upon their wheels, and those required occasionally for passenger-traffic should have continuous brakes.

All passenger-trains should be fitted with efficient means of communication with the driver and guards. Passengers should be able to reach it without putting their hands outside the window. The present cord-system is unreliable, and the plan of having no communication on trains which stop every twenty miles is very risky to the public.

All passenger-platforms should be raised to the standard height, and all carriages fitted with a high continuous footboard, to prevent persons falling between platforms and trains.

The crank or driving-axles of locomotive engines should be taken out after they have run a certain mileage. What the mileage limit should be ought to be at once decided by the Companies and the Board of Trade.

Overwork on railways is highly dangerous, and ought to be abolished.'

HOW CHILDREN GROW.

During the International Medical Conference held in Copenhagen in the summer of 1884, a paper read by the Rev. Malling Hansen, Principal of the Danish Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was listened to with marked attention and interest. It gave the results of the daily weighing and measurements of height which he had carried on for nearly three years on the one hundred and thirty pupils—seventy-two boys and fifty-eight girls—of the Institution, and demonstrated facts as to the development of the human body during the period of childhood that perfectly startled and astonished the assembled medical authorities, opening an entirely new field for investigation and reflection. Since then, Mr Hansen has continued his observations; and though he has yet a tremendous amount of work before him, he believes himself able to state now the outlines of the results he has obtained.

The children are weighed four times daily in batches of twenty—in the morning, before dinner, after dinner, and at bedtime, and each child is measured once a day. The common impression is, no doubt, that increase in bulk and height of the human body during the years of growth progresses evenly all through the year. This is not so. Three distinct periods are marked out, and within them some thirty lesser waverings have been observed. As for bulk, the maximum period extends from August until December; the period of equipoise lasts from December until about the middle of April; and then follows the minimum period until August. The lasting increase of bulk or weight is all accumulated during the first stage; the period of equipoise adds to the body about a fourth of that increase, but this gain is almost entirely spent or lost again in the last period.

The increase in height of the children shows the same division into periods, only in a different order. The maximum period of growth in height corresponds to the minimum period of increase in bulk, and *vice versâ*. In September and October a child grows only a fifth of what it did in June and July. In other words, during a part of the year—autumn and beginning of winter—the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. In the early summer the bulk remains nearly unchanged, but the vital force and the nourishment are expended to the benefit of height. While the body works for

bulk there is rest for the growth, and when the period of growth comes, the working for bulk is suspended. The human body has, consequently, the same distinctly marked periods of development as plants.

A CHESS-CLOCK.

An ingenious clock has recently been patented by Messrs Frisch and Schierwater, 29 Church Street, Liverpool. It not only shows the ordinary time, but registers on separate dials—marked respectively 'black' and 'white'—the period occupied by the players in a game of chess. It also indicates the number of moves in a game and whose turn it is to play. Another feature is the index upon the dial. This can be set for any time agreed upon—from one to fifteen minutes—during which a move must be made. The expiration of that time is shown by an indicator and by the ringing of a bell. By pressing a knob at the top of the clock, it is possible to temporarily check the progress of the mechanism. This would of course become necessary upon the players requiring a rest, or upon any other interruption taking place. The invention is, we believe, the first clock that has been constructed with a view to recording the movements in chess-playing. It may of course be utilised for other purposes. Being a travelling clock, it may be employed for indicating the times of different countries. The index and call-bell may be used, too, for public meetings, allowing so much time for each speaker; for a telephone Company, regulating an allowance of time; or for the testing of any machinery. The movement can be fitted to any existing clock. As a result of practical trial, the 'Schierwater's' Patent Chess-Clock has been commended by many well-known chess-players.

NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIMENTS.

The sinking of the caissons of the Forth Bridge has afforded opportunity for testing whether it was possible to obtain photographs below water in compressed air by the aid of electric light. To the novel conditions under which these attempts—the first, we believe, in this country—were made, their chief interest is due, rather than to any particular success hitherto achieved. We have recently described the method of founding by compressed air, and depicted the interior of a caisson, so that our readers are conversant with the surroundings under which the attempts were made.

A trial was made on shore by electric light at night to determine the length of exposure necessary for the plates; but subsequent experience proved the data thus obtained to be of little value in the air-chamber. Various trials were then made in the air-chamber with different classes of plates and gradually increasing lighting-power; eventually, five arc-lamps—each equivalent to twelve hundred candles—and plates of exceptional rapidity, were employed; and these, with an exposure of two minutes, gave the best results obtained.

The roof and sides of the air-chamber were whitewashed, to render them conspicuous and to diffuse the light. The formation of moisture on the lens threatened at first to give trouble; but after a little time the glass became warmed, and the difficulty ceased. The haze in the air-chamber, which any sudden expansion of the air—such as that due to its escape when the air-locks were opened—greatly intensified, proved a formidable obstacle, and must always render the highest results unattainable. The only course was to seize the most favourable moment when the haze was at its minimum. White objects and light clothing gave the best results; whilst the eyes of a group—presumably from their glistening properties—are remarkable for definition and sharpness.

So far as could be ascertained, no injury resulted to the dry plates either from air-pressure or moisture.

AN OLD 'CHUBB.'

LAST night I found an old forgotten key
Deep in an unused drawer; and quick tears fell
As in my hand I took it tenderly—
For ah! I knew the story it would tell

Of a familiar door, a 'vanished hand,'
A cheery 'click' by eager children heard—
'Papa is home!'—Ah, little loyal band!
How oft your hearts grew sick with hope deferred

In the time after! for 'Papa' went forth
And came not back. Then dawned some darksome days:
The cottage home was sold; and we came north
To a gray city street, to flowerless ways.

On the bright steel, great spots of rust had grown—
'It would not turn so easily as then'
(I thought), 'and "Rosebank" is no more my own—
I have no claim to enter it again.

'Maybe its door has now a different lock—
And oh, if even I could venture there,
What should I find? my misery to mock—
Ghosts of the dead—strangers' careless stare.'

I took the key and laid it out of sight:
'Since thou canst no more ope the door for me
Of that dear home, thou needst not see the light,
For only doors of tears are oped by thee.'

KATE.

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THE ETHICS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

The cry is everywhere the same—the badness of our modern servants. But who is really to blame—the mistresses or the maids? the masters or the employed? The one class are educated, the other are comparatively ignorant; and influence filters downwards—it does not permeate the social mass from below. We cast longing looks backward to the bygone times when servants were the humble friends of the family, ready to serve for love and bare maintenance if bad times came, and identifying themselves with the fortunes of their masters. But we forget that we ourselves have changed even more than they, since the days when mistresses overlooked the maids in closer companionship than is warranted now by the conditions of society—when daily details were ordered by the lady, and the execution of her orders was personally supervised—when housekeeping was at once an art and a pleasure, a science and a source of pride. Then young servants were trained immediately under the eye of the mistress and by her direct influence; as now they are trained under the head servant of their special department. And in this change of teachers alone, if no other cause were wanting, we could trace the source of the deterioration complained of.

The lady who, two generations ago, taught the still-room maid the mysteries of sirups and confections, of jams and jellies and dainty sweetmeats—who knew the prime joints, and the signs of good meat, tender poultry, and fresh fish, as well as the cook herself—who could go blindfold to her linen press and pick out the best sheets from the ordinary, and knew by place as well as by touch where the finer huckaback towels were to be found and where the coarser—who could check as well as instruct the housemaid at every turn—such a mistress as this, for her own part diligent, refined, truthful, God-fearing, was likely to give a higher tone, infuse a more faithful and dutiful spirit to her servants, than is possible now, when the thing is reduced to a profession like any other, and the teacher is only technically, not morally, in advance of the pupil. It is the mistresses who have let the reins slip from their hands, not the maids who have taken the bit between their teeth; or, rather, the latter has been in consequence of the former; and when we blame our servants for the 'heartlessness' of their service—for the ease with which they throw up their situations, on the sole plea of want of change, or of bettering themselves, to the infinite disturbance of things and trouble to the household—we must remember that we ourselves first broke the golden links, and that to expect devotion without giving affection is to expect simply slavishness. The advantage of the present system of mere professional and skilled technicality is to be found in the greater comfort and regularity of the household; in the more finished precision and perfection of the service; in the more complete systemisation of the whole art and practice of attendance. But these gains have been bought with a price—not only in the increased cost of housekeeping, but in the deterioration of the moral character of servants, and in the annihilation of the friendly and quasi-family feeling which once existed between the mistress and her domestics.

In large cities and in the houses of the rich, the upper men-servants are practically their own masters. They make their own stipulations as to hours, food, allowances, liberties; and compound for the nervous exhaustion of perpetual worry which does not include hard work, by a scale of feeding which is more savage than civilised, in the quantity of flesh-meat included. They can make the house pleasant or intolerable to a guest; and in a thousand sly mysterious ways they cause the mistress annoyances which cannot be brought home to them, and of which they enjoy the effect produced. In the kitchen, the cook is absolute mistress, and holds her lady as merely the superscriber of her own *menu* for the day, as well as the bank whence is drawn the money

for the bills—which she pays. And in the payment of those bills, as well as in dealing with remnants—of which woe betide the mistress who should recommend the home consumption!—the cook doubles and trebles her wages, and feathers her own nest with the down plucked from her employers. Can we wonder at this? We put a half-educated person into a place of trust and temptation; we neither check nor overlook her; we trust all to her abstract honesty and sense of justice; there is no danger of discovery, still less of punishment; she has before her the additional temptation of pleasing her fellow-servants with whom she lives in hourly contact, rather than of saving the pockets of her rich employers whom she scarcely knows and rarely sees; and then we lift up our hands at the depravity of human nature, when we find that the tradesmen give back a percentage on their bills, and that whole pounds of wax candles swell the perquisite of the grease-pot handsomely. But next door, the rich merchant is a fraudulent bankrupt; the respectable family lawyer over the way absconds after having dealt with his clients' securities; master's friend, the banker, puts up the shutters to the ruin of thousands on thousands, while his wife has a secured jointure which enables them to live in princely style; and the stock-jobber, who dines with us on Sundays, makes use of private information to sell to his best friend shares which, up to their highest point to-day, he knows will collapse like a burst balloon to-morrow. Are we not a little hard on the kitchen, seeing what is done in the parlour?

Go from the rich to the poor among our gentry—from the gilded upper stratum to the lower base and barren subsoil—and here again we find that mistresses are as much to blame as the maids, whose shortcomings they bewail and resent. In a household of this kind, the *res angusta domi* prevents the hiring, because rendering impossible the payment, of good and well-trained servants; and the mistress has to be content with young girls whom she must teach, and whose untutored services she buys at small cost. But here, again, the modern spirit of the age spoils what else might seem to be a return to old and wholesome conditions. Nine times out of ten, the mistress is as incapable of teaching as the maid is slow of learning; for we must remember that untrained girls of this sort are generally taken from the most humble class, and that they come into service with but little natural brightness of wit and less educational sharpening. The mistress expects too much from them. For the most part aching under her own burden, disliking her duties, and envying her richer sisters, she does the least she can in the house, and gives the heavy end of the stick to the hired help. And, forgetful of the maxim of 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' and of the necessity of reiteration, patient and continual, if a dull brain has to be impressed and a new method learned, she is impatient and angry when orders are forgotten—ways of doing things bungled—and chaos, disorder, and confusion are the result. Perhaps she herself is unpunctual and inexact; but she expects from her seventeen-old little Betty the punctuality of the sun and the regularity of the clock. Perhaps she herself is undutiful, and shirks all that she can transfer on to another's hands; but she looks for devotion, self-sacrifice, the unfailing performance of her duty, from this comparative child, and feels entitled to sit in the seat of the judge, when these virtues run dry and the shallow stream of conscientiousness fails. From the nurse-girl, herself a mere child, hired to wheel the perambulator and look after the children, she expects such patience, forbearance, and understanding of child-nature, as she herself, mother as she is, cannot command. If Jacky is rude and Jenny is rebellious, if Tommy is unmanageable and Katie is defiant, she, the mother, whose temper would be in a blaze on the moment, demands that the nursemaid shall bear all with a calm and equable mind, and, without the power of punishing, be able to reduce to obedience these little rebels, whom she herself cannot always control with the help of the rod and the dark-closet to boot. Furthermore, she lays the blame of these naughty tempers on the girl, to excuse the children. They are always good with *her*, she says angrily, and it must be Mary's fault that they are so often tiresome when *she* has them. And when she says this, she does not remember the old adage about the little pitchers and long ears, and never realises the fact that by her own words she gives the children their cue, and encourages them to be rude to one who, they know beforehand, will be made the scapegoat for their sins. That overpowering maternal love—that *storgé*, of which poets make so much account, and which is the primal necessity for the preservation of the race—is at times the cause of great injustice, especially when dealing with those unprotected young nursemaids to whom no authority can be given, from whom all controlling influence is expected, and who have neither moral force nor mental enlightenment enough to control themselves, still less others. If they stand in the attitude of accusers, the mother rejects them as traducers.

Sometimes, in small households, the master interferes like a woman, and adds to the confusion by putting his masculine fingers into the already over-stocked domestic pie. There are men who are simply maddening in a house. They watch behind the window-blind and count the number of seconds Betty gives to the baker's boy, and how she smirks and smiles at the handsome young greengrocer or the smart Mr Butcher. That Betty should have any pleasure in the gallant words or flattering looks of one or all of these, seems to them a sin, a dereliction of duty, and, in some queer way, a wrong and a robbery done to them. For were they to be completely candid, most masters and mistresses would say that they expected the whole of a servant's nature to be given to them—all her thoughts as well as her abilities—all her interests as well as all her time; and that to fall in love is a kind of petty treason and a quasi-dishonest transfer of energy. Put in this crude way, this theorem would be denied; and a dozen other reasons would be given for the confessed dislike felt by employers for a love-sick maid. Reduced to its elements, it would come to what we have said—impatience of the inevitable trouble conditions being one of the proofs of In matters of this kind, the 'me'

stays at home, peeps from behind the blind and puts his fingers into all the pies aboard, is a harsher and less sympathetic person to deal with than is the average mistress, to whom a girl's love affairs carry an echo that awakens old dreams in her own soul and gain a little compassion for the sufferer. For, after all, Betty's love for the baker's young man is very much the same kind of thing as Ada's for the captain and Mabel's for the curate; and neither the cut nor the material of the gown influences the beating of the heart which throbs beneath!

In all this, as we had occasion in a recent paper to observe, we do not excuse the faulty side of modern servants, but we should like to see inaugurated a better method of dealing with it. We should like to see the mistresses go back to the old friendly feeling and friendly intercourse with those who live under their roof, and make their happiness, by the conscientious discharge of duty—that old friendly feeling which made of the household one family, and brought the servants in line with the masters by the golden cord of human sympathy. People say that this is impossible; that the spirit of the age prevents it; that servants themselves refuse to recognise anything like personal interest from their employers; that the whole tone and character of service are changed, and that it is now only a profession, where the employed live under the roof of their employers, instead of out of the house, as with mill-hands and the like. It may be so; but if even so, we contend that the higher natures could influence the lower if they would; that knowledge could direct ignorance; and that it depends on the masters and mistresses to get good out of these changed conditions—human nature, on the whole, seeking the light, and society, like a broken crystal, mending its fractures with fresh material, to the maintenance of form and beauty.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning when Edward and Marian were to start on their voyage to Trinidad, with Nora in their charge, was a beautifully clear, calm, and sunny one. The tiny steam-tender that took them down Southampton Water, from the landing-stage to the moorings where the big ocean-going *Severn* lay at anchor, ploughed her way merrily through the blue ripplets that hardly broke the level surface. Though it was a day of parting, nobody was over-sad. General Ord had come down with Marian, his face bronzed with twenty years of India, but straight and erect still like a hop-pole, as he stood with his tall thin figure "the and steadfast on the little quarter-deck. Mrs Ord was there too, crying a little, of course, as is only decorous on such occasions, yet not more so than a parting always demands from the facile eyes of female humanity. Marian didn't cry much, either; she felt so safe in going with Edward, and hoped to be back so soon again on a summer visit to her father and mother. As for Nora, Nora was always bright as the sunshine, and could never see anything except the bright side of things. 'We shall take such care of dear Marian in Trinidad, Mrs Ord!' she said gaily. 'You'll see her home again on a visit in another twelvemonth, with more roses on her cheek than she's got now, when she's had a taste of our delicious West Indian mountain air.'

'And if Trinidad suits Miss Ord—Mrs Hawthorn, I mean—dear me, how stupid of me!' Harry Noel put in quietly, 'half as well as it seems to have suited you, Miss Dupuy, we shall have no cause to complain of Hawthorn for having taken her out there.'

'Oh, no fear of that,' Nora answered, smiling one of her delicious childish smiles. 'You don't know how delightful Trinidad is, Mr Noel; it's really one of the most charming places in all Christendom.'

'On your recommendation, then,' Harry answered, bowing slightly and looking at her with eyes full of meaning, 'I shall almost be tempted to go out some day and see for myself how really delightful are these poetical tropics of yours.'

Nora blushed, and her eyes fell slightly. 'You would find them very lovely, no doubt, Mr Noel,' she answered, more demurely and in a half-timid fashion; 'but I can't recommend them, you know, with any confidence, because I was such a very little girl when I first came home to England. You had better not come out to Trinidad merely on the strength of my recommendation.'

Harry bowed his head again gravely. 'As you will,' he said. 'Your word is law. And yet, perhaps some day, I shouldn't be surprised if Hawthorn and Mrs Hawthorn were to find me dropping in upon them unexpectedly for a scratch dinner. After all, it's a mere nothing nowadays to run across the millpond, as the Yankees call it.'

They reached the *Severn* about an hour before the time fixed for starting, and sat on deck talking together with that curious sense of finding nothing to say which always oppresses one on the eve of a long parting. It seems as though no subject of conversation sufficiently important for the magnitude of the occasion ever occurred to one: the mere everyday trivialities of ordinary talk sound out of place at such a serious moment. So, by way of something to do, the party soon began to institute a series of observations upon Edward and Marian's fellow-passengers, as they came on board, one after another, in successive batches on the little tender.

'Just look at that brown young man!' Nora cried, in a suppressed whisper, as a tall and gentlemanly looking mulatto walked up the gangway from the puffing tug. 'We shall be positively overwhelmed with coloured people, I declare! There are three Hottentot Venuses down in the saloon already, bound for Haiti; and a San Domingo general, as black as your hat; and a couple of walnut-coloured old gentlemen going to Dominica. And now, here's another regular brown man coming on board to us. What's his name, I wonder? Oh, there it is, painted as large as life upon his portmanteau! "Dr Whitaker, Trinidad." Why, my dear, he's actually going the whole way with us. And a doctor too! goodness gracious. Just fancy being attended through fever by a man of that complexion!'

'Oh, hush, Nora!' Marian cried, in genuine alarm. 'He'll overhear you, and you'll hurt his feelings. Besides, you oughtn't to talk so about other people, whether they hear you or whether they don't.'

'Hurt his feelings, my dear! O dear, no, not a bit of it. I know them better than you do. My dear Marian, these people haven't got any feelings; they've been too much accustomed to be laughed at from the time they were babies, ever to have had the chance of acquiring any.'

'Then the more shame,' Edward interrupted gravely, 'to those who have laughed them out of all self-respect and natural feeling. But I don't believe, for my part, there's anybody on earth who doesn't feel hurt at being ridiculed.'

'Ah, that's so nice of you to think and talk like that, Mr Hawthorn,' Nora answered frankly; 'but you won't think so, you know, I'm quite certain, after you've been a month or two on shore over in Trinidad.'

'Good-morning, ladies and gentlemen,' the captain of the *Severn* put in briskly, walking up to them as they lounged in a group on the clean-scrubbed quarter-deck—'good-morning, ladies and gentlemen. Fine weather to start on a voyage. Are you all going with us?—Why, bless my heart, if this isn't General Ord! I sailed with you, sir, fifteen years ago now or more, must be, when I was a second officer in the P. and O. service.—You don't remember me; no, I daresay not; I was only a second officer then, and you sat at the captain's table. But I remember you, sir—I remember you. There's more folks know Tom Fool, the proverb says, than Tom Fool knows; and no offence meant, general, nor none be taken. And so you're going out with us now, are you?—going out with us now? Well, you'll sit at the captain's table still, sir, no doubt, you and your party; and as I'm the captain now, you see, why, I shall have a better chance than I used to have of making your acquaintance.'

The captain laughed heartily as he spoke at his own small wit; but General Ord drew himself up rather stiffly, and answered in a somewhat severe tone: 'No, I'm not going out with you this journey myself; but my daughter, who has lately married, and her husband here, are just setting out to their new home over in Trinidad.'

'In Trinidad,' the jolly captain echoed heartily—'in Trinidad! Well, well, beautiful island, beautiful, beautiful! Must mind they don't take too much mainsheet, or catch yellow Jack, or live in the marshes, that's all; otherwise, they'll find it a delightful residence. I took out a young sub-lieutenant, just gazetted, last voyage but two, when they had the yellow Jack awfully bad up at cantonments. He was in a deadly funk of the fever all the way, and always asking everybody questions about it. The moment he landed, who does he go and meet but an old Irish friend of the family, who was going home by the return steamer. The Irishman rushes up to him and shakes his hand violently and says he—"Me dear fellow," says he, "ye've come in the very nick of time. Promotion's certain; they're dying by thousands. Every day, wan of 'em drops off the list; and all ye've got to do is to hould yer head up, keep from drinking any brandy, and don't be frightened; and, be George, ye'll rise in no time as fast as I have; and I'm going home this morning a colonel."'

The general shuddered slightly. 'Not a pleasant introduction to the country, certainly,' he answered in his driest manner. 'But I suppose Trinidad's fairly healthy at present?'

'Healthy! Well, yes, well enough as the tropics go, general.—But don't you be afraid of your young people. With health and strength, they'll pull through decently, not a doubt of it.—Let me see—let me see; I must secure 'em a place at my own table. We've got rather an odd lot of passengers this time, mostly; a good many of 'em have got a very decided touch o' the tar-brush about 'em—a touch o' the tar-brush. There's that woolly-headed nigger fellow over there who's just come aboard; he's going to Trinidad too; he's a doctor, he is. We mustn't let your people get mixed up with all that lot, of course; I'll keep 'em a place nice and snug at my own table.'

'Thank you,' the general said, rather more graciously than before.—'This is my daughter, captain, Mrs Hawthorn. And this is my son-in-law, Mr Edward Hawthorn, who's going out to accept a district judgeship over yonder in Trinidad.'

'Ha!' the jovial captain answered in his bluff voice, doffing his hat sailor-fashion to Marian and Edward. 'Going to hang up the niggers out in Trinidad, are you, sir? Going to hang up the niggers! Well, well, they deserve it all, every man-Jack of 'em, the lazy beggars; they all deserve hanging. A pestering set of idle, thieving, hulking vagabonds, as ever came around to coal a ship in harbour! I'd judge 'em, I would—I'd judge 'em.' And the captain pantomimically expressed the exact nature of his judicial sentiments by pressing his own stout bull-neck, just across the windpipe, with his sturdy right hand, till his red and sunburnt face grew even redder and redder with the suggested suspension.

Edward smiled quietly, but answered nothing.

'Well, sir,' the captain went on as soon as he had recovered fully from the temporary effects of his self-inflicted strangulation, 'and have you ever been in the West Indies before, or is this your first visit?'

'I was born there,' Edward answered. 'I'm a Trinidad man by birth; but I've lived so long in England, and went there so young, that I don't really recollect very much about my native country.'

'Mr Hawthorn's father you may know by name,' the general said, a little assertively. 'He is a son of the Honourable James Hawthorn, of Agualta Estate, Trinidad.'

The captain drew back for a moment with a curious look, and scanned Edward closely from head to foot with a remarkably frank and maritime scrutiny; then he whistled low to himself for a few seconds, and seemed to be ruminating inwardly upon some very amusing and unusual circumstance. At last he answered slowly, in a more reserved and somewhat embarrassed tone: 'O yes, I know Mr Hawthorn of Agualta—know him personally; well-known man, Mr Hawthorn of Agualta. Member of the Legislative Council

of the island. Fine estate, Agualta—very fine estate indeed, and has one of the largest outputs of rum and sugar anywhere in the whole West Indies.'

'I told you so,' Harry Noel murmured parenthetically. 'The governor is coiny. They're all alike, the whole breed of them. Secretiveness large, acquisitiveness enormous, benevolence and generosity absolutely undeveloped. When you get to Trinidad, my dear Teddy, bleed him, bleed him!'

'Well, well, Mrs Hawthorn,' the captain said gallantly to Marian, who stood by rather wondering what his sudden change of demeanour could possibly portend, 'you shall have a seat at my table—certainly, certainly; you shall have a seat at my table. The general's an old passenger of mine on the P. and O.; and I've known Mr Hawthorn of Agualta Estate ever since I first came upon the West India liners.—And the young lady, is she going too?' For Captain Burford, like most others of his craft, had a quick eye for pretty faces, and he had not been long in picking out and noticing Nora's.

'This is Miss Dupuy of Orange Grove,' Marian said, drawing her young companion a little forward. 'Perhaps you know her father too, as you've been going so long to the island.'

'What! a daughter of Mr Theodore Dupuy of Orange Grove and Pimento Valley,' the captain replied briskly. 'Mr Theodore Dupuy's daughter! Lord bless my soul, Mr Theodore Dupuy! O yes, don't I just know him! Why, Mr Dupuy's one of the most respected and well-known gentlemen in the whole island. Been settled at Orange Grove, the Dupuys have, ever since the old Spanish occupation.—And so you're taking out Mr Theodore Dupuy's daughter, are you, Mrs Hawthorn? Well, well! Taking out Mr —Theodore Dupuy's daughter. That's a capital joke, that is.—O yes, you must all sit at the head of my table, ladies; and I'll do everything that lies in my power to make you comfortable.'

Meanwhile, Edward and Harry Noel had strolled off for a minute towards the opposite end of the deck, where the mulatto gentleman was standing quite alone, looking down steadily into the deep-blue motionless water. As the captain moved away, Nora Dupuy gave a little start, and caught Marian Hawthorn's arm excitedly and suddenly. 'Look there!' she cried—'oh, look there, Marian! Do you see Mr Hawthorn? Do you see what he's doing? That brown man over there, with the name on the portmanteau, has turned round and spoken to him, and Mr Hawthorn's actually held out his hand and is shaking hands with him!'

'Well,' Marian answered in some surprise, 'I see he is. Why not?'

'Why not? My dear, how can you ask me such a question! Why, of course, because the man's a regular mulatto—a coloured person.'

Marian laughed. 'Really, dear,' she answered, more amused than angry, 'you mustn't be so entirely filled up with your foolish little West Indian prejudices. The young man's a doctor, and no doubt a gentleman in education and breeding, and, for my part, I can't for the life of me see why one shouldn't shake hands with him as well as with any other respectable person.'

'Oh, but Marian, you know—a brown man!—his father and mother!—the associations—no, really!'

Marian smiled again. 'They're coming this way,' she said; 'we shall soon hear what they're talking about. Perhaps he knows something about your people, or Edward's.'

Nora looked up quite defiant. 'About *my* people, Marian!' she said almost angrily. 'Why, what can you be thinking of! You don't suppose, do you, that *my* people are in the habit of mixing casually with woolly-headed mulattoes?'

She had hardly uttered the harsh words, when the mulatto gentleman walked over towards them side by side with Edward Hawthorn, and lifted his hat courteously to Marian.

'My wife,' Edward said, as Marian bowed slightly in return: 'Dr Whitaker.'

'I saw your husband's name upon his boxes, Mrs Hawthorn,' the mulatto gentleman said with a pleasant smile, and in a soft, clear, cultivated voice; 'and as my father has the privilege of knowing Mr Hawthorn of Agualta, over in Trinidad, I took the liberty of introducing myself at once to him. I'm glad to hear that we're to be fellow-passengers together, and that your husband has really decided to return at last to his native island.'

'Thank you,' Marian answered simply. 'We are all looking forward much to our life in Trinidad.' Then, with a little mischievous twinkle in her eye, she turned to Nora. 'This is another of our fellow-passengers, Dr Whitaker,' she said demurely—'my friend, Miss Dupuy, whom I'm taking out under my charge—another Trinidadian: you ought to know one another. Miss Dupuy's father lives at an estate called Orange Grove—isn't it, Nora?'

The mulatto doctor lifted his hat again, and bowed with marked politeness to the blushing white girl. For a second, their eyes met. Dr Whitaker's looked at the beautiful half-childish face with unmistakable instantaneous admiration. Nora's flashed a little angrily, and her nostrils dilated with a proud quiver; but she said never a word; she merely gave a chilly bow, and didn't attempt even to offer her pretty little gloved hand to the brown stranger.

'I have heard of Miss Dupuy's family by name,' the mulatto answered, speaking to Marian, but looking askance at the same time toward the petulant Nora. 'Mr Dupuy of Orange Grove is well known throughout the island. I am glad that we are going to have so much delightful Trinidad society on our outward passage.'

'Thank him for nothing,' Nora murmured aside to Harry Noel, moving away as she spoke towards Mrs Ord at the other end of the vessel. 'What impertinence! Marian ought to have known better than to introduce me to him.'

'It's a pity you don't like the coloured gentleman,' Harry Noel put in provokingly. 'The appreciation is unfortunately not mutual, it seems. He appeared to me to be very much struck with you at first sight, Miss Dupuy, to judge by his manner.'

Nora turned towards him with a sudden fierceness and haughtiness that fairly surprised the easy-going young barrister. 'Mr Noel,' she said in a tone of angry but suppressed indignation, 'how dare you speak to me so about that negro

fellow, sir—how dare you? How dare you mention him and me in the same breath together? How dare you presume to joke with me on such a subject? Don't speak to me again, pray. You don't know what we West Indians are, or you'd never have ventured to utter such a speech as that to any woman with a single drop of West Indian blood in her whole body.'

Harry bowed silently and bit his lip; then, without another word, he moved back slowly toward the other group, and allowed Nora to join Mrs Ord by the door of the companion-ladder.

In twenty minutes more, the first warning bell rang for those who were going ashore, to get ready for their departure. There was the usual hurried leave-taking on every side; there was the usual amount of shedding of tears; there was the usual shouting and bawling, and snorting and puffing; and there was the usual calm indifference of the ship's officers, moving up and down through all the tearful valedictory groups, as through an ordinary incident of humanity, experienced regularly every six weeks of a whole lifetime. As Marian and her mother were taking their last farewells, Harry Noel ventured once more timidly to approach Nora Dupuy and address a few parting words to her in a low undertone.

'I'm sorry I offended you unintentionally just now, Miss Dupuy,' he said quietly. 'I thought the best apology I could offer at the moment was to say nothing just then in exculpation. But I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings, and I hope we still part friends.'

Nora held out her small hand to him a trifle reluctantly. 'As you have the grace to apologise,' she said, 'I shall overlook it. Yes, we part friends, Mr Noel; I have no reason to part otherwise.'

'Then there's no chance for me?' Harry asked in a low tone, looking straight into her eyes with a searching glance.

'No chance,' Nora echoed, dropping her eyes suddenly, but speaking very decidedly. 'You must go now, Mr Noel; the second bell's ringing.'

Harry took her hand once more, and pressed it faintly. 'Good-bye, Miss Dupuy,' he said—'good-bye—for the present. I daresay we shall meet again before long, some day—in Trinidad.'

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ANOTHER week has elapsed. The month of May has arrived in all its glory and beauty. The magnificent trees in the park of the Diet House form a leafy arched avenue, and amid the branches of the venerable six hundred year old yew-tree, beneath which Mendelssohn composed the overture to his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, feathered songsters of every kind hold their gay revels. The spring, that wonderful season of longing and restless desire, is, as usual, warring successfully against the stern duties of the members of parliament. Even the hardest workers among them, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Moltke, and Steinmetz, ay, even those most persevering of deputies, Wachler and Count Rennard, can no longer remain indoors. The outcry about the

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'Brunette?'

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But what interested me most was Bismarck's own room, the door of which stood open.

'May one enter?' I ask of one of the house-servants.

'Certainly, sir,' is the reply.

And crossing the threshold, I glance round the room. In the centre, though somewhat nearer the two windows that lead on to the terrace, stands Bismarck's writing-table, a sort of long desk, provided on each side with open pigeon-holes. The chair, without any lean, is a large round seat of massive oak, which turns either way. On the right-hand side are the shelves that hold the public documents. There were none there now, but on the floor below lay several locked portfolios. The light falls from the left, gently softened by white and crimson silk curtains. Innumerable white gloves, and swords enough to arm a whole division of generals, are piled up on a table facing the door through which we entered. On the escritoire beside it, the Chancellor's various civil, military, and official head-coverings form quite a small exhibition. The other half of the wall is completely filled up by a couch of colossal dimensions, covered with blue brocade. It is almost as broad as it is long, without back or side cushions, only at the head a round bolster is placed, on which reposes an embroidered cushion with this inscription: 'In Memory of the Year 1866.'

The pictures on the walls consist of life-size engravings, portraits of the great *Kurfürst* Frederick the Great, Frederick-William III., and King William. Beside this latter hangs an engraving of Murillo's Madonna, looking somewhat surprised at her worldly companions. Finally, on the wall behind the writing-table hangs a charming Swiss cuckoo-clock; while just below the portrait of Frederick the Great, and so placed that Bismarck can see it when he reposes on the couch, hangs a small picture of his mother, whose memory, as is well known, he treasures above everything else. Even taken from the simple stand-point of man to man, it is satisfactory to find, by the various letters from among his private papers that have of late years been made public, such a fund of kindly feeling, such a bright and hearty nature, as one would hardly have looked for in this daring and indomitable combatant.

'In spite of all the hunting and raking-up of anecdotes of Bismarck's past life,' said a Saxon deputy, 'that has been going on now for some years both by Sunday and week-day sportsmen, from the big journals down to the tiny pamphlets, not one half of what he has really done, said, and written, will ever be collected together; while those who are at all honest will frankly admit that it would be impossible to reproduce faithfully the peculiar form and fresh originality of his sayings. Thus, I heard rather a characteristic anecdote of his meeting with Councillor P——, from the Saxon town of M——, at the Berlin Railway Station in Leipzig. Bismarck—it was in 1863—had been with the king in Carlsbad, and was travelling back to Berlin, *viâ* Leipzig, in strict incognito. It was noon, and there was more than an hour to wait before the next train started. Our friend Councillor P——, who had been told by the station-master who his travelling companion was, went into the reserved dining saloon—Bismarck did the same—and soon the two merged into amicable converse, while discussing their respective luncheons. Bismarck praised the beauty of Saxony and the bravery and industry of its people. Councillor P——, who did not belong to the blind worshippers of Herr von Beust, asked his *vis-à-vis* what he thought of the Saxon government and policy. His *vis-à-vis* continued his panegyric. P——, determined not to be outdone, launched forth into raptures about Prussia—not, however, including the Berliners.

"Well, you are quite right," said Bismarck. "I daresay you have heard the story of the Alpine host, who, after pointing out the glories of his native land, asked a Berlin youth whether they had such mountains as that in Berlin. 'No,' he replied; 'we have not got such mountains; but if we *had*, they would be far finer than these!' Much the same thing happened to me. I was living in Hanover for some time, and one day I went, with a friend from Berlin, along the beautiful Herrenhauser Allee. 'Look at those magnificent trees!' I said. 'Where?' was the answer, as he looked round with contempt. 'You mean *these*? Why, they are not to be compared to the Linden of Berlin!' The following year,

fellow, sir—how dare you? How dare you mention him and me in the same breath together? How dare you presume to joke with me on such a subject? Don't speak to me again, pray. You don't know what we West Indians are, or you'd never have ventured to utter such a speech as that to any woman with a single drop of West Indian blood in her whole body.'

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'May one enter?' I ask of one of the house-servants.

'Certainly, sir,' is the reply.

And crossing the threshold, I glance round the room. In the centre, though somewhat nearer the two windows that lead on to the terrace, stands Bismarck's writing-table, a sort of long desk, provided on each side with open pigeon-holes. The chair, without any lean, is a large round seat of massive oak, which turns either way. On the right-hand side are the shelves that hold the public documents. There were none there now, but on the floor below lay several locked portfolios. The light falls from the left, gently softened by white and crimson silk curtains. Innumerable white gloves, and swords enough to arm a whole division of generals, are piled up on a table facing the door through which we entered. On the escritoire beside it, the Chancellor's various civil, military, and official head-coverings form quite a small exhibition. The other half of the wall is completely filled up by a couch of colossal dimensions, covered with blue brocade. It is almost as broad as it is long, without back or side cushions, only at the head a round bolster is placed, on which reposes an embroidered cushion with this inscription: 'In Memory of the Year 1866.'

The pictures on the walls consist of life-size engravings, portraits of the great *Kurfürst* Frederick the Great, Frederick-William III., and King William. Beside this latter hangs an engraving of Murillo's Madonna, looking somewhat surprised at her worldly companions. Finally, on the wall behind the writing-table hangs a charming Swiss cuckoo-clock; while just below the portrait of Frederick the Great, and so placed that Bismarck can see it when he reposes on the couch, hangs a small picture of his mother, whose memory, as is well known, he treasures above everything else. Even taken from the simple stand-point of man to man, it is satisfactory to find, by the various letters from among his private papers that have of late years been made public, such a fund of kindly feeling, such a bright and hearty nature, as one would hardly have looked for in this daring and indomitable combatant.

'In spite of all the hunting and raking-up of anecdotes of Bismarck's past life,' said a Saxon deputy, 'that has been going on now for some years both by Sunday and week-day sportsmen, from the big journals down to the tiny pamphlets, not one half of what he has really done, said, and written, will ever be collected together; while those who are at all honest will frankly admit that it would be impossible to reproduce faithfully the peculiar form and fresh originality of his sayings. Thus, I heard rather a characteristic anecdote of his meeting with Councillor P——, from the Saxon town of M——, at the Berlin Railway Station in Leipzig. Bismarck—it was in 1863—had been with the king in Carlsbad, and was travelling back to Berlin, viâ Leipzig, in strict incognito. It was noon, and there was more than an hour to wait before the next train started. Our friend Councillor P——, who had been told by the station-master who his travelling companion was, went into the reserved dining saloon—Bismarck did the same—and soon the two merged into amicable converse, while discussing their respective luncheons. Bismarck praised the beauty of Saxony and the bravery and industry of its people. Councillor P——, who did not belong to the blind worshippers of Herr von Beust, asked his *vis-à-vis* what he thought of the Saxon government and policy. His *vis-à-vis* continued his panegyric. P——, determined not to be outdone, launched forth into raptures about Prussia—not, however, including the Berliners.

"Well, you are quite right," said Bismarck. "I daresay you have heard the story of the Alpine host, who, after pointing out the glories of his native land, asked a Berlin youth whether they had such mountains as that in Berlin. 'No,' he replied; 'we have not got such mountains; but if we *had*, they would be far finer than these!' Much the same thing happened to me. I was living in Hanover for some time, and one day I went, with a friend from Berlin, along the beautiful Herrenhauser Allee. 'Look at those magnificent trees!' I said. 'Where?' was the answer, as he looked round with contempt. 'You mean *these?* Why, they are not to be compared to the Linden of Berlin!' The following year,

I walked with my friend Unter den Linden. They had their usual summer aspect, which, as I daresay you all know, is sufficiently dreary and melancholy. 'Well, what say you now?' I asked my companion. 'Do you still maintain that this is superior to the Herrenhauser Allee?' 'Oh, leave me in peace with your Herrenhausers and Allees,' he cried testily; 'it always makes me savage when I am shown anything better than we have in Berlin.' There you have a true picture of the Berliner."

'Bismarck then went on discussing the lower classes in Berlin, especially the porters, and lamented that it was found almost impossible to make them trustworthy. "You should do the same as we do," replied the councillor—"swear the men in before they take service."

"Oh," replied Bismarck, laughing, "that would not hold water with us."

'Meanwhile, the doors of the reserved dining-room were thrown open to the great travelling public, who began to assemble preparatory to the starting of the train. Among others, the well-known Leipzig *colporteur*, Hartwig, utilised the moments to find a fresh market for his wares. He had evidently also another motive—which he kept out of sight—and that was to give the Prussian minister some unvarnished truths and a piece of his mind about his political views, for of course he knew Bismarck by sight.'

Now first I noticed the gigantic size of the bearskin that lay beneath the billiard-table—it is almost as long as the table itself. Bismarck shot the animal in Russia, after having watched and waited for it five nights running.

The mighty Nimrod now joined our party, and leant up against the billiard-table while talking. He then sat down *on* the table, and while keeping up a lively conversation with Hennig and the rest of us about various points on the interior economy of the Diet, he every now and then threw a billiard ball behind him, so that each time it hit the two others that were on the table. After the discussion had lasted some time, Bismarck said: 'But come, gentlemen; I think it is time we had some refreshment.' So saying, he led the way, and we again passed through the chamber with the yellow Gobelins, full of Chinese figures, animals, and pagodas, on to the dining saloon. On our way, we passed Deputy Kratz in deep confab with General von Steinmetz. They were still continuing the discussion on the theory of light, with which the worthy judge and the victor of Trautenau had entertained the House for over an hour a few days ago.

Close beside them stood the Hessian deputy Braun, talking to Admiral Jachmann. It is incredible what an inordinate desire this inland resident, who has never even heard the sound of the sea, has for occupying himself with naval matters. Perhaps these constant discussions with landsmen, who cannot know much of nautical affairs, are the cause of the somewhat stereotyped smile that curves the worthy admiral's otherwise handsome lips. This time, however, he did *not* smile. Braun had asked him the following simple but weighty question: 'The papers and telegraphs have just informed us of the arrival at Kiel, from England, of the *König Wilhelm*, the largest armour-plated ship of the North German navy. They write in such a cool, indifferent sort of manner, as if it were quite an everyday affair for us to pay out over three million dollars for such a vessel. Has Your Excellency already inspected the vessel?' 'No; I will do so to-morrow.' And with this answer the deputy had to be satisfied.

As I passed on, I again came across Bismarck, this time in conversation with Albrecht, the town recorder of Hanover, who in the previous year had had a sharp tussle about his right to the ox with which the guild of butchers have, from time immemorial, every year presented the recorder. The much-vexed question, *re* the ox, was happily not now in dispute, Albrecht having manfully fought for and gained his cause. But the point under discussion was evidently nearly as delicate and intricate, for I heard Bismarck say: 'Well, both you and I have lost some hair—we have therefore *one* very important point in common—and ought to understand one another all the better.'

The table in the dining saloon was again covered with all the cold delicacies of a true North German kitchen; and again, like last Saturday, a small side-table had been taken possession of by some of the deputies, among whom I noticed the gentlemanly police superintendent Devens of Cologne; the two noble sons of the soil, Evelt and Hosius; and the honest but somewhat moody Günther of Saxony.

Ere long, Bismarck came up and seated himself between Devens and Evelt, chatting pleasantly with them, while enjoying the cool and fragrant *Maitrank*.

'How do you like my *Maitrank?*' he asked.

'It is perfect, Your Excellency!'

'Yes; I rather pride myself on it. Curiously enough, during all my student days I never found any *Waldmeister* further south than Heidelberg. Our South German brethren were first initiated into the delights of the *Maitrank* by us northerners. You from Hohenzollern, for instance, have no *Waldmeister*, I suppose?'

'O yes, Your Excellency,' replied Evelt. 'It grows splendidly with us. But I also may lay claim to the honour of having introduced the Swabians to its magic powers.'

'You have to thank your sterile Alps for that,' returned Bismarck. 'Were they more sheltered, no *Waldmeister* would grow there.'

A group of deputies and several waiters with plates and glasses now separated me from the speakers. When I again rejoined the party, Bismarck was telling them the following story of General von Strotha: 'He was at that time living quietly at Frankfort, in command of the allied garrison there, when one day he received a telegram from the then Minister President, Count von Brandenburg, to come at once to Berlin and report himself to the minister. Strotha starts for Berlin in hot haste, and thence immediately goes to Brandenburg.

"I have sent for Your Excellency to ask you to become War Minister," said Brandenburg.

"Me!" exclaimed Strotha. "For heaven's sake, Your Excellency, what made you think of such a thing? I am not in any way fitted for the post."

"I am afraid that can't be helped. See; here

is the order from His Majesty the king, requiring that you shall be War Minister."

'Strotha reads the order, looking greatly troubled, and then says: "Of course, if His Majesty commands, I must obey."

"Well, then, my dear colleague," continues Brandenburg, "you will attend the cabinet council at ten to-day."

"Oh, I could not possibly do that."

"I am afraid you will have to. See; here is another order from His Majesty, expressly desiring you to undertake the War Department in the cabinet."

"Then I must of course obey," said the new War Minister, with a deep sigh of dejection.

'He is just about to leave, in order to prepare himself for his presumable maiden speech, when Brandenburg stops him: "I suppose you know, general, that you must appear in *mufti* [plain clothes] at the council?"

'Strotha stood speechless with amazement. This was the finishing stroke. "I have none!" he at last managed to stammer forth.

"Well, you will have to get yourself some by ten o'clock—such are the king's commands."

"Then of course I must obey," replied Strotha, leaving the room in a very crestfallen manner.

'But he faced his difficulty valiantly. Jumping into a cab, he drove off to the Mühlendamm, where all the old Jews congregate; and at ten o'clock precisely, a strange figure, with an enormously high collar and coat sleeves hanging right over his hands, was seated at the ministerial table—this was the new War Minister!'

Günther, who never could hide what he felt, and who generally looked at the dark side of most things, had followed the Chancellor's story with undisguised amusement. The circle became every moment more gay and lively.

'Take care, Günther,' cried Mosig von Ahrenberg, holding up his finger in mock-threat; 'I see plainly that Bismarck has completely bewitched you. I shall feel bound to make your apostasy known to a certain paper in Leipzig.'

Whilst this merry chaff was going on, Bismarck's wife and her daughters had come in and had seated themselves at the table. The conversation now became more general; and soon after, as it was getting late, the party broke up. With a profound bow to the ladies, and a kindly shake of the hand from our genial host, we took our departure, well pleased with our second social evening at the hospitable dwelling of 'Our Chancellor.'

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY FRED. M. WHITE.

CHAPTER X.

A CYNICAL writer somewhere observes, that no man is too rich not to be glad to get a thousand pounds; and we may therefore assume the joy of an individual who possesses about as many pence, in prospect of obtaining possession of that sum. It was with this kind of joy—not, however, quite free from incredulity—that Edgar, when he met Mr Slimm by appointment at his hotel next day, listened to that gentleman's renewed asseverations that there were thousands of pounds somewhere in that bit of paper which had been such a mystery to Edgar and his friends. Mr Slimm was this morning more enthusiastic than ever on the subject; but Edgar only smiled in reply, and eyed his cigar with the air of a connoisseur in the weed. The notion of his possessing such a sum was decidedly puzzling. His coolness attracted Mr Slimm's admiration.

'I've seen a man hanged in the middle of a comic song,' that gentleman observed, with an air of studious reflection; 'and I guess he was somewhat frigid. I once saw a man meet a long-lost brother whom he had given up for dead, and ask him for a borrowed sovereign, by way of salutation, and I calculate that was cool; but for pure solid stoical calmness, you are right there and blooming.'

'Had I expressed any perturbation, it would have been on account of my doubting your sanity,' Edgar replied. 'Does it not strike you as a little strange that a casual acquaintance should discover a puzzle worth ten thousand pounds to me?'

'The onexpected always happens; and blessed things happen swiftly, as great and good things always do,' said Slimm sententiously. 'I haven't quite got the touch of them quotations, but the essence is about consolidated, I calculate.'

'What a fund of philosophy you have!'

'You may say that,' said the American with some little pride. 'You see, some years ago I was down to New Orleans, and I had considerable fever—fact, I wasn't out of the house for months. Reading ain't much in my line; but I had to put up with it then. There was a good library in the house, and at first I used to pick out the plums; but that wouldn't do, so I took 'em in alphabetical order. It was a large assortment of experience to me. First, I'd get Blair on the *Grave*, and read that till I was oncertain whether I was an or'nary man or a desperate bad one. Then I would hitch on to *British Battles*, and get the taste out of my mouth. I reckon I stored up enough knowledge to ruin an or'nary digestion. I read a cookery-book once, followed by a chemistry work. I got mixed there.—But to return to our muttons, as the Mo'sieus say. I ain't joking about that letter, and that's a fact.'

'But what can you know about it?' Edgar queried, becoming interested, in spite of himself and his better judgment.

'Well, you listen, and I'll tell you.'

Edgar composed himself to listen, excited more than he cared to show by the impressive air of his companion, and the absence of that quaint smile which usually distinguished him; nor could the younger man fail to notice not only the change of manner but the change of voice. Mr Slimm was no longer a rough miner; and his accent, if not of refinement, was that of cultivation. Carefully choosing another cigar, and lighting it with deliberate slowness, each moment served to raise his companion's impatience, a consummation which the astute American doubtless desired.

'When I first knew your uncle,' he said at length, 'we were both much younger men, and, as I have before told you, I saved his life. That was in the mines. Well, after a time I lost sight of him, as is generally the case with such wanderers. After he left the mines, I did not stay long; for a kind of home-sickness came over

me, and I concluded to get away. I determined to get back and settle down; and for the first time in my life, the notion of marriage came into my head. I had not returned long when I met my fate. Mr Seaton, I will not weary you with a description of my wife. If ever there was an angel upon earth—— But no matter; still, it is always a mystery to my mind what she could see in a rough uncouth fellow like me. Well, in course of time we married. I had some money then; but we decided before the year was out that it would be best to get some business or occupation for me. So, after little Amy was born, we moved West.

'For five years we lived there in our little paradise, and two more children came to brighten our Western home. I was rapidly growing a rich man, for the country was good, and the fear of Indians kept more timorous people away. As for us, we were the best of friends; and the old chief used to come to my framehouse and nurse little Amy for hours. I shall never forget that sight. The dear little one, with her blue eyes and fair curls, sitting on that stern old man's knee, playing with his beads, and not the least afraid; while the old fellow used to grunt and laugh and get as near a smile as it is possible for an Indian to do. But this was not to last. The old chief died, and a half-breed was appointed in his place. I never liked that man. There was something so truculent and vicious in his face, that it was impossible to like the ruffian. Well, one day he insulted my wife; she screamed, and I ran to her assistance. I took in the situation at a glance, and gave him there and then about the soundest thrashing a man ever had in his life. He went away threatening dire vengeance and looking the deadliest hate; but next morning he came and apologised in such humble terms—for the scoundrel spoke English as well as his own tongue—that I was fain to forget it. Another peaceful year passed away, and then I was summoned to New York on business. Without a single care or anxiety, I left my precious ones behind. I had done it before, and they were not the least afraid.

'One night, when I had completed my business, and had prepared everything for my start in the morning, I was strolling aimlessly along Broadway, when I was hailed by a shout, accompanied by a hearty slap on the back. I turned round, and there I saw Charlie Morton. Mind, I am talking of over twenty years ago, and I think of him as the dashing, good-natured, weak Charlie Morton I used to know.—Well, to resume. Over a quiet smoke, he arranged to accompany me.

'It was a glorious morning when we set out, and our hearts were light and gladsome, and our spirits as bright as the weather. Was not I returning to my darlings! We rode on mile after mile and day after day, till we were within twelve hours of my house. Then we found, by unmistakable signs, that the Indians were on the war-path. This was uncomfortable news for us; but still I never had an uneasy thought for the people at home.

'When the following morning dawned, I rose with a strange presentiment of coming evil; but I shook it off, thinking it was the excitement of returning, for I had never been away from my wife so long before. It was just about noon when I thought I saw a solitary figure in the distance. It was a strange thing to meet a stray Indian there, and judge of my surprise when I saw him making towards us! It turned out to be a deaf and dumb Sioux I employed about the clearing, and one of the same tribe we were so friendly with. By his excited state and jaded appearance, he had travelled far and hurriedly. When we came up to him, a horrible fear came over me, for then I saw he was in his war-paint. Hurriedly, I made signs to him to know if all was well at home. He shook his head sadly; and with that composure which always characterises his race, proceeded to search for something in his deerskin vest. You can imagine the eagerness with which I watched him; and when he produced a note, with what eagerness did I snatch it out of his hand! Hastily, I read it, and sank back in my saddle with a sense of almost painful relief. Apparently, all was well. The missive was half a sheet of note-paper, or, more properly, half of half a sheet of paper, containing some twelve lines, written right across the paper, with no signature or heading, saying how anxious she was for my return. I handed it to Morton with a feeling of delight and thankfulness; but, to my surprise, as he read it, he became graver and graver. At last he burst forth: "Slimm, have you any secret cipher between yourselves?"

"No," I replied, somewhat startled at the question. "Why?"

"Because there is something more here than meets the eye. You will not mind my saying so; but the body of this note is almost cold, not to say frivolous, while words, burning words, catch my eye here and there. Can you explain it?"

"Go on!"

'I hardly knew my own voice, it sounded so hard and strained.

"Yes," he mused, twisting the paper in his supple fingers, "there is more here than meets the eye. This old messenger is a Sioux; that tribe is on the war-path, and the chief thoroughly understands English. An ordinary appeal for help would be worse than useless, if it fell into his hands. I perceive this paper is creased, and creased with method, and the most touching words are always confined within certain creases. Now, I will fold this longways, and turn the paper so; and then fold it thus, and thus. We are coming to the enigma. Now thus.—No; this way, and—— Merciful powers!"

'He almost reeled from his saddle, and I leant over him with straining eyes and read: "For God's sake, hasten. On the war-path. White Cloud [the chief] has declared. . . . Hasten to us." I stopped to see no more. Mechanically thrusting the paper into his saddle-bag, Morton urged me forward; and for some hours we rode like madmen, spurring our horses till the poor creatures almost dropped. At last, in the distance I saw what was my home—a smoking mass of ruins. In the garden lay my three children—dead; and not a quarter of a mile away my wife—also dead!'

The American here stopped, and threw himself on his face upon the couch where he had been reclining, his huge frame shaking with the

violence of his emotion. Edgar watched him with an infinite pity in his eyes for some moments, not daring to intrude upon his grief. Presently, Slimm calmed himself, and raising his face, said: 'Wall, my friend, I guess them statistics are sorter calculated to blight what the poet calls "love's young dream."—Pass the brandy,' he continued, with an air of ghastly cheerfulness.

'Why did you tell me this?' Edgar said, pained and shocked at the recital and its horrible climax.

'Well, you see I wanted to convince you of the truth of my words. I shall never allude to my story again, and I hope you never will either; though I dream of it at times.—Your wife's uncle kept that paper, and I have not the slightest doubt that the same plan has been taken as regards his wealth. I can't explain it to you at this moment; but from the description you have given of his last letter, I have not the smallest hesitation in saying that it is formed on the same lines as the fatal note I have told you of. Charlie Morton was a good fellow, but he had not the slightest imagination or originality.'

'And you really think that paper contains a secret of importance?'

'Never doubted it for a moment. Look at the whole circumstances. Fancy your meeting me; fancy my knowing your uncle; fancy—— Bah! It's clear as mud.'

'The coincidences are certainly wonderful.'

'Well, they are a few.—And now,' said Mr Slimm, dropping into his most pronounced Yankee style, 'let this Adonis truss his points, freeze onto a clean biled rag, and don his plug-hat, and we'll go and interview that interestin' epistle—yes, sir.'

CHAPTER XI.

Edgar and his transatlantic companion walked along Holborn in silence. The former was deeply immersed in thought; and the American, in spite of his forced gaiety, had not yet lost all trace of his late emotion. Presently, they quitted the busy street and turned into one of the narrow lanes leading to Queen Square. Arrived at the house, they were admitted by the grimy diminutive maid-of-all-work, and slowly ascended the maze of stairs leading to Edgar's sitting-room. There were two persons who looked up as they entered—Eleanor and Jasper Felix. Edgar performed the ceremony of introduction, asking his companion if he had ever heard of the great novelist. He had.

'Yes,' said Mr Slimm impressively, 'I believe that name has been mentioned in my hearing once, if not more.—Allow me to shake hands with you, sir. I ain't given to worshipping everybody who writes a ream of nonsense and calls it a novel; but when I come across men like you, I want to remember it. We don't have many of your stamp across the Atlantic, though Nathaniel Hawthorne runs you very close.'

'Indeed, you are very complimentary,' Felix replied; 'and I take your word as flattering. I don't like flattery as a rule, especially American flattery. It is rare, in a general way. I feel as if they always want something, you know.'

'Well, I do calculate my countrymen don't give much away for nothing. They like a *quid pro quo*; and if they can get the *quid* without the *quo*, so much the better are they pleased. But I didn't come here to discuss the idiosyncrasies of my countrymen.'

Mr Slimm seemed to possess the happy knack of making his conversation suit his company. Edgar could not help contrasting him now with the typical Yankee of the gambling-house; they hardly seemed like the same men.

'Have you got your uncle's letter?' Edgar asked his wife.

'Why?' she asked, without the slightest curiosity.

'Why? I have almost come to your way of thinking,' replied Edgar. 'Do you know, a wonderful thing has happened this morning. To make a long story short, my good friend here was an old friend of your uncle's. The story is a very sad one; but the gist of it is that the paper your uncle left so nearly resembles a tragic document which he and Mr Slimm once perused together—what is termed a cipher—that he is almost sure it is taken from the same. The coincidence is so strange, the two letters are so remarkably alike'——

'Is this really so, Mr Slimm?' Eleanor asked eagerly.

'Yes, madam,' he said quietly. 'Some day I will tell you the tale, but not now, of how I came to be in receipt of that terrible document. Your uncle was with me; and from what I know of the circumstances, they must be the same. If you don't mind me seeing it'——

Before he could finish his sentence, Eleanor was out of the room, and a silence, an uneasy silence of expectancy, fell on the group. No one spoke, and the few minutes she was away seemed like hours. Then she reappeared, and put the paper in his hands.

He merely glanced at it for a moment; indeed, he had not time to read it through before a smile began to ripple over his quaint-looking, weather-beaten face. The smile gradually grew into a laugh, and then he turned to view the anxious group with a face full of congratulation and triumph.

'Have you found it? Is it so?' burst from three people simultaneously.

He was provokingly slow in his reply, and his Yankee drawl was more painfully apparent than ever. 'Young man,' said he to Edgar, 'what might have been the nominal value of your uncle's estate—if he had any?'

'About thirty or forty thousand pounds.'

'And I promised, if you would let me see this paper, I would show you something worth ten thousand pounds. Well, you must pardon me for my little mistake. One can't always guard against mistakes, and this paper is worth four times that amount.'

For a few moments every one was aghast at the value of the discovery.

Edgar was the first to recover himself. 'You are not joking, Slimm?' he exclaimed hoarsely.

'Never a bit,' he replied with a gaiety delicately intended to cover and arouse the emotion of the others. 'There it is on the face of the paper, as plainly as possible—the fateful words staring me in the face. You could see them yourselves, if you only knew how.'

'Wonderful!' exclaimed Felix. 'And that simple paper contains a secret worth all that money?'

'Why, certainly. Not only that, but where it is, and the exact spot in which it is concealed. Only to think—a starving, desperate woman dragging such a secret as that about London; and only to think of a single moment preventing it being buried in the Thames. Wonderful, wonderful!'

'Perhaps you will disclose it to us,' said Edgar, impatient at this philosophical tirade.

'No!' Eleanor put in resolutely—'no, Edgar! I do not think it would be fair. Considering the time and trouble Mr Carver has given to the matter, it would only be right for him to know at the same time. The dear old gentleman has been so enthusiastic throughout, and so kind, that I should feel disappointed if he did not hear the secret disclosed when we are all together.'

'How thoughtful you are, Mrs Seaton!' remarked Felix with great admiration. 'Of course you are right. The old fellow will be delighted beyond measure, and will fancy he has a hand in the matter himself.'

'I do not see why we should wait for that,' Edgar grumbled.

'Impatient boy!' said Eleanor with a charming smile. 'Talk about curiosity in woman, indeed!'

'All right,' he replied laughingly, his brow clearing at one glance from his wife. 'I suppose we must wait. I do not see, however, what is to prevent us starting to see him at once. Probably, you won't be more than an hour putting on your bonnet, Nelly?'

'I shall be with you in five minutes;' and, singular to relate, she was.

'Curiosity,' remarked Edgar, 'is a great stimulus, even to women.'

Arrived at Bedford Row, they found Mr Carver at his office, and fortunately disengaged. It did not take that astute gentleman long to perceive, from the faces of his visitors, that something very great and very fortunate had happened.

'Well, good people,' he said, cheerfully rubbing his head with considerable vigour, 'what news? Not particularly bad, by the look of you.'

Edgar stated the case briefly, and at the beginning of his narrative it was plain to see that the worthy solicitor was somewhat disappointed; but when he learned they were nearly as much in the dark as he, he resumed his usual rubicund aspect.

'Dear, dear! how fortunate. Wonderful, wonderful!' he exclaimed, hopping about excitedly. 'Never heard such a thing in my life—never, and thirty years in practice too. Quite a hero, Edgar.'

'No, sir,' Edgar put in modestly. 'Mr Slimm is the hero. Had it not been for him, we could never have discovered the hidden mine. Talk about Aladdin's lamp!'

'And so you knew my poor client?' broke in Mr Carver, addressing Slimm. 'What a fine fellow he was in those days! I suppose you showed him the secret of the cipher?'

'Wall, no, stranger,' replied the American, the old Adam cropping out again strongly. 'He guessed it by instinct, if it wasn't something higher'n that. I did not know it myself, though it was sent to me by one very dear to me, to warn me of danger. You see, it might have come into the hands of an enemy who understood English, and it was just a desperate chance. It came a trifle late to save my peace of mind,' he continued naturally and bitterly, 'and I shall never forget it. The sight of that piece of paper in that lady's hands,' pointing to the important document, 'gave me a touch of the old feeling when I first saw it.'

'Poor fellow, poor fellow! Pray, don't distress yourself upon our account. A mere explanation'——

'I'd almost forgotten,' replied Mr Slimm, taking the paper from Eleanor's hands. 'If you will be good enough to listen, I will explain it.'

They drew close round the table, and he proceeded to explain.

'The paper I hold in my hand,' said the American, 'is filled with writing, commencing at the top of the paper, without anything of a margin, and ending in the same manner. The paper, you perceive, is ruled with dotted lines, which makes the task of deciphering the secret all the easier. It has five dotted perpendicular lines at equal distances; and four horizontal, not so equal in distance. These are guide-lines. Now, I will take the letter and fold it along the centre dotted line from top to bottom, with the writing inside—so. Then from the second dotted line, counting from the right-hand side, I fold it backwards, showing the writing—thus. Then I fold the fourth dotted line from the right hand over the writing. The first part is accomplished by turning the narrow slip of writing between the fifth line and the left-hand side back thus; and then you see this. The rest is simple. Fold the slip in two, keeping the writing inside; then turn the bottom portion back and fold it across the lower dotted line, and the puzzle is complete. Or there is yet a simpler way. In each corner of the paper there are a few words inclosed by the dotted lines. Begin at the top at the word "Darling," then across the line to the words "Nelly, in." Then the next line, which is all inclosed at the top in the corner squares. Read the same way at the bottom corner squares; and see the result. You are puzzled by the folding, I see; but try the other way. Here,' he said, handing the paper to Nelly; 'please read aloud what you can make of it.'

Following his instructions, Nelly made out the words thus:

Darling . . . . . Nelly, in
the garden . . . . under the
Niobe . . . . . you will
find my . . . . . money.

The murder was out! The mystery which had puzzled every one was explained; and after all, it was so simple! The simplicity of the affair was its greatest safeguard. It was so simple, so particularly devoid of intricacy, that it had baffled them all. Something bewildering and elaborate they had expected, but nothing like this. Mr Carver, notwithstanding his joy, looked inexpressibly foolish. Edgar gave way to his emotion in mirth. 'O shade of Edgar Allan Poe,

what a climax!' he exclaimed. 'Was it for this our worthy friend waded through the abstruse philosophy of *The Purloined Letter* and the intricacies of *The Gold Bug?* Was it for this that *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget* were committed to memory?'

'Be quiet, you young jackanapes!' exclaimed Mr Carver testily; and then, seeing the ludicrous side of the matter, he joined in the younger man's mirth with equal heartiness.

'But why,' said Eleanor, still serious, and dwelling upon the mystery—'why did not uncle fold the letter in the way he wished it to be read?'

'Well, madam,' Mr Slimm explained, 'you see in that case the letter would have adapted itself to the folds so readily, that, had it fallen into a stranger's hand, he would have discovered the secret at once. Your uncle must have remembered the letter he founded his upon, and how easily he discovered that. By folding this paper in the ordinary way, improper curiosity was baffled.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' Eleanor mused. 'Anyway, thank heaven, we have solved the mystery, and we are free at last!'

'Don't look so serious, darling,' Edgar said brightly. 'It is all ours now, to do what we like with. How happy we shall be!'

'Ahem!' coughed Mr Bates ominously, the only remark which, by the way, he had made during the scene.

'Bless me, Bates!' ejaculated Mr Carver in his abrupt way. 'Really, I had quite forgotten you.—Shake hands, Bates! Let me shake hands with my future partner.'

'Begging your pardon, sir, I think not. You'—reproachfully—'seem to have forgotten the will. Mr Morton's last testament left this property to Miss Wakefield—this money is part of his estate.'

Mr Carver groaned and sank back in his chair. It was too true. Mr Morton's last will devised his estate to Miss Wakefield, and this treasure was hers beyond the shadow of a doubt.

THE FLOATING ISLAND ON DERWENTWATER.

Mr Ward in his book on the *Geology of the English Lake District*, while describing some of the effects that various rock formations have on scenery, has stated that the mountains surrounding Lake Derwentwater are not only geologically interesting, but are very beautiful. To quote his own words. He says: 'If we take our stand upon Friar's Crag, jutting out into Derwentwater, we have before us one of the fairest views that England can give. The lake, studded with wooded islets, and surrounded by mountains of varied form and outline. Upon the west side, the mountains, most exquisitely grouped together, have soft outlines and smooth and grassy slopes, sometimes meeting below to form, as in Newlands Vale, an inverted arch of marvellous elegance and grace. These are of Skiddaw slate, which mostly weathers away in small flakes or pencil-like pieces, giving rise to a clayey and shaly wash at the base of the hills. Upon the east side of the lake and at its head, the case is otherwise; the mountains have generally rough and hummocky outlines and steep and craggy sides; whilst their waste lies below in the shape of rough tumbled masses, like ruins of a giant castle. These consist of rocks belonging to the volcanic series, which are hard, massive, and well jointed. Thus we have presented to us two independent types of scenery, formed by very distinct classes of rock.'

Southey, in a letter to Coleridge, describing the view from his house (Greta Hall), compared the mountains of the first type above mentioned to the 'tents of a camp of giants;' whilst it is between a rift in the rocks of the latter, or volcanic series, that the Watendlath burn rushes down and forms the picturesque Falls of Lodore.

But, apart from the varied charms of scenery surrounding Derwentwater, and the many historical reminiscences connected with the immediate neighbourhood, the lake has a phenomenon of its own in the so-called Floating Island. The visitor to Keswick may see at any time, and if such be his desire, may row round and thoroughly inspect four islands on the lake; but this one, through its somewhat eccentric movements, is not so easily examined. In fact, it only exists as an island for a few weeks' duration, and then generally at intervals of several years. The last time it was visible was in 1884, when it was noticed about the middle of August; and disappeared during the first week in October. It is doubtful whether all the causes of this occurrence are yet known; for, on its last appearance, considerable interest was taken in it by scientific men, and several experiments were made with a view of ascertaining its substance, both solid and gaseous. Certain it is that, even in these days of accurate information and universal reading, considerable misconception must exist on the subject. For instance, an article appeared in this *Journal* for August 1874, in which it was stated that 'until it was driven ashore in a gale, a few years ago, there used to be an island of this kind' [the writer had previously spoken of a floating island on a Swedish lake, which occasionally sank below the surface and reappeared] 'on Derwentwater, Cumberland. . . . When a stick or fishing-rod was driven through it, a jet of water would spurt up from the hole; thus indicating that some spring or current was pressing against it from below; and this was probably the force which kept it at the surface, and being of an intermittent character, allowed it at times to sink to the bottom.' This writer's idea was, that a waterfall, which he mentions as 'throwing itself into the lake,' but is in reality at least a quarter of a mile off, caused a current, which, according to its force, was able to buoy the island up by its pressure. This fallacious theory is mentioned in one or two guide-books to Keswick, one stating that, 'the guides, the older and more intelligent ones, will tell you of a little stream that gets lost in the ground.' This 'little stream' is the Catgill Beck, which, in its passage from the hills, forms the waterfall spoken of in the previous quotation. The 'driven ashore in a gale' statement is easily refuted by the fact that the island made its appearance two years after in the same place as on its previous emergences, namely, about a

hundred and fifty yards from the shore at the south-eastern corner of the lake.

The *Daily News* of August 20, 1884, contained a short leading article on the subject, in which, after describing the floating gardens of the ancient Mexicans, the writer continues: 'This at Derwentwater seems to be merely an accidental accretion of material round some tree-trunk or something of the kind, which, as in the larger island just alluded to [an American one], has become in some way anchored to the bed of the lake, probably at that point not very deep.'

The writers of the two articles above quoted could never have examined, and probably had never even seen the island in question.

A frequent source of error is the notion people are liable to carry away who have only seen it from the shore. Many see it, probably for the first and only time, from the top of a stagecoach, on their way to Buttermere or on some other favourite excursion. Just previously, the driver has perhaps directed their attention, by a jerk of his whip over his left shoulder, to Raven's Crag. Now, there is a gap in the trees on the other side, and a glimpse of the lake is caught. 'Floating Island,' laconically remarks Jehu to the box-seat occupants, and again points his whip, but this time to the right towards the lake. 'Where? where?' ask the others behind. 'There, there—don't you see?' and on rolls the coach, some wondering if that little patch of green were it; others, failing to see anything, refer to their guide-books or companions as to what object of interest must next be looked for. *Lodore Hotel* comes into view, and the minds of the hurried tourists are once more engaged in a hasty examination of the Falls. So the day wears on, and they have seen the Floating Island. But how, and how much? Even the name itself may cause misapprehension, although it would be difficult to give the object a more definite appellation.

The island is not mentioned either by Hutchinson or Nicolson and Burns in their Histories of Cumberland, published towards the end of last century. In an interesting account, however, of *A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes*, by Jos. Budworth, F.S.A., published 1795, a short reference is made to it. After speaking of the 'stormy breakers' on the lake, caused by 'a bottom wind,' he goes on to say: 'It is said Keswick Lake often wears this appearance a day or two previous to a storm; and when violently agitated at the bottom, an island arises, and remains upon the surface some time. . . . The grass and the moss are as green as a meadow, which soon unite and become consistent. There are very few people in the neighbourhood who have not been upon it.' It is probably to Jonathan Ottley, a native of Keswick, and a very careful observer, that we owe the first really authentic account of the island. In a paper read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and published in their Transactions for the year 1819, he gives a graphic description of it, and mentions a newspaper correspondence having appeared in the *Carlisle Journal* some years previous, in which two or three different theories were propounded by various writers as to the cause of its emergence. At the end of this Memoir, a note from John Dalton—the author of the Atomic Theory, and a native of Cumberland, although at this time he had resided in Manchester for some years—explains, that 'being at Keswick in 1815, Mr Ottley and I procured a small quantity of the gas [from the island], which I found to consist of equal parts of carburetted hydrogen and azotic gases, with about six per cent. of carbonic acid.' It will be seen from the above that the island had not escaped the observation of men of science very early in the present century.

From a distance, it looks like a grass plot floating on the lake. It is never more than six inches above the water, but varies considerably in area in different years. On its last emergence, the exposed surface was about fifty yards by twelve; but in 1842 it was upwards of ninety yards long by twenty broad. It generally makes its appearance in July, August, or September, and disappears towards the end of the last month. In 1831, however, it came to the top on the tenth of June, and remained exposed until the twenty-fourth of September—the longest period ever remembered. It has never been seen except in the summer or autumn months, and then only after periods of excessive drought and warm weather; but whether its origin is owing to the lowness of the water in the lake, or to the high temperature, or to a combination of both causes, is still an open question.

The bed of the lake where the island appears consists of what, were there no lake over it, would be called a peat-moss, which extends over several acres. When the water is calm, dark-brown patches may be seen over the whole of this area, indicating rents or fissures. The depth of water is very uniform here, varying from six to eight feet when the lake is at an average height. The appearance of the island is caused by a portion of this peat-moss rising, not bodily, as in a detached mass, but like a huge blister. It is this peculiar manner of rising that upsets the preconceived notions of many visitors, leading some to suppose that the surface of the lake having become lowered, through drought or other causes, a portion of its bed has been laid bare. Although this peat-moss is capable of considerable distention, owing to the elasticity of its component parts, it not unfrequently occurs that a rupture takes place whilst rising to the surface. In such cases, two islands are sometimes formed, but more frequently one part sinks, when a fairly accurate idea may be formed of the thickness of the peat-moss or substance of the island. If the second portion, or part that has remained at the surface, on resuming its position at the bottom, does not exactly fill the same space as before, a gap is caused, which accounts for the apparent dark patches before mentioned.

The aquatic plants growing on the bed of this portion of the lake are, when living, all specifically lighter than water, which may easily be proved by detaching any of them from the bottom, when they will be found to rise to the surface. They grow, wither, and decay, their roots matting together amidst the finely divided turf, itself the remains of various mosses, producing what Ottley aptly calls a 'congeries of weeds.' The thickness of this mass is about six feet, and rests upon a bed of clay. After a continuance of high temperature, the air and gas—of which there is always a considerable amount in such substances—expand. This expansion is sufficient to reduce the weight

of the whole slightly below an equal volume of water. The water insinuates itself between the peat-moss and the bed of clay on which it rests, but to which it is in no way attached, owing to the roots not being able to penetrate it. The mass slowly rises, the lighter portion gradually dragging itself to the surface, although, as has been previously stated, not absolutely detaching itself from the rest. After appearing above the level of the water, the weeds make vigorous growth, which tends to reduce temporarily the specific gravity of the whole still more, and to give that emerald hue to the exposed part which made Budworth describe it as being 'as green as a meadow.' If, through heavy rainfall, the water-level of the lake be raised, the island rises and falls with it. Should low temperature, however, supervene, the mass loses its buoyancy, and slowly disappears; once more to sink into obscurity and become part of the bed of the lake, after having, for a butterfly existence, basked under the warm August sun as the Floating Island.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE RIGHTS OF THE ELDEST SON AND OTHER CHILDREN OF AN INTESTATE OWNER OF REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

MANY persons believe that the eldest son of a man who has died without leaving a will, or who in other words dies intestate, is entitled to the whole of the property, both real and personal, left by his deceased parent; but this is an error so far as relates to the personal estate, and in some cases also in respect of the real estate. By the common law, which had its origin in feudal times, the eldest son was entitled to succeed to the property of his deceased father; and might be called upon to perform the military and other duties which were due and accustomed to be paid in respect of such property to the immediate feudal superior. Hence the origin of what is often spoken of as an iniquitous system of favouritism arbitrarily established by law. When there were no standing armies, and the king upon the throne for the time being had to depend upon the military services of the barons who had received lands upon condition of performing such services, while the barons in turn had to depend upon the persons to whom they had granted parts of their lands upon similar conditions, it was of great importance that there should always be a male possessor of those lands. If he were an 'infant' and incapable of bearing arms, a relative was appointed guardian of his person and estate during his minority, and upon this guardian devolved the duties appertaining to the estate. But in those days, tenancies for years and other smaller interests in lands were not held as of much account, being of small value, and subject to being forfeited or declared void on various pretences; whence arises the apparent anomaly, that leasehold property is personal estate, whatever may be its value, and therefore distributable among all the children of an intestate, as will be explained more fully. A third class of property is 'copyhold,' which is real estate, but in respect of which the feudal services were of a different description. Being useful only, and not military, these services were considered as inferior in dignity and less honourable than the duties attached to the possession of freehold property. The subject of tenures and services is full of interest, but the exigences of space compel us to turn away from the tempting theme. It was, however, necessary to refer thus briefly to the origin of the present rules of law, in order to make intelligible the reasons for the distinctions which still exist.

We have mentioned the common-law rule of descent of land, and must note two exceptions to the general rule. By the custom of 'borough English,' which exists at Maldon in Essex, in the city of Gloucester, and other places, the youngest instead of the eldest son inherits his father's freeholds in case of intestacy. And by the custom of 'gavelkind,' which still applies to most of the land in Kent, although some has been disgavelled by private Acts of Parliament, the freeholds of an intestate are divisible among all the sons of the deceased in equal shares.

Leaving these customs aside, we propose to consider the effect of the intestacy of an owner of freehold and other property who leaves a family of children surviving him.

In such a case, the widow (if any) would be entitled to receive one-third of the rents of the freeholds for her life, that being a provision made for her by the law under the name of dower. Dower attaches to all the freehold lands and hereditaments of which her deceased husband was the actual owner at the time of his decease, either in fee-simple or fee-tail; except, in the latter case, if the entail were limited to the children of the first wife, the second wife would not be dowable out of the estate. But this provision, mercifully made by the law for the widow of a man who had so far neglected the duty of a husband as to omit to provide for her by his will, may be barred in a very peculiar manner. The right of a widow to dower will be barred if in the conveyance to her husband, or any deed subsequently executed by him, there should be a declaration that she is not to be entitled to dower out of the property to which such conveyance or other deed relates. In this way many widows have been deprived of dower without the knowledge of their husbands. If the declaration be contained in the conveyance, the execution thereof by the husband is not necessary, as he takes the property subject to the contents of such conveyance. If in any other deed, probably he signs, seals, and delivers it without taking the trouble to read its contents, trusting to his solicitor to see that the documents are all right. There cannot be any possible advantage in inserting the declaration in question, and, in our opinion, any solicitor who inserts it without express instructions to do so—which are never given—is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty towards his client.

Subject to the right of dower, if not barred, and to any existing mortgages or other charges, the freehold property of an intestate becomes the

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

property of his eldest son immediately on the death; and the rents are apportionable according to the ownership. The proportion of the current rent down to the actual date of the decease of the former owner forms part of his personal estate, as well as all arrears of rent then remaining unpaid. When the heir first receives any rent, he pays to his father's executors so much as belongs to them, and retains the remainder for his own use, although he must satisfy prior charges thereout. Thus, if the father died in the middle of a half-year, the year's rents being one thousand pounds, there being a mortgage of ten thousand pounds at four per centum per annum, and the widow being dowable, then, upon receipt of the first half-year's rent, five hundred pounds, the mortgagees would claim two hundred pounds, the executors one hundred and fifty, the widow fifty, and the heir would have one hundred for his own benefit. The next half-year, the mortgagees would again take two hundred pounds, the widow one hundred, and the heir two hundred pounds. This is how the practical working of such a case is generally managed; but strictly, the widow might have one-third of the lands set apart for her own use during her life, in satisfaction of her right to dower. This, however, is seldom done, although it used to be the ordinary course.

Copyhold property is more uncertain in its incidents than freehold, being regulated entirely by the custom of each manor of which the property is holden. The three modes of descent mentioned above may perhaps be considered to divide the manors in the kingdom almost equally amongst them. There is an equal diversity in respect of free-bench, the copyhold equivalent for dower. In a few manors, the widow is entitled to the whole of the rents so long as she remains a widow; in others, she has half; and in others, two-thirds; while in the remainder, the proportion is the same as the dower payable out of freeholds, one-third; although the duration of the allowance frequently differs, not being usually for life, as dower, but during widowhood—in some manors the additional obligation of chastity being imposed. The heir, whether the eldest or the youngest son, is subjected to the same obligations as in respect of freehold; and if the gavelkind custom applies, each share on a further intestacy descends to the heirs of the co-heir. In this way has been illustrated the disadvantage of any rule of law which makes real estate divisible. We knew a small copyhold estate consisting of a cottage and garden, which became by successive intestacies subdivided into shares, some of which were worth no more than two shillings per year each. Only those who have had practical acquaintance with the management of land can appreciate the inconvenience arising from this minute subdivision.

We have already said that leasehold property is personal estate; and it only remains to explain the process of distributing the personal estate of an intestate. Assuming that the deceased was a widower who left seven grown-up children, and who was the owner of leasehold houses, money on mortgage, shares in various railway and other joint-stock companies, also household furniture and other movable effects—any one or more (not exceeding three) of the children might apply for letters of administration of the personal estate and effects of the deceased; two sureties being required to enter into a bond for the due administration of the personalty. The administrator, when appointed, would have full power to sell the houses, shares, furniture, &c., and to call in the mortgage moneys. Out of the moneys to be produced thereby, and any other money in the bank, in the house, or elsewhere, and of any debts collected and got in, either by means of actions or otherwise, the administrator would first pay the funeral expenses and costs of administration, including sale expenses; next, all debts which were owing by the intestate at the time of his decease; and would then divide the clear residue among all the children of the deceased in equal shares. If any child had died leaving lawful issue, the share which he would have taken if living would be divided equally amongst his issue. In either case, no distinction would be made in respect of age or sex. The eldest son would take the share which fell to him, within the rule of distributions, whether he had inherited any real estate from his father or not. If the intestate left a widow, she would be entitled to letters of administration, and to retain one-third of the residue for her own benefit before the division of the remainder amongst the children, &c.

Formerly, the shares of personal estate which passed to children of the deceased were chargeable with legacy-duty at the rate of one per cent.; but this does not apply to intestacies in respect of which letters of administration have been granted on or since the 1st of June 1881, and on which an increased rate of probate duty has been paid. This, however, does not affect the succession duty in respect of real estate, which is still payable.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

A WAKEFUL night with stealthy tread
O'er weary day had crept,
As near her dying infant's bed
A mother watched and wept.
She saw the dews of death o'erspread
That brow so white and fair,
And bowing down her aching head,
She breathed a fervent prayer:

'O Thou,' she cried, 'a mother's love
Hast known—a mother's grief—
Bend down from starry heights above,
And send my heart relief.
Sweet lips that smiled are drawn in pain,
Yet rest his life may keep,
And give him to my arms again:
Oh, let my baby sleep!'

When sickly dawn a gleam had cast
Of light on night's black pall,
Through gates of heaven in mercy past
An answer to her call.
On sombre wings, through gloomy skies,
Death's angel darkly swept—
He softly kissed those troubled eyes,
And lo! the infant slept.

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LIFE'S GOLDEN AGE.

All the world has shrunk since the Golden Age of our childhood. Time was longer, and people were taller then. A wet day was the depth of despair and the end of all things; the hours also were longer, and a year from January to December lapsed slowly by, like the prehistoric ages. The future seemed to be bringing a measureless succession of such years until the gigantic height of grown-up people would be reached; but life was so long, it was hardly worth while to think about the mystery of growing to their height at last. Our old home has shrunk since those days; the rooms are smaller and darker; the streets, once familiar, would be narrower if we could see them now; the garden has shrunk too; the trees have been growing down; and the church spire is stumpy, as if Time had pushed its top lower, like a shutting telescope. Beyond the home circle who were part of our existence, the grown-up people of the Golden Age were a mysterious race. They cared no more for games or play-things; though we refused to believe that any length of years would make us cease to care for hide-and-seek among the gorse and the billows of fern, and for the mustering of tin armies or the acquisition of new toys. Not only were the grown-up people in a dried-up state of indifference to games and plays, but they actually laughed at things that were not in the least funny. They never cried; they never ran; they did not ask for pudding twice, though they might have it; they had learned all possible lessons long ago, and had managed to remember them for the rest of their lives, and they knew all about everything always.

But oh, the green world of those days! Have the green lanes since wound on through golden light and moving leaf-shadows? Have the corn-fields been so broad beyond the hedges, such a sea of warm and breeze-swept yellow ripeness, flecked all along near the hedge-path with sparkling blue, and with blazing red poppies? Have the skies been so far away since, where the lark sang out of sight, and where, with our head on the grass, we made upward voyages among the towering white clouds in the clearness of breezy summer days? Have the summers burned the dusty roads so white? And has the milk been so sweet within sight of the sheds at a doorway under thatched eaves? Is the noon-tide stillness of the hot country, the siesta of the birds, as deep as it was then? Is the scent of the honeysuckle as strong, and the smell of the hay? Are there bright beetles in the hay-field yet, and are butterflies becoming extinct, compared with their old numbers? Is it possible to have hay-battles, now that there seem to be so many painful stubble-fields to traverse in this world of ours? Who will give us back the heart-thrill of our first sight of the mountains? Who will remind us of the actual refreshment of wading in the shallow sunny brook, or swinging over it from ropes tied to white-blossomed trees? Who will send us another song like our first hearing of the noise of the great unresting sea, or another sight like the first vision of its foam-fringed, sky-bounded, sun-dazzled waters? When the moon shone on the water then, one longed to look all night; when the winter stars were out, there was no pageant like the heaven of heavens. In that Golden Age the world might have been created and called good but yesterday, so new a world it was. We saw

> The earth and every common sight
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

But the glory and the freshness were in ourselves. Wordsworth calls it the hour 'of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.' Not all the splendour has departed; the sun of those days and the light of our first love are still lingering in the sunlight of to-day. George Eliot tells us how a forest of young golden-brown oak branches with the light gleaming through, and with ground-ivy and blue speedwell

and white star-flowers below, is more beautiful to the heart than all the grandeur of tropical forests, because it holds 'the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood had left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine or the deep-bladed grass might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.'

A yearning for that Golden Age of life has come in earnest moments to half the world; the poets have sighed for it; and one of the sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought became a favourite long ago because it told how, in gathering shells on the beach,

> A dream came o'er me like a spell—
> I thought I was again a child.

Now, why is childhood called the happiest time of life? And if it be life's Golden Age, why cannot we keep the gold?

The reasons why that period is envied seem to be these: First, and most subtly underlying all envy of childhood, is the knowledge that it is the time when we have our whole life before us. Often it is not the return of the state itself that is desired, but its anticipation of a life which we feel to be swift and short, and of a past which is irrevocable. Not to be children again, but to have our chance again, is the wish underlying most of the yearning. Apart from this, there are many other reasons. We may place as the second, the freedom of childhood from responsibility and care; and next, its freshness and its habitual joy; and last, but very far from least, the atmosphere of loving service, kindness, and tenderness which surrounds that helpless period. Of course, we are speaking of childhood under favourable circumstances; no one, except, perhaps, a dying man, would envy the beginning of life in extreme poverty or in loveless hardship.

Other reasons there are for looking back tenderly to that Golden Age: it was the time when we possessed unconsciously all the spiritual beauty that we recognise now as the inner charm of little children. They walk in the paradise of an unfallen world; their simplicity is their greatest attraction; their faith and trust in those that care for and provide for them is absolutely perfect; without any words, they know that the home-love will last; without taking thought, they expect to-morrow to be cared for like to-day. Lastly, they love much, and from the first love they receive, their life takes vigour and colour. They are like young plants straining to the light, and enriched according to their share of warmth and sunshine.

But there is to the Golden Age another side. It is not perfection; it is not entirely happy. How imperfect it is, all of us know, and the flaws on the surface are not the saddest; in fact, without some of these, we should hardly recognise our human fellow-mortals, or we should doubt that we knew them well. A great educator in his day was wont to say that he dreaded receiving a boy whom the parents presented with pride as faultless; he dreaded that the faults were within, ready to break out as childhood disappeared. But all lovers of children will acknowledge the manifold imperfection that is a part of their being; and perhaps we should not love them so well if it was not craving our sympathetic care. Again, this Golden Age is not an entirely happy time. It is true that the outbursts of sobbing are forgotten sooner than we can forget our sorrows; but the sobs were real while they lasted. As George Eliot says, this anguish appears very trivial to weather-worn mortals, who have to think about Christmas bills, dead loves, and broken friendships; but it may be not less bitter, perhaps it is even more bitter, than later troubles. 'We can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sorrows of five or ten years ago. Surely, if we could recall that early bitterness and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of children.'

So we have decided that the Golden Age is not perfect—anything but it! And it is far from being entirely happy. There is another consideration to be taken into account—what happiness we possessed in childhood we did not understand or value. We had that 'strangely perspectiveless view of life' which prevented us from enjoying our happiness as we enjoy it now, when we know its value better, through experience and through a wider view of the world. The want of a perspective to their world gives to children's grief its intensity; they cannot look beyond; they cannot understand its passing away. But it also gives to joys their shallowness; and there are manifold meanings in the saying, that unless we have suffered we cannot rejoice. Therefore, in sighing for life's Golden Age again, the sigh means a wish, not for childhood as childhood is, but for childhood with the added consciousness and experience of after-years. To have freedom from care, and to know what a burden care can be; to have freshness, and to know what *ennui* means; to have habitual joyousness, after learning how anxiety can wear the spirit out of life; to have love and wisdom watching over one, as if one was what a child is to a mother's heart, 'the unconscious centre and poise of the universe;' and at the same time to know the worth of such wisdom and love; to have our life all before us, conscious of what life is and how short are the years; to find again the Eden garden, innocent of evil, after having seen how evil fills the world with misery; to be simple, after having found out the charm and the wisdom of simplicity; to have—in a word—not childhood as it is, but as it would be, if we with our present knowledge could begin again:—this is what is wished for. This, too, is the secret of the sympathetic touch in Gray's well-known welcome of the breeze from the school of his boyhood, that breeze that came from the happy hills, the fields beloved in vain:

> I feel the gales that from ye blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring.

That second spring would be boyhood with manhood's knowledge—an impossible existence, a Golden Age that never was. It was because

of the grim troop of passions and diseases waiting 'in the vale below,' that Gray envied the boyhood that had not yet advanced to meet the strife and miseries of the world. We call that Golden Age 'the happiest time,' merely by contrast; we forget its small capacity for happiness, its shallow understanding of the worth of those good things that we envy; and we apostrophise it in poetry and prose, because we are condemning the after-time as unhappy, without remembering our increased capacity for happiness.

But if it be impossible to carry back to a new start in life the experience life has given us, while we are thinking with a sad fascination of that Golden Age, and feeling the 'momentary bliss' of recollection, we shall not find it impossible to reverse our aspirations, and to combine with later life some part, and perhaps the best part, of our young life's treasures. We yearn for those two things together—the happiness of the beginning, and the light upon it from the experience of the end. We cannot go back; but why should we not gather again and bring forward with us all that can be brought from the Golden Age? Then, to some extent, our aspirations will be satisfied.

Out of that Golden Age all the best things can be picked up and carried along with us still. Surely this is some comfort to us wayfarers who must 'move on!' We cannot have life over again; but it can be made to lengthen in worth by intensity of purpose, and of working, of loving. These, and not time, are the true measure of life. We envy freedom from responsibility; the child has his tasks as we have ours; his lesson may be as hard as our duty, and harder; he is happily resigned to tasks in obedience to the will of others; our buckling down to duty will bring us our playtime too. Freshness comes next. Wordsworth, after mourning that the glory and the dream were gone, acknowledged that he could receive from the meanest flower thoughts too deep for tears; so we strongly suspect that the glory and the dream were remaining, and that he saw till the last the earth 'apparelled in celestial light.' The love of the open-air world of beauty is a great key to lifelong freshness of soul. Another key to freshness is the custom of being easily pleased. The smallest gift pleases a child; in later life, we look more at the love of the giver than at the gift; but why should not the manifold growth of small kindnesses refresh us? And how shall we get habitual joy? It is a precious treasure; the home is rich where there is one member of the household brimful of sunshine. A merry word at home is magic for brightening life; and it is some encouragement to know that of all social virtues, the habit of joyousness is the one that grows fastest by patient effort. It fosters another childlike treasure—the sense of delight in a home atmosphere of love. Let us not fear to express our tenderness in word and deed for those who share life's burdens with us, and the glow of the Golden Age will be round the hearth again. As for simplicity, it is already the lifelong dower of many of the most gifted minds; it is almost a characteristic of the intellectual men of noblest life. Why should we use long words when short ones are kinder; why go roundabout ways when we only need openly do our best? Wonderful as it may seem, simplicity is the most imitable part of childhood. The absence of self-consciousness is the grand key to it. If we cease thinking about the effect produced upon others, who are supposed to have concentrated their attention upon our puny selves, we shall escape much heart-burning, and gradually begin to brighten our path with something of childhood's brightness. As for faith and trust, if they look higher than the roof of home, why should they not be as the child's huge trust? We should have fewer careworn looks, and the habit of joy would be easier.

There is another quality that must crown this development of the childlike character—it is sympathy—that wide and warm sympathy which knows no growing old, and which is the fruition of our childhood's eager freshness. Best of all, in picking up those old treasures that we carelessly dropped by the way when the Golden Age was ending, we may yet be, all unconsciously, very near the paradise-garden where once we walked, not knowing our good-fortune, and but half able to enjoy it.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER VIII.

For a few minutes, they stood looking blankly at one another in mute astonishment, turning over and comparing the two telegrams together with undecided minds; then at last Nora broke the silence. 'I tell you what it is,' she said, with an air of profound wisdom; 'they must have got an epidemic of yellow fever over in Trinidad—they're always having it, you know, and nobody minds it, unless of course they die of it, and even then I daresay they don't think much about it. But papa and Mr Hawthorn must be afraid that if we come out now, fresh from England, we may all of us get it.'

Edward looked once more at the telegrams very dubiously. 'I don't think that'll do, Miss Dupuy,' he said, after re-reading them with a legal scrutiny. 'You see, your father says: "On no account go on board the *Severn*." Evidently, it's this particular ship he has an objection to; and perhaps my father's objection may be exactly the same. It's very singular—very mysterious!'

'Do you think,' Marian suggested, 'there can be anything wrong with the vessel or the machinery? You know, they *do* say, Edward, that some ship-owners send ships to sea that aren't at all safe or seaworthy. I read such a dreadful article about it a little while ago in one of the papers. Perhaps they think the *Severn* may go to the bottom.'

'Or else that there's dynamite on board,' Nora put in; 'or a clockwork thing like the one somebody was going to blow up that steamer with at Hamburg, once, you remember! Oh, my dear, the bare idea of it makes me quite shudder! Fancy being blown out of your berth, at dead of night, into the nasty cold stormy water, and having a shark bite you in two across the waist before you were really well awake,

and had begun properly to realise the situation!'

'Not very likely, either of them,' Edward said. 'This is a new ship, one of the very best on the line, and perfectly safe, except of course in a hurricane, when anything on earth is liable to go down; so that can't possibly be Mr Dupuy's objection to the *Severn*.—And as to the clockwork, you know, Nora, the people who put those things on board steamers, if there are any, don't telegraph out to give warning beforehand to the friends of passengers on the other side of the Atlantic. No; for my part, I can't at all understand it. It's a perfect mystery to me, and I give it up entirely.'

'Well, what do you mean to do, dear?' Marian asked anxiously. 'Go back at once, or go on in spite of it?'

'I don't think there's any choice left us now, darling. The ship's fairly under weigh, you see; and nothing on earth would induce them to stop her, once she's started, till we get to Trinidad, or at least to St Thomas.'

'You don't mean to say, Mr Hawthorn,' Nora cried piteously, 'they'll carry us on now to the end of the journey, whether we want to stop or whether we don't?'

'Yes, I do, Miss Dupuy. They will, most certainly. I suspect they've got no voice themselves in the matter. A mail-steamer is under contract to sail from a given port on a given day, and not to stop for anything on earth, except fire or stress of weather, till she lands the mails safely on the other side, according to agreement.'

'Well, that's a blessing anyhow!' Nora said resignedly; 'because, if so, it saves us the trouble of thinking anything more about the matter; and papa can't be angry with me for having sailed, if the captain refuses to send us back, now we've once fairly started. Indeed, for my part, I'm very glad of it, to tell you the truth, because it would have been such a horrid nuisance to have to go on shore again and unpack all one's things just for a fortnight, after all the fuss and hurry we've had already about getting them finished. What a pity the bothering old telegrams came at all to keep us in suspense the whole way over!'

'But suppose there *is* some dynamite on board,' Marian suggested timidly. 'Don't you think, Edward, you'd better go and ask the captain?'

'I'll go and ask the captain, by all means, if that's any relief to you,' Edward answered; 'but I don't think it likely he can throw any particular light of his own upon the reason of the telegrams.'

The captain, being shortly found on the bridge, came down at his leisure and inspected the messages; hummed and hawed a little dubiously; smiled to himself with much good-humour; said it was a confoundedly odd coincidence; and looked somehow as though he saw the meaning of the two telegrams at once, but wasn't anxious to impart his knowledge to any inquiring third party. 'Yellow fever!' he said, shrugging his shoulders sailor-wise, when Edward mentioned Nora's first suggestion. 'No, no; don't you believe it. 'Tain't yellow fever. Why, nobody who lives in the West Indies ever thinks anything of that, bless you. Besides, *you* wouldn't get it; don't you trouble your head about it. You ain't the sort or the build to get it. Men of your temperament never do ketch yellow fever—it don't affect 'em. No, no; it ain't that, you take my word for it.'

Marian gently hinted at unseaworthiness; but at this the good captain laughed quite unceremoniously. 'Go down!' he cried—'go down, indeed! I'd like to see the hurricane that'd send the *Severn* spinning to the bottom. No, no; we may get hurricanes, of course—though this isn't the month for them. The rhyme says: "June—too soon; July—stand by; Au-gust—you must; September—remember; October—all over." Still, in the course of nature we're likely enough to have some ugly weather—a capful of wind or so, I mean—nothing to speak of, for a ship of her tonnage. But I'll bet you a bottle of champagne the hurricane's not alive that'll ever send the *Severn* to the bottom, and I'll pay it you (if I lose) at the first port the lifeboat puts into after the accident.—Dynamite! clockwork! that's all gammon, my dear ma'am, that is! The ship's as good a ship as ever sailed the Bay o' Biscay, and there's nothing aboard her more explosive than the bottle of champagne I hope you'll drink this evening for dinner.'

'Then we can't be put out?' Nora asked, with her most beseeching smile.

'My dear lady, not if I knew you were the Queen of England. Once we're off, we're off in earnest, and nothing on earth can ever stop us till we get safely across to St Thomas—the hand of God, the perils of the sea, and the Queen's enemies alone excepted,' the captain added, quoting with a smile the stereotyped formula of the bills of lading.

'What do you think the telegram means, then?' Nora asked again, a little relieved by this confident assurance.

The captain once more hummed and hawed, and bit his nails, and looked very awkward. 'Well,' he said slowly, after a minute's internal debate, 'perhaps—perhaps the niggers over yonder may be getting troublesome, you know; and your family may think it an inopportune time for you or Mr and Mrs Hawthorn to visit the colony.—All right, Jones, I'm coming in a minute.—You must excuse me, ladies. In sight of land, a cap'n ought always to be at his post on the bridge. See you at dinner.—Good-morning, good-morning.'

'It seems to me, Edward,' Marian said, as he retreated opportunely, 'the captain knows a good deal more about it than he wants to tell us. He was trying to hide something from us; I'm quite sure he was.—Aren't you, Nora? I do hope there's nothing wrong with the steamer or the machinery!'

'I didn't notice anything peculiar about him myself,' Edward answered, with a little hesitation. 'However, it's certainly very singular. But as we've got to go on, we may as well go on as confidently as possible, and think as little as we can about it. The mystery will all be cleared up as soon as we get across to Trinidad.'

'If we ever get there!' Nora said, half-jesting, and half in earnest.

As she spoke, Dr Whitaker the mulatto passed

close by, pacing up and down the quarter-deck for exercise, to get his sea-legs; and as he passed her, he turned his eyes once more mutely upon her with that rapid, timid, quickly shifting glance, the exact opposite of a stare, which yet speaks more certainly than anything else can do an instinctive admiration. Nora's face flushed again, at least as much with annoyance as with self-consciousness. 'That horrid man!' she cried petulantly, with a little angry dash of her hand, almost before he was well out of earshot. 'How on earth can he have the impertinence to go and look at me in that way, I wonder!'

'Oh, don't, dear!' Marian whispered, genuinely alarmed lest the mulatto should overhear her. 'You oughtn't to speak like that, you know. Of course one feels at once a sort of natural shrinking from black people—one can't help that, I know—it seems to be innate in one. But one oughtn't to let them see it themselves at anyrate. Respect their feelings, Nora, do, dear, for my sake, I beg of you.'

'Oh, it's all very well for you, Marian,' Nora answered, quite aloud, and strumming on the deck with her parasol; 'but for my part, you know, if there's anything on earth that I can't endure, it's a brown man.'

CHAPTER IX.

All the way across to St Thomas, endless speculations as to the meaning of the two mysterious telegrams afforded the three passengers chiefly concerned an unusual fund of conversation and plot-interest for an entire voyage. Still, after a while the subject palled a little; and on the second evening out, in calm and beautiful summer twilight weather, they were all sitting in their own folding-chairs on the after-deck, positively free from any doubts or guesses upon the important question, and solely engaged in making the acquaintance of their fellow-passengers. By-and-by, as the shades began to close in, there was a little sound of persuasive language—as when one asks a young lady to sing—at the stern end of the swiftly moving vessel; and then, in a few minutes, somebody in the dusk took a small violin out of a wooden case and began to play a piece of Spohr's. The ladies turned around their chairs to face the musician, and listened carelessly as he went through the preliminary scraping and twanging which seems to be inseparable from the very nature of the violin as an instrument. Presently, having tightened the pegs to his own perfect satisfaction, the player began to draw his bow rapidly and surely across the strings with the unerring confidence of a practised performer. In two minutes, the hum of conversation had ceased on deck, and all the little world of the *Severn* was bending forward its head eagerly to catch the liquid notes that floated with such delicious clearness upon the quiet breathless evening air. Instinctively everybody recognised at once the obvious fact that the man in the stern to whom they were all listening was an accomplished and admirable violin-player.

Just at first, the thing that Marian and Nora noticed most in the stranger's playing was his extraordinary brilliancy and certainty of execution. He was a perfect master of the *technique* of his instrument, that was evident. But after a few minutes more, they began to perceive that he was something much more than merely that; he played not only with consummate skill, but also with infinite grace, insight, and tenderness. As they listened, they could feel the man outpouring his whole soul in the exquisite modulations of his passionate music: it was not any cold, well-drilled, mechanical accuracy of touch alone; it was the loving hand of a born musician, wholly in harmony with the master he interpreted, the work he realised, and the strings on which he gave it vocal utterance. As he finished the piece, Edward whispered in a hushed voice to Nora: 'He plays beautifully.' And Nora answered, with a sudden burst of womanly enthusiasm: 'More than beautifully—exquisitely, divinely.'

'You'll sing us something, won't you?'—'Oh, do sing us something!'—'Monsieur will not refuse us!'—'Ah, señor, it is such a great pleasure.' So a little babel of two or three languages urged at once upon the unknown figure silhouetted dark at the stern of the steamer against the paling sunset; and after a short pause, the unknown figure complied graciously, bowing its acknowledgments to the surrounding company, and burst out into a song in a glorious rich tenor voice, almost the finest Nora and Marian had ever listened to.

'English!' Nora whispered in a soft tone, as the first few words fell upon their ears distinctly, uttered without any mouthing in a plain unmistakable native tone. 'I'm quite surprised at it! I made up my mind, from the intense sort of way he played the violin, that he must be a Spaniard or an Italian, or at least a South American. English people seldom play with all that depth and earnestness and fervour.'

'Hush, hush!' Marian answered under her breath. 'Don't talk while he's singing, please, Nora—it's too delicious.'

They listened till the song was quite finished, and the last echo of that magnificent voice had died away upon the surface of the still, moonlit waters; and then Nora said eagerly to Edward: 'Oh, do find out who he is, Mr Hawthorn! Do go and get to know him! I want so to be introduced to him! What a glorious singer! and what a splendid violinist! I never in my life heard anything lovelier, even at the opera.'

Edward smiled, and dived at once into the little crowd at the end of the quarter-deck, in search of the unknown and nameless musician. Nora waited impatiently in her seat to see who the mysterious personage could be. In a few seconds, Edward came back again, bringing with him the admired performer. 'Miss Dupuy was so very anxious to make your acquaintance,' he said, as he drew the supposed stranger forward, 'on the strength of your beautiful playing and singing.—You see, Miss Dupuy, it's a fellow-passenger to whom we've already introduced ourselves—Dr Whitaker!'

Nora drew back almost imperceptibly at this sudden revelation. In the dusk and from a little distance, she had not recognised their acquaintance of yesterday. But it was indeed the mulatto doctor. However, now she was fairly trapped; and having thus let herself in for the young man's society for that particular evening,

she had good sense and good feeling enough not to let him see, at least too obtrusively, that she did not desire the pleasure of his further acquaintance. To be sure, she spoke as little and as coldly as she could to him, in such ordinary phrases of polite admiration as she felt were called for under these painful circumstances; but she tried to temper her enthusiasm down to the proper point of chilliness for a clever and well-taught mulatto fiddler.—He had been a 'marvellous violinist' in her own mind five minutes before; but as he turned out to be of brown blood, she felt now that 'clever fiddler' was quite good enough for the altered occasion.

Dr Whitaker, however, remained in happy unconsciousness of Nora's sudden change of attitude. He drew over a camp-stool from near the gunwale and seated himself upon it just in front of the little group in their folding ship-chairs. 'I'm so glad you liked my playing, Miss Dupuy,' he said quietly, turning towards Nora. 'Music always sounds at its best on the water in the evening. And that's such a lovely piece—my pet piece—so much feeling and pathos and delicate melody in it. Not like most of Spohr: a very unusual work for him; he's so often wanting, you know, in the sense of melody.'

'You play charmingly,' Nora answered, in a languid chilly voice. 'Your song and your playing have given us a great treat, I'm sure, Dr Whitaker.'

'Where have you studied?' Marian asked hastily, feeling that Nora was not showing so deep an interest in the subject as was naturally expected of her. 'Have you taken lessons in Germany or Italy?'

'A few,' the mulatto doctor replied with a little sigh, 'though not so many as I could have wished. My great ambition would have been to study regularly at the Conservatoire. But I never could gratify my wish in that respect, and I learned most of my fiddling by myself at Edinburgh.'

'You're an Edinburgh University man, I suppose?' Edward put in.

'Yes, an Edinburgh University man. The medical course there, you know, attracts so many men who would like better, in other respects, to go to one of the English universities.—You're Cambridge yourself, I think, Mr Hawthorn, aren't you?'

'Yes, Cambridge.'

The mulatto sighed again. 'A lovely place!' he said—'a most delicious place, Cambridge. I spent a charming week there once myself. The calm repose of those grand old avenues behind John's and Trinity delighted me immensely.—A place to sit in and compose symphonies, Mrs Hawthorn. Nothing that I've seen in England so greatly impressed me with the idea of the grand antiquity of the country—the vast historical background of civilisation, century behind century, and generation behind generation—as that beautiful mingled picture of venerable elms, and mouldering architecture, and close-cropped green-sward at the backs of the colleges. The very grass had a wonderful look of antique culture. I asked the gardener in one of the courts of Trinity how they ever got such velvety carpets for their smooth quadrangles, and the answer the fellow gave me was itself redolent of the traditions of the place. "We rolls 'em and mows 'em, sir," he said, "and we mows 'em and rolls 'em, for a thousand years."'

'What a pity you couldn't have stopped there and composed symphonies, as you liked it so much,' Nora remarked, with hardly concealed sarcasm—'only then, of course, we shouldn't have had the pleasure of hearing you play your violin so beautifully on the *Severn* this evening.'

Dr Whitaker looked up at her quickly with a piercing look. 'Yes,' he replied; 'it *is* a pity, for I should have dearly loved it. I'm bound up in music, almost; it's one of my two great passions. But I had more than one reason for feeling that I ought, if possible, to go back to Trinidad. The first is, that I think every West Indian, and especially every man of my colour'—he said it out quite naturally, simply, and unaffectedly, without pausing or hesitating—'who has been to Europe for his education, owes it to his country to come back again, and do his best in raising its social, intellectual, and artistic level.'

'I'm very glad to hear you say so,' Edward replied. 'I think so myself too, and I'm pleased to find you agree with me in the matter.—And your second reason?'

'Well, I thought my colour might stand in my way in practice in England—very naturally, I'm not surprised at it; while in Trinidad I might be able to do a great deal of good and find a great many patients amongst my own people.'

'But I'm afraid they won't be able to pay you, you know,' Nora interposed. 'The poor black people always expect to be doctored for nothing.'

Dr Whitaker turned upon her a puzzled pair of simple, honest, open eyes, whose curious glance of mute inquiry could be easily observed even in the dim moonlight. 'I don't think of practising for money,' he said simply, as if it were the most ordinary statement in the world. 'My father has happily means enough to enable me to live without the necessity for earning a livelihood. I want to be of some use in my generation, and to help my own people, if possible, to rise a little in the scale of humanity. I shall practise gratuitously among the poorest negroes, and do what I can to raise and better their unhappy condition.'

'UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER' GRANT.

THE 27th of April 1822 was a great day in Point Pleasant, a little pioneer settlement on the banks of the Ohio; for Jesse Grant's wife presented him that day with a boy, and newcomers were rare in the little place. Every detail about the latest arrival was eagerly and quickly circulated; and if the men of the little town had learned in some mysterious way what Jesse Grant's boy was afterwards to become, they could hardly have made more stir about him. But Jesse and his wife could not hit upon a name for their firstborn, and six weeks after his birth his only name was 'Baby.' A family council was held to settle the knotty question, and it was decided to ballot for a name! Each person present wrote the name he or she favoured on

a slip of paper, and the slips were shaken up in a hat. The first drawn slip was to name the boy, and as it bore the name Ulysses, Ulysses was fixed on. But the ballot was not allowed to rule supreme, for the name of an honoured ancestor was added to the choice of the ballot; and the future President of the United States, and general of its armies, was christened as Hiram Ulysses Grant, a name that he lost by an accident in after-years.

Jesse Grant was a man of many parts, and not only conducted a tannery, but also—to quote Mr Thayer's description of him in the interesting life of General Grant, to which we are indebted for the following incidents of his career (*From Tanyard to White House*, by W. M. Thayer. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1885)—'In addition to tanning, he ran a slaughter-house, did something at teaming, and occasionally erected a building for other parties.' In a house where so many irons were in the fire, it will readily be understood there were no idlers, and Ulysses had early to take his share of the work. A passionate love of horses, that time only strengthened, was the outcome of his early acquaintance with them. At school he was famed only for a wonderful gift for mathematics, and a stern obstinacy that often carried him through a task in which a cleverer boy failed. One day a schoolmate declared of Grant, when a peculiarly difficult problem was under discussion: 'His forte is in arithmetic, and he will dig away until he has got it; but I can't do it!'—'*Can't!* can't!' responded Grant quizzically. 'What does that mean?' And away he rushed to the teacher's desk to examine the dictionary. The boys looked on silently, awaiting to see what was afoot. 'Can't!' exclaimed Ulysses; 'there's no such word in the dictionary,' as he closed the volume. 'It *can* be done.'

There was little in this obstinate determined youngster to foreshadow his great future, and it was with no small astonishment that his neighbours heard a phrenologist's verdict on the lad. Let Mr Thayer tell the story: 'After the lecturer had been blindfolded, a gentleman set Ulysses in the chair. The lecturer proceeded to examine his head, and continued so long without saying a word, that a citizen inquired "Do you discover any special ability for mathematics in that boy's head?"—"Mathematics!" retorted the lecturer, as if that kind of ability did not cover the case. "You need not be surprised if this boy is President of the United States some day!"' How far this judgment accorded with that of the audience, we may gather from Mr Thayer's naive comment, that 'it did not increase the reputation of the phrenologist in Mount Pleasant.'

Young Grant's love of horses was a great hindrance to his progress at school. Ever more ready to go afield with the teams than to take his place in class, it is little wonder that, with the many opportunities for indulging his propensities which his father's business afforded him, he did not achieve any marked success. As a child of seven he harnessed a young colt that had never before been harnessed, though, from his diminutive stature, he had to stand on an inverted corn-measure to fix the bridle. At nine, he astonished his father by asking if he might buy a horse—to be his own. He had saved enough money to buy a colt, and was anxious to have one. 'But there is risk in buying a horse,' his father reminded him. 'And I am willing to take the risk, father.' And he did—and from that day was never without a horse. This willingness to take risks was a keynote of Grant's character, and many of his after-successes were due to it.

Schooldays over, Ulysses served for a while in his father's tanyard; but he took a violent aversion to the business, and an equally strong craving for 'an education.' It was probably this desire for education, rather than any keen thirst for military life or glory, that caused him to seek admission to West Point—the Sandhurst of the United States—where a good general education was added to the necessary military course at little or no cost to the student. Each Congressional district was entitled to one student in the college, and application for the vacant cadetship of their district was made to their member by Jesse Grant on behalf of his son. The busy man made inquiries, and then, without referring to the father's letter, claimed the appointment for 'Ulysses Simpson Grant;' and in this name Ulysses entered, and thus lost by accident the name he had gained by ballot.

On entering West Point, each student was required to deposit sixty dollars to guarantee the expenses of his return home, in the event of his failing to pass the entrance examination. Ulysses broke his journey to spend a short time with some relatives in Philadelphia before proceeding to West Point. City life so charmed him that when his visit came to an end and he was due at the college, nearly all his money—including his sixty dollars—was gone. Nothing daunted, Ulysses presented himself for admission, and met the demand for his deposit with the calm reply: 'I intend to pass the examination!' He was allowed to sit, and passed easily, and in due course was graduated as second lieutenant in 1843.

His first appointment was at Jefferson Barracks, near St Louis. Here it was that he met his future wife, wooed and, in spite of the opposition of her parents, who thought their daughter might look higher than the poor second lieutenant, won her. The Mexican war gave Lieutenant Grant his first taste of warfare. Several times he was mentioned in the despatches for distinguished services; and for bravery he was appointed First Lieutenant. Congress proposed to confirm the temporary rank, but he declined, preferring, he said, 'to reach the position by regular gradations of service.'

In 1848, Grant, now Captain, and an honoured hero of the Mexican war, married. Six happy years were spent with his regiment, and then, in 1854, he resigned his position, to take to farming. 'Whoever hears of me in ten years' time,' he told a comrade, 'will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer.' But in ten years' time he was Commander-in-chief of the United States armies! The farming did not pay; a partnership in a land agency that succeeded it, did little better; and then the Captain joined his brothers in a leather business at Galena, Illinois. It was here that the news of the assault on his country's flag by the rebels reached him.

The Confederates had attacked Fort Sumner on April 12, 1861, and from end to end of the land, the heart of the loyal States was stirred by the

tidings. Grant was no politician; indeed, he disliked and shunned party strife; but he felt in this news of his country's danger, the call of duty. 'I left the army expecting never to return,' he said. 'I am no seeker for position; but the country which educated me is in sore peril, and as a man of honour, I feel bound to offer my services for whatever they are worth.' Accordingly, he volunteered; but in the crowd of place-hunters at the State capital, the retiring, self-distrustful Captain was passed by. All the Illinois regiments were provided with commanders, and in despair of obtaining any appointment, Grant had actually left the capital to visit his father, when he received a telegram from the governor of the State: 'You are this day appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and requested to take command at once.' The former commander of the regiment had been dismissed for incompetency, and the governor had asked one of Grant's friends, 'What kind of man is this Captain Grant? Though anxious to serve, he seems reluctant to take any high position. He even declined my offer to recommend him to Washington for a brigadier-generalship, saying he didn't want office till he had earned it. What *does* he want?' 'The way to deal with him,' was the reply, 'is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will promptly obey.' This man knew Grant!

Well might governor Yates exclaim, as he is reported to have done in after-years: 'It was the most glorious day of my life when I signed Grant's commission.' For, as Mr Thayer well puts it, 'Grant had found his place. From that he would go forth "from conquering to conquer."' Two months later, he was Brigadier-general—this time he felt he had *earned* the post—and from this point his advance was rapid. Before the end of the war, the disused ranks of Lieutenant-general, and General, of the United States army were revived and conferred on him. Through the mazes of that long struggle we need not follow him, but incident after incident of that awful war show the grand simplicity and true nobility of his nature. As a commander, determined to the point of obstinacy, resolute of purpose, and daring in action—in private, modest, retiring almost to a fault, and living a sober, upright life, against which inveterate foes could bring no charge but the most groundless tissue of calumnies—all this was 'Unconditional Surrender' Grant.

The very title was characteristic of the man—'Unconditional Surrender' Grant! It arose from the closing scene of the attack on Fort Donelson. The Confederate General Buckner asked for terms, and Grant thus replied to the demand: 'Yours of this date proposing armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.' Buckner surrendered.

This stern determination, though perhaps the ruling feature of Grant's character, did not shut out other noble qualities. Before Vicksburg, he found that his men faltered in the spade-work under the heavy fire. The General took a seat near them amid a very hail of shot, and quickly reassured them by calmly whittling a stick through it all! At another time, when a battle was in progress, the General sent one of his staff on some errand; the officer asked Grant where he should find him on his return. The answer showed the stuff the general was made of: 'Probably at headquarters. If you don't, come to the front, wherever you hear the heaviest firing!'

'When do you expect to take Vicksburg?' a rebel woman tauntingly asked the General. 'I can't tell exactly,' was the calm reply; 'but I shall stay until I do, if it takes thirty years.' And take it he did, as all the world knows. There is a singular likeness in this reply to the 'unconditional surrender' of Fort Donelson, and to the still more famous declaration before Richmond, after six consecutive days' fighting, unparalleled in modern times: 'I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.'

Yet, in spite of his deep-rooted determination to crush the rebellion, Grant could show a consideration for the feelings of his vanquished foes that with a man of smaller calibre would have been impossible. 'After the surrender of General Lee,' Mr Thayer tells us, 'the Union army began to salute Grant by firing cannon. He directed the firing to cease at once, saying: "It will wound the feelings of our prisoners, who have become our countrymen again."' It was this spirit of consideration and conciliation that, in no small degree, served to make union possible again between North and South.

Of course, Grant did not escape calumny—what great man ever did?—but he bore the unfounded charges brought against him without a murmur, silencing not a few by the contempt with which he treated them. 'When I have done the best I can,' he said once, 'I leave it.' But the calumnies brought against him were as nothing to the tide of honours that burst upon him as soon as the value of his services became apparent. Even before the war was ended, he was, or might have been, the best fêted man in the Union. But his whole nature revolted at the idea. When he was appointed Lieutenant-general, he was ordered to repair to Washington to receive his commission from the President. Mrs Lincoln proposed to give a grand military dinner in his honour. But Grant pleaded that his presence was needed on the field, and begged to be excused. 'I do not see how we *can* excuse you,' Mrs Lincoln urged; 'it would be Hamlet with the Prince left out.' The reply shows the man in all the rugged simplicity of his grand nature: 'I appreciate fully all the honour Mrs Lincoln would do me; but time is precious; and really, Mr President, I have had enough of the show business!'

But the 'show business' was only beginning; and no sooner was the war at an end, than honours fell thick and fast on the hero of the long struggle. Office, wealth, and power were all within his grasp, and at the nation's call he took them up, and right wisely did he use them. Twice he served in the highest and proudest office an American citizen can hold; and at the expiration of his second term of office in 1876, he set out on a long-desired trip round the world. How he was received with more than kingly honour the wide-world over, is within the memory of all. His entry to a city was the signal for a burst

of enthusiastic welcome, and everywhere he was fêted to the utmost of the people's power. On every hand he was met by the call for speeches, and speech-making he thoroughly detested; yet the few clear, concise sentences, bristling with shrewd common-sense, and overflowing with genuine feeling, to which he confined his remarks, will long be remembered by those who heard them.

'Although a soldier by education and profession,' he told the citizens of London, 'I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace.' And again, to Prince Bismarck he made a somewhat similar remark: 'I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure!'

Through Europe, and home by India, Siam, China, and Japan, went the General and his party, welcomed and fêted everywhere. The long tour came to an end at San Francisco, on September 20, 1879, and the journey thence to the Eastern States was one long triumphal progress. The General took up his residence in New York, and though an abortive attempt was made to secure his return for a third time to the White House in 1880, he took little or no further share of public life. His fortune he invested in a business in which his son was partner with a man named Ward, and in the downfall of this concern, the General lost his all. With unflinching courage, he faced the situation, conscious though he was of the formation of that dread cancer in the throat that in the end proved too strong for him. Magazines were willing to pay large prices for articles from his pen, and publishers eager to issue his autobiography. So, with a brave heart, the General set himself to fight his last battle.

The news of his terrible position soon became known, and a public subscription was proposed, that would quickly have restored Grant to more than his former wealth; but he would have none of it. Congress, greatly to his delight, placed him on the retired list of the army. 'They have brought us back our old commander,' said Mrs Grant when she heard the news. But it was not for long. On the 23d of July 1885, the battle came to an end, and 'Unconditional Surrender Grant' gave in at last to the great conqueror of all.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER XII.

IMAGINE a man paying forty thousand pounds into the Bank of England, and learning to-morrow that that stupendous financial concern had stopped payment! Imagine Lady Clara Vere de Vere discovering her wonderful *parure*, with its European renown, to be paste! Imagine the feelings of Thomas Carlyle when the carelessness of John Stuart Mill destroyed the labour of years! Imagine poor Euclid's state of mind when his wife burnt his books! In short, imagine, each of you, the greatest calamity you can think of, and you will have some faint notion of the feelings of the quartet in Mr Carver's office at Mr Bates's disconcerting discovery.

For a few minutes, silence reigned supreme, and then Edgar commenced to whistle. It was not a particularly cheerful air, but it sufficed to arouse the others from their stupefaction.

'If I had not been an infatuated old idiot,' said Mr Carver, hurling the unfortunate volume of romance with unnecessary violence across the room, 'I should have foreseen this;' and murmuring something about strait-waistcoats and the thick-headedness of society in general, he lapsed into gloomy silence.

Mr Bates regarded his chief in mild disapproval. Such an ebullition of feeling by no means accorded with his views of professional etiquette; besides, he had a feeling that his discovery had not been treated in a proper and business-like manner. 'Hem!' said that gentleman, clearing his throat gently—'hem! If I may be allowed to make a remark—apologising to you, sir'—Mr Carver nodded with dark meaning—'and taking upon myself to make a suggestion: might it not be possible that where the money is, a will may be concealed also?'

The party ceased to contemplate space, and a ray of hope quivered on the gloomy horizon for a moment. Mr Carver, however, eyed his clerk with an air of indignation blended with resigned sorrow. 'I suppose, Bates, every man has moments of incipient insanity,' he said in accents of the most scathing sarcasm. 'You, I perceive, are only mortal. I should be sorry to imagine you to have arrived at the worst stage; but I may be allowed, I think, to point out to you one little fact. Do you for one moment suppose that a man who is idiot enough to bury his treasure in this manner, has enough sense remaining to make a will?' and Mr Carver looked at his subordinate with the air of a man who has made his great point and confounded his adversary.

'I do not agree with you, sir,' retorted Bates mildly. 'A gentleman who has brains enough to carry out such a scheme as this, was not likely to forget a vital part. You are generally sharp enough to see a point like this. What with romances and games of marbles, hem! and such other frivolities, business seems quite forgotten!'

It was curious to note with what eagerness the parties most interested hung upon the clerk's words.

'Bates, Bates! I never thought it would come to this,' returned the pseudo-justice, shaking his head in more sorrow than anger. 'A man still in the prime of life and to talk like this! Poor fellow, poor fellow!'

'Well, sir, you may doubt, and of course you have a right to your own opinion; but we shall see.'

'See, Bates! how can we see?' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Is not this treasure buried upon Miss Wakefield's property, and are we likely to get an order to search that property?—O yes, of course'—returning to the sarcastic mode—'Miss Wakefield is so gentle, so amiable, so sweet, and unsuspecting!—Bates, I am ashamed of you!'

The imperturbable Bates shrugged his shoulders slightly and resumed his writing. So far as

he was concerned, the matter was done with; but he knew the character of his superior sufficiently to know that the words he had said would take root, for, sooth to say, Mr Carver laid considerable weight upon his junior's acumen, though, between the twain, such an idea was tacitly ignored.

During the above interesting duologue, Mr Slimm had been eyeing the antagonists with a smile of placid amusement. That wily gentleman was rather taken with Bates's argument. 'Seems to me,' he said, 'the advantage is not all on one side. The honoured mistress of Eastwood, the lady whom our friend'—pointing to Mr Carver—'has spoken of in such eulogistic terms, is no better off than we are. She has the property where the money is concealed, and, as far as we know now, it belongs to her. Any movement on our side will be sufficient to arouse her suspicions. Providing the money is found, as I have before said, as far as we know, it belongs to her. It is scarcely worth while going to the trouble and expense of unearthing this wealth for her. So far, she has the bulge on us. On the other hand, we know where the money is. She does not, and there we have the bulge on her.'

'And what is your proposition?' Mr Carver inquired.

'Arbitration,' replied the American. 'There is only one thing to do, and that is compromise. Even supposing our friends only get half, surely that is better than nothing. It's the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to say to the lady: "Miss Wakefield, Mr Morton left you his money. You cannot find the money. Mrs Seaton knows where it is. The money, we admit, is yours, though in justice it should belong to her. In a word, my dear lady, divide;"' and Mr Slimm leant back in his chair whistling a little air from *Princess Ida*, as if the whole thing was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

Mr Carver looked at him as a connoisseur eyes a bad copy of an old master. 'Mr Slimm, I presume you have never seen the lady?'

Mr Slimm shook his head.

'I thought not,' continued Mr Carver. 'You have been all over the world, and in the course of your rambles I presume you have seen the Sphinx?—Very good. Now, I do not suppose it ever struck you as a good idea to interview that curiosity, or to sit down before its stony charms with a view to learning its past history and the date of its birth.—No? The idea is too absurd; but I may venture to say, without exceeding the bounds of professional caution, that you are just as likely to get any display of emotion from Miss Wakefield—and indeed, the wonderful stone is much the more pleasant object'——

'But she is not so very awful, Mr Carver,' Eleanor interposed.

'My dear, I know she is not endowed with venomous fangs, though she has the wisdom of the serpent. I am prepared to do anything for you in any shape or form, but I do draw the line at Miss Wakefield. As regards interviewing her upon such a subject, I must respectfully but firmly decline.'

'Surely you don't object to such a course being taken?' Edgar asked eagerly. 'There is no particular harm in it.'

'On the contrary, I think it is the right course to adopt; but I do *not* propose to be the victim,' said Mr Carver drily. 'If any one in this select company has some evil to atone for, and wants a peculiarly torturing penance, let him undertake the task.'

Felix looked at Mr Bates; Edgar looked at his wife, and each waited politely and considerately for the others to speak. It is not often one meets such pure disregard of self in this grasping world. However, the task must be done; and as Mr Carver disclaimed it, and Bates had no interest in the affair, moreover, Eleanor not being expected to volunteer, manifestly the work lay before the American, Edgar, or Felix.

The American, like another Curtius, was prepared to fling himself into the gulf. With characteristic and national modesty, he merely waited, willing to yield the van of battle; but the delicacy of the others left him no alternative. He volunteered to go.

'I am a man of few words,' he said, 'and I guess I am about calculated to fill the vacancy. I am alone in the world, and if I fail to return, there will be no dear one to mourn the loss. I have one little favour to ask before I go, and that is, in case the worst happens, to spare me an epitaph. You will think of me sometimes; and when you sit round your winter firesides and the wind is howling in the naked trees'—— Here he waved his hands deprecatingly towards the company, as if praying them to spare his emotions.

Mr Carver's eyes twinkled at this tirade. 'Well, that is settled then,' he said. 'The sooner you go the better. Shall we say to-morrow?—Very good. The address is 34 Cedar Road, Hampstead.'

'It is well,' said the victim to friendship. 'Before I quit you once and for ever, I should like to break the bread of joviality once more; for the last time, I should like to look upon the wine when it is red. To drop the language of metaphor, I invite you all to lunch with me at the *Holborn*.'

It was left, then, in Mr Slimm's hands to consummate what he denominated as 'working the oracle.'

'What do you think of my dream, now?' Eleanor asked her husband as they walked home together.

'Your "Argosy with golden sails?"' queried Edgar. 'Well, I am beginning to think it may come into port after all.'

Like the 'condemned man' of the penny-a-liner, Mr Slimm passed a good night, and the thought of the task he had undertaken did not deter him from making a hearty and substantial breakfast. Without so much as a tremor, he ordered a cab, and sped away northwards on his diplomatic errand.

Cedar Road may, without any great stretch of imagination, be termed dingy. It is not the dinginess of the typical London street, but a jaunty kind of griminess, a griminess which knows itself to be grimy, but swaggers with a pretension of spick-and-span cleanliness; a sort of place which makes one think of that cheap

gentility which wears gaudy apparel and unclean linen, or no linen at all. I may better explain my meaning by saying that the majority of the houses were black with smoke, and yet, singularly enough, the facings of light stone at the corners had preserved their natural colour, and each house was adorned by a veranda painted a staring green, which stood out in ghastly contrast to the fog-stained fronts. Every house had a little grass plot—called, by a stretch of courtesy, the lawn—fronting it. It was presumedly of grass, because it was vegetation of some kind, but about as much like the genuine article as London milk resembles the original lacteal fluid. In the centre of each 'lawn' was an oval flower-bed, tenanted by some hardy annuals, bearing infinitesimal blooms of a neutral tint. Each house was approached by a flight of steps rising from the road, which gentle ascent served to keep the prying gaze of the vulgar from peering too closely into the genteel seclusion of the dining-rooms. Every house was the counterpart of its neighbour, each having the same sad-coloured curtains and wire-blinds on the ground-floor, the same cheap muslins at the drawing-room windows, and the same drawn blinds, surmounted with brass rods, to the bed-rooms. A canary likewise hung in a painted cage in every drawing-room window; No. 34 boasting in addition a stagnant-looking aquarium, containing three torpid goldfish in extremely dirty water.

After three peals of the bell, each outrivalling its predecessor in volume, which is not saying much for the bell-metal at No. 34, Mr Slimm was answered. Through the fragile door he had distinctly heard the sounds of revelry within, and acquired the information that some mystic Melissa was 'tidying,' and therefore 'Tilda must transform herself for the nonce into the slave of the bell. By the petulant expression on 'Tilda's face, the errand was not particularly pleasant to her.

In answer to his query, the misanthropic 'Tilda vouchsafed the information that Miss Wakefield was in, adding, that he had better come this way; which siren summons he lost no time in obeying, and was thus introduced into the seclusion of Miss Wakefield's chamber. Inquiring his name with a snap, and having obtained the desired information, the bewitching 'Tilda disappeared, and apparently appeared to be singing some sort of ditty in a crescendo voice at the foot of the stairs; the fact of the case being that Miss Wakefield was summoned *vivâ voce;* her part of the conversation being inaudible, and the voice of the charmer being perfectly distinct to the visitor, the song running something after this fashion: 'Miss Wakefield'—um, um, 'wanted, mum'—um, um. 'A man, please'—um, um, um. 'Rather tall' (very distinctly)—um. 'No; he is not a gentleman'—um, um, um.—'All right, miss.' And then she reappeared with the information that Miss Wakefield would be down at once.

The space of time mentioned having resolved itself into a quarter of an hour, Mr Slimm was enabled to complete his plan of campaign, not that he anticipated any resistance—in which deduction he was decidedly wrong—but because he thought it best to be quite prepared with his story, and in a position to receive the enemy in good and compact order. By the time he had done this, and taken a mental inventory of all the furniture in the room—not a violent effort of memory—the door opened, and Miss Wakefield entered.

A FEW WORDS ON SALMON ANGLING.

Salmon anglers as a class are shrewd and observant; many of them are men of education; not a few are men of distinction in literature, science, and art; and certainly few follow the business of their lives with such an ardent zeal, watching and calculating all the chances of success; yet, strangely enough, the anglers of to-day know little more than was known generations ago as to the habits of the fish, and how or when they are most likely to succeed in capturing them. It is asserted that the salmon fly is essentially the same lure as was used two centuries ago; and despite the great increase of anglers and the ready reward that awaits any improvement that an inventor might produce, no lure has been devised at all equal to the so-called fly; for, be it remembered, there is no consensus of opinion amongst anglers as to what this lure appears to be, to the eye of the salmon. All are agreed that it resembles no living insect, though some hold that it must be taken for an insect, from the opening and shutting of the wings caused by the play of the rod; others argue that its appearance is that of the shrimp as it moves in the water; while some maintain that it is an unmistakable minnow in appearance, and particularly in its movements. Against the minnow theory it is said: 'Why do not salmon prefer the natural or the artificial minnow, the latter of which even, is so much more like the real fish?' To this it is argued that the motion of the fly is much more minnow-like than either of these lures, while the wings are closely held in minnow-like shape in the heavy currents where salmon are commonly found, let the rod be played as it may. In some rivers, few salmon can be induced to take any lure, and in many rivers the majority of those fish never rise to a fly; but we doubt if any man yet knows the cause thereof.

On the other hand, there are frequent examples of salmon rising most determinedly several times in rapid succession, and each time giving a tug at the fly; and there are cases, as we know personally, in which both fly and worm hooks have been struck into the fish's mouth, the line broken, and the same fish caught by the same angler a few minutes later with a similar lure, and brought to bank with the two severed hooks in its mouth. Such an example shows that some salmon feed greedily at times. It also seems to disprove another theory advanced by many men—namely, that salmon feed so rarely in fresh waters, that it is only an idle freak when they rise to a glittering moving lure. Whether there are different breeds of salmon in our British rivers, we do not know; but certainly there are decided variations, some being markedly short and deep compared with others, and some reddening and becoming more spotted in fresh water; but whether some kinds of fish are more 'taking' than others, we know nothing.

Salmon flies are much more carefully and artistically 'dressed' now than they were in

former times. The gayest and the grayest of birds are hunted down to supply feathers for this purpose—gold and silver pheasants, the bustards and jungle-cocks of India, the ostrich of Africa, the wood-ducks of North America, the great owls and hawks of equatorial and arctic regions, peacocks, guinea-fowls, chanticleers and drakes of the poultry-yard, and above all turkeys, brown, gray, and white, often carefully bred to colour for this particular purpose—all are made subservient to the salmon angler's thirst for fine feathers. The cost of materials seems of small account, two or three guineas being frequently given for a fine skin of the golden pheasant.

Hooks, though finer made and of better steel, are not very different in shape from those in use some two thousand years ago, as may be seen in those got from Pompeii, now in the museum at Naples. But in variety of fine feathers, in silks and wools of wondrous dyes, in gold and silver tinsels, and in the great manipulating skill now devoted to the production of salmon flies, there must have been advances. Many of these lures are jewel-like enough to be worn as bonnet and dress ornaments by ladies of fashion; and looking into a well-stocked angling book, one cannot but conclude that any salmon knowing a good thing could not fail to jump at some of the dazzling beauties got up for the delectation of its kind. Certainly many anglers, doting over their favourites, feel that if they were salmon, this or that 'grand fly' would be irresistible. We have heard an old enthusiast assert, as he hurried into a favourite pool, that he had on 'a hook this morning that a fish canna lie below.' And yet the fastidiousness of the fish seems to keep pace with the advances of the angler's art and knowledge. Salmon see more hooks and lines, and possibly get to know them better; and so all the fine rods, reels, lines, and lures do not insure even the raising of a salmon, be the day and the river never so promising and the angler charming never so wisely.

To an outsider, it must often be a huge joke to see a party of salmon anglers mounted cap-à-pie with such a wealth of fishing paraphernalia—silver-mounted rods and reels, creels of vast dimensions, waterproof coats, wading boots and 'breeks,' luncheon-bags and landing-nets equally capacious, and great telescopic-mounted gaffs of glittering steel and brass, formidable-looking enough to grapple a seal—marching down the glen with their gillies in the morning; and marching back again at night without having turned a scale on a salmon's back, though the fish were tumbling about the pools like porpoises, and so plentiful, that had Donald only thrown in the big gaff, he could hardly have failed to hook a thumper in hauling it back again.

Many anglers are prone to speak with confidence as to what conditions of water and weather are favourable for salmon rising, and what sorts of flies are most suitable for these varying conditions; but experienced anglers are least likely to speak with assurance on such points. It is amusing enough to hear with what perceptions fish are credited as to coming changes of weather, and the like; and one is apt to wonder how they in the river know so much more of the outer atmosphere, and 'what fools these mortals be' who live in it and can tell so little. There are points on which there is some agreement; but if laid down as rules, it must be stated that these have so many exceptions, that it is about as difficult for the average man to draw reliable conclusions from them as from 'the weather-glass.' Salmon rise best to the fly when there is a little colour in the water; when skies are clouded; when the air is clear rather than muggy; when weather is cold rather than warm; in a falling rather than a rising river; where waters flow sharply; and in comparatively shallow pools or parts thereof, rather than in deep water. When to this it is added that the more coloured or the rougher the water and the larger the river, the larger and brighter the fly that should be used, most of what is really known is summed up, leaving a wide field for further investigation, a field that has been long and all but fruitlessly cultivated.

At times, for days together, not a salmon can be induced to rise; another day comes in which salmon are got 'all along the line;' and not an angler can assign any reliable reason for this change, though many of them may profess to do so. Anglers may fish a salmon pool for hours without getting a rise; yet at some other hour, several salmon may be caught; but whether the cause lies in the state of the atmosphere, the light, or the moving of fish in the pool, all the combined wisdom of anglers is nought but foolishness there anent. Again, a salmon may be got by a less skilled angler fishing immediately behind a redoubtable fisherman; but whether it was the particular hook that caught the eye of the fish, its particular movement at the moment, the accidental proximity of the fish, or all these temptations combined, what man can tell? It seems certain that salmon often follow a hook or watch it from their 'lie' without rising to it; and undoubtedly at times their decision 'to fight or flee' is determined by the motion of the lure at the critical moment. Anglers often observe that their hook is suddenly seized when the motion of the rod was stopped, or when, after hanging still for a few seconds, it was moved. The fly is frequently taken when it sinks deeply from a slack line; sometimes when in the act of sinking, and sometimes when it is being raised slowly, as by the winding of the reel; and at other times when the angler, stumbling over rough stones, accidentally jerks about his hook. A salmon frequently rushes to the surface after a fly that is being quickly drawn up for a fresh cast, and others take a fly when being dragged slowly up stream by the angler walking along the bank. Some salmon take the fly with a grand rush. We have seen a large fish dash half-way across a pool, with its dorsal cutting the water for several yards ere it seized the swift retreating fly. Others take it slowly, as by suction.

Anglers are untiring in the discussion of the merits of their various flies—Parsons, Silver Doctors, Sweeps, Durbar Rangers, Jock Scotts, &c. Yet salmon are frequently caught by what most anglers would call very unlikely flies, after declining to grapple the gayest and best. So great is this uncertainty, that many anglers maintain it is of little consequence what the fly is, if it is only well presented to a salmon

when in a rising mood. Salmon have been caught in all kinds of weather—in calm and in thunderstorm; in rain and in brilliant sunshine; under white and under black clouds; with winds blowing from all points of the compass—though south and west seem best; even at times in sharp frosty mornings. They have been often caught with small hooks in turbid waters, and vice versâ. We have seen a twenty-pounder rise to a number two trout fly so small that one might suppose such a mite could never be tasted in such a mouth, and yet the salmon rose to it like a porpoise, though in a very small crystal-clear river and under a dazzling noonday sun. As to the play of the rod in salmon angling, fish are taken under all fashions—fast and slow, short or long lifting; while some successful fishermen trust more to the current making the play, and move their rods very slightly. We have seen an angler kill two large salmon and lose a third in quick succession by standing in one spot and holding his rod quite still. One piece of reliable good advice we can give to those who have not already learned it. Though an angler in a general way can form a notion as to what are the likely parts of a river, it is only by repeated observations that some of the best 'lies' are found out; and as there are favourite 'lies' occupied all the year round, and year after year, by the finest river-trout, sea-trout, and salmon, it is best to observe where the anglers who have long frequented a river, fish most persistently, as there the fish will certainly be found.

Salmon anglers—unlike trout anglers—should make few casts, should cast the line lightly, playing the fly quietly and persistently over the best parts of the pools only, and not wasting time over unknown water. Nothing so certainly diminishes his chances of a 'rise,' as recklessly wading where he may be seen by the fish, or casting his line heavily, and lifting it often and hurriedly.

BUTTERINE.

Professor Sheldon, at the great show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, tried to comfort some of those present by telling them that there was a great future for dairy-farming in this country. Whilst corn-growing was doomed in England, the consumption of fresh milk was increasing—it had trebled in London within the last twenty years. Both cheese and butter ought to be consumed in much greater quantities, for there was no article of food so cheap as cheese. He had no objection to butterine; only, let it be sold as such.

At the annual meeting of the same society, presided over by Lord Vernon, Canon Bagot introduced the subject of butterine, the extended use and manufacture of which is already pressing heavily on the dairy-farmer. He said he did not want to stop the sale of butterine; but he wanted the law so altered, that persons should be imprisoned, instead of being fined, for selling butterine as butter. He gave a bit of personal experience. He said he had disguised some of the Dublin dairymaids and sent them to purchase butter in eight shops. In every case, a receipt was given to the effect that the butter was pure; but on being analysed, it was found that there was not a particle of butter in any of the samples. One of these tradesmen had been fined five times for selling butterine as butter! A motion which he moved was carried—'That the Council be requested to take into consideration the best means of prohibiting the sale of butterine as butter, and that they immediately take such steps as were desirable.'

Lord Vernon added his testimony as to the unfairness of retailing butterine for butter and selling it at one-and-sixpence a pound. He had seen enormous quantities of butterine in Paris, but there it was sold as such. About a month previously, he had been asked by a man to turn his dairy-farm into a butterine factory, by which he hoped to make ten thousand pounds a year.

Under the title of 'Sham Butter,' in *Chambers's Journal* for May 15, 1880, the discovery and manufacture of butterine were briefly related. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Mège, patented a process by which beef-suet can be converted into butterine, and since then the manufacture has spread till we have factories at work in France, England, Holland, Germany, and America. In a Report laid before the House of Commons, it was declared that the substances so produced were harmless, and that good butterine was more wholesome than bad butter. In considering the subject, it must be remembered that there is good and bad butterine, as well as good and bad butter.

Oleo-margarine is the raw material from which butterine is made. It is procured in this way: From the freshly slaughtered carcasses of cattle in the abattoirs of large towns, the superfluous portions of suet are taken to the butterine factories. The finest, cleanest, and sweetest portions only are selected for making oleo-margarine. This prepared oil is largely exported from America to Holland, whence it comes over to us as butterine.

A scientific periodical describes the process of manufacture as follows. At the factory, the beef-suet is thrown into tanks containing tepid water; and after standing a short time it is washed repeatedly in cold water, and disintegrated and separated from fibre by passing it through a 'meat-hasher,' worked by steam, after which it is forced through a fine sieve. It is then melted by surrounding the tanks with water at a temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Great care is taken not to exceed this point; otherwise, the fat would begin to decompose and acquire a flavour of tallow. After being well stirred, the adipose membrane subsides to the bottom of the tank, and is separated under the name of 'scrap,' whilst a clear yellow oil is left above, together with a film of white oily substance. This film is removed by skimming, and the yellow oil is drawn off and allowed to solidify. The 'refined fat,' as the substance is now termed, is then taken to the pressroom—which is kept at a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit—packed in cotton cloths, and placed in galvanised iron plates in a press. On being subjected to pressure, oil flows away. The cakes of stearine which remain are sent to the candle-makers. The oil—which is now known as oleo-margarine—is filled into barrels for sale or export, or directly

made into butterine by adding to it ten per cent. of milk and churning the mixture. It is now coloured with annatto and rolled with ice, to set it; salt is added; the process is finished, and it is ready for packing.

Holland has taken the lead in the manufacture of butterine; there are now forty-five factories in the country, most of which are in North Brabant, where the farms are small, and maintain but one or two cows. As the farmers there can only make a small quantity of butter, which is apt to spoil before it can be collected for market, they readily make contracts with the butterine-makers. The factories at Oss, in Holland, alone, send an average of one hundred and fifty tons per week of oleo-margarine butter to England. There are also several firms in this country engaged in its manufacture; one firm in London can turn out from ten to twenty tons per week.

Professor Mayer in 1883 made some experiments as to the digestibility and wholesomeness of butterine as compared with dairy butter. The experiments were made on two healthy male subjects; and the conclusion arrived at was, that there is not much difference between the digestibility of butterine and that of dairy butter. As to eggs or germs existing in butterine, whereby disease may be spread, there is as yet, happily, no instance on record. As far as nutritive qualities go, it stands on very nearly the same level as butter.

We learn that an Act was passed, April 24, 1884, by the Senate of New York prohibiting the fabrication of any article out of margarine substances, intended to replace butter and cheese. A fine of one hundred dollars is attached to the breaking of the Act. In the preliminary inquiry made by a Committee, it is stated that twenty out of the thirty samples bought as dairy butter were proved to be butterine. The quantity of butterine manufactured and sent into the State of New York was estimated at forty million pounds annually. The ordinary butter, except the very best grades, was spoken of as rapidly disappearing from the market. One witness testified that something between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand packages of butterine, of fifty-five pounds each, were shipped at New York in 1882; and between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand packages in 1883. Another witness said that the gross receipts of the genuine butter-trade in New York are fifty per cent. less than what they would be but for the sale of butterine as butter.

The passing of this Act is virtually a granting of protection for the American dairy industry, and gives effect to the voice of so far interested parties. Butterine has fared much better at the hands of scientific men. Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Frederick J. Bramwell, Sir F. Abel, Dr James Bell, and others, none of whom are in any way interested in its manufacture, have given a favourable verdict regarding butterine, looking upon it as a boon to the working population. Dr James Bell, in a paper read at the International Health Exhibition, said that butterine and oleo-margarine are, in the opinion of high authorities, legitimate articles of commerce, when honestly sold, and if made in a cleanly manner from sound fats, as they afford the poor a cheap and useful substitute for butter, especially during the winter months, when good butter is both scarce and dear.

Professor Odling, who presided at a meeting of the London Society of Arts, when a paper was read by Mr Anton Jurgens, in December 1884, on this subject, is of the same opinion. Mr Jurgens said that the total exports from Holland alone, in 1883, amounted to about forty thousand tons, valued at about three million pounds sterling. The greatest care was taken in its manufacture to promote cleanliness and excellence. No tainted fat could possibly be used: the smallest portion of bad fat would contaminate the whole mass. The *Lancet* has said that butterine is better and cheaper than much of the common butter sold. Mr Jurgens is of the same opinion; and he also said that, owing to its composition, butterine does not become rancid, but retains its sweetness longer than butter. This was owing to the absence of butyrin, which gives the aroma to fresh butter, but causes it soon to become rank.

Dr Mouton says that the Dutch manufacturers strongly desire to have this product imported under its own name, and he questions whether a single package is introduced under a false one. Dutch butterine, when made from the best materials, cannot easily be distinguished from dairy butter; but when made from bad materials, it is easily discerned, and no consumer could be imposed upon by it. He says further, that the English market is the most particular one with which they have to deal. Denmark is the only European state where particular regulations are in force with regard to the manufacture, sale, and import of butterine. In France, a bill for this purpose has been drafted; in the other European states, the import of margarine and butterine seems to be considered as a public boon.

Time, which tests all things, will also test butterine. Professor Odling, speaking as a physician, says that a cheap and inexpensive fat is a great want with many young children, and that butterine supplies this want. We find that butterine can be sold at a profit, for the different qualities, at from eightpence to one-and-fourpence per pound. When, as we have already seen, it is made from good materials, it is wholesome and nourishing; and considering the demands of our vast population in this respect —our imports of butter and butterine last year amounting in value to twelve and a half millions sterling—who shall say that butterine may not have a useful future before it? Let it, however, be *called* butterine, and honestly sold as such.

THAT FATAL DIAMOND.

A THIEF'S CONFESSION.

I AM the most unhappy man that ever occupied a prison cell. I say this advisedly, knowing that hundreds are at this moment bewailing their fate, which in many cases may seem harder than mine; but it is not, if they still retain the self-respect which I have lost. That's what tortures me; my *prestige* is gone; I am degraded in my own eyes; I despise myself as heartily as the most virtuous man in the world could. That I, to whom half the thieves in London have looked for guidance, should myself have laid a plot for

myself and walked into it! It is too humiliating! To fall a victim to a too powerful combination of adverse circumstances is no disgrace; to be outwitted by the superior finesse of the police is hard, but endurable; but to fall into a snare which should not have misled a boy who had never stolen so much as a handkerchief in his life—this, this is shame!

It was that diamond ring that did it. I really think some special ill-luck must have attached to the trinket, for it brought no good to its previous possessor. It was hardly in the regular way of business that it came into my hands—just as it has escaped from them in a most unbusiness-like fashion. That young man must have been in great straits before he united himself to me in the business of stealing his uncle's cash-box, in order to obtain funds to pay his gambling debts. It was a very easy matter for me. He was to mix a few drops of an opiate I gave him with his relative's brandy-and-water one evening, and leave the hall-door open; I had only to walk in and take up the booty he had collected and placed ready for me. It was a very fair collection of plate that awaited me as well as the coveted cash-box; but I am fond of jewellery, and the house was so beautifully asleep, that I could not resist creeping up to the master's bedroom to see if there was not in it a trifle worth picking up. There was—the diamond ring, and a rather good set of studs. I took them, and slipped out of the room so quietly that I should not have disturbed their owner, even if my young friend had not, by way of making sure, doubled the prescribed dose of the opiate, and thereby plunged his uncle into, not sleep, but death. Poor young fellow! the knowledge that he had killed a relation who had always treated him with kindness, if also with severity, was too much for his mind, which doubtless was never strong. Those debts of honour were never paid; he never came to claim his share of that night's spoil; and I have heard that the distant cousin who, failing him, inherited the old man's property, grumbles greatly at having to pay for his being kept in a lunatic asylum.

This is cowardice on my part. I have condemned myself, as the fitting punishment of my folly, to set down in black and white the way in which I entrapped myself, and I am postponing the task to maunder over an irrelevant incident.

The ring had not been long in my possession when I paid the unlucky visit to Paris which began my misfortunes. The London police were very active just then, and business was in consequence dull and risky, so, being in funds, I thought I might take a holiday and enjoy a fortnight in the city of pleasure. I was pretty well known at home; but I had not, so far as I knew, a single enemy in France, and I did not intend to make any. For a fortnight I would be a mere innocent pleasure-seeker, taking the day's amusements as they came, and making no effort after either my own gain or others' loss. Such was my intention; but alas! what intention, especially if it be a good one, can withstand the force of the habits of a lifetime? Mine gave way, and speedily.

One evening, a pleasant April evening, I formed one of the crowd that surrounded the platform at an open-air concert. By my side was standing a stout and elderly man, whom, from a score of tiny indications, I guessed to be a British holiday-maker. 'There's from fifteen to twenty pounds in his coat-pocket, I'll be bound,' thought I. 'He is far too cautious to leave his money at his hotel, where Frenchmen, whom he regards as all thieves, may lay hands on it, so he carries it about with him, thinking that on his person it cannot fail to be safe.' The idea of undeceiving him in this particular was too tempting; I found myself smiling in anticipation at the bewildered and horror-struck expression his face would wear when he discovered his loss. It was the humour of the thing that touched me. That fatal gift of humour, which has ruined so many honest men, led me to my destruction. Deep in my soul, beneath the outer garb of the man of the world I was wearing, dwelt the instincts of the professional pickpocket. Almost unconsciously I inserted my left hand (we are all ambidexter in our profession) in his pocket and gently drew out a pocket-book—the very sort of pocket-book I knew he would carry. I edged away from my victim as soon as the little operation was over, and disentangling myself from the interested auditors who were listening to a gaily-dressed damsel shrieking with the remains of a once powerful voice, I soon found myself walking along the brightly lighted boulevard. I had not gone far before I noticed that the diamond ring which I constantly wore on the third finger of my left hand, was missing. It was a little too large for me; but I had not thought it advisable to have the size altered just yet; and the result was that it had slipped from my finger. I knew that I wore it when I left my hotel; but I could not recollect noticing its presence at any subsequent time; so I went to every place I had visited since I came out, the café where I had dined, the shop where I had bought some cigars, the streets I had traversed, looking everywhere for some trace of my lost jewel, and inquiring of every one to whom I had previously spoken if they had seen anything of it. I felt a dreary conviction that my treasured ornament was gone for ever, when, as a last resource, I went to a *bureau de police*, and gave a description of the lost ring to the officer there. The officer was polite, but gave me small hope of ever seeing my diamond again. I gave it up as gone for ever.

I was sitting in my hotel dull and depressed, angry at my own carelessness, and inclined to give up any further holiday, and forget my annoyance by a speedy return to my professional duties in London, when my friend of the police-office entered.

'I am happy,' he said, bowing politely and smiling with, as I thought, anticipation of a handsome reward—'I am happy to inform monsieur that we hope soon to place his ring in his hands. One answering to the description you gave was brought to our office by the finder, a countryman of your own. The ring being rather an uncommon one, I felt assured that it could be no other than the one you had lost. You described it, I think, as consisting of five diamonds set in the shape of a violet, with a smaller brilliant in the centre—a very curious and valuable jewel.'

'Yes, that's it,' I replied curtly, wondering

why he could not give me back my property without so many words.

'Then I may safely assume that this is the ring in question?' He brought out my ring from his pocket and showed it to me.

'It is,' I said, stretching out my hand; but he did not restore the jewel, only stood there, holding it and smiling more than ever. I supposed that he wanted to see some sign of the reward he expected to receive before parting with the trinket. I took out my purse, and opening it, made some remark about showing my appreciation of his honesty; but he shook his head, smiling, if possible, more broadly than before.

'Do you not wish to know, monsieur, how your ring was found?' he asked, with a leer which I thought was disagreeable.

'Well, how was it found?' I said tartly.

My policeman drew himself up to deliver his great effect. 'Monsieur, your ring was found in another man's pocket!' I stared at him in bewilderment, mingled with an indefinite fear, while he continued his narrative in a less courteous and more confidential tone than he had hitherto assumed. 'Ah! *mon ami*, one may be too clever; one's dexterity may lead one astray if it be not balanced by discretion. You had not long left the office, when another Englishman came in complaining that he had lost a pocket-book containing all his money. He had put his hand in his pocket to bring it out, meaning to pay for something, but found it gone, and in its place a diamond ring—your ring. For my own part, I do not doubt your honesty—even your generosity. You believed, doubtless, that exchange is not robbery, and that, in leaving your ring in exchange for his *porte-monnaie*, you would at once obtain a memento of a compatriot and do him a practical benefit. That is the interpretation I should wish to put on the affair; but the owner of the pocket-book will not see it in that light—he lacks imagination, as so many English do. Of course, your coming to ask us to try to recover your lost ring tends to give colour to his version of the matter, which is, that while you were robbing him of his money, the ring slipped from your hand, and remained in his pocket; and with a lack of sympathy for a countryman, which I grieve to recount, he demands that you should be arrested, a duty which I am reluctantly compelled to fulfil.'

I was absolutely dumb with surprise and anger. Had I had my wits about me, I might—though circumstances were against me—have brought some counter-charge of theft against my accuser; but I was so stupefied by the strange turn events had taken, that I submitted meekly to be searched, to have the fateful pocket-book taken from me, and to be led away to prison. Somehow, too, I was unable to secure possession of the ring that was the cause of my undoing, and I have not seen it since my arrest.

So here I sit in my cell, depressed and weary, a victim to the bitterest self-reproach. I could almost wish to be condemned to lifelong imprisonment, for what is freedom worth to me? After such a piece of suicidal folly as I have been guilty of, I shall never dare to lift up my head among my professional brethren, and I fear that nothing will be left for me but to take to honesty when my term expires.

FISH-CULTURE.

Elaborate arrangements have been made at the establishments of the National Fish-culture Association for hatching the ova of all kinds of fish this year. For some time past, agents have been employed in spawning fish and collecting the eggs from various rivers and streams, and a considerable number have already been deposited in the Hatchery at South Kensington for incubation. The American government have intimated their intention to forward very large consignments of ova from the various species of salmonidæ abounding in the waters of the United States, including the white-fish (*Coregonus albus*), which, owing to the success attending their propagation in this country during 1885, will be hatched out in large numbers. As soon as the fry are in a fit condition, they will be located in the waters at the Delaford Park Establishment, belonging to the Association, whence they will be distributed in Scottish and other lakes. It is intended by the Association to increase the range of their operations, and bestow further attention upon the culture of 'coarse' fish, which will necessitate an extension of the Fishery at Delaford. In 1885 numerous presentations of salmonidæ were made to public waters in the United Kingdom, but only those fish were selected that are desirable for the purposes of replenishing depleted *locales*. The various fish, both American and English, reared at the beginning of last year by the Association are thriving well, and it can be fairly said that great success has crowned all the endeavours put forward to increase the numerical proportions of our fish and improve their multifarious species.

TWO SONNETS.

KEATS.

O PURBLIND world! Not seldom in the years
You find your hero in some man despised,
Some martyr whom you slew, too lightly prized,
And bathe the corse in vain unheeded tears.
Too late your wisdom; for the lost one hears
No longer or contumely or praise:
On kinder death in weariness he lays
His head, forgetting all that life endears.
And this one, on whose lips the altar coal
Of inspiration burned; within whose soul
The fire of the eternal lived, and wrought
Your baser dross to bars of golden thought;
Oh, how you scorned him! Now, in reverent wise,
The weakest murmur of his lips you prize.

And thou, strong soul in a weak body pent,
Spirit of Keats! It was not thine to know
In thy brief span the joy, the generous glow
Of common praise and common wonderment.
But wearying until the clarion breath,
The voice of fame, should fix thy name among
Immortals, came the murmur soft as song,
As sad as thine—the summoning of death.
O sorrow that the deaf world would not hear
Such music, the enchantment of all time,
Until the singer, leaving the sublime,
The orphic song half sung, had fled its sphere!
Too late, too late, our tardy honours now,
Wreathing vain laurel on thy calm dead brow.

GEORGE L. MOORE.

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THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT IN PLANT-LIFE.

The old maxim regarding the power of habit is usually and rightly regarded as exhibiting a thorough application to the regulation of animal life. Not merely in human affairs is habit allowed to be 'a second nature;' but in lower life as well, the influence of use and wont is plainly perceptible. A dog or cat equally with a human being is under the sway of the accustomed. That which may be at first unusual, soon becomes the normal way of life. Even, as the physiologist can prove, in a very large part of ordinary human existence, we are the creatures of habit quite as much as we are the children of impulse. It is easily provable, for example, that such common acts as are involved in reading, writing, and speaking, are merely perpetuated habits. At first, these acquirements present difficulties to the youthful mind. A slow educative process is demanded, and then, by repetition and training, the lower centres of the brain acquire the power of doing the work of higher parts and centres. We fall into the habit, in other words, of writing and speaking, just as our muscles fall into the way of guiding our movements. No doubt, a large part of the difficulty is smoothed away for us by the fact that we inherit the aptitude for the performance of these common actions. But they fall, nevertheless, into the category of repeated and inherited habits; and equally with the newer or fresh ideas and tasks we set ourselves, the actions of common life may be regarded as merely illustrating the curious and useful effect of repeated and fixed habit on our organisation.

Recent researches in the field of plant-life, however, it is interesting to note, show that habit does not reign paramount in the animal world alone. The plant-world, it has been well remarked, too often presents to the ordinary observer the aspect of a sphere of dull pulseless life, wherein activity is unrepresented, and wherein the familiar actions of animal existence are unknown. Nothing is farther from the truth than such an idea. The merest tyro in botany is nowadays led to study actions in plants which are often indistinguishable from those of animal life. Instead of the plant-world being a huge living domain which never evinces a sign of sensation or activity, the botanist can point to numerous cases in which not only are the signs of sensibility as fully developed in the plant as in the animal, but in which also many other phases of animal life are exactly imitated. We thus know of plants which droop their leaves on the slightest touch, and exhibit as delicate a sensitiveness as many high animals, and a much finer degree of sensibility than most low animals. Then, again, when, with the microscope, we inspect that inner plant-life which is altogether hidden from the outer world, we see that the tissues of plants exist in a state of high activity. Currents of protoplasm are seen to run hither and thither through the plant-cells, and active movements to pervade the whole organisation of the living organism. Vital activity is the rule, and inertness the exception, in plant-life; and the discovery of this fact simply serves to impress anew upon us the danger and error of that form of argument which would assume the non-existence of higher traits of life in plants, simply because they are invisible to the unassisted sight.

The effects of habit on plant-life are nowhere better seen than in the curious differences which exist between the food and feeding of certain plants and the practices of their more familiar plant-neighbours. The food of an ordinary green plant, as is well known, consists of inorganic matters. Water, minerals in solution, ammonia, and carbonic acid gas, constitute the materials from which an ordinary plant derives its sustenance. It is curious to reflect that all the beauty of flower and foliage merely represents so much carbonic acid gas, water, and minerals, fashioned by the wondrous vital powers of the plant into living tissues. Yet such is undoubtedly the case.

Between the food of animals and green plants, we perceive this great difference—namely, that whilst the animal demands water, oxygen gas, and minerals—all three being inorganic materials—it also requires ready-made living matter to supply the wants of its frame. This ready-made living matter the animal can only obtain from other animals or from plants; and as a matter of fact, animals demand and require such materials to feed upon. In one sense, the plant, then, exhibits higher powers than the animal, for it is more constructive. It can build up its frame from non-living matter entirely; whilst the animal, less constructive, requires a proportion of already living matter in its food. What has just been said of the food of plants applies to those which possess green colouring-matter associated with the plant-tissues. This green colour, so universally diffused throughout the plant kingdom, is called *chlorophyll* by the botanist. It exists in the cells of plants in the form of granules, and is intimately associated with the living matter or 'protoplasm' of the cells. The presence or absence of green colour in a plant makes all the difference in the world to its habits. The want of this chlorophyll, in fact, converts the habits of the plant into that of the animal.

If we select a plant which possesses no green colour, we may be prepared for some startling revelations respecting the mode of life of such a plant. Examples of a total want of chlorophyll are seen in the *fungi*, that large group of plants which harbours our mushrooms, toad-stools, and like organisms as its familiar representatives. If we inquire how the non-green fungus lives, we shall discover, firstly, that it is like an animal in respect, firstly, of the gas on which it feeds. The green plant, we saw to feed on carbonic acid gas; but the fungus, like the animal, inhales oxygen. Furthermore, a still more remarkable fact must be detailed respecting the difference between the habit of the green plants and their non-green neighbours. When an ordinary green plant takes in the carbonic acid gas which it has obtained from the atmosphere—whither it has come from the lungs of animals and elsewhere—it performs a remarkable chemical operation. The green colour enables it, in the presence of light, to decompose the carbonic acid gas (which consists of carbon and oxygen) into its elements. The carbon is retained by the plant, and goes to form the starch and other compounds manufactured by the organism. But the oxygen, which is not required, at least in any quantity, in the living operations of the green plant, is allowed to escape back to the atmosphere, where it becomes useful for animal respiration. Thus, what the animal exhales (carbonic acid), the green plant inhales; and what the green plant exhales (oxygen), the animal inhales. We have here a remarkable cycle of natural operations, which suggests how beautifully the equilibrium of nature is maintained. It may be added that the want of light converts even the green plant to somewhat animal habits. In the dark, the decomposition of carbonic acid is suspended, chlorophyll alone being insufficient for the analysis. Then, the green plant seems to inhale oxygen and to emit carbonic acid, like the animal and its non-green relative; to return, however, to its normal habit with the returning light. At the same time, the plain difference of habit in respect of the want of green colour in the fungi and other plants, is in itself a remarkable fact of plant-life.

Other differences in habit may also be noted between the plants which possess green colour and those that want it. We have already alluded to the fact that green plants feed on inorganic or lifeless matters, and that they build up these matters into their living tissues. On the other hand, the habits of the fungi and non-green plants lead them to resemble animals in that they feed upon organic materials; that is, on matter which is derived from other plants or animals. As a matter of fact, most fungi are found growing in places where decaying organic matters exist. The gardener, in growing edible fungi, supplies them with such materials in the form of manure. Again, those fungi which cause skin-diseases in man (for example, ringworm) feed on the tissues in which they are parasitic, and in so doing absorb organic matter. The plants which are not green, in this way appear to prefer organic matters, like animals. In habits, therefore, they present a striking contrast to their green neighbours.

The habit of *parasitism*, however, which has just been alluded to is a powerful means of inaugurating and maintaining change of life and living in plants. A parasitic being is one which lives in or upon some other living organism. There are degrees of parasitism, however: some parasites are mere 'lodgers,' so to speak; others both board and lodge at the expense of their host, and these latter are of course the more typical parasites of the two. But there are even degrees and differences to be seen in the behaviour of plant-lodgers and boarders. For example, mistletoe is a plant of peculiar habits, in respect that whilst its roots enter the substance of the tree-host to which it is attached, and drink up so much of the sap that host is elaborating for its own use, it also can make food-products for itself. For the green leaves of mistletoe, like the leaves of other plants, take in carbonic acid gas, and decompose it, as already described, retaining the carbon, and setting the oxygen free. On the other hand, a parasitic fungus will not elaborate any food-products for itself; and hence it is, if anything, a more complete and typical 'boarder' even than mistletoe. The effects of habit in plant-life are here seen in a double sense and aspect. Not only is it through the exercise of 'habit' that a plant becomes a parasite; but it is a variation in the parasitic and acquired habit for a parasitic plant to develop its own special ways of feeding. Habit within habit is thus seen to operate powerfully in bringing about the existent phases of the life of plants.

Plants without green colour are, however, not the only members of the vegetable world in which the habit of feeding like animals has been inaugurated. Some of the most remarkable chapters in botany have been recently written on the habits of so-called carnivorous or insectivorous plants—that is, plants which subsist on insects in other forms of animal life, and which lay traps designed to capture their unwary prey. The Common Sundew (*Drosera*) of our bogs and marshes catches flies and other insects by means

of an ingenious arrangement of sensitive tentacles which beset its leaf, aided by the gummy secretion of the leaf itself. The Venus' Flytrap (*Dionæa*) captures insects by converting its leaf into a closing trap; the alarm to close being conveyed to the sensitive parts of the plant by the insect touching one or more of the six sensitive hairs which are seen on the surface of the leaf. The Side-saddle plants (*Sarracenia*) of the New World and the Pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*) of the Old World likewise capture insects. Their leaves form receptacles, in which, as is well known, flies and other insects are literally drowned. Within the Sarracenia's hollow leaf, a honey-secretion is found, together with a limpid fluid found at the bottom of the pitcher. There seems little doubt that flies and other insects, attracted by the honey-secretion, pass into the pitcher, and are then suffocated by the fluid found below. This much has been proved—namely, that the fluid has an intoxicating effect on insects, and that, once entrapped, the insects ultimately perish in the pitchers. It is equally notable that their retreat is cut off by the presence of pointed hairs, which, on the *facilis descensus* principle, and by pointing downwards, allow the insect easy admittance, but present an array of bayonet-points on its attempt to escape. In the Nepenthes or Pitcher plants of the Old World, insects are similarly captured, and are prevented from escaping by various contrivances, such as a series of incurved hairs or hooks, or allied apparatus.

At first sight, there seems a plain reason for classifying together all these insect-capturing plants, especially when it is discovered that they utilise the insects they capture for food. Botanists did not realise till recently that the capture of insects by plants was a strictly utilitarian and purposive act—namely, that its intent was to feed and nourish the plant. Once awaking to this truth, much that was formerly mysterious in the life and ways of these plants became clear. They captured the insects and fed upon them; in these words were found the clue to and explanation of a seeming anomaly in plant-life. These plants might thus be supposed simply to differ from other green plants, and to resemble the fungi in their preference for an animal dietary, in part at least. For, with their roots in the soil, and possessing green leaves, they appear to subsist partly upon the matters on which ordinary green plants live, and partly upon organic matters, like mistletoe. But a further study of these curious plants shows that the whole facts of the case are hardly to be comprised within this somewhat narrow compass. Habit within habit again appears as the principle which has wrought out important differences between the various kinds of insect-eating plants. Taking the case of the Sundew first, we discover that this plant actually digests its insect-food. From glands with which the leaf is provided, fluids are poured out which resemble the gastric juice of our own stomachs in their digestive properties. The matter of the insect-body is thus absorbed into the substance and tissues of the plant, just as the substance of our own food passes, through digestion, to become part and parcel of our own tissues. Of the Venus' Flytrap, the same remarks hold good. This plant will digest fragments of raw beef as readily as its own insect-prey. The closed leaf is converted into a kind of temporary stomach, within which the imprisoned insect is killed, digested, and its tissues absorbed, to nourish the plant. In the Pitcher plants, a similar result happens to the insect-prey. Digestion and absorption of the nutrient parts of the prey are the duties performed by the modified leaves.

The foregoing facts would therefore seem to present a remarkable uniformity in the life of the plants just mentioned. Similarity of habits would seem to reign supreme, under variations in the method of capturing the insect-prey. Turning now to the case of the Side-saddle plants and their allies, we discover how remarkably the habits of these plants have come to differ. Investigation has shown that the flies, which are apparently drowned in the pitchers of Sarracenia in a manner exactly similar to that in which they fall victims to the artifice of the Pitcher plants, in reality are subjected to a widely different action. The Pitcher plant digests its flies, as we have seen; but in the Side-saddle plants no digestion takes place. What happens in the latter appears to consist of a simple process of decay. The insects are allowed to putrefy and decompose amid the watery fluid which drowns them; and in due time, the pitcher becomes filled with a fluid which has been compared to 'liquid manure.' It is this decomposing solution, then, which is duly absorbed by the Sarracenia. Rejecting this idea, there can be no other explanation given of the use of the elaborate fly-catching 'pitchers.' And, moreover, analogy would force us to conclude that the explanation just given is correct. If fungi feed on decomposing organic matters, why should not a Sarracenia exhibit like habits? No reasonable reply can be given save that which sees in the Sarracenia a curious difference of habit from the apparently similar Pitcher plants. The latter, in other words, eat their meal fresh; the Sarracenias, like humanity with its game, eat their meat in a 'high' state.

The ordinary feeding of plants may, lastly, be cited, by way of showing how marvellously intricate must be the conditions which operate to produce differences in habits, sometimes amounting almost to special likings on the part of vegetable units for one kind of food, and equally special dislikes to other foods. The farmer knowing the preference for certain food-elements by certain plants, requires to 'rotate' his crops, to avoid injurious exhaustion of his soils. For instance, buckwheat will not flourish unless potassium is supplied to it. The chloride of potassium, and next to it the nitrate, are the minerals preferred by this plant. Still more extraordinary is the preference exhibited by one of the violet tribe (*Viola calaminaria*), which will only grow in soils that contain zinc. Here, the effects of habit are seen in a singularly clear fashion; for there seems every reason to assume that the partiality for a by no means common element in soils, has been an acquired, and not an original taste of the plants which exhibit it. The botanist thus becomes aware of the existence of a 'taste,' or 'selective power' as it is termed, in the plant-world, influencing their food, and, as a matter of logic, affecting also their structure, functions, and entire existence. It has been found that

the pea and bean tribe (*Leguminosæ*) specially desire lime, amongst their requirements. Potatoes exhibit a special partiality for potash; and turnips share this taste. Plants in which the seed assumes a high importance, as in most of our cereals, on the other hand, demand phosphoric acid; and certain plants, such as wheat, will withdraw large quantities of silica or flint from the soil. Iodine is found characteristically in seaweeds, and the element in question is obtained from the *kelp* produced by burning marine plants.

No better commentary on the life and habits of plants in respect of their food-tastes can be given than in the words of an eminent physiologist, who, speaking of the food of the corn-plant, says: 'Without siliceous (or flinty) earth, that plant cannot acquire sufficient strength to sustain itself erect, but forms a creeping stem, feeble and pale; without calcareous earth (or lime), it dies even before the appearance of the second leaf; without soda and without potash, it never attains a greater height than between four and five inches; without phosphorus, though growing straight and regularly formed, it remains feeble and does not bear fruit; when iron is present in the soil, it gives that deep green tint so familiar to us and grows rapidly robust; without manganese, it develops in a stunted manner and produces few flowers.' After the revelations of chemistry concerning the habits and tastes of plants and the bearing of proper food on their growth, it is not to be wondered at that scientific agriculture should be regarded as the only solution of many of the present-day difficulties of the farmer.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER X.

For a second, nobody answered a word; this quiet declaration of an honest self-sacrifice took them all, even Nora, so utterly by surprise. Then Edward murmured musingly: 'And it was for this that you gave up the prospect of living at Cambridge, and composing symphonies in Trinity gardens!'

The mulatto smiled a deprecating smile. 'Oh,' he cried timidly, 'you mustn't say that. I didn't want to make out I was going to do anything so very grand or so very heroic. Of course, a man *must* satisfy himself he's doing something to justify his existence in the world; and much as I love music, I hardly feel as though playing the violin were in itself a sufficient end for a man to live for. Though I must confess I should very much like to stop in England and be a composer. I've composed one or two little pieces already for the violin, that have been played with some success at public concerts. Sarasate played a small thing of mine last winter at a festival in Vienna. But then, besides, my father and friends live in Trinidad, and I feel that that's the place where my work in life is really cut out for me.'

'And your second great passion?' Marian inquired. 'You said you had a second great passion. What is it, I wonder?—Oh, of course, I see—your profession.'

('How could she be so stupid!' Nora thought to herself. 'What a silly girl! I'm afraid of my life now, the wretched man'll try to say something pretty.')

'O no; not my profession,' Dr Whitaker answered, smiling. 'It's a noble profession, of course—the noblest and grandest, almost, of all the professions—assuaging and alleviating human suffering; but one looks upon it, for all that, rather as a duty than as a passion. Besides, there's one thing greater even than the alleviation of human suffering, greater than art with all its allurements, greater than anything else that a man can interest himself in—though I know most people don't think so—and that's science—the knowledge of our relations with the universe, and still more of the universe's relations with its various parts.—No, Mrs Hawthorn; my second absorbing passion, next to music, and higher than music, is one that I'm sure ladies won't sympathise with—it's only botany.'

'Goodness gracious!' Nora cried, surprised into speech. 'I thought botany was nothing but the most dreadfully hard words, all about nothing on earth that anybody cared for!'

The mulatto looked at her open-eyed with a sort of mild astonishment. 'What?' he said. 'All the glorious lilies and cactuses and palms and orchids of our beautiful Trinidad nothing but hard words that nobody cares for! All the slender lianas that trail and droop from the huge buttresses of the wild cotton-trees; all the gorgeous trumpet-creepers that drape the gnarled branches of the mountain star-apples with their scarlet blossoms; all the huge cecropias, that rise aloft with their silvery stems and fan-shaped leaves, towering into the air like gigantic candelabra; all the graceful tree-ferns and feathery bamboos and glossy-leaved magnolias and majestic bananas and luxuriant ginger-worts and clustering arums: all the breadth and depth of tropical foliage, with the rugged and knotted creepers, festooned in veritable cables of vivid green, from branch to branch among the dim mysterious forest shades—stretched in tight cordage like the rigging yonder from mast to mast, for miles together—oh, Miss Dupuy, is that nothing? Do you call that nothing, for a man to fix his loving regard upon? Our own Trinidad is wonderfully rich still in such natural glories; and it's the hope of doing a little in my spare hours to explore and disentomb them, like hidden treasures, that partly urges me to go back again where manifest destiny calls me to the land I was born in.'

The mulatto is always fluent, even when uneducated; but Dr Whitaker, learned in all the learning of the schools, and pouring forth his full heart enthusiastically on the subjects nearest and dearest to him, spoke with such a ready, easy eloquence, common enough, indeed, among south Europeans, and among Celtic Scots and Irish as well, but rare and almost unknown in our colder and more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon constitutions—that Nora listened to him, quite taken aback by the flood of his native rhetoric, and whispered to herself in her own soul: 'Really, he talks very well after all—for a coloured person!'

'Yes, of course, all those things are very lovely, Dr Whitaker,' Marian put in, more for the

sake of drawing him out—for he was so interesting—than because she really wanted to disagree with him upon the subject. 'But then, that isn't botany. I always thought botany was a mere matter of stamens and petals, and all sorts of other dreadful technicalities.'

'Stamens and petals!' the mulatto echoed half contemptuously—'stamens and petals! You might as well say art was all a matter of pigments and perspective, or music all a matter of crotchets and quavers, as botany all a matter of stamens and petals. Those are only the beggarly elements: the beautiful pictures, the glorious oratorios, the lovely flowers, are the real things to which in the end they all minister. It's the trees and the plants themselves that interest me, not the mere lifeless jargon of technical phrases.'

They sat there late into the night, discussing things musical and West Indian and otherwise, without any desire to move away or cut short the conversation; and Dr Whitaker, his reserve now broken, talked on to them hour after hour, doing the lion's share of the conversation, and delighting them with his transparent easy talk and open-hearted simplicity. He was frankly egotistical, of course—all persons of African blood always are; but his egotism, such as it was, took the pleasing form of an enthusiasm about his own pet ideas and pursuits—a love of music, a love of flowers, a love of his profession, and a love of Trinidad. To these favourite notes he recurred fondly again and again, vigorously defending the violin as an exponent of human emotion against Edward's half-insincere expression of preference for wind instruments; going into raptures to Nora over the wonderful beauty of their common home; and describing to Marian in vivid language the grandeur of those marvellous tropical forests whose strange loveliness she had never yet with her own eyes beheld.

'Picture to yourself,' he said, looking out vaguely beyond the ship on to the star-lit Atlantic, 'a great Gothic cathedral or Egyptian temple—Ely or Karnak, wrought, not in freestone or marble, but in living trees—with huge cylindrical columns strengthened below by projecting buttresses, and supporting overhead, a hundred feet on high, an unbroken canopy of interlacing foliage. Dense—so dense that only an indistinct glimmer of the sky can be seen here and there through the great canopy, just as you see Orion's belt over yonder through the fringe of clouds upon the gray horizon; and even the intense tropical sunlight only reaches the ground at long intervals in little broken patches of subdued paleness. Then there's the solemn silence, weird and gloomy, that produces in one an almost painful sense of the vast, the primeval, the mystical, the infinite. Only the low hum of the insects in the forest shade, the endless multitudinous whisper of the wind among the foliage, the faint sound begotten by the tropical growth itself, breaks the immemorial stillness in our West Indian woodland. It's a world in which man seems to be a noisy intruder, and where he stands awestruck before the intense loveliness of nature, in the immediate presence of her unceasing forces.'

He stopped a moment, not for breath, for it seemed as if he could pour out language without an effort, in the profound enthusiasm of youth, but to take his violin once more tenderly from its ease and hold it out, hesitating, before him. 'Will you let me play you just one more little piece?' he asked apologetically. 'It's a piece of my own, into which I've tried to put some of the feelings about these tropical forests that I never could possibly express in words. I call it "Souvenirs des Lianes." Will you let me play it to you?—I shan't be boring you?—Thank you—thank you.'

He stood up before them in the pale light of that summer evening, tall and erect, violin on breast and bow in hand, and began pouring forth from his responsive instrument a slow flood of low, plaintive, mysterious music. It was not difficult to see what had inspired his brain and hand in that strangely weird and expressive piece. The profound shade and gloom of the forest, the great roof of overarching foliage, the flutter of the endless leaves before the breeze, the confused murmur of the myriad wings and voices of the insects, nay, even the very stillness and silence itself of which he had spoken, all seemed to breathe forth deeply and solemnly on his quivering strings. It was a triumph of art over its own resources. On the organ or the flute, one would have said beforehand, such effects as these might indeed be obtained, but surely never, never on the violin. Yet in Dr Whitaker's hand that scraping bow seemed capable of expressing even what he himself had called the sense of the vast, the primeval, and the infinite. They listened all in hushed silence, and scarcely so much as dared to breathe while the soft pensive cadences still floated out solemnly across the calm ocean. And when he had finished, they sat for a few minutes in perfect silence, rendering the performer that instinctive homage of mute applause which is so far more really eloquent than any mere formal and conventional expression of thanks 'for your charming playing.'

As they sat so, each musing quietly over the various emotions aroused within them by the mulatto's forest echoes, one of the white gentlemen in the stern, a young English officer on his way out to join a West Indian regiment, came up suddenly behind them, clapped his hand familiarly on Edward's back, and said in a loud and cheerful tone: 'Come along, Hawthorn; we've had enough of this music now—thank you very much, Dr Thingummy—let's all go down to the saloon, I say, and have a game of nap or a quiet rubber.'

Even Nora felt in her heart as though she had suddenly been recalled by that untimely voice from some higher world to this vulgar, commonplace little planet of ours, the young officer had broken in so rudely on her silent reverie. She drew her dainty white lamb's-wool wrapper closer around her shoulders with a faint sigh, slipped her hand gently through Marian's arm, and moved away, slowly and thoughtfully, toward the companion-ladder. As she reached the doorway, she turned round, as if half ashamed of her own graciousness, and said in a low and genuine voice: 'Thank you, Dr Whitaker—thank you very much indeed. We've so greatly enjoyed the treat you've given us.'

The mulatto bowed and said nothing; but instead of retiring to the saloon with the others, he put his violin case quietly under his arm, and walking alone to the stern of the vessel, leant upon the gunwale long and mutely, looking over with all his eyes deep and far into the silent, heaving, moonlit water. The sound of Nora's voice thanking him reverberated long through all the echoing chambers of his memory.

COLONIAL FARM-PUPILS.

It would be a matter of considerable interest if statistics could be obtained showing the number of parents who at the present time find themselves under the necessity of answering that much-debated question, 'What shall I do with my sons?' The comparatively narrow paths which lead to fame and prosperity are now so densely crowded by youths of good breeding and education, that but few parents are able to decide, without much anxious consideration, which is the best one for their sons to start life's journey upon. Some parents choose the learned professions; others select a commercial career; while not a few decide upon a colonial life for their sons. The wisdom, or otherwise, of this last decision we do not here propose to discuss. We accept the plain fact that many well-bred and carefully nurtured young men annually leave these shores as emigrants, bound for the British colonies or the United States. The object of our remarks is to present to the fathers of these young emigrants what the writer—who has seen much, both of emigrants and emigration, on both sides of the Atlantic—regards as a piece of sorely needed advice upon one point of the great question of emigration, as it affects the sons of English gentlemen and 'blue-blooded boys' in general.

The average British parent is, as a rule, very ignorant of everything connected with life and labour in the colonies. He is perhaps a fairly successful man of business, or has risen in his profession; but in attaining this success, he has probably been so engrossed with his own occupations, that he has found but little opportunity of turning his attention to matters concerning him less closely. It is not indeed to be expected that any one man should be intimately acquainted with many different subjects. In these days of competition, the division of knowledge is as necessary as the division of labour; and it is the duty of those who are practically acquainted with emigration or any other subject to advise those who are not so well informed. This is what we now propose to do. We desire that our remarks upon the farm-pupil system in the British colonies be understood to apply equally to the Western States of America, which, so far as this article is concerned, are to all intents and purposes British colonies.

To the youth who has been brought up in a comfortable English home, under the care of watchful parents, emigration to any of the colonies brings a very rude and abrupt change of life. Thenceforth, parental oversight will be no longer obtainable, and the young emigrant will have to seek his own living among strangers in a strange land, where evil influences are generally numerous, where the ordinary mode of life is often very rough, and where no one need hope for success unless he is willing and able actually to perform hard manual labour. Under these circumstances, it naturally appears desirable to most parents to do all that lies within their power to obtain for their sons some training to fit them for their future life. This desire has called into existence the system under which many moderately well-to-do young emigrants, on first leaving England, agree to pay a premium to some colonist who is already established on a farm of his own, in order that they may be taught colonial farming.

The system is not in any way essentially a bad one; but it is open to great abuses, and in too many cases leads to fraud. No detailed rules for the guidance of the parents of young emigrants in this matter can be laid down. The necessities vary according to the circumstances of each particular case. But, in a general way, it may be stated that, when the parents of a youth can afford to pay a premium for his instruction, and have ascertained that the settler with whom they are placing their son is in a position faithfully to exercise that amount of oversight which they desire for him, there cannot be any very great abuse of the system. At the same time, it must be admitted that there is seldom any necessity why a premium should be paid. If the young emigrant be steady and of average push and intelligence, there is certainly little or nothing to prevent him obtaining all the experience he requires without paying any premium. Nevertheless, a youth of weak character, easily led away, and of indolent habits, may of course be benefited by a certain amount of care and oversight.

Farming, as practised in the colonies and in the Western States of America, is of the most elementary kind. A person of limited abilities may very easily acquire a knowledge of all its details. Moreover, in these thinly peopled countries, labourers are in great demand. It may be safely asserted that, in those colonies and in those portions of the west of America to which emigration is now chiefly directed, any young man, willing and able to perform ordinary farm-work, will find little difficulty in obtaining employment, at least during the summer months, in spite of the large number of men who are almost always in want of work in large cities. A perfect novice may find it necessary to work for a time for his board and lodging merely; but after a while, he will probably find himself in a position to demand at least sufficient wages, in addition to his board and keep, to maintain himself respectably. If the young emigrant follows the course thus suggested, he may not find his path quite so smooth as that of the young man who has paid his premium; but he will have a better chance of obtaining practical experience of farming. He will live in his master's house, board at his table, and be treated very much as a member of the family—indeed, the premiumed pupil could hardly be better off; but he will be compelled to learn in a way which he who pays a premium can hardly be, and he will actually be paid for gaining the experience he requires, instead of paying for it!

The eagerness on the part of colonial farmers to obtain farm-pupils is capable of a very simple explanation. In most cases, these men know well enough that there is no real need for the system to be followed; but if they can succeed in obtaining a pupil, they are hardly to be blamed for so doing, as it is no slight advantage to themselves. In the colonies, the harvest usually is plentiful, while the labourers are few, and labour, consequently, is expensive. Obviously, therefore, a pupil who will pay to work and who will not be constantly wanting to leave, is a very great boon to any settler. It should be clearly recognised that, in most cases, if the pupil works in such a way as he must do if he is to obtain a useful practical knowledge of his occupation, his labour alone will amply remunerate the farmer, even if the latter has to find both board and lodging. Clearly, therefore, if a substantial premium be added, the advantage to the settler is considerable. The pupil-system often affords a good deal of amusement to keen-sighted Americans who are in a position to see its weak points. Not unfrequently the writer has had said to him on the other side of the Atlantic: 'How uncommonly stupid you English people must be to be willing to pay to work!' This expression not inaptly sums up the whole case.

The abuses to which the system is open are many. In the first place, an exorbitant sum—sometimes as much as one hundred pounds—is asked. Considering that the pupil could in most cases obtain the necessary experience without paying any premium, and that he actually remunerates the settler by working for him, we consider that, under all ordinary circumstances, ten pounds paid to the settler is ample. In the next place, an agent of some kind is necessary to mediate between the parents of a youth and the colonial settler; and either this agent or the settler, or both, may be dishonest, and fail to fulfil their contracts; indeed, the difficulty which a parent would meet with in attempting to compel a defaulting settler to carry out his agreement, is a great incentive to fraud. Only a short time ago it was reported in the daily papers that a number of youths who had paid premiums to an agent in England to be placed with farmers in California, found, on their arrival there, that no arrangements whatever had been made for their reception—in short, that they had been swindled. Similar cases have been heard of before. At the same time, we do not wish to say that there are not honest agencies.

Those who have seen most of the hap-hazard way in which emigration, not only of the poorer, but also of the better classes, is carried on from this country, often express amazement at the injudicious acts which are constantly being committed by ill-advised young emigrants and their blind though well-meaning parents. The needless paying of premiums by parents who can ill afford to spare the money is but one of these indiscretions. Passing over without comment the practice of shipping 'ne'er-do-wells' off to the colonies in the vain hope that they will do better there than at home, we cannot help remarking that numbers of promising young men, who are utterly unfitted for the life of an emigrant, are constantly being sent out, and either they, or the country to which they are sent, subsequently get blamed for an almost inevitable failure. Nothing, too, could be more injudicious than the placing of capital in the hands of inexperienced young emigrants at the outset of their career. In a large number of cases it is wholly lost; indeed, it is a common saying in America that but few young Englishmen commence to make headway in their new home until they have either lost or spent all they originally brought out with them and have had to buckle-to in sober earnest. As recommended in a late number (No. 95) of this *Journal*, those who are intended for a colonial career should go through a course of school-training especially intended to fit them for it.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH the exception of her eyes and her teeth, Miss Wakefield was an ordinary, nay, almost a benevolent, woman. About sixty years of age, with a figure perfectly straight and supple, and wearing her own hair, which was purple black, she might have passed for forty, save for the innumerable lines and wrinkles on her face. Her eyes were full of a furtive evil light, and never failed to cast a baleful influence over the spectator; her teeth were large and white, but gapped here and there in the front like a saw. Mr Slimm mentally compared her with some choice assortments of womankind he had encountered in the mines and kindred places, and they did not suffer in the comparison.

'Your business?' she said coldly.

'Madam, you will do me the favour to sit down,' he replied. 'What I have to say will take a considerable time.'

'Thank you,' she said, with the same frigid air; 'I prefer to stand.' Some subtle instinct told her this visit boded no good, and she knew in dealing with an adversary what an advantage a standing position gives one.

By way of answer, Mr Slimm continued standing also.

'Madam,' he commenced, 'what I have to say to you concerns the affairs of the late Mr Morton of Eastwood. He was an old friend of mine. Very recently, I heard of his death. I am determined to have justice done.'

Was it fancy, or did these thin feline lips grow white? He could have sworn he saw them quiver. Anyway, fancy or not, if the worst came to the worst, he had a great card to play.

Mr Slimm continued: 'He died, as you are aware, after a curious illness, and rather suddenly at the last. If I am correct, there was no inquest.'

It was not fancy, then! Mr Slimm's keen eyes detected a sudden shiver agitate her frame, and his ear caught a quick painful respiration. Why did no one think of this? he said to himself.

'However, for the present we will pass that over. Mr Morton was known to have been a rich man. All he had was left, I understand, to you?'

'In that, sir, you are perfectly right. Pray, continue.'

'Now, at one time, I understand, poor Morton intended to leave everything to his niece. Was that so?'

Miss Wakefield inclined her head coldly.

'And since his death, not the slightest trace of the bulk of the money has been discovered. Is that not so?'

Miss Wakefield inclined her head once more.

'Well, we have now discovered where the money is.'

'Discovered where the money is! where *my* money is!' the woman cried with a grating laugh. 'And I presume you came to bring it to me. After all this long while, fancy getting my own at last!'

'I suppose you will do something for Mrs Seaton?' inquired Slimm.

'Do something for them—of course I will,' she laughed hardly. 'I'll go and call on them. I will let them see me ride in my carriage, while they are begging in the gutter. I will give them a sixpence when they come to ask alms at my house.—Oh, tell me, are they starving?—are they starving, I say?' she gasped in her passionate utterance, clutching the American by the arm. 'Are they living on charity? Oh, I hope so—I hope so, for I hate them—hate them!' The last words hissed lingeringly and spitefully through her teeth.

'Well, not quite,' Slimm replied cheerfully. 'It must be consoling to your womanly feelings to know they are getting on first-rate—in fact, they are as happy and comfortable as two people can be.'

'I am sorry for that,' she said, with a little pant between each word. 'I hoped they were starving. What right have they to be happy, when I am so miserable?'

'Really, madam, it is no pleasure to bring you news, you take it so uncomfortably,' Slimm replied. 'These histrionics, I know, are intended merely to disguise your delicate and tender feelings. Now, we admit this money belongs to you. What will you stand for the information? Forty thousand pounds is a lot of money.'

'Not one farthing,' replied the woman—'not one single farthing. The money is mine, and mine it shall remain.'

'In that case,' said Slimm cheerfully, 'my mission is at an end.—I wish you a very good-morning.'

'Stop! Do you mean to say you intend to hold the secret unless I agree to some terms?'

'Your powers of penetration do you credit, madam. That is precisely what I do mean.'

'And what, pray, is the price placed upon your secret?'

'Half!'

'Half!' she echoed, with a bitter laugh. 'You are joking. Twenty thousand pounds! Oh, you have made a mistake. You should go to a millionaire, not come to me.'

'Do I understand you to decline?'

'Decline!' she exclaimed in a fury. 'Rather than pay that money to them, I would starve and rot! Rather than pay that, the money shall remain in its secret hiding-place till it is forgotten!—Do you take me for an idiot, a drivelling old woman with one foot in the grave? No, no, no! You do not know Selina Wakefield yet. Twenty thousand pounds. Ah, ah, ah! The fools, the fools, the miserable fools, to come and ask me this!'

'Perhaps you will be good enough to name a sum you consider to be equivalent to the service rendered,' said the American, totally unmoved by this torrent of invective.

'Now you talk like a man of sense,' she replied. 'You are quite determined, I see, not to part with your secret until you have a return. Well, let me see. What do you say to a thousand pounds, or, to stretch a point, fifteen hundred?'

'Appalling generosity!' replied Slimm, regarding the ceiling in rapture—'wasteful extravagance! I cannot accept it. My principals are so grasping, you know. Now, as a personal favour, and to settle this little difficulty, could not you add, say, another five pounds?'

'Not another farthing.'

'Then I am afraid our interview is at an end,' he said regretfully.—'Now, look here. My friends are in no need of money, and are a long way from the state you charitably hoped to find them in. You are getting on in life, and we can afford to wait. When you are no more—not to put too fine a point upon it—we shall lay hands on the treasure, and live happily ever after—yes, madam.'

'What do you want me to do?' she said sulkily.

'Let me put it another way. Suppose we come to an agreement. It is highly probable that where the money is, a will is concealed. Now, it is very certain that this will is made in Mrs Seaton's favour. If we make an arrangement to divide the spoil, and that turns out to be so, what a good thing it will be for you! On the other hand, if there is no will, you still have a handsome sum of money, which without our aid you can never enjoy; and do not mistake me when I say that aid will never be accorded without some benefit to the parties I have the honour to represent.'

'And suppose I refuse?'

'So much the worse for you. Then we have another course open, and one I decidedly advocate. We will at our own risk recover the money, trusting to our good fortune to find the will. If not, we will throw the money in Chancery, and fight you for it on the ground of undue influence and fraud.'

'Fraud, sir! What do you mean?' exclaimed the lady, trembling with indignation and hatred.

Mr Slimm approached her more closely, and looking sternly into her eyes, said: 'Mark me, madam!—the Seatons are not unfriended. I am by no means a poor man myself, and I will not leave a stone unturned to unravel this mystery. Do you think I am fool enough to believe that my old friend hid his money away in this strange manner unless he had some fear? and if I mistake not, you are the cause of that fear. Had he intended his wealth for you, he would have left it openly. Nothing shall be left undone to fathom the matter; and if necessary'—here he lowered his voice to an impressive whisper—'the body shall be exhumed. Do you understand, madam?—exhumed?'

The pallor on the woman's face deepened to a

ghastly ashen gray. 'What would you have me do?' she exclaimed faintly.

'Come to our terms, and all will be well,' Slimm said, pursuing the advantage he had gained; 'otherwise'—here he paused—'however, we will say nothing about that. What I propose is this: that an agreement be drawn up and entered into upon the terms, that in case no will is found with the money, the property is divided; and if a will is found leaving the property to Mrs Seaton, you take five thousand pounds. That is my final offer.'

'I—I consent,' she faltered humbly, at the same time longing, in her passionate madness, to do her antagonist some deadly mischief, as he stood before her so calmly triumphant.

'Very good,' he said quietly—'very good. Then I presume our intercourse is at an end. You will be good enough to be at Mr Carver's office in Bedford Row at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon.'

'One moment. Are you in the secret?'

'Madam, I have that felicity. But why?'

'Perhaps now we have come to terms, you may be good enough to tell me where it is.'

'Curiosity, thy name is woman,' said Slimm sententiously. 'I am sorry I cannot gratify that little wish; but as you will doubtless be present at the opening ceremony, you will not object to restrain your curiosity for the present.—Good-morning.'

Miss Wakefield watched our ambassador's cab leave the door, and then threw herself, in the abandonment of her passion, upon the floor. In the impotence of her rage and despair, she lay there, rolling like a mad dog, tearing at her long nails with the strong uneven teeth. 'What does he know?' she hissed. 'What can he know? Beaten, beaten at last!'

'What a woman!' soliloquised Slimm as he rolled back Londonwards. 'I must have a cigar, to get the flavour out of my mouth.'

When he arrived at Mr Carver's, he found Eleanor and her husband awaiting him with great impatience.

'What cheer, my comrade?' Edgar asked with assumed cheerfulness.

'Considering the circumstances of the case and the imminent risk I ran, you might at least have expressed a desire to weep upon this rugged bosom,' Slimm answered reproachfully. 'I found the evil, like most evils, not half so bad when it is properly faced.'

'And Miss Wakefield?' asked Mr Carver anxiously.

'Gentle as a sucking-dove—only too anxious to meet our views. In fact, I so far tamed her that she has made an appointment to come here to-morrow to settle preliminaries.'

'But what sort of terms did you come to?' Eleanor asked.

Slimm briefly related the result of his mission, and its unexpected and desirable consummation, to the mutual astonishment of his listeners; indeed, when he came to review the circumstances of the case, he was somewhat astonished at his own success.

'Wonderful!' exclaimed Mr Carver, gazing with intense admiration at his enemy. 'I could not have believed it possible for one man single-handed to have accomplished so much.—My good friend, do I really understand that in any case we get half the money; and in one case, all but five thousand pounds?'

'Precisely; and you get the agreement drawn up, and we will get away to Eastwood the day after to-morrow. I declare I feel as pleased as a schoolboy who has found the apple at hide-and-seek. I feel as if I was getting young again.'

'Then you think it is really settled?' Edgar asked, with a sigh of pleasure and relief.

'Not the slightest doubt of it,' said the American promptly. 'And I think I may be allowed to observe, that of all the strange things I ever came across throughout my long and checkered career, this is about the strangest.'

'It certainly beats anything I ever remember,' said Mr Carver with a buoyant air.—'What do you say, Bates?'

'Well, sir,' Mr Bates admitted, 'there certainly are some points about it one does not generally encounter in the ordinary run of business.'

CHAPTER XIV.

When the poet, in the pursuit of his fancy, eulogised the stately homes of England, he must have forgotten or totally ignored a class of dwelling dearer to my mind than all the marble halls the taste or vanity of man ever designed. The Duke of Stilton doubtless prefers his ancestral home, with its towers and turrets, its capacious stables—which, by-the-bye, seem the first consideration in the Brobdingnagian erections of the hour; he may wander with an air of pride through the Raphael hall and the Teniers gallery or the Cuyp drawing-room. For me, he can have his art treasures, his Carrara marbles, his priceless Wedgwood, his Dresden. He may enjoy his drawing-rooms—blue, red, and every colour in the universe. He may dine in the bosom of his family on every delicacy a *cordon bleu* can devise to tickle the palate and stimulate the appetite, with its accompaniment of rose-patterned silver and dainty china. Let him luxuriate in it all, if he will.

I have in my mind's eye a house far different from His Grace's, but which, nevertheless, if not rich in costly bric-à-brac, has an appearance of harmony and refinement refreshing beyond belief. It is the house, or, if you will, the villa of Eastwood. Against the main road is a rugged stone wall, moss-incrusted and lichen-strewn, and surmounted by dense laurel. Opening the old-fashioned wooden gate, a broad path leads to the door, which is some forty yards away, at the side of the house. It is a low, gray stone house, clustered with ivy and clematis, and climbing roses twisting round the long double row of windows. In front is the lawn, quite half an acre in extent, and shut off from a garden by a brick wall, covered with apricot and nectarine. On the right, leading towards the house, is a sloping bank, all white and fragrant in spring with violets; and above this bank, approached by an ancient horse-block, is the old-world garden. It is a large garden, with broad green paths, sheltered by bowers of apple-trees, and the borders gay with wall-flowers, mignonette, stocks, pansies, London-pride, Tom-Thumb, and here and there great bushes of lavender and old-man. Far down is a walk of

filbert trees, where the wily squirrel makes merry in the harvest-time, and the cherry-trees all melodious with the song of the blackbird. There is a balmy smell here of thyme and sage and endive, and the variety of sweet herbs which our grandmothers were wont to cull in autumn, and suspend in muslin bags from the kitchen rafters.

Opening the heavy hall door with the licensed freedom of the novelist, we find ourselves in the hall, whence we reach the drawing-room. Here we find our friends, awaiting the arrival of Miss Wakefield. They have been talking and chatting gaily; but as the time for that lady's arrival draws near, conversation becomes flat, and there is an air of expectation and suppressed excitement about them, which would at once convince the observer that something important was on hand.

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'For goodness' sake, don't think of such a thing!' Edgar exclaimed. 'Fancy, after all this bother and anxiety!'

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'I think I will walk down the road and see if she is coming,' Slimm observed. 'It would look a little polite, I think.'

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'Well, no,' he replied. 'I don't deny she is fascinating; but it is not the sort of glamour that generally thrills the young bosom. One thing we all agree upon, I think, and that is, that we shall be all extremely pleased to see the lady.'

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When a contract has been rendered, broker and client are equally bound to fulfil their part of it: the broker, in the case of a purchase, to deliver to his client an authentic certificate of the stock, and in the case of a sale, to pay for the stock on delivery of a properly executed transfer; the client to pay the consideration-money, &c., when the stock is purchased for him, and to deliver the transfer duly executed, with the certificate, when the stock is sold. Many investors, while looking very sharply after their rights, entirely lose sight of their duties, and altogether forget that there must be two parties to every contract. When a man sells stock, he is entitled to a cheque for the proceeds the moment he hands the executed transfer to his broker, and no sooner; and when stock is purchased, the broker is entitled to receive the purchase-money when he delivers the transfer to his client for signature, and no sooner. Many persons, however, imagine that if they send their broker a cheque for stock bought a day or two after the account-day, it will be time enough, being ignorant of the fact that the latter is obliged by the rules to pay for the stock when it is delivered to him, either on the account-day or any subsequent day. Those living at a distance from London should therefore be careful to let the money be in the hands of their broker on the morning of the

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race for riches, we feel certain that the steady investor has the best of it; and the man who is not even able to do more than make both ends meet is infinitely happier than he who spends restless days and sleepless nights in the pursuit of that sudden wealth, which he, in all probability, goes down to his grave without acquiring.

THE 'LADY GODIVA.'

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

It happened that one summer, a few years ago, I found myself travelling up the Barwon River, just where it commences to form the boundary between Queensland and New South Wales. The weather was terribly hot, and feed for horses scarce, so that I was only too glad to accept the invitation of a hospitable settler, an old acquaintance in digging days gone by, to stay and 'spell' for a week or two, whilst my horses put on a little condition in his well-grassed paddocks. The country round about at that time, even on the river frontages, was very sparsely settled, and comparatively young people could remember when the blacks were 'bad.' Dingoes, kangaroos, wild-cattle, and 'brombees' or wild-horses, roamed the great scrubs in thousands; and with respect to broken-in and branded individuals of the two latter species, the laws of *meum* and *tuum* seemed to be very lightly regarded amongst the pioneers of the border; and for a settler to put in an appearance at his neighbour's killing-yard whilst the operation of converting bullock into beef was going on, was deemed the very height of bad manners, inexcusable, indeed, unless perhaps in the newest of new-chums, at least till the hide was off and the brand cut out.

My friend had only recently taken up ground on the river; but his next and nearest neighbour, old Tom Dwyer, who resided about five-and-twenty miles away, was a settler of many years' standing; and it was from him that, towards the end of my stay with the Brays, came an invitation to the wedding festivities of his only daughter, who was to be married to a young cousin, also a Dwyer, who followed the occupation of a drover.

As Bray and myself rode along in the cool of the early morning—the womenkind and children having set out by moonlight the night before in a spring-cart—he gave me a slight sketch of the people whose hearty invitation we were accepting.

'A rum lot,' said my old friend—a fine specimen of the bushman-digger type of Australian-born colonist, hardy, brave, and intelligent, who had, after many years of a roving, eventful life, at last settled down to make himself a home in the wilderness—'a rum lot, these Dwyers. Not bad neighbours by no means, at least not to me. I speak as I find; but people do say that they come it rather too strong sometimes with the squatters' stock, and that young Jim—him as is goin' to get switched—and old Tom his uncle do work the oracle atween 'em. I mind, not so long ago, young Jim he starts up north somewhere with about a score head o' milkers and their calves; and when he comes back again in about six months, he fetched along with him over three hundred head o' cattle! "Increase," he called 'em—ha, ha! A very smart lad is Jim Dwyer; but the squatters are getting carefuller now; and I'm afraid, if he don't mind, that he'll find himself in the logs some o' these fine days. He's got a nice bit o' a place over the river, on the New South Wales side, has Jim, just in front o' Fort Dwyer, as they call the old man's camp. You could a'most chuck a stone from one house to the other.'

So conversing, after about three hours' steady riding through open box forest country, flat and monotonous, we arrived at 'Fort Dwyer'—or Dee-wyer, as invariably pronounced thereabouts—a long, low building, constructed of huge, roughly squared logs of nearly fireproof red coolabah, or swamp-gum, and situated right on the verge of the steep clay bank, twenty feet below which glided sullenly along the sluggish Barwon, then nearly half a 'banker.'

A hearty welcome greeted us; and the inevitable 'square-face' of spirits was at once produced, to which my companion did justice whilst pledging the health of the company with a brief, 'Well, here's luck, lads!' For my own part, not daring to tackle the half-pannikinful of fiery Mackay rum so pressingly offered, with the assurance that it was 'the finest thing out after a warm ride,' I paid my respects to an immense cask of honey-beer which stood under a canopy of green boughs, thus running some risk of losing caste as a bushman by appropriating 'the women's swankey,' as old Dwyer contemptuously termed it, whilst insisting on 'tempering' my drink with 'just the least taste in life, sir,' of Port Mackay, of about 45 o. p. strength.

There must have been fully one hundred people assembled; and the open space just in front of the house was crowded with buggies, spring-carts, wagonettes, and even drays; but the great centre of attraction was the stockyard, where Jim Dwyer was breaking-in to the side-saddle a mare, bought in one of his recent trips 'up north,' and intended as a present for his bride, of whom I caught a glimpse as she sat on an empty kerosene tin, with her sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in plucking poultry; a fair type of the bush-maiden, tall and slender, with good, though sharply cut features, deeply browned by the sun, laughing dark eyes, perfect teeth—a rare gift amongst young Australians—and as much at home—so old Bray assured me—on horseback cutting out 'scrubbers' or 'brombees,' as was her husband-elect himself.

The rails of the great stockyard were crowded with tall, cabbage-tree-hatted, booted and spurred 'Cornstalks' and 'Banana-men' (natives of New

South Wales and Queensland respectively); and loud were their cries of admiration, as young Dwyer, on the beautiful and, to my eyes, nearly thoroughbred black mare, cantered round and round, whilst flourishing an old riding-skirt about her flanks.

'She'll do, Jim—quiet as a sheep'—'My word! she'll carry Annie flying'—'What did yer give for her, Jim?'—'A reg'lar star, an' no mistake!' greeted the young man, as, lightly jumping off, he unbuckled the girths and put the saddle on the slip-rails.

Jim Dwyer differed little from the ordinary style of young bush 'native'—tall, thin, brown, quick-eyed, narrow in the flanks; but with good breadth of chest, and feet which, from their size and shape, might have satisfied even that captious critic the Lady Hester Stanhope, under whose instep 'a kitten could walk,' that the Australians of a future nation would not be as the British, 'a flat-soled generation, of whom no great or noble achievement could ever be expected.'

I fancied that, as the young fellow came forward to shake hands with Bray, he looked uneasily and rather suspiciously at me out of the corner of one of his black eyes. My companion evidently observed it also, for he said laughingly: 'What's the matter, Jim? Only a friend of mine. Is the mare "on the cross?" And did you think he was a "trap?"'

'None o' your business, Jack Bray,' was the surly reply. '"Cross" or "square," she's mine till some one comes along who can show a better right to her, an' that won't happen in a hurry.'

'Well, well,' replied Bray, 'you needn't get crusty so confounded quick. But she's a pretty thing, sure enough. Let's go and have a look at her.'

Everybody now crowded round the mare, praising and admiring her. 'Two year old, just,' exclaimed one, looking in her mouth.—'Rising three, I say,' replied another.—'And a clean-skin, and unbranded!' ejaculated Bray, at the same time passing his hand along the mare's wither.

'That's a disease can soon be cured,' said Dwyer with a laugh. 'I'm agoin' to clap the J. D. on her now.—Shove her in the botte, boys, while I go an' fetch the irons up.'

'That mare's a thoroughbred, and a race-mare to boot, and she's "on the cross" right enough,' whispered Bray, as we walked back towards the house. 'She's been shook; and though she ain't fire-branded, there's a half-sovereign let in under the skin just below the wither; I felt it quite plain; and I wouldn't wonder but there's a lot more private marks on her as we can't see.'

'Do you think, then,' I asked, 'that young Dwyer stole her?'

'Likely enough, likely enough,' was the reply. 'But if he did, strikes me as we'll hear more about the matter yet.'

Just at this moment, shouts of, 'Here's the parson!'—'Here's old Ben!' drew our attention to a horseman who was coming along the narrow track at a slow canter.

A well-known character throughout the whole of that immense district was the Rev. Benjamin Back, 'bush missionary;' and not less well known was his old bald-faced horse Jerry. The pair bore a grotesque resemblance to each other, both being long and ungainly, both thin and gray, both always ready to eat and drink, and yet always looking desolate and forlorn. As the Rev. Ben disengaged his long legs from the stirrups, the irrepressible old Dwyer appeared with the greeting-cup—a tin pint-pot half full of rum—which swallowing with scarcely a wink, to the great admiration of the lookers-on, the parson, commending Jerry to the care of his host, stalked inside, and was soon busy at the long table, working away at a couple of roast-ducks, a ham, and other trifles, washed down with copious draughts of hot tea, simply remarking to 'Annie,' that she 'had better make haste and clean herself, so that he could put her and Jim through, as he had to go on to Bullarora that evening to bury a child for the Lacies.'

Having at length finished his repast, all hands crowded into the long room, where before 'old Ben' stood bride and bridegroom, the former neatly dressed in dark merino—her own especial choice, as I was told, in preference to anything gayer—with here and there a bright-coloured ribbon, whilst in her luxuriant black hair and in the breast of her dress were bunches of freshly plucked orange blossoms, that many a belle of proud Mayfair might have envied. The bridegroom in spotless white shirt, with handkerchief of crimson silk, confined loosely around his neck by a massive gold ring, riding-trousers of Bedford cord, kept up by a broad belt, worked in wools of many colours by his bride, and shining top-boots and spurs, looked the very beau-idéal of a dashing stockman, as he bore himself elate and proudly, without a trace of that bucolic sheepishness so often witnessed in the principal party to similar contracts.

The old parson, with the perspiration induced by recent gastronomic efforts rolling in beads off his bald head, and dropping from the tip of his nose on to the church-service in his hand, had taken off his long coat of threadbare rusty black, and stood confessed in shirt of hue almost akin to that of the long leggings that reached above his knees. It was meltingly hot; and the thermometer—had there been such an article—would have registered one hundred and ten or one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade at the least. But it was all over at last. Solemnly 'old Ben' had kissed the darkly flushing bride, and told her to be a good girl to Jim—solemnly the old man had disposed of another 'parting cup;' and then, whilst the womenkind filled his saddle-bags with cake, chicken, and ham, together with the generous half of a 'square-face'—or large square-sided bottle—containing his favourite summer beverage, old Dwyer, emerging from one of the inner rooms, produced a piece of well-worn bluish-tinted paper,

known and appreciated in those regions as a 'bluey,' at sight of which the parson's eye glistened, for seldom was it that he had the fortune to come across such a liberal douceur as a five-pound note; but as old Dwyer said: 'We don't often have a job like this one for you Ben, old man. We're pretty well in just now, an' I mean you shall remember it. An' look here; Jerry's getting pretty poor now, an' I know myself he's no chicken; so you'd best leave him on the grass with us for the rest o' his days, an' I'll give you as game a bit o' horse-flesh as ever stepped; quiet, too, an' a good pacer. See! the boys is a-saddlin' him up now.'

The old preacher's life was hard, for the most part barren, and little moistened by kind offers like the present; and his grim and wrinkled face puckered up and worked curiously as he gratefully accepted the gift for Jerry's sake, his constant companion through twelve long years of travel incessant through the wildest parts of Queensland; and with a parting injunction to 'the boys' to look after the old horse, he, mounting his new steed, started off on his thirty-mile ride to bury Lacy's little child.

The long tables, at which all hands had intermittently appeased their hunger throughout the day, on fowls, geese, turkeys, sucking-pig, fish, &c., were now cleared and removed; a couple of concertinas struck up, and fifteen or twenty couples were soon dancing with might and main on the pine-boarded floor. Old men and young, old women and maidens, boys and girls, all went at it with a will, whirling, stamping, changing and 'chaining' till the substantial old house shook again, and fears were audibly expressed that the whole building would topple over into the river.

'Not to-night, of all nights in the year,' said old Dwyer; 'although I do believe I'll have to shift afore long. Ye'll hardly think it—would ye?—that when I first put up the old shanty, it stood four chain, good, away from the bank; it was, though, all that; an' many a sneaking, greasy black-fellow I've seen go slap into the water with a rifle bullet through his ugly carcass out of that back-winder, though it is plumb a'most with the river now.'

So, louder and louder screamed the concertinas, faster and faster whirled the panting couples, till nearly midnight, when 'supper' was announced by the sound of a great bullock bell, and out into the calm night-air trooped the crowd. The tables this time had been set out on the sward in front of the house, just without the long dark line of forest which bordered the river, through the tops of whose giant 'belars' the full moon shone down on the merry feasters with a subdued glory; whilst, in a quiet pause, you could hear the rush of the strong Barwon current, broken, every now and again, by a deep-sounding 'plop,' as some fragment of the ever-receding clayey bank would fall into the water. Four or five native bears, disturbed by the noise, crawled out on the limbs of a great coolabar, and with unwinking, beady-black eyes, gazed on the scene below, expressing their astonishment every now and again in hoarse mutterings, now low and almost inarticulate, then 'thrum, thrumming' through the bush till it rang again. From a neighbouring swamp came the shrill scream of the curlew; whilst far away in the low ranges of Cooyella, could be heard the dismal howl of a solitary dingo coo-ee-ing to his mates.

Scarcely had the guests taken their seats and commenced, amidst jokes and laughter, to attack a fresh and substantial meal, when a furious barking, from a pack of about fifty dogs, announced the advent of strangers; and in a minute more, three horsemen, in the uniform of the Queensland mounted police, rode up to the tables. One, a sergeant apparently, dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, strode forward, commanding every one to keep their seats; for several at first sight of the 'traps' had risen, and apparently thought of quietly slipping away. This order, however, enforced as it was by the production of a revolver, together with an evident intention of using it on any absconder, brought them to their seats again.

'What's all this about?' exclaimed old Dwyer. 'We're all honest people here, mister, so you can put up your pistol. Tell us civilly what it is you're wantin', an' we'll try an' help you; but don't come it too rough. You ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. Don't ye see the faymales?'

'Can't help the females,' retorted the sergeant sharply. 'I haven't ridden four hundred miles to play polite to a lot of women. I want a man named James Dwyer; and by the description, yonder's the man himself'—pointing at the same time across the table to where sat the newly-made husband, who had been one of the first to make a move at sight of the police.

'What's the charge, sargent?' asked old Dwyer coolly.

'Horse-stealing,' was the reply; 'and here's the warrant, signed by the magistrate in Tambo, for his apprehension.'

I was sitting quite close to the object of these inquiries, and at this moment I heard young Mrs Dwyer, whilst leaning across towards her husband, whisper something about 'the river' and 'New South Wales;' and in another moment, head over heels down the steep bank rolled the recently created benedict, into the curious and cool nuptial couch of swiftly flowing, reddish water, which he breasted with ease, making nearly a straight line for the other bank, distant perhaps a couple of hundred yards.

The troopers, drawing their revolvers, dismounted, and running forward, were about to follow the example set by their superior, who was taking steady aim at the swimmer, perfectly discernible in the clear moonlight, when suddenly half-a-dozen pair of soft but muscular arms encircled the three representatives of law and order, as the women, screaming like a lot of curlews after a thunderstorm, clasped them in a tight embrace.

Young Mrs Dwyer herself tackled the sergeant, crying: 'What! would you shoot a man just for a bit of horse-sweating! Leave him go, can't you. He's over the border now in New South Wales, mare and all; and you can't touch him, even if you was there.'

Just then a yell of triumph from the scrub on the other shore seemed to vouch for the fact, and was answered by a dozen sympathetic whoops and shouts from the afore-mentioned 'Cornstalks' and

'Banana-men,' who crowded along our side of the river.

The sergeant struggled to free himself; and his fair antagonist unwound her arms, saying: 'Come now, sargent, sit down peaccably and eat your supper, can't you! What's the good of making such a bother over an old scrubber of a mare!'

'An old scrubber of a mare!' repeated the sergeant aghast. 'D'ye think we'd ride this far over a scrubber of a mare? Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Stanford's race-mare, worth five hundred guineas, if she's worth a penny. Bother me! if he didn't take her clean out of the stable in Tambo, settling-night, after she'd won the big money! But there, you all know as much about it as I can tell you, that's plain to be seen, for I never mentioned a mare; it was your own self, I do believe; and I'll have him, if I have to follow him to Melbourne.—Just got married, has he? Well, I can't help that; he shouldn't go stealing race-mares.—Well, perhaps you didn't know *all* about it,' went on the sergeant, in reply to the asseverations of the Dwyer family as regarded their knowledge of the way the young man had become possessed of the mare. 'But,' shaking his head sententiously, 'I'm much mistaken if most of this crowd hadn't a pretty good idea that there was something cross about her. However,' he concluded philosophically, 'it's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll have to ride over to G—— at daylight—that's another forty miles—and get an extradition warrant out for him. He might just as well have come quietly at first, for we're bound to have the two of them some time or other.'

It was now nearly daylight; and our party set out on their return home, leaving the troopers comfortably seated at the supper, or rather by this time, breakfast table; while just below the house, in a bend of the river, we could see, as we passed along, a group of men busily engaged in swimming a mob of horses—amongst which was doubtless the Lady Godiva herself—over to the New South Wales shore, where, on the bank, plainly to be discerned in the early dawn, stood the tall form of her lawless owner.

'How do you think it will all end?' I asked Bray.

'Oh,' was the reply, 'they'll square it, most likely. I know something of that Stanford; he's a bookmaker; and if he gets back the mare and a cheque for fifty or a hundred pounds, to cover expenses, he'll not trouble much after Jim.'

'Yes. But the police?' I asked.

'Easier squared than Stanford,' answered Bray dogmatically.

That this 'squaring' process was successfully put in force seemed tolerably certain; for very shortly afterwards I read that at the autumn meeting of the N. Q. J. C., the Lady Godiva had carried off the lion's share of the money; and I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr and Mrs Dwyer in one of Cobb & Co.'s coaches, bound for the nearest railway terminus, about three hundred miles distant, thence to spend a month or so in Sydney; Jim, as his wife informed me, having done uncommonly well out of a mob of cattle and horses which he had been travelling for sale through the colonies; so had determined to treat himself and the 'missis,' for the first time in their lives, to a look at the 'big smoke.'

'That was a great shine at our wedding, wasn't it?' she asked, as the coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to a fresh start. 'But'—and here she tapped her husband on the head with her parasol—'I look out now that he don't go sticking-up to any more Lady Godivas.'

'That's so,' laughed Jim. 'I find, that I have my hands pretty full with the one I collared the night you were there. I doubt sometimes I'd done better to have stuck to the other one; and as for temp'—— Here Jim's head disappeared suddenly into the interior of the coach; crack went the long whip; the horses plunged, reared, and went through the usual performance of attempting to tie themselves up into overhand knots, then darted off at top-speed on their sixteen-mile stage, soon disappearing in a cloud of dust along the 'cleared line.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS.

THE trials lately carried on at the Bill of Portland, supplement (says the *Times*) those of Inchkeith in certain respects. At Inchkeith it was sought to obtain a just idea of the effect of machine-gun and shrapnel fire on the detachment serving a gun mounted *en barbette* in an emplacement of tolerably recent design. Dummies were placed round the gun in exposed positions, and Her Majesty's ship *Sultan*, under very favourable conditions of sea and weather, carried out some careful practice at various ranges. The results, accurately recorded, furnish data calculated to serve as a correction to mere conjecture. At Portland, the objects sought to be attained were two. The merits of the Moncrieff or 'disappearing' principle of mounting guns for coast-defence have been much discussed, and great advantages have been claimed for it with every show of reason; but no opportunity had ever been given to the system to practically demonstrate its defensive value. It was, therefore, sufficiently desirable that a practical experiment should be arranged in which 'service-conditions' should be observed as far as possible, so that there might be a something definite to set against prejudice either in favour of or against the system. It was proposed, at the same time, to seek to obtain data as to the accuracy of howitzer-fire from a floating platform. . . . To sum up the case with judicial fairness, the Portland experiments fully bear out all that the champions of the disappearing system have asserted; while its opponents—if there are any such—must perforce admit that at least nothing whatever is proved against it. More than this, however, appears to be indicated by these trials. There seems to be every reason to believe that all direct fire, whether of heavy or machine guns, against a disappearing gun when down, is thrown away; that in the short time during which this gun need be visible, it will require a very smart gun-captain on board ship merely to lay on it; that the more the smoke obscures it, the better, provided a position-finder is used; and finally, that to engage two or three dispersed disappearing guns would be a

heart-breaking task for a ship. Probably the best chance of disabling guns mounted on this system is snap-shooting from the six-pounder quick-firing gun, which can be handled almost as readily as a rifle. But, on the one hand, it does not necessarily follow that a hit from the six-pounder would have any effect on the disappearing gun; and, on the other hand, the latter would be able to get through a good deal of shooting before the six-pounder was able to come into effective action. Again, the six-pounder on board ship would presumably be met by the six-pounder on shore, which would shoot rather more accurately; while, even as opposed to these wonderfully handy little weapons, the disappearing system must stand superior to all others. In a turret or a cupola, more than half the length of the modern long guns must be always exposed to fire. All considerations, therefore, seem to point to the disappearing system as the most scientific method ever devised for protecting shore-guns, and the advantages to be obtained being so great, it becomes worth while to use every possible effort to bring the disappearing gun to practical perfection. The main difficulty is to render the larger guns independently automatic, and at present no gun larger than the eight-inch—the gun exhibited in the Inventions Exhibition—has been thus mounted in England.

SEA-GOING FISHING LIFEBOAT VESSELS.

Mr F. Johnson, the honorary managing secretary of the National Refuge Harbours Society, 17 Parliament Street, London, has made it the one aim of his life to devise such means as will conduce to diminish the large total of lives annually reported as having been lost at sea. He is now interesting himself in bringing to a practical application an invention of Mr John White, of Cowes, described as a Sea-going Fishing Lifeboat vessel, a model of which is now on public view at 72 New Bond Street, London. Broad in the beam, she has a large air-chamber divided into two compartments at the bow; another—of a smaller size—at the stern; and one running along on either side. Thus, however much sea she may 'ship,' with these air-chambers in use, it is not possible for her to sink. Except for the roofs of the fore and aft air-chambers, the vessel has no deck, an arrangement which of course gives her considerable buoyancy. The roofs of the side air-chambers are curved off, so that any water which might wash over one bulwark would pass across the vessel and wash out over the other. As a matter of fact, however, it is confidently believed that, even in a high sea, the vessel will be too buoyant to ship much water. It has naturally occurred to the inventor that in fine weather the fore air-chamber might be utilised as a cabin; he has therefore arranged that it may be unsealed and access obtained to it by means of a hatchway. It will be fitted up with cooking apparatus and beds, the latter articles also filling the rôle of life-buoys.

Those who interest themselves in this invention propose that vessels of the kind shall be launched around our coasts, equipped with fishing-gear, and manned with smacksmen, so that they may be 'self-supporting;' while their primary object will be to afford succour during stormy weather to any craft in distress. Thus, it is felt that the Fishing Lifeboat vessels might ride in the different fishing fleets, the smacks of which, being frequently far away from any harbour of refuge, are often disabled or utterly wrecked during a storm. Then, too, the vessels might fish in the neighbourhood of dangerous reefs and shoals, where their presence would be especially valuable. We believe that two or three years ago a fishing-smack was constructed very much on the lines indicated, and that, after effecting some rescues in the neighbourhood of the Goodwin Sands, she herself was wrecked, owing to her having been improperly laden with stone. Mr White has agreed to build Sea-going Fishing Lifeboat vessels of forty tons—a size which is considered most suitable—at a cost each of five hundred pounds. It is felt that a fair start might be made with twenty vessels, to be placed at different points around our coasts. Thus ten thousand pounds is required; and a public fund has been opened, and part of the money already subscribed. Those who desire to contribute should communicate with Mr Johnson, all cheques being crossed National Provincial Bank.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MONTE CARLO.

The Report, says a contemporary, of the International Committee in Nice upon the disgraceful gambling hell of Monte Carlo, which has just been issued, is to be made the ground of a collective diplomatic action against the protector of that institution, Prince Charles III. of Monaco. This important pamphlet gives a documentary catalogue of all the suicides which have taken place in Monte Carlo from 1877 to 1885. The total number of persons who have destroyed themselves in consequence of their losses at his Princely Highness's gambling-tables is eighteen hundred and twenty—that is to say, there have been nearly as many suicides as the Prince has subjects. The catalogue is very complete, giving the name, the home, the age, and the date of death of each suicide, and a collection of the letters in which the wretched victims have commented upon their self-destruction. Nearly all of them curse the hour in which their eyes first set sight upon Monte Carlo. It is agreeable to learn from the table of nationality that the English and Americans have supplied the smallest number of victims. A tenth of the number are Germans and Austrians; but the largest contingent by far has been provided by France, Italy, and Russia. The appalling census was instituted by the Italian Consul-general in Nice, who found ready support from patriotic citizens of other lands. The callous brutality of the Monaco 'government,' if so honourable a name may be given to this organised gambling Company, is shown in the treatment of the suicides after their death. Scarcely one of them, except where friends have appeared in time to claim the body, has received a decent burial. After the poor wretch has lost all that he had, his corpse has been hurriedly hidden in the poor quarter of the burial-ground without funeral rites or mourners.

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FISSURE ERUPTIONS.

Those who have been accustomed to regard volcanoes such as Vesuvius or Etna as the one form of volcanic action, may be somewhat startled by the statement that lavas have sometimes been poured forth from fissures hundreds of miles in length, and have deluged vast tracts of country beneath sheets of molten rock, compared with which the puny lava-fields of Italy sink into insignificance. History, romance, and legend have been so long associated with the group of volcanoes overlooking the quiet Tyrrhenian Sea, that from the time when Pindar sung of the fire-floods of Etna, and Pliny died, too rashly investigating the great eruption of Vesuvius, till Scrope, Lyell, Von Buch, and Palmieri made them the centre of their researches, they have occupied too large a share of attention, and have been thus regarded as the full normal development of that volcanic activity of which they are but a phase, and only a minor phase. Hence, when, eighteen years ago, Richthofen described the great lava-plains of Western America, and attributed their origin to ejection from fissures, and not from vents, so firm a hold had been taken of the minds of geologists by nearly twenty centuries of observation of Vesuvius and its fellows, that his arguments were received with incredulity; and though they have been amply verified by subsequent investigations, and have afforded the clue to the interpretation of the vast series of volcanic rocks in other quarters of the globe, they have not been generally circulated, and few, outside the circle of geologists, are acquainted with them.

In this paper, we propose briefly to describe some of the most noted of these 'fissure'—or as Richthofen called them—'massive' eruptions, selecting as types that on the Snake River in the United States, and those in India, Abyssinia, and the north-west of Europe; and finally, to glance at their possible connection with the form of volcanic excitement more frequently displayed.

The one which has attracted most attention is that which formed the plateau of the Snake River, and which covers altogether, in Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, an extent of country equal to France and Great Britain combined. The district is one wide verdureless waste of black basalt, stretching westwards from the mountains by which it is bounded on the north and east, as an apparently boundless desert, black and bare, as though it had but recently cooled. Except for the shifting sand-dunes and slight ridges of basalt extending like long low waves or ground swells—to which Professor Geikie compares them—the surface would be quite level, the lava having either been poured over a plain, or having buried the undulations of the country beneath hundreds of feet of stone. The columnar structure, so often adopted by basalt, is here largely developed, and to it is due the tesselated appearance of the rock, which adds another to the many striking features in the scenery of the district. The only river in the district is the Snake River, which winds its way to the Pacific through a cañon seven hundred feet deep, and which is joined, through underground courses, by the few streams that flow on to the basalt from the neighbouring mountains, and soon sink beneath the surface.

The Director-general of the Geological Survey visited the district five years ago, and his graceful pen has thus described his first view of this great lava desert: 'We had been riding for two days over fields of basalt level as lake bottoms among the valleys, and on the morning of the last day we emerged from the mountains upon the great sea of black lava which seems to stretch illimitably westwards. With minds keenly excited by the incidents of the journey, we rode for hours by the side of that apparently boundless plain. Here and there, a trachytic spur projected from the hills, succeeded now and then by a valley, up which the black flood of lava would stretch away into the high grounds. It was as if the great plain had been filled with molten rock, which had kept its level, and wound in and out along the bays and promontories of the

mountain slopes, as a sheet of water would have done.'

The feature, however, that most struck Professor Geikie, as it had done previous observers, was the absence of ash and scoria, and of any crater where the eruption could have occurred. There are indeed a few cinder cones, but they are analogous—as he says—to the smaller cones on the flanks of a volcano, or more so to those around the vapour-vents on the surface of lava-streams. Such vast masses of lava were certainly not ejected from these, nor in the ordinary method of volcanic emission. We are therefore forced to accept Richthofen's theory, that they are due to a series of eruptions from fissures which stretched across the country for several hundreds of miles, but are now hidden by the sheets of stone in which, since no very remote period, the district has been enwrapped. Geologically speaking, this must have been recent, as is evidenced by the lava-floods having covered the present valleys, and having sealed up the gravel and silt of their lakes and rivers; but sufficient time has elapsed to have allowed of the erosion of the picturesque ravine of the Snake River; and in so dry a climate and on so hard a rock, this must have been slow work, though in all probability it does not carry back the date of the event beyond the human occupation of the continent. It is by no means impossible that man may have witnessed the last of these eruptions from the summit of the trachyte hills at the base of which was eddying this ocean of molten rock.'

Another series of volcanic rocks that has long been a source of perplexity to geologists is that which, covering two hundred thousand square miles of India, is known as the Deccan Traps. Though the separate lava-flows are of no great thickness, they attain a total of six thousand feet, exclusive of the 'intertrappean' fresh-water deposits with which they are associated. The rock is mainly dolerite or basalt, but is very variable, and in many places it exhibits spheroidal or columnar structure; unlike, however, that of the Snake River, volcanic ash is common. The plateau formed by these deposits consists of a vast undulating plain, and of flat-topped hills with occasional 'scarps' or cliffs, which in the Sahyadri range are four thousand feet high, the whole being marked by terraces along the outcrop of the horizontal layers of basalt. In many points, the scenery of this district is much like that of the Snake River; but, owing to the greater age of the beds—belonging to the Cretaceous or chalk group—they are more weathered, and covered by a thin soil formed by the disintegration of the rock beneath, bear a slight vegetation. This, however, heightens the monotony, as it consists of a simple covering of straw-coloured grass; though, from March, when the grass is burnt, till the commencement of the rainy season in June, the black soil, the black rocks, and the black ashes of the vegetation, combine to produce a scene of the most solemn desolation. The scene can be well viewed from the railway between Bombay and Nagpur, which traverses this plateau for five hundred and nineteen miles without once leaving the lava.

Many ingenious theories have been started to explain the origin of these lava-fields. Some writers, as Newbold, hold that the beds were ejected from submarine volcanoes; but this is conclusively disproved, since no marine fossils are associated with them, and as the minute dust—due to the shattering of the ash and ejected masses by the sudden cooling—so characteristic a feature in subaqueous eruptions, is wholly absent. According to another school, of which Hislop and Carter were the leaders, the lavas were poured over the bottom of an enormous lake, in places 'so shallow as to allow the igneous rock to rise above its surface into the atmosphere,' thus giving rise to beds of ash; but as this assumes the existence of a vast fresh-water lake hundreds of miles long and broad and shallow throughout, for which no evidence has been adduced, this theory is discredited. One of the latest writers upon the subject—Mr W. T. Blanford of the Indian Geological Survey—rejecting the former hypotheses, argues for the former existence of volcanic foci in Cutch, in the lower Narbada valley and near the Sahyadri range, to the east and north-east of Bombay, though he admits that if his theory be true, the lava must have flowed for immense distances, and hence postulates its excessive fluidity. The possibility, however, of the rock having done so on a surface quite horizontal, and in the semi-fluid viscous condition in which most basic lavas are erupted, presents insuperable difficulties, and there is now hardly any doubt that these Deccan Traps were ejected in the same manner as were those of the Snake River.

For our knowledge of the series of volcanic rocks that covers the greatest part of Abyssinia, we are also largely indebted to Mr Blanford, who explored the district during the expedition of 1867. These rocks, widespread though they be, are but the remnants, as are also those of Arabia, of a fissure eruption that inundated Abyssinia and Southern Arabia to a depth of two or three thousand feet.

Nearer home, in North-western Europe, are the relics of the same form of volcanic activity, as evidenced by those disconnected patches of lava-streams and trap dikes, which, scattered over the north of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the northern counties of England, form such prominent features in the landscapes of those districts, as in the columnar basalts of Fingal's Cave and the Giants' Causeway, and the igneous dikes that cross, like walls of rock, the hills of our northern counties. The area that this eruption covered was at least one hundred thousand square miles; while, as it probably extended to the Faroes and Iceland, it may have been much larger. We are not left, as in the case of the Snake River, without evidence as to whence this mass of rock has come, for, since the Miocene Age, when it was ejected, denudation has attacked the district, and sea, stream, and ice have carried off most of the three thousand feet of lava that then covered the land, and have left but a few scattered fragments on which to reconstruct the record of the event. In doing so, they have bared the roots of the old fissures whence this mighty flood must once have welled; and we thus learn that we must trace its source to the long dikes that now stretch over the district, crossing from formation to formation, and traversing dislocations of thousands of feet without any break or change. Such dikes can

be traced from end to end of the region, from Donegal to Fife, and from Yorkshire to the Faroes, increasing in numbers as we approach the volcanic regions of Antrim and the Hebrides. They did not all reach and overflow the surface, as is conclusively proved by Scotch mining operations, and by the fact that they sometimes disappear, to rise again elsewhere on the same line. Such may have been the case with all those of Yorkshire, as the evidence by which we might decide has all been swept away. Nevertheless, we know that a vast district was covered by the great fire-flood which was poured over the tropical forest that then flourished on the site of the Scottish Highlands.

From this brief description of the most important of these old fissure eruptions, we see that there is another and a grander phase of vulcanism than that now displayed either by Vesuvius or Hecla. This is unquestioned, and the sphere of speculation is removed to the relation between the two classes. It is to Richthofen that we owe the most plausible theory: he considers these massive eruptions as the fundamental development, and 'modern volcanic cones as merely parasitic excrescences on the subterranean lava reservoirs, very much in the relation of minor cinder cones to their parent volcano.' Thus the form regarded till recently as the one method of volcanic ejection, appears to be of but secondary importance, being merely a safety-valve to relieve the pressure from the lava-sources below; or may represent but a feebler and waning condition of that volcanic excitement of which they have so long been regarded as the type.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XI.

It is a truism nowadays, in this age of travelling, that you see a great deal more of people in a few weeks on board ship at sea together than you would see in a few years of that vacant calling and dining and attending crushes which we ordinarily speak of as society. Nora Dupuy and the two Hawthorns certainly saw a great deal more of Dr Whitaker during their three weeks on board the *Severn* than they would ever have seen of him in three years of England or of Trinidad. Nora had had the young man's acquaintance thrust upon her by circumstances, to be sure; but as the Hawthorns sat and talked a great deal with him, she was compelled to do so likewise, and she had too much good feeling to let him see very markedly her innate prejudice against his colour. Besides, she admitted even to herself that Dr Whitaker, for a brown man, was really a very gentlemanly, well-informed person—quite an exceptional mulatto, in fact, and as such, to be admitted to the position of a gentleman by courtesy, much as Gulliver was excepted by the Houyhnhnms from the same category of utter reprobation as the ordinary Yahoos of their own country.

Most of the voyage was as decently calm as any one can reasonably expect from the North Atlantic. There were the usual episodes of flying-fish and Mother Carey's chickens, and the usual excitement of a daily sweepstake on the length of the ship's run; but, on the whole, the only distinct landmarks of time for the entire three weeks between Southampton and St Thomas were breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and bedtime. The North Atlantic, whatever novelists may say, is not a romantic stretch of ocean; and in spite of prepossessions to the contrary, a ship at sea is not at all a convenient place for the free exercise of the noble art of flirting. It lacks the needful opportunities for retirement from the full blaze of public observation to shy corners; it is far too exposed, and on the whole too unstable also. Altogether, the voyage was mostly a monotonous one, which is equivalent to saying that it was safe and comfortable; for the only possible break in the ordinary routine of a sea-passage must necessarily be a fire on board or a collision with a rival steamer. However, about two days out from St Thomas, there came a little relief from the tedium of the daily situation; and the relief assumed the unpleasant form of a genuine wild West Indian hurricane.

Nora had never before seen anything like it; or, at any rate, if she had, she had clean forgotten all about it. Though the captain had declared it was 'too soon' for hurricanes, this was, in fact, a very fine tropical tornado of the very fiercest and yeastiest description. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the passengers were all sitting out on deck, when the sea, till then a dead calm, began to be faintly ruffled by little whiffs and spurts of wind, which raised here and there tiny patches of wavelets, scarcely perceptible to the blunt vision of the unaccustomed landsman. But the experienced eye of a sailor could read in it at once a malignant hint of the coming tempest. Presently, the breeze freshened with extraordinary rapidity, and before five o'clock, the cyclone had burst upon them in all its violence. The rush of a mighty gale was heard through the rigging, swaying and bending the masts like sapling willows before the autumn breezes. The waves, lashed into fury by the fierce and fitful gusts of wind, broke ever and anon over the side of the vessel; and the big *Severn* tossed about helplessly before the frantic tempest like the veriest cockboat in an angry sea upon a northern ocean. Of course, at the first note of serious danger, the passengers were all ordered below to the saloon, where they sat in mute suspense, the women pale and trembling, the men trying to look as if they cared very little about it, while the great ship rolled and tossed and pitched and creaked and rattled in all her groaning timbers beneath the mad frenzy of that terrific commotion.

Just as they were being turned off the decks to be penned up down-stairs like so many helpless sheep in the lower cabin, Nora Dupuy, who had been standing with the Hawthorns and Dr Whitaker, watching the huge and ever-increasing waves bursting madly over the side of the vessel, happened to drop her shawl at starting on to the deck beside the companion-ladder. At that very moment, a bigger sea than any they had yet encountered broke with shivering force against the broadside of the steamer, and swept across the deck in a drowning flood as though it would carry everything bodily before it. 'Make haste, there!' the captain called out

imperatively.—'Steward, send 'em all down below, this minute. I shouldn't be surprised if before night we were to have a capful of nasty weather.'

But even as he spoke, the wave, which had caught Nora's shawl and driven it over to the leeward side, now in its reflux sucked it back again swiftly to windward, and left it lying all wet and matted against the gunwale in a mass of disorder. Dr Whitaker jumped after it instinctively, and tried to catch it before another wave could carry it overboard altogether. 'Oh, pray, don't trouble about it,' Nora cried, in hasty deprecation. 'It isn't worth it. Take care, or you'll get wet through and through yourself before you know it!'

'The man's a fool,' the unceremonious captain called out bluntly from his perch above. 'Get wet indeed! If another sea like that strikes the ship, it'll wash him clean overboard.—Come back, sir; I tell you, come back! No one but a sailor can keep his feet properly against the force of a sea like that one!'

Nora and the few other passengers who had still remained on deck stood trembling under shelter of the glazed-in companion-ladder, wondering whether the rash mulatto would really carry out his foolhardy endeavour to recover the wrapper. The sailor stood by, ready to batten down the hatches as soon as the deck was fairly cleared, and waiting impatiently for the last lingerer. But Dr Whitaker took not the slightest notice of captain or sailor, and merely glanced back at Nora with a quiet smile, as if to reassure her of his perfect safety. He stood by the gunwale, just clutching at the shawl, in the very act of recovering it, when a second sea, still more violent than the last, struck the ship once more full on the side, and swept the mulatto helplessly before it right across the quarter-deck. It dashed him with terrific force against the bulwarks on the opposite side; and for a moment, Nora gave a scream of terror, imagining it would carry him overboard with its sudden flood. The next second, the ship righted itself, and they saw the young doctor rising to his feet once more, bruised and dripping, but still not seriously or visibly injured. The sea had washed the shawl once more out of his grasp, with the force of the shock; and instead of rushing back to the shelter of the ladder, he tried even now to recover it a second time from the windward side, where the recoil had again capriciously carried it. 'The shawl, the shawl!' he cried excitedly, gliding once more across the wet and slippery decks as she lurched anew, in the foolish effort to catch the worthless wrapper.

'Confound the man!' the captain roared from his place on the bridge. 'Does he think the Company's going to lose a passenger's life for nothing, just to satisfy his absurd politeness!—Go down, sir—go down, this minute, I tell you; or else, by jingo, if you don't, I shall have you put in irons at once for the rest of the voyage.'

The mulatto looked up at him with a smile and nodded cheerfully. He held up his left hand proudly above his head, with the dripping shawl now waving in his grasp like a much bedraggled banner, while with his right he gripped a rope firmly and steadily, to hold his own against the next approaching billow. In a second, the big sea was over him once more; and till the huge wall of water had swept its way across the entire breadth of the vessel, Nora and Marian couldn't discover whether it had dashed him bodily overboard or left him still standing by the windward gunwale. There was a pause of suspense while one might count twenty; and then, as the vessel rolled once more to port, Dr Whitaker's tall figure could be seen, still erect and grasping the cable, with the shawl triumphantly flourished, even so, in his disengaged hand. The next instant, he was over at the ladder, and had placed the wet and soaking wrapper back in the hands of its original possessor.

'Dr Whitaker,' Nora cried to him, half laughing and half pale with terror, 'I'm very angry with you. You had no right to imperil your life like that for nothing better than a bit of a wrapper. It was awfully wrong of you; and I'll never wear the shawl again as long as I live, now that you've brought it back to me at the risk of drowning.'

The mulatto, smiling unconcernedly in spite of his wetting, bowed a little bow of quiet acquiescence. 'I'm glad to think, Miss Dupuy,' he replied in a low voice, 'that you regard my life as so well worth preserving.—But did you ever before in all your days see anything so glorious as those monstrous billows!'

Nora bit her lip tacitly, and answered nothing for a brief moment. Then she added merely: 'Thank you for your kindness,' in a constrained voice, and turned below into the crowded dining saloon. Dr Whitaker did not rejoin them; he went back to his own stateroom, to put on some dry clothes after his foolhardy adventure, and think of Nora's eyes in the solitude of his cabin.

There is no position in life more helplessly feeble for grown-up men and women than that of people battened down in a ship at sea in the midst of a great and dangerous tempest. On deck, the captain and the officers, cut off from all communication with below, know how the storm is going and how the ship is weathering it; but the unconscious passengers in their crowded quarters, treated like children by the rough seafaring men, can only sit below in hopeless ignorance, waiting to learn the fate in store for them when the tempest wills it. And indeed, the hurricane that night was quite enough to make even strong men feel their own utter and abject powerlessness. From the moment they were all battened down in the big saloon, after the first fresh squall, the storm burst in upon them in real earnest with terrific and ever-increasing violence. The wind howled and whistled fiercely through the ropes and rigging. The ship bounced now on to the steep crest of a swelling billow; now wallowed helplessly in the deep trough that intervened between each and its mad successor. The sea seemed to dash in upon the side every second with redoubled intensity, sweeping through the scupper holes with a roar like thunder. The waves crashed down upon the battened skylights in blinding deluges. Every now and then, they could hear the cracking of a big timber—some spar or boom torn off

from the masts, like rotten branches from a dead tree, by the mighty force of the irresistible cyclone. Whirling and roaring and sputtering and rattling and creaking, the storm raged on for hour after hour; and the pale and frightened women, sitting huddled together in little groups on the crimson velvet cushions of the stuffy saloon, looked at one another in silent awe, clasping each other's hands with bloodless fingers, by way of companionship in their mute terror. From time to time, they could just overhear, in the lulls between the great gusts, the captain's loud voice shouting out inaudible directions to the sailors overhead; and the engineer's bell was rung over and over again, with bewildering frequency, to stop her, back her, ease her, steady her, or put her head once more bravely against the face of the ever-shifting and shattering storm.

Hour after hour went by slowly, and still nobody stirred from the hushed saloon. At eleven, all lights were usually put out, with Spartan severity; but this night, in consideration of the hurricane, the stewards left them burning still: they didn't know when they might be wanted for prayers, if the ship should begin to show signs of sudden foundering. So the passengers sat on still in the saloon together, till four o'clock began to bring back the daylight again with a lurid glare away to eastward. Then the first fury of the hurricane began to abate a little—a very little; and the seas crashed a trifle less frequently against the thick and solid plate-glass of the sealed skylights. Edward at last persuaded Marian and Nora to go down to their staterooms and try to snatch a short spell of sleep. The danger was over now, he said, and they might fairly venture to recover a bit from the long terror of that awful night.

As they went staggering feebly along the unsteady corridors below, lighted by the dim lamps as yet unextinguished, they happened to pass the door of a stateroom whence, to their great surprise, in the midst of that terrible awe-inspiring hurricane, the notes of a violin could be distinctly heard, mingling strangely in a weird harmony with the groaning of the wind and the ominous creaking of the overstrained and rumbling timbers. The sounds were not those of a regular piece of studied music; they were mere fitful bars and stray snatches of tempestuous melody, that imitated and registered the inarticulate music of the whirlwind itself even as it passed wildly before them. Nora paused a moment beside the half-open door. 'Why,' she whispered to Marian in an awestruck undertone, clutching convulsively at the hand-rail to steady herself, 'it must be Dr Whitaker. He's actually playing his violin to himself in the midst of all this awful uproar!'

'It is,' Edward Hawthorn answered confidently. 'I know his stateroom—that's the number.'

He pushed the half-open door a little farther ajar, and peeped inside with sudden curiosity. There on the bunk sat the mulatto doctor, unmoved amid the awful horse-play of the careering elements, with his violin in his hands, and a little piece of paper ruled with pencilled music-lines pinned up roughly against the wall of the cabin beside him. He started and laughed a little at the sudden apparition of Edward Hawthorn's head within the doorway. 'Ah,' he said, pointing to a few scratchy pencil-marks on the little piece of ruled paper, 'you see, Mr Hawthorn, I couldn't sleep, and so I've been amusing myself with a fit of composing. I'm catching some fresh ideas for a piece from the tearing wind and the hubbub of the breakers. Isn't it grand, the music of the storm! I shall work it up by-and-by, no doubt, into a little hurricane symphony.—Listen, here—listen.' And he drew his bow rapidly across the strings with skilful fingers, and brought forth from the violin some few bars of a strangely wild and storm-like melody, that seemed to have caught the very spirit of the terrible tornado still raging everywhere so madly around them.

'Has the man no feelings,' Nora exclaimed with a shudder to Marian, outside, 'that he can play his fiddle in this storm, like Nero or somebody when Rome was burning!'

'I think,' Marian said, with a little sigh, 'he has some stronger overpowering feeling underneath, that makes him think nothing of the hurricane or anything else, but keeps him wrapped up entirely in its own circle.'

Next day, when the sea had gone down somewhat, and the passengers had begun to struggle up on deck one by one with pallid faces, Dr Whitaker made his appearance once more, clothed and in his right mind, and handed Nora a little roll of manuscript music. Nora took it and glanced carelessly at the first page. She started when she saw it was inscribed in a round and careful copper-plate hand—'To Miss Dupuy.—Hurricane Symphony. By W. Clarkson Whitaker, M.B., Mus. Bac.' Nora read hastily through the first few bars—the soughing and freshening of the wind in its earlier gusts, before the actual tempest had yet swept wildly over them—and murmured half aloud: 'It looks very pretty—very fine, I mean. I should like some day to hear you play it.'

'If you would permit me to prefix your name to the piece when it's published in London,' the mulatto doctor said with an anxious air—'just as I've prefixed it there at the head of the title-page—I should be very deeply obliged and grateful to you.'

Nora hesitated a moment. A brown man! Her name on the first page of his printed music! What would people say in Trinidad? And yet, what excuse could she give for answering no? She pretended for a while to be catching back her veil, that the wind blew about her face and hair, to gain time for consideration; then she said with a smile of apology: 'It would look so conceited of me, you know—wouldn't it, Dr Whitaker? as if I were setting myself up to be some great one, to whom people were expected to dedicate music.'

The mulatto's face fell a little with obvious disappointment; but he answered quietly: 'As you will, Miss Dupuy. It was somewhat presumptuous of me, perhaps, to think you would accept a dedication from me on so short an acquaintance.'

Nora's cheeks coloured quickly as she replied with a hasty voice: 'O no, Dr Whitaker; I didn't mean that—indeed, I didn't. It's very kind of you to think of putting my name to

your beautiful music. If you look at it that way, I shall ask you as a personal favour to print that very dedication upon it when you get it published in London.'

Dr Whitaker's eye lighted up with unexpected pleasure, and he answered, 'Thank you,' slowly and softly. But Nora said to herself in her own heart: 'Goodness gracious, now, just out of politeness to this clever brown man, and because I hadn't strength of mind to say *no* to him, I've gone and put my foot in it terribly. What on earth will papa say about it when he comes to hear of it! I must try and keep the piece away from him. This is the sort of thing that's sure to happen to one when one once begins knowing brown people!'

(To be continued.)

CUSTOMS' OFFICERS AND WRECKS.

The powers of customs' officers in the matter of wreckage or salvage is a matter of great interest; and as it is referred to in a recent Report by Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs, a few notes on the subject may not be out of place. The whole of the wreck-work in the United Kingdom is discharged by these officers, under the general superintendence of the Board of Trade. All wreck found by any person, except the owner thereof, is to be delivered up to the duly appointed person termed the Receiver; and even if found by the owner, the receiver is to be apprised of the facts. The receiver has power, with a warrant from a justice of the peace, to enter into any house or other place wherever situated, and there search for, seize, and detain any wreck he may find. In all cases, he shall, within forty-eight hours after taking possession of any wreck, cause to be posted up at the custom-house in the port nearest to which such wreck was found or seized, a description of the same, and of any marks by which it may be distinguished. In certain cases, he is, moreover, to transmit a description of the wreck in his hands to the Secretary of Lloyd's in London; and also to any admiral, vice-admiral, lord of the manor, or other person having claims for his own use to otherwise unclaimed wreck.

The work of the receiver includes many transactions in connection with wreck requiring much care, tact, and discretion, involving the arrest and detention of ships and cargoes, on declaration by salvors of claims to remuneration for salvage services, ships and cargoes being held under arrest until salvage claims are settled, or until proper security is given by bond or otherwise in satisfaction thereof, as well as the disposal of the claims of salvors, and the restoration of wreck to the owners thereof, after satisfying such claims, other than for salvage, that may be against it. The receivers are, moreover, authorised to dispose at once of all wrecked goods of a perishable nature; and of all other goods at the end of a year, unless they can be previously disposed of to the advantage of all persons concerned. In the performance of his work, the receiver is to 'endeavour to make himself acquainted with the persons and characters of the boatmen and others in the district who are likely to act as salvors or to find and recover wreck;' and he is to 'remember that the powers of controlling and directing such persons, and of furthering and adjusting their claims for salvage, are to be exercised in such a manner as shall most conduce to the preservation of life and property, and that he stands between them on the one hand and the owner and insurer on the other in an independent and judicial position.' It is his special duty, whilst providing for the claims of bonâ fide salvors, to protect, so far as his powers permit, owners against vexatious and improper claims. The receiver is further required to proceed to any place in the United Kingdom, either on the shore or in a tidal river, where any ship may be stranded or in distress; and there to take command of all persons present, and issue such directions as he may deem appropriate for the preservation of the ship and her apparel, as well as the cargo and the lives of all persons on board.

The number of wrecks reported in 1884–85 was eleven thousand three hundred and seventy-one; and the number sold or otherwise disposed of, ten thousand one hundred and thirty-three. The amount of money received on account of wreck was twenty-four thousand one hundred and fifteen pounds; but as much of this amount is received in very small sums, it does not adequately represent the very important work performed in this matter every year by the officers of Customs.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUSION.

Miss Wakefield surveyed the group with an air of stony deliberation, and the sharkiness of her uneven teeth displayed itself with distinct unpleasantness. There was a cunning look in her eyes, a look of hate and greed strangely blended with avarice.

Mr Carver, after a premonitory cough, addressed her. 'Pray, be seated, madam,' he said with his severest professional manner. 'The business which has brought us here to-day is not likely to be protracted, and I see no reason why we should not commence at once. I presume you would wish to get it over?'

'Certainly,' she said; 'I see nothing to detain us. I presume the thing is concealed somewhere in the house.'

'On the contrary, madam; no. Had such been the case, doubtless it would have been discovered long since. I do not suppose you would have been behindhand in the search; and if I remember, at the time of my late client's decease, no pains were spared to find his effects. I think that is so?'

Miss Wakefield emitted a grim smile, and nodded.

'Very good,' the lawyer continued—'very good.—Mr Slimm, I suppose you have the implements at hand? Nothing remains now for it but immediately to set to work and accomplish our mission. I have seen some extraordinary things

in the course of my professional career, but I must say that since I have had the honour to be on the rolls, I never encountered anything like this.'

'How did it come out?' asked Miss Wakefield acidly.

'Margaret Boulton—you remember her, of course—she was charged with a paper disclosing this secret. If I mistake not, it was given her on the day of Mr Morton's death.'

Miss Wakefield drew her breath sharply. 'Had I but known!' she said slowly—'ah, had I but known!'

There are spots, astronomers inform us, on the sun—a metaphorical expression which, in the language of the day, implies that nothing is perfect. The expression used by Miss Wakefield therefore proved her to be after all but human, and, I am afraid, raised a feeling of gratulation in her listeners' breasts that she had *not* known.

'We are wasting time here,' said Mr Carver shortly.

At this signal, every one rose, and made their way out of the house, and thence on to the lawn. They were secluded entirely from observation, and it was impossible for passers-by to see the operations. Mr Slimm presently appeared bearing a pickaxe and spade, and without delay commenced operations. He was an old miner, and went to work in a scientific manner, which could not fail to win the entire approval of the spectators. Miss Wakefield, who, be it remembered, was entirely in the dark, watched his proceedings with a thrilling interest entirely lost in contemplating the workman.

The spot where they were standing was in the centre of the lawn, and there stood the figure of Niobe in the centre. Truly, the last place to look for a fortune.

Mr Slimm's first act was to clear away the weeds and rubbish which had in time sprung up round Niobe's feet—a task in which he was heartily aided by the onlookers, Mr Carver doing great feats with the thistles; and even Bates joined in the task, covering himself with distinction by his desperate onslaught upon sundry dandelions which time had sown there. This task being accomplished, the real work commenced.

'I do not think we need move that ancient lady,' said Mr Slimm, touching the Niobe. 'We will break earth here in front of her.'

By this time, excitement reigned supreme. Mr Carver hopped about like an animated cork, giving the most contrary directions, and sadly interfering with the task in hand by his well-meant interference. After narrowly escaping sudden death from a hearty swing of Mr Slimm's pickaxe, he retired to a safe distance, and there directed the work in safety, giving instructions which were totally ignored by the worker.

'I never calculated,' said the American, as he worked, 'to be prospecting for pay dirt on a gentleman's lawn. As an ordinary rule, such is not the place to look for dust. The symptoms don't indicate gold,' he continued, digging away with great heartiness; 'but we never can tell what's going to turn up, as the philosopher said. Nothing like faith in these little operations. Faith, we are told, will remove mountains. It isn't a mountain exactly that I want to move; but this is precious slow work. Perhaps I'm out of practice, perhaps it's my impatience, but this heap don't seem to be increasing to any powerful extent. It can't be very much farther down, and that's a fact, or my old comrade must have been a much more powerful man than I took him for.'

By this time he had excavated the earth to some depth, but as yet nothing was visible. He resumed his task heartily, but as he got deeper and deeper, his anxiety increased.

'I hope we are not going to be sold,' Mr Slimm said at length.

'*Under* the statue, remember,' said Edgar; 'you are going too deep.'

'I believe you are right,' replied Mr Slimm, as he directed a few blows almost viciously at the side of the hole he had dug. At that moment the point of the pick struck on some hard surface. Expectation was on tiptoe, and the utmost pitch of excitement was reached: in other words, every one became intensely quiet—if quiet can be intense—and watched the worker closely. A few more blows given with hearty good-will, and the spade plied with equal zest, brought to light a square box, directly beneath the statue, but only a few inches underground. A few touches of the spade completed its liberation, and Charles Morton's hiding-place was no longer an uncertainty, but a pleasant reality.

There, after so long an interment, it lay. The treasure which had caused so much jealousy and scheming, disappointment and misery, care and sorrow, avarice and cunning, was there. For that money one life had been lost; for that treasure, two proud hearts had suffered four years' misery and deprivation. For that poor dross, one man's dying bed was imbittered and poisoned; for the loss of it, one woman had wept and raved in vain. Hidden from fear, found by that mysterious agency poor mortals call chance, let us hope at last that it is destined to work some good in a world of tears.

It was no dream. The contents were shaken out unceremoniously upon the grass, and certified by Mr Carver. Neat piles of papers and securities, chiefly American, were wrapped in waterproof, in a careful manner. Their previous estimate of Mr Morton's fortune was found not to have been far wrong; for when the amount of the securities came to be counted, the sum came to no less than thirty-eight thousand five hundred and ten pounds.

'Good!' exclaimed Miss Wakefield, first to break the silence, and speaking in a voice as nearly approaching satisfaction as it was possible for that estimable female to reach. 'I presume the rest is merely formal.—Mr Carver, I shall expect nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five pounds, free of costs, to be paid into my bankers at once. I certainly take credit for my generosity in this matter.'

No one answered this remark; the idea of Miss Wakefield's generosity being sufficient to provide every mind with abundance of speculation. But Mr Slimm's sharp eye had caught sight of an envelope, which the others, in the

anxiety to count the spoil, had entirely overlooked. With a quiet smile upon his lips, he listened to the last speaker's gracious remark, and then handing the paper to Mr Carver, said: 'I am afraid, madam, we shall have to tax your generosity still further. If a will was found in our favour, I think you were to be content with five thousand pounds. If I don't mistake, the paper I have given to our estimable friend is that interesting document.'

Meanwhile, Mr Carver was fluttering about in a state of great jubilation. His first act, as soon as he had attracted the attention of the group, was to shake hands with Bates with great and elaborate ceremony. This gratifying operation being concluded, he put on his spectacles and said: 'Bates, I owe you an apology. I spoke of your intellect disparagingly, I believe, not long since; and now, in the presence of this distinguished circle, I beg leave, in all due humility, to retract my words. It was I who had lost my wits.—No—no contradictions, please. I say it was I. The paper I hold in my hand is the last will and testament of my late client, Charles Morton, the owner of this house. After giving a few brief reasons for disposing of his money in this extraordinary manner, and after a few small legacies, he says: "And as to the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate both real and personal, and of what description or kind soever and of which I may die possessed, I give and bequeath to my niece, Eleanor Seaton, for her absolute use and benefit." It is signed and witnessed by John Styles and Aaron Gray, both names being familiar to me.—Miss Wakefield, I congratulate you; I do, indeed. You have done really well.'

It was evident, from the expression of that lady's face, that she was very far from sharing this opinion. Her upper lip went up, and her saw-like teeth came down in a manner evil to see. 'It is a conspiracy!' she hissed, 'a low, cunning conspiracy.—Oh, you shall pay for it—you shall pay for it. Do you think you are going to rob me with impunity, with your lawyer schemes? I will fight the will,' she screamed, 'if I am ruined for it. I will ruin you all! I will have you struck off the rolls! Oh, you hoary-headed, lying old reptile, you!'

'Madam,' said Mr Slimm sternly, 'you forget yourself. Do you not know it is in our power to count the money you have had into the sum we propose to give you? Have a care—have a care!'

These last words, uttered with peculiar emphasis, had a wonderful effect upon the 'woman scorned.' With a violent effort, she collected herself, and when she spoke again, it was without the slightest trace of her late abandoned, reckless manner.

'Be it so,' she said slowly—'be it so. You are not likely to hear from me again.—Good-morning.—Mr Slimm, I see my cab is waiting. If you will be good enough to give me your arm, I shall be obliged to you.'

'One moment,' said Mr Carver. 'We do not propose to deduct the few hundreds you have from the stipulated sum to be paid to you. You shall hear from me in a few days.'

'Thank you,' she replied with strange humility.—'Mr Slimm, are you ready?—Again, good-morning.'

When the American returned, his face was grave and stern. What passed between him and Miss Wakefield was never known. And so she passes from our history. Her cunning and deceit—if it was not something worse—had availed her nothing. Baffled and defeated, as vice should always be, she retired to her dingy lodging, and was never more seen by our friends. Whether there had been any foul-play was never known. If the shrewd American had any such suspicions, he kept them to himself. It was best, he thought, to let the past dead bury its dead, and not stir up bitterness and the shadow of a crime, where nought but peace and sunshine should be.

Mr Carver was still puzzled. Why his client should have taken such a strange course with his money, and why he had not come to him and made his last will in a straightforward manner, was a circumstance he could not fathom. But wiser men than the astute lawyer have been puzzled ere now by the idiosyncrasies of man, and Mr Carver was only pondering upon a subject which has been and will be a theme with philosophers for all time.

'Why could he not have come to me?' he asked at length.

'I think it is easily understood,' explained Felix; 'and the principal reason was fear. According to your own showing, Mr Morton was moody and fanciful, possessing a highly-strung nervous system, and easily impressed. That woman's stronger will stifled his. I am under no obligation to her, but she possesses a mesmeric eye which has a peculiar effect upon me. Besides this, it is evident he never trusted her. He must have known, had he communicated with you, that she would sooner or later discover it, hence his strange conduct. The method, to me, savours strongly of a madman's cunning. It is proverbial that such men trust no one.'

'It is rather idle to speculate upon it now,' Edgar said cheerfully. 'Justice has been done at last, and we are satisfied.'

'We are all satisfied,' exclaimed Mr Carver. 'You have your money, and Bates has his partnership.—Eh, Bates?' slapping that individual with great heartiness on the back—'eh, Bates?'

'I suppose so, sir,' replied that misanthrope gravely; 'but the whole matter is highly unprofessional. There is a lack of business form about it.'

'Ah, ah!' laughed Mr Carver—'just like Bates; no sentiment—no poetry'——

'And no romance,' put in Edgar.

It was a merry group. Mr Slimm was talking to Eleanor, making her laugh at his quaint American saws, and she was telling him of her strange dream, and how it had all come true. Edgar and Mr Carver were badgering Bates upon his gloomy state; and Felix was amusing and instructing little Nelly with a bewildering, awe-inspiring fairy tale—the little one, who had been a silent spectator of the proceedings, and knew by some childish instinct that some happy event had happened.

'Ring down the curtain—the thing is played out,' Edgar said; 'and now back again to London town, Nelly.'

'Papa,' she said after a pause, 'has some day come?'

'Yes, darling.'

'Really and truly?'

'Yes, darling. *Some* day has come at last, little one.'

Sunshine and laughter, mirth and joy, instead of misery and despair, gloom and smoke. Eastwood again two months later, and high revels are being held, for is it not little Nelly's birthday! The blue sky, flecked with little white clouds, smiles overhead, and the birds are making merry in the trees. Niobe still stands in the centre of the lawn, as ready to keep a secret as ever, and saying nothing either of the future or the past.

A pattering throng of little ones are trying to play at tennis, and Eleanor and her husband are watching them with amused eyes. Eleanor looks very sweet and fair to-day, with the light of happiness in her eyes; and there is an expression of peace on her face, as she leans upon her husband's chair, which is good and pleasant to see. Mr Bates is looking on at the group with meditative looks, speculating, no doubt, upon marriage settlements, which these little chatterers will want some day. Jolly Mr Carver is in the midst of a group of little ones, making himself an object of ridicule and contempt on account of his lack of knowledge touching the mysteries of 'hunt the slipper.' 'Fancy an old gentleman like that knowing nothing of the game!'—an opinion which one golden-haired fairy tenders him without hesitation, and to which he listens with becoming humility and contriteness. Noble-hearted Felix has established a court, where he is doing his best to emulate the wonders of the eastern story-tellers, and, to judge from the rapt attention of his audience and the extreme roundness of their eyes, his imagination is by no means faulty. Lying full length on the grass, watching the various groups, is Mr Slimm. There is a depth of sadness in his eyes to-day, for he is thinking of another home—that was—thousands of miles away, and the echo of other voices than these rings in his ears.

'I did hope,' he said, rising up, 'that I should spend my old age with my own children; but I suppose it was not to be.'

'Do not think of that now,' Eleanor said with womanly tenderness.

'Perhaps it is selfish,' he replied, with a great heave of his chest. 'It is all for the best, and I have my happiness in yours. Had I not lost my dear ones, I should never have brought you your joy.'

'Dear old fellow!' Edgar said, pressing his hand warmly. 'Try and forget that for to-day. How good providence has been to us!'

'It is not every man who has a wife like yours, Seaton,' replied the American, heedless of the blushing Eleanor.

'True for you, old friend,' Edgar replied, looking at his wife lovingly. 'I have one in a million;' and he kissed her fondly.

The American regarded them for a moment with something in his eyes suspiciously like tears. 'It was not to be,' he said at length—'it was not to be!'

Eleanor came forward and took his hands in her own. 'Why not?' she said. 'You have always a home and welcome here. Stay with us, and we will give to you what we can. Now, promise.'

And he promised.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE necessary excavations for an immense sewer in course of construction at Rome, have laid bare some interesting relics of the ancient city. One of these is a tomb, almost perfect in every respect, which bears an inscription showing that it was the last resting-place of Sergius, who was consul in the year 144 B.C. Cicero mentions Sergius as being a fine orator. The tomb is a handsome one; and it is intended to remove and rebuild it in some spot where it will again be open to the light of day. At present, it is at a depth of twenty feet below the modern level. Other relics, separated from the present by an interval of twenty centuries, have also been laid bare. Among them is the site of the College of Medicine, and an inscription bearing the names of thirty physicians.

Another interesting find has occurred at Ramleh, near Alexandria. This is the unearthing of an ancient statue of the great Pharaoh, which was recently discovered by the chief of the coastguardsmen, Middlemas Bey, while searching for contraband tobacco. The statue has not been fully examined yet. There is little doubt, however, that it is three thousand years old. It is covered with hieroglyphics, which will most probably throw some light upon its history. There is every indication that the spot where it has been found may form part of the site of a buried city.

The Exhibition opened some weeks ago under the auspices of the Geographical Society (London), has proved a great success, for it has been well attended. Its object was to show, by exhibiting the maps, atlases, textbooks, and appliances devoted to this science by continental countries, and also by lectures, that the land upon which the sun never sets is beyond all others the most deficient in the means of teaching geography. The collection will presently be exhibited at Manchester, and afterwards at Edinburgh. It is said that the Council of the Geographical Society will give a favourable hearing to any application which may be made to them for the loan of the collection for exhibition in other large cities.

M. Daubrie, an authority on meteorites, has been examining two of these bodies which fell in India last year. One of them fell at the village of Pirthalla, in the Punjaub. It weighed twenty pounds, and had the appearance of granite, coated with a blackened skin. The other meteorite fell in the North-western Provinces, and its fall was accompanied by a flash of light and a noise resembling thunder. A great deal of interest has been aroused lately in the subject of meteorites by the course of lectures which Professor Dewar has just concluded at the Royal Institution, London, and which have been addressed to a juvenile audience. Children of an older growth as well can hardly fail to be interested in these mysterious bodies, the only visitors that come to us from space.

We stated last month in these columns that

MM. Paul and Prosper Henry had succeeded in photographing a portion of the Milky-way. It has now been suggested by the same eminent French astronomers that the different observatories of the world should join hands in the stupendous undertaking of charting in their true positions all the stars, about twenty millions, which are included in the first fifteen magnitudes. It is calculated that the work might be accomplished within the present century, if twelve observatories in different parts of the northern and southern hemisphere were to undertake it. About five hundred and ten photographic plates would have to be taken at each place, and each plate would require perhaps one night's attention. But the only nights available would be those having no moon and having a clear and still air. If this work be carried out, its value to the future of astronomical science will be incalculable.

A shock of earthquake was felt at about seven o'clock on the morning of January 20 in Cornwall, at St Austell and in the neighbourhood. It appeared as if an explosion had taken place, so great was the noise, and the sound was immediately followed by the shaking of the ground. Persons felt their beds moving under them, and many others had an impression that a portion of their house was falling down. The shock was also felt at Mevagissey. Many people were shaken in their beds. In one instance a clock was stopped, and in many houses the doors and windows shook violently. The inhabitants of St Blazey and neighbourhood were greatly startled, about a quarter past seven, by hearing a loud rumbling noise and by houses being shaken from foundation to roof. It appeared to come from a northerly direction, and the vibration lasted about four or five seconds. Persons coming in from the outlying districts and giving an account of the shock being more or less severe, all agree as to the time of its taking place.

A more important instance of subterranean activity has been reported to the Admiralty by the United States government. A submarine volcano, southward of the Culebras reef, has suddenly become active, and has thrown up an island two miles in length and about two hundred and fifty feet in height. A similar volcano on the same spot was reported in the year 1877.

From a study of six hundred and fifty thunderstorms that occurred in Italy in 1881, Signor Ferrari concludes that every thunderstorm is connected with a barometric, hygrometric, and thermic depression; it is behind the two former, and in front of the last. Most of those storms arose in the wide plain of the Po. Coming from west-north-west with a velocity of from eighteen to twenty-four miles per hour, they passed (in case of their greatest range) with slackening speed over the Apennines in Upper and Middle Italy. For a given moment the thunderstorm has the form of a long narrow band, advancing, with numerous bends outwards and inwards, parallel to itself, and having its various characteristic phenomena most intense along the middle line. The dominant wind-direction is generally parallel to that of propagation of the storm.

M. de Lesseps, with delegates from the Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Marseilles, Havre, Rouen, Bordeaux, and Lyons, as well as representatives from England, Holland, Germany, &c., whom he has invited to accompany him, has started for the Panama Canal works. The object of the journey is to dispel any doubts as to the completion of the undertaking, and also to give the representatives of the various nationalities an opportunity of seeing for themselves how far the work has progressed. It is said that there are now twenty-seven contractors on the works, who are tied down to finish their sections by certain dates. So many adverse reports have been circulated as to the real condition of affairs, that news from competent and disinterested observers will be looked for with some anxiety.

A scheme, under influential support, has been started for the pacification and administration of that unfortunate part of Africa called the Soudan. This happy consummation is to be brought about by the establishment of a chartered corporation of somewhat the same type as the defunct East India Company. The nominal capital of this proposed Company is to be ten millions, with power to borrow as much more; and it is further proposed that the English government, in consideration of having the white-elephant taken off their hands, should find a handsome subsidy. The money would be employed in the development of the country generally, by the maintenance of roads, railways, irrigation-works, and other works of public utility. As the tribes generally have the instinct of keen traders, it is hoped that these measures may induce them to 'turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.' It is hoped, too, that the operations of the Company may stamp out for ever the slave-trade of equatorial Africa. The scheme is a magnificent one; but its success will depend upon the tact of those who are brought into contact with the natives.

Lieutenant Taunt, who was employed by the United States government upon a mission to the Congo, has recently returned, and gives a very favourable report as to the healthy infancy of the free state. With few exceptions, the chiefs of the different stations are on good terms with the natives. Cattle are reared with great success, and fresh meat is therefore abundant, and the same may be said of European vegetables. Lieutenant Taunt enjoyed good health, and considers that there is no reason why other white men should not do the same, if they will only exercise common prudence. Upon only one occasion did the explorer meet with any animosity from the natives, and this he attributed to the fact that no station had been established in that particular district. He considers that it would be to the interest of the free state if a great many more stations were established. Finally, Lieutenant Taunt agrees with Mr Stanley that on the Congo there are abundant resources to develop.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the Typewriting and General Copying Association, which for twelve months has been established for the employment of reduced gentlewomen at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, London. This worthy little Association has during its first year been so successful in paying its way and making a profit on the work done,

that three new type-writers have been bought by it. Authors, dramatists, and many others find it very convenient to have their writings translated into a form which can be so easily read. We wish the enterprise continued success.

The miniature hills and vales exhibited by the wood-pavement of a roadway where there is a constant traffic, is a familiar sight to dwellers in our cities. The only remedy hitherto found for the disease is the relaying of the road with fresh blocks of wood and a long exhibition of the notice 'No Thoroughfare,' while the tedious operation is going forward. Mr Bicknell, of the Sandycroft Foundry Company, Chester, has invented a machine to obviate this inconvenience, and it has been tried with some success at Manchester. It has the appearance of a traction-engine, and it carries before it a revolving disc furnished with cutters. These cutters pare the road level, after the manner of a planing-machine, advancing upon the work at the rate of one foot per minute.

All anglers must be grateful to Mr Henry Ffennell for the care with which he gathers and publishes statistics relating to the Salmon Fisheries. His record for the past year is a very satisfactory one, for it tells us that fish of large size have fallen victims to the rod and to the net. Huge fish of forty pounds weight have been common, and as usual, the river Tay takes the lead in the number and weight of its fish. One angler, Captain Griffith, landed in a single day thirteen fish of the collective weight of two hundred and thirty-seven and a half pounds. In the Dee, a fish of fifty-seven pounds fell to the rod of the keeper, and a fish of the same weight was taken in Ireland, on the Shannon. On the Dee, it is reported that netting in the lower reaches has been carried on to such an extent that the upper proprietors who do so much to nurse the fish during their tender infancy are becoming quite disheartened. The same complaint comes from the water-bailiffs on the upper portion of the Severn fishery. But here, it seems that the fish have other remorseless enemies in the otters, who of late years have increased in numbers to an alarming extent. These voracious hunters do not content themselves with simply killing a salmon now and then to supply their larders, but prefer, as their habit is, to eat a piece out of the shoulder, leaving the rest of the carcase untouched. As many as six or seven dead fish have been found in one place mutilated in this manner.

'Horses of the Past and Present' was the subject of a most interesting lecture given lately at the London Institution by Professor Flower, who, it will be remembered, succeeded Professor Owen as Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. He pointed to the tapir as one of the earliest known ancestors of the horse, and showed that the family group to which the horse belonged had undergone great modifications. The changes which had gradually taken place in the horse consisted principally in a great increase of size, especially in the length of the neck and certain structural alterations in the bones. The teeth and the feet exhibit the most marked alterations from previous types, alterations which have been induced by conditions of life. The lecturer held that the domestic horse is undoubtedly derived from the wild species of Europe and Asia, but there is no means of arriving at the time when domestication took place.

The opening, last month, of the tunnel beneath the Mersey, which connects Liverpool with Birkenhead, marks the successful completion of one of the great engineering achievements of modern times. The boring differs from an ordinary railway tunnel in consisting of three separate passages through the solid rock. The lowermost of these is a drainage 'heading' eight feet in diameter. Seven feet above this comes the main tunnel, twenty-six feet in diameter, through which the trains are now continually passing, and lastly, by its side runs the ventilating tunnel, seven feet in diameter. This last heading is a most important feature of the works. Revolving fans, forty feet in diameter, at each end of this ventilating tunnel, cause the air to be changed continually in the main heading, so that passengers breathe air as pure as that they have left behind them above ground. Those who have travelled in the choking atmosphere of the Metropolitan Underground Railway will be able to appreciate the importance of this provision for fresh air. Golfers, too, who reside in Liverpool and who frequent the delightful Links of Hoylake, in Cheshire, will doubtless appreciate the convenience of being taken there and back minus the ferry-boat passage.

It would seem almost an impossibility that snow could attach itself to and accumulate upon a strong metal wire suspended in mid-air, to such an extent as to cause that wire to snap by reason of the extra burden imposed upon it. But recurring snowstorms teach us that this is what happens to many of our telegraph wires, to the great and serious injury of communication all over the country. One of the officials of the telegraph department has been at the pains to weigh a portion of the frozen snow which fell from a wire, upon which it had covered a space of one foot. The mass weighed just upon one pound. Now, as the supporting posts of such a wire are commonly two hundred feet apart, it is readily seen that a wire may be called upon by a snowstorm to support an extra weight of two hundred pounds. More than this, a wire so circumstanced may form one of two dozen or more supported on the same set of poles, and these supports naturally succumb to the unusual load. The remedy is obvious; wires should, whenever possible, be laid beneath the ground, and our postal authorities are carrying out that principle as far as they can.

Another advance in photography is represented by a process invented by M. Thiebaut, which has recently been described before the Photographic Society of Great Britain. In this process the glass plate which usually forms the support of the photographic film is superseded by a sheet of cardboard. In other words, the sensitive mixture of silver bromide and gelatine is spread upon sheets of cardboard. After the picture is developed, the film is separated from its support, and can be printed from by the sun in the usual way. The advantage of this process is that a tourist can carry with him the material for a gross of pictures, while the weight is only about that of a dozen of the usual glass plates. More than this, several negatives when complete can be stored away in a very small space.

The great painter Van Dyck, while journeying to Italy, fell sick at the village of St Jean de Maurienne, in Savoy, and was carefully nursed until convalescent by the family of one of the chief residents. As some return for the kindness he received, Van Dyck painted the portrait of one of the children of his host, and left the picture behind him. This picture has been for a long time known to exist, but where it had gone to, nobody could tell. It has at last been discovered, and it is probable that the directors of the Brussels gallery will endeavour to purchase this precious relic of the great master.

The machinery devised for producing cold air, and hitherto exclusively used for freezing meat and other perishable things, has lately been employed in Stockholm for quite another purpose. A tunnel has been in course of construction there which passes through a hill, the soil of which is of a wet, gravelly nature. Upon this hill stand many buildings, which would have been in great danger if the work had proceeded without some means being taken of supporting their foundations. Underpinning was considered too expensive; so the contractor hit upon the entirely novel plan of freezing the wet gravel into a solid icy concrete. The plan has answered admirably, and many of the houses are being tunnelled under with perfect safety.

The professors of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary have adopted a new form of stretcher, the invention of Mr R. Stevens, who is an engineer employed at the institution. The apparatus consists of a canvas sheet, with carrying-poles on each side, attached to the ends of which are iron cross-bars, to prevent the poles coming too near together, and providing therefore a sufficient space between them for the patient under removal. But the chief feature of the new contrivance, and one which must prove very valuable in some cases of injury is, that the patient can be laid on a bed without being lifted from the stretcher. This end is accomplished by making the canvas sheet in two parts, but secured by a cord or a rod passed through loopholes at the place of junction. When the stretcher, with the patient on it, is placed on the bed, this cord or rod can be readily removed, and the stretcher falls in two halves, leaving the patient comfortable.

We have already noticed the wonderful antiseptic properties of boracic acid in the article 'Borax' (*Journal*, January 9th). An interesting testimony as to its properties for preserving fresh fish comes from Norway. Writing in the *Scotsman*, Professor J. Cossar Ewart draws attention to the fact that between four and five thousand barrels of herrings preserved by means of a mixture of this substance and salt, have been arriving weekly from Norway; and last winter, over twenty thousand barrels found their way into the English market. Cargoes delivered before Christmas had a ready sale at twenty-eight shillings per barrel. The same writer indicates how the boracic acid may be applied in the preservation of fish. For preserving herrings, the best plan seems to be a mixture of powdered boracic acid and fine salt. The mixture having been made, the fresh herrings should be arranged in layers in a barrel in exactly the same way as cured herrings are packed, and each tier covered with a thin layer of the mixture. When the barrel is full, it should be tightened down in the ordinary way and then 'pickled' with a weak solution of boracic acid. For treating a barrel of herrings in this manner, two and a half pounds of acid and five pounds of salt are required for spreading on the tiers of herrings during packing, and about ten ounces of pure acid for dissolving in the fresh water used for pickling. The boracic acid may be had for less than sixpence a pound.

Dr Riley, Entomologist to the United States Agricultural Department, has presented his collection of insects to the United States. It is said to contain one hundred and fifteen thousand specimens of twenty thousand species or varieties of insects.

In Germany, an unusual number of white varieties of animals are noticed this winter. A white chamois was shot in the Totengebirge, a white otter was caught near Luxemburg, white partridges were shot near Brunswick, and a white fox was killed in Hessen.

In the eleven years from 1873 to 1884, the number of lions killed in Algeria was two hundred and two, for which a premium of four hundred pounds has been paid by the government. The number of panthers destroyed in the same period is twelve hundred and fourteen, and the money paid by the government seven hundred and twenty pounds. About four hundred pounds has been paid for eighteen hundred and eighty-two hyenas, and sixteen hundred pounds for twenty-seven thousand jackals. The large felidæ are almost extirpated principally in the western provinces, and the lion of the desert is fast becoming a thing of the past.

A BARRACK GHOST STORY.

'PRISONER, have you any objection to be tried by me as president, or by any member of this court-martial?' asked the field-officer who had been detailed for the duty of presiding over the court.

'No, sir,' I answered; for it was my most unenviable situation that morning to be brought to the courtroom for trial, having been 'put back' by my commanding officer a few days before on a charge of having been asleep on my post while on sentry; an offence characterised in my indictment as 'conduct in prejudice to good order and military discipline.'

The members composing the court were then sworn, and the trial proceeded in the cumbrous fashion peculiar to military tribunals, the president laboriously writing down every word of the evidence as it was uttered. The sergeant who had been in charge of the guard at the time of my alleged offence was the principal witness against me, and he began to describe, with grotesquely ungrammatical volubility, how he had found me stretched on the ground asleep; but was at once pulled up short by the president, who ordered him to say what he had to say in as few words as possible.

'Was the prisoner sober?' asked one of the officers when the sergeant had finished his evidence.

'Quite sober, sir,' replied the man of stripes.

The men who composed the relief having corroborated the sergeant's statement, I was called upon for my defence.

I therefore narrated to the court, that shortly before my two hours on duty had expired, I saw a white figure carrying a drawn sword pass close to my post; and that, being of a nervous, excitable temperament, I was so frightened that I fell to the ground in an unconscious state, and only recovered when I was roused by the sergeant of the guard.

'Prisoner,' remarked the president, 'in my twenty years' experience of the army, I have served on numerous courts-martial, and have heard all kinds of ingenious defences put forward by men in your present position in excuse of the offences with which they were charged; but your line of defence is the most remarkable that has come under my observation. Who, do you think, will credit a story of that description? Assuredly not I, for one.—Now, prisoner,' continued the major in a kindly tone, 'I must advise you that your action in submitting to the court a statement of that description is extremely injudicious. You will do yourself a positive injury by persevering in it, not only with regard to the probable extent of your punishment, but also to your reputation as a soldier. It will be far better for you simply to own that you were asleep. You are a young man who has served but six months in the regiment; so, under the circumstances, assuming that you adopt my suggestion, which is assuredly meant for your good, the court may think fit, consistently with the duty demanded of it by the hard and fast requirements of military law, to recommend a much lighter sentence of imprisonment than would be administered to an older and more experienced member of the service.'

'I can only tell the truth, sir,' I urged.

'That, then, is your defence—that you were frightened by the figure you saw?' asked the officer in a tone of vexation.

'That is my defence, sir,' I replied.

'Very well,' said the president, writing down my statement.—'Escort, remove the prisoner.—Stop! About his character? Call the captain of his company.'

My captain answering the summons, stated that my conduct had been most exemplary; after which I received the command: 'Left turn, quick march!' and was removed to the guardroom; and the members of the court-martial began their deliberations on the duration of the period of imprisonment which they meant to administer to me.

I shall now relate the facts in connection with the appearance of the 'figure' before alluded to. At one o'clock on the morning of my arrest, I was posted on sentry in front of a wall which had been built on the face of a cliff overhanging the beach. Why that particular spot required guarding, when any attempt on the part of a soldier to break out of barracks would be equivalent to committing suicide, as the rock had a sheer unbroken descent of one hundred and fifty feet, was a matter of puzzling speculation to the men of all the regiments which in turn occupied the quarters I refer to. A tradition, however, which was retailed to me by an aged veteran who officiated as a barrack labourer, threw some light on the subject. Many years before, the colonel of a regiment which was about to leave the town in order to embark for India, placed a sentry on the spot, to prevent his men from throwing over the cliff the rubbish that accumulates in changing quarters; and the relieving regiment finding this man on duty, had supplied his place without troubling themselves about the why and wherefore; the post became in consequence a permanent institution, and a sentry guards the wall to this day.

The morning on which I was on guard was exceedingly cold and frosty. The moon shone brightly, throwing the dark shadow of the adjoining officers' quarters half-way across the parade-ground in front. In the valley beneath I could see distinctly every gable and chimney of the houses of the old-fashioned town that nestled so cosily in the hollow between the precipitous cliffs. The moon was reflected brightly in the ocean to the south, and by its light I could even see the glittering bayonet of the sentry who guarded the government stores on the pier, a mile distant. Our gallant soldiers on duty, however, have but little regard for the picturesque; and like most men similarly situated, I was wearying for the termination of my two hours' vigil, and little inclined to admire the surrounding scenery. At length the clock struck three; and I was at once filled with a feeling of cheery satisfaction at the immediate prospect of being relieved, and of returning to the warm guardroom and drinking a cup of hot coffee before turning off to sleep.

I heard the sentry on the gate lustily shout 'Sentry-go!' as a summons for the relief to turn out; and just as I was preparing to take a last turn on my post, I perceived, at the extremity of the shadow cast by the officers' quarters, a ghostly figure in a long white robe, bearing in its hand a drawn sword. I endeavoured to shout for assistance, but was so 'harrowed with fear and wonder,' that I was unable to articulate a single word, but stood perfectly transfixed, staring at the apparition. It moved slowly past me; but when it turned round and raised its disengaged hand to its white head-covering, as if in salute, its aspect so filled me with terror, that being, as I mentioned before, of a nervous temperament, I fell to the ground, and only recovered consciousness when, a minute or two afterwards, I was vigorously shaken up by the sergeant of the guard.

That non-commissioned officer along with the men of the relief laughed heartily when I described the fright I had received, and remarked that I had been dreaming. The sergeant, however, performed the duty required of him by the rules of discipline in a most inexorable fashion. He deprived me of my arms and belts, and confined me in the prisoners' quarters in the guardroom.

Next day, I was taken before the commanding officer, a hot-headed Welshman, whom I shall call Colonel Morgan, charged with having been asleep on my post. To him I related particulars of the mysterious figure I had seen; but my statement, instead of proving a satisfactory excuse for my offence, as I hoped it would, threw the worthy colonel into a state of great indignation, and he at once remitted me for trial by court-martial.

On the third day after the sitting of the court, I was informed that my sentence would be promulgated at forenoon parade. With a sinking heart, I heard the 'assembly' sounded, then the 'fall in;' and shortly afterwards the band played merrily, as if in mockery of my agitation.

Escorted by a file of the guard, I marched to the centre of the hollow square into which the regiment had been formed; and the adjutant read out my sentence, which was, that I should be imprisoned with hard labour for a period of eighty-four days. Appended to the confirmation of the proceedings of the court-martial by the general commanding the district was a note to the following effect: 'Considering the nature of the prisoner's defence, which was calculated to excite an uneasy feeling among the men of his regiment, I consider the punishment inflicted quite inadequate to the enormity of his offence.'

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The sergeant of the guard at once rushed to the officers' quarters, woke up the adjutant, and informed him of the ghost's alleged reappearance. A hue-and-cry was at once instituted; and the orderly sergeants having been roused, a 'check-roll' was called, to ascertain whether any man had left his room for the purpose of playing a practical joke. Every nook and cranny in barracks, from the officers' quarters to the wash-houses, were rigidly examined; but the spectre had apparently vanished into thin air, leaving all the regiment in a state of unpleasant suspense.

'What's all the row?' shouted the colonel from the window of his room, he having been awakened by the unusual commotion in barracks.

'The ghost has appeared again, sir,' replied the adjutant.

'Have you caught him?'

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means of a hopper boiler, the furnace is self-feeding. Explosion is, of course, impossible, the engine working below atmospheric pressure.

This engine has been employed in small electric-light installations; and from its regular motion and the ease with which it is managed, is undoubtedly eminently adapted for this class of work; whilst the smallness of its coal-consumption and the high duty attained have procured the highest awards at the hands of all juries who have examined it.

In the future of 'small motors,' a future that appears an extended one, this new vacuum motor will doubtless play a not unimportant part.

A BOOK OF CLAN TARTANS.

Whether the kilt did or did not form part of the 'garb of old Gaul' may be left for the discussion of antiquaries, but there can be no doubt about the antiquity of tartans. As is well known, the various clans in the Scottish Highlands were distinguished from each other not only by their names, their badges, their war-cries, but also by the particular pattern and colour of the tartan which they wore. In the magnificently printed volume just issued by Messrs W. & A. K. Johnston, entitled *The Tartans of the Clans of Scotland*, lovers of the Highland garb will be delighted by the splendid reproduction in colours of the tartan of seventy-one clans or septs. Nothing can excel the accuracy and beauty with which the cloth, both in colour and texture, has been imitated in these plates. Each plate, moreover, is accompanied by a few notes on the clan to which the particular tartan appertains.

THE INFANT BAND OF PORT JACKSON.

There is at present lying in Port Jackson, Australia, a training-ship called the *Vernon*, and some of the boys who have musical ability are regularly trained in the study of music, with the view to becoming efficient musicians, and thereby able to take their place in military or orchestral bands. So small are these children, that it has been jokingly said half a dozen of them could readily be accommodated in their own big drum; whilst the grand ophicleide would afford a comfortable lodging for one or two at least! But small as they are, their playing is one of the wonders of the neighbourhood, and the delight of all who have had the good fortune to hear them. These diminutive artists execute classical music, as well as music of a lighter character, with a vigour and precision, and a finished taste and expression that are nearly incredible, and should be heard to be believed. In fact, many an ordinary military band might well take a lesson from them in the grace and point with which they play, and also in the perfect tune and delicacy of tone of all their instruments—virtues that are not common to boys' bands; extreme roughness, want of tune and tone, and total absence of grace or expression, being the usual failings of juvenile players. That the *Vernon* band is carefully taught, and trained with the utmost care and skill, there can be little doubt; and great credit is due to the directors and commander of the vessel, which, apart from the unrivalled band, is a model as regards drill discipline, order, and cleanliness. The *Vernon* is maintained entirely at the cost of the state, not by private subscriptions, donations, or rates.

DAIRY EXPERIMENTS.

Lord Vernon, who was last year President of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, made a proposal for the institution of experiments, with the object of solving the following questions: (1) What is the smallest quantity of food upon which stall-fed cattle can be successfully and economically kept? (2) To what extent does a further supply of food repay its cost in the enhanced value of the milk? (3) What relation should the constituents of the food have to each other to produce milk, butter, and cheese? It was suggested that these experiments should be carried out under the superintendence of a Committee of the British Dairy Farmers' Association; and Lord Vernon, who undertook to provide everything necessary for their use, desired that any information obtained should be published for the benefit of those connected with dairy-farming.

DOLLY.

We were schoolfellows, Dolly and I,
At a little dame-school in the town close by;
I carried her books, and she held my hand—
Two innocent children of God's own band.
We would marry when we grew up, we said.
Grave plans for the time to come we laid—
A small boy I, and a wee girl she,
In those bygone days—ah me! ah me!

We grew—we were married—Dolly and I,
At the quaint old church in the town close by;
The farm was purchased, the fees were paid—
'What a blithe young couple!' the neighbours said.
And so we were, till the winds blew bleak,
And chilled the roses on Dolly's cheek.
Like the waning tide of a waveless sea,
Her life ebbed gently—ah me! ah me!

If you want to know why I ofttimes sigh,
You must come with me to the town close by;
You must see the church where our vows were said,
And the mound that covers the restful dead.
For my love is sleeping the quiet sleep
That the Shepherd gives to His wearied sheep—
And the world is not what it used to be,
Ere its sunlight faded for her and me.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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COCAINE.

A new discovery in medicine, which has established its claim to general utility, is as much a matter for congratulation on the part of the general public as on the part of the members of that profession whose duty it is to use it. The stir in the world which Simpson's grand discovery of chloroform excited is still well remembered, and upon reflection, persons even now could not fail to be impressed with the incalculable amount of relief from suffering of which the drug is the source, if they were to pay a visit to one of our large hospitals and judge for themselves. It is true that chloroform has some drawbacks; it is even true that indirectly, if not directly fatal results have followed its use; but what good thing is free from all blemish, and how, 'in this best of all possible worlds,' can we expect everything to be as we should wish?

The discovery of ether, it should be remembered, afforded surgeons the opportunity in after-years of making a choice between the two drugs. Fortunately, in this connection the effects of each are different in certain particulars, so that, in a given number of cases, the use of ether is advisable, and chloroform is to be avoided. The explanation of this can be readily understood. The effect of chloroform is to depress the action of the heart. In cases of an overdose of this drug, the heart is paralysed; and when death occurs during its administration, there need not necessarily have been more than a very small dose given; but owing to some undiscovered weakness of the heart, which the drug unfortunately becomes the means of rendering manifest, sudden stoppage of the organ takes place, with, of course, death as a consequence. On the other hand, ether has exactly the opposite effect. The heart's action is stimulated during its administration, and the contractions of the organ are rendered more vigorous. Thus, whenever there is any suspected weakness of the heart in patients to whom an anæsthetic is about to be administered, there is no hesitation on the part of the surgeon in using ether, which under these circumstances is certainly the safest drug to employ.

But apart from these considerations, all drugs which possess the property of producing what is called general anæsthesia, are associated with certain discomforts, certain inconveniences which materially detract from their usefulness. It is not necessary here to specify the nature of these, for the knowledge of them has almost become common property, so that there are persons who would preferably endure the suffering of an operation than submit to the administration of an anæsthetic, the after-effects of which, perhaps, previous experience has taught them to be careful to avoid. Surely, then, under these circumstances, it must be a matter of extreme comfort for the public to know that a drug has been discovered whose property is such as to enable the surgeon in many cases to dispense with either ether or chloroform during the performance of an operation. This is the new discovery which agreeably startled the world of medicine towards the end of the year 1884. The drug in question is called Cocaine, from Coca—though sometimes also written cucaine and cuca—and it possesses the remarkable property of causing local anæsthesia when applied to a mucous membrane, of which more anon. The plant from which this alkaloid is derived is *Erythroxylon coca*, which is largely cultivated in the warm valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes, between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, where almost the only variation of the climate is from wet to dry, where frost is unknown, and where it rains more or less every month in the year.

A few details with reference to this remarkable plant may not here be out of place. It is described as a 'shrub from four to six feet high, branches straight and alternate, leaves in form and size like tea-leaves, flowers, with a small yellowish white corolla, ten stamens, and three pistils. In raising the plant from the seed, the sowing is commenced in December and January, when the rain begins, and continues until April.

The seeds are spread on the surface of the soil in a small nursery or raising-ground, over which there is generally a thatch-roof. At the end of about fourteen days, they come up, the young plants being continually watered and protected from the sun. At the end of eighteen months, the plants yield their first harvest, and continue to yield for upwards of forty years. The first harvest, the leaves are picked very carefully one by one, to avoid disturbing the roots of the young tender plants. Gathering takes place three times, and even four times in the year. The most abundant harvest takes place in March, immediately after the rains. With plenty of watering, forty days suffice to cover the plants with leaves afresh. It is necessary to weed the ground very carefully, especially while the plants are young. The harvest is gathered by women and children. The greatest care is required in the drying of the leaves; for too much sun causes them to dry up and lose their flavour; while, if packed up moist, they become fetid. They are generally exposed to the sun in thin layers.' Such is, in brief, the account of the plant whose alkaloid, cocaine, has attained so marked a popularity within the short space of a few months.

Although the plant has only recently become known to us, its virtues have long been recognised by the natives of that part of the world in which it grows. It is stated that in 1583 the Indians consumed one hundred thousand 'cestos' of coca, worth 2½ dollars each in Guzco, and four dollars in Potosi. In 1591 an excise of five per cent. was imposed on coca; and in 1746 and 1750, this duty yielded eight hundred and fifteen hundred dollars respectively, from Caravaya alone. Between 1785 and 1795, the coca traffic was calculated at 1,207,436 dollars in the Peruvian vice-royalty, and including that of Buenos Ayres, 2,641,478 dollars. The coca trade is a government monopoly in Bolivia, the state reserving the right of purchasing from the growers and reselling to the consumer. This right is generally farmed out to the highest bidder. The proximate annual produce of coca in Peru is about fifteen million pounds, the average yield being about eight hundred pounds an acre. More than ten million pounds are produced annually in Bolivia; so that the annual yield of coca throughout South America, including Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Pasto, may be estimated at thirty million pounds.

It is scarcely pleasant news for us to learn that the natives who cultivate the coca-plant themselves absorb so much of the products of their own cultivation. We have here, doubtless, the explanation of the costliness of cocaine and the scarcity of the drug in England. This can hardly be otherwise, it is to be feared, for some time to come, when we remember that the reliance upon the extraordinary virtues of the coca-leaf amongst the Peruvian Indians is so strong, that in the Huanuco province they believe that if a dying man can taste a leaf placed upon his tongue, it is a sure sign of his future happiness! When Weston the pedestrian was performing his feats of endurance in England, it was noticed that from time to time he placed something in his mouth, which he afterwards chewed. For long he refused to divulge what the nature of this substance was, but at last he acknowledged that he always provided himself with some coca-leaves; and he added, that the chewing of these gave him strength, and enabled him more easily to accomplish his allotted task.

In the states above referred to, the natives are accustomed to use the leaves largely for the purpose of allaying hunger. Now, the sense of hunger takes origin in the nerves of the stomach, and it is evident that if these nerves are rendered incapable of exercising their functions, the sensations to which they give rise must decline and remain temporarily in abeyance. This is precisely what takes place when coca-leaves are eaten. Their effect is to paralyse for the time being the sensitive ends of the nerves of the stomach, and to establish practically a condition of local anæsthesia within the interior of that organ. The sensation of hunger, of course, under such circumstances becomes impossible; and the native, after eating a few leaves, goes on his way rejoicing, with the same sensations as if he had partaken of a hearty repast.

Although cocaine has been known for a good many years, and has from time to time formed the subject of inquiry amongst distinguished British and continental savants, including the veteran Sir R. Christison, it was reserved for Dr Carl Koller of Vienna to demonstrate the practical use to which its marvellous property could be put. It occurred to this gentleman that the drug might be of use in the department of diseases of the eye. With this object in view, he experimented upon the eyes of animals, applying the drug in solution of a certain strength, and carefully noting the results. He found that in the course of a few moments, after the drug had been instilled several times into the conjunctival sac of an animal, the organ became insensible; that he was able to touch the cornea—the front part of the eye, which is endowed with extreme sensibility—with a pin without the least flinching on the part of the animal. Experimenting further, he ascertained that the insensibility was not confined to the superficial parts of the eye, but that it extended throughout the corneal substance, even to the structures within the ocular globe, and thus the fact so far of the utility of the drug for operative purposes came to be established. Then he turned his attention to cases in which the eye was the seat of disease, and the cornea acutely inflamed and painful, and he found that much relief from the symptoms was obtained by the use of the drug. Soon after this, he commenced to employ cocaine in operations performed upon the eyes of patients. The results were highly satisfactory; and since then, cataracts have been operated [on, squinting eyes put straight, foreign bodies upon the cornea removed painlessly and with ease, under the influence of the drug. In cataract especially, cocaine is of great value; this operation can be performed by its means without the slightest sensation of pain, and yet the patient is fully conscious, and is of course able to follow during its performance the precise instructions of the surgeon.

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Now, to an outside observer, cocaine is apt to produce impressions somewhat akin to the marvellous. Here is a description which a writer gives in a recent number of the *St James's Gazette*. A camel-hair brush is dipped into a

small bottle containing a fluid as transparent as water. With the brush so charged, the part —let us say a portion of the tongue—is painted several times. After an interval of about a dozen minutes, another brush is taken, but in this instance a glass one, and dipped into a bottle, the fumes, colour, and label of which establish its contents as fuming nitric acid. The tongue is freely brushed with the acid, great care being observed in so doing, and submits to the procedure without the slightest recoil indicative of pain.

Such is cocaine, and such is its effect upon every mucous membrane. We have referred to its utility in the practice of ophthalmic surgeons; but it is not only in this department of the healing art that cocaine has been found useful; it can be employed whenever an operation upon any mucous membrane has to be performed. The drug has been used in the extraction and stopping of teeth; and results, nothing less than startling in their completeness, have been obtained with cocaine in all branches of medicine and surgery, bringing relief to thousands of sufferers, and—it is true to remark—more than that, unqualified gratification to the physician or surgeon in charge. Even that immemorial bugbear, sea-sickness, has often fled before the influence of cocaine.

One word more. In the present prosaic condition of the world, when the surfeit of new discoveries seems to have bred in this connection the familiarity which produces the conventional contempt, it is refreshing to draw attention to a discovery which has surpassed the ordinary standard of greatness sufficiently to enable it to figure as a wonder of the age. Cocaine flashed like a meteor before the eyes of the medical world, but, unlike a meteor, its impressions have proved to be enduring; while it is destined in the future to occupy a high position in the estimation of those whom duty requires to combat the ravages of disease.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the morning when the *Severn* was to reach Trinidad, everybody was up betimes and eagerly looking for the expected land. Nora and Marian went up on deck before breakfast, and there found Dr Whitaker, opera-glass in hand, scanning the horizon for the first sight of his native island. 'I haven't seen it or my dear father,' he said to Marian, 'for nearly ten years, and I can't tell you how anxious I am once more to see him. I wonder whether he'll have altered much! But there—ten years is a long time. After ten years, one's pictures of home and friends begin to get terribly indefinite. Still, I shall know him—I'm sure I shall know him. He'll be on the wharf to welcome us in, and I'm sure I shall recognise his dear old face again.'

'Your father's very well known in the island, the captain tells me,' Marian said, anxious to show some interest in what interested him so much. 'I believe he was very influential in helping to get slavery abolished.'

'He was,' the young doctor answered, kindling up afresh with his ever-ready enthusiasm—'he was; very influential. Mr Wilberforce considered that my father, Robert Whitaker, was one of his most powerful coloured supporters in any of the colonies. I'm proud of my father, Mrs Hawthorn—proud of the part he bore in the great revolution which freed my race. I'm proud to think that I'm the son of such a man as Robert Whitaker.'

'Now, then, ladies,' the captain put in drily, coming upon them suddenly from behind; 'breakfast's ready, and you won't sight Trinidad, I take it, for at least another fifty minutes. Plenty of time to get your breakfast quietly and comfortably, and pack your traps up, before you come in sight of the Port-o'-Spain lighthouse.'

After breakfast, they all hurried up on deck once more, and soon the gray peaks and rocky sierras of Trinidad began to heave in sight straight in front of them. Slowly the land drew closer and closer, till at last the port and town lay full in sight before them. Dr Whitaker was overflowing with excitement as they reached the wharf. 'In ten minutes,' he cried to Marian—'in ten minutes, I shall see my dear father.'

It was a strange and motley scene, ever fresh and interesting to the new-comer from Europe, that first glimpse of tropical life from the crowded deck of an ocean steamer. The *Severn* stood off, waiting for the gangways to be lowered on board, but close up to the high wooden pier of the lively, bustling, little harbour. In front lay the busy wharf, all alive with a teeming swarm of black faces—men in light and ragged jackets, women in thin white muslins and scarlet turbans, children barefooted and half naked, lying sprawling idly in the very eye of the sun. Behind, white houses with green venetian blinds; waving palm-trees; tall hills; a blazing pale blue sky; a great haze of light and shimmer and glare and fervour. All round, boats full of noisy negroes, gesticulating, shouting, swearing, laughing, and showing their big teeth every second anew in boisterous merriment. A general pervading sense of bustle and life, all meaningless and all ineffectual; much noise and little labour; a ceaseless chattering, as of monkeys in a menagerie; a purposeless running up and down on the pier and 'longshore with wonderful gesticulations; a babel of inarticulate sounds and cries and shouting and giggling. Nothing of it all clearly visible as an individual fact at first; only a confused mass of heads and faces and bandanas and dresses, out of which, as the early hubbub of arrival subsided a little, there stood forth prominently a single foremost figure—the figure of a big, heavy, oily, fat, dark mulatto, gray-haired and smooth-faced, dressed in a dirty white linen suit, and waving his soiled silk pocket-handkerchief ostentatiously before the eyes of the assembled passengers. A supple, vulgar, oleaginous man altogether, with an astonishing air of conceited self-importance, and a profound consciousness of the admiring eyes of the whole surrounding negro populace.

'How d'ye do, captain?' he shouted aloud in a clear but thick and slightly negro voice, mouthing his words with much volubility in the true semi-articulate African fashion. 'Glad to see de *Severn* has come in puncshual to her

problem too difficult to solve. At a very remote date in mining history, the use of explosives for blasting purposes was altogether unknown, and the various minerals, &c., were obtained from the bowels of the earth by means of hammer and wedge. Large quantities of these products were not then required, and the laborious and primitive method adopted for procuring them was fully equal to supplying the demand. But as time rolled on, mining produce became in much greater request, and means had to be devised which would enable mine-owners to meet the growing requirements of commerce and civilisation. Gunpowder was consequently utilised for this purpose, being first employed on the continent in 1620; and in the same year it was introduced into England as a blasting agent by some German miners brought over by Prince Rupert, and who employed it at the copper mine at Ecton in Staffordshire. Gradually it came into general use as a means of rapidly developing the mineral resources of the earth; and by its use, the output of our coal-mines has been increased by more than fifty per cent.

To its employment for obtaining coal, however, there were some great objections, both from a pecuniary and hygienic point of view. Large quantities of coal were converted into 'slack,' or a semi-pulverised state, in some cases to the extent of twenty-five per cent., and therefore great loss was sustained by the colliery proprietor, the marketable value of slack being very small. Again, the explosion of gunpowder is always attended with the formation of immense volumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic anhydride, and other gases, which are so deleterious to health, that, for a considerable space of time after a charge has been fired, the miners cannot work in that vicinity. Where large quantities of this substance are daily used, these noxious gases contaminate the air passing through the mine to such an extent that in the course of time they exercise an injurious effect on the health of the workmen.

Under these circumstances it was very desirable that other agents should be employed; but it is only within the last thirty years that other explosive substances have been submitted to mine-owners. The first of these was gun-cotton, which was invented by Professor Schönbein in 1846. It was not, however, until some years after its discovery that it came into use as a mining agent, such serious explosions attending its manufacture and storing, immediately after its introduction to the world, that no one would have more to do with so deadly an explosive. Eventually, however, it was ascertained how to render it safer, and it came into extensive use as a mining agent. Though it burns harmlessly away when simply ignited, yet, when fired by means of a detonator, as is done for mining purposes, it possesses some six times the explosive power of gunpowder; and its combustion in this way is so complete that no noxious gases are given off. It can be used either in the form of yarn or in a compressed block. When used in the former state, it is the opinion of many that its combustion is too rapid, and that it is thereby prevented doing its full amount of effective work. It bursts the minerals asunder with great force; but it lacks the cutting property which is essential to the performance of good work. The compressed cotton is free from these defects. It possesses all the force of yarn cotton; and in consequence of its slower combustion, it cuts in such a way as to make the block of mineral ready for the next charge. This latter is a great advantage to the workman, and hence the gun-cotton used for mining purposes is generally in a compressed state. By the use of this agent, mining of all descriptions was immensely facilitated, and the dangerous operation of 'tamping,' or filling the shot-hole with brick or coal dust rammed hard, was rendered unnecessary.

At a somewhat later period, nitro-glycerine attracted much attention, the first to attempt its use as an explosive agent being Alfred Nobel, a Swedish engineer, in 1864. So far as explosive power was concerned, it was all that could be desired, possessing ten times the force of gunpowder, and therefore being of nearly double the strength of gun-cotton. On the other hand, it was open to most serious objections. The danger of its exploding from concussion was very great, and many dreadful accidents have thus been caused by it. The liquid also, when poured into a shot-hole, has frequently run into some unknown crevice, and when fired, has produced an explosion under the very feet of the miners. To obviate this in some degree, cartridges have been employed; but in whatever light it is viewed, nitro-glycerine is a most perilous explosive.

To remove many of the dangers associated with the use of nitro-glycerine, particularly those of concussion, Mr Nobel invented dynamite, which was tried and approved as a mining agent at Merstham in 1868. When properly prepared, it constitutes one of the safest, most convenient, and most powerful explosives applicable to industrial purposes. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without igniting the dynamite around it; and if packed with moderate care, it may be transported by road, railway, or canal with little danger of an explosion either from heat, sparks, friction, concussion, or collision. Such conditions of safety, however, entirely depend upon dynamite being properly made. If the *Kieselguhr* or porous infusorial earth, of which it contains about twenty-five per cent., be not properly dried and prepared, so as not only to absorb but to permanently hold in absorption the nitro-glycerine mixed with it, exudation is apt to take place; and if this only occurs to the extent of a thin greasy layer over the surface, there are present all the dangers of nitro-glycerine pure and simple. It is of a pasty consistence, and thus possesses the advantage that, whilst being very little less powerful as an explosive than nitro-glycerine, bore-holes can be filled with it without the dangers attending that liquid, and no cartridge case is required.

Since the introduction of dynamite, several other nitro-compounds have been brought forward as blasting agents, such, for instance, as

dualine, lithofracteur, blasting gelatine, and gelatine-dynamite. With the exception of the two last named, however, they have not found much favour as mining agents in this country, and their use is mainly confined to the continent.

Whilst all the explosives mentioned in this article are more or less suited to blasting in mines, so far as their propulsive force is concerned, yet the use of each and all is attended with great danger in a coal-mine, and for the following reason: coal, being of vegetable or organic origin, is constantly giving off numerous gases, the most dangerous of which, under ordinary circumstances, is methylic hydride or marsh-gas, known in mining districts as fire-damp. It is of an inflammable nature; and when it becomes mixed with from seven to ten times its volume of air, it is highly explosive. It was the presence of this gas in coal-mines that gave rise to the researches of Humphry Davy and George Stephenson, and which resulted in the production of two kinds of safety-lamp, differing but little from each other in construction. As a mark of distinction for his invention, the first-named gentleman received the honour of knighthood. Explosive as is methylic hydride when mixed with air in the proportions stated, it becomes infinitely more so when the air contains a proportion of coal-dust. A very small percentage of fire-damp when mixed with air and coal-dust is sufficient to cause a disastrous explosion. In all dry coal-mines there is a considerable quantity of coal-dust (coal in a state of impalpable powder) lying about, and a certain proportion of it is always floating in the air through the workings of the mine. Now, when explosives are used, no matter how they are ignited, their combustion is always attended with the formation of a mass of flame, and consequently there is always great danger of an explosion of fire-damp taking place. Especially is this the case with gunpowder, which, requiring to be used in large quantities to produce the desired effect, is accompanied with much flame at the moment of its ignition. Gun-cotton being a much more powerful explosive than powder, can be used in far smaller proportions, and therefore to a certain extent possesses an advantage over it, inasmuch as its combustion is not attended with so great a mass of flame; thus to some extent, though only very slightly, reducing the danger of an explosion of fire-damp. In addition to showing flame at the moment of its ignition, dynamite possesses the drawback, that the *Kieselguhr* is liable to become incandescent, and whilst in this state, to be blown about by the force of the explosion of the blasting charge, and so fire any gas or mixture of gas and coal-dust which may be in the vicinity.

But great as is the danger always attending blasting in coal-mines, it becomes immeasurably greater in the case of a blown-out shot—that is, a shot which blows out the tamping, and does not bring down the coal—for the flame then issues unobstructed from the bore-hole, and extending for some distance, is free to ignite any inflammable mixture with which it may come in contact. To blown-out shots or charges is due the majority of colliery explosions. Before a shot is fired in a seam of coal, a portion of the latter is hewn away at the top to a depth of four or five feet, and is continued down one side, near the bore-hole, so as to decrease the resistance to be overcome by the explosive. If the shot-hole has been properly drilled, the blasting agent does its work; but if the hole has been drilled into the 'fast'—that is, if it has been bored farther into the seam than the cavity produced by hewing out a portion of the coal extends—a blown-out shot is the result; for the charge of explosive is in such a case placed in the solid bed of coal, and the resistance, consequently, being too great to be overcome, the ramming with which the shot has been fixed in its place is forced out, an outlet being thus formed, through which the propulsive power of the explosive issues without bringing down any of the coal.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the great desideratum of mine-owners has been the discovery of an agent whose propulsive power could be utilised without any attendant flame, or the devising of a method by which the ordinary explosives could be rendered harmless in this respect—that is, that their flame could be extinguished at the moment of its formation. Mining experts, scientists, and others have for years been endeavouring to solve this problem, but without success. At last, however, an invention has been brought forward which leaves but little doubt that all difficulties have now been overcome, and that so soon as the appliance is in general use, colliery explosions resulting from shot-firing will be at an end, and the dreadful loss of life and limb with which they are too frequently attended will be a thing of the past.

The invention, which has been patented, is introduced by Mr Miles Settle, managing director of the Madeley Coal and Iron Company, Staffordshire. The explosive used is gelatine-dynamite (a chemical combination of gun-wood and nitroglycerine), three ounces of which are equal in explosive power to a pound of gunpowder. It is of a straw colour, and about the consistence of soap. The design of the patent is to inclose the charge of gelatine-dynamite in a tin case or any other material, not necessarily waterproof, and to insert this in a larger case of oiled paper, india-rubber, tin, or anything that is waterproof. Projections from the sides and ends of the inner case keep it in such a position that when the outer vessel is filled with water, the cartridge case is completely surrounded with fluid. A detonator is fixed to the explosive, and this is in turn connected with a magneto-electric machine. When the outer case has been so secured as to prevent the escape of the water, the whole is inserted in the shot-hole, and is fixed there by ramming, as for an ordinary powder shot. The operator then retires to a safe distance and fires the charge by electricity. No flame accompanies its explosion, as at the moment of its formation it is extinguished by the water surrounding the cartridge. In addition to this, the water causes the gelatine-dynamite to exert its power equally in all directions, and it also absorbs the gases formed by the combustion of the explosive, so rendering it possible for men to commence working at the coal immediately after the discharging of the shot. Moreover, the coal dislodged by this method contains a minimum of slack, and there is therefore a

great saving to the colliery proprietor in this respect.

The cartridge has recently been put to some very severe tests in some of the most fiery coal-mines in North Staffordshire; in fact, shots have been fired with this explosive in mines which are so gaseous that blasting is strictly prohibited in them, and the coal has to be obtained by the expensive and ancient method of hammer and wedge. In some of these fiery mines, blown-out shots have actually occurred; and all the experts who were present at the time expressed a unanimous opinion that had such a circumstance happened in the ordinary method of blasting, a disastrous explosion would inevitably have been the result. To prove the safety with which one of these cartridges can be fired, they have been exploded in bags of coal-dust, and not the slightest vestige of flame has attended their combustion. Gunpowder has been exploded under similar circumstances, with the result that the coal-dust instantly became ignited, and shot into the air for several yards like one sheet of flame.

All the experts who have witnessed the experiments, both on the surface and down in the mine, have expressed their perfect satisfaction with the invention in every way, and have stated their belief that it can be used with entire safety in the most fiery mines. The government Inspector of Mines for North Staffordshire, who has been present at some of the experiments, has announced that he is prepared to report to the Home Office that the appliance possesses the element of safety which is claimed for it.

A magneto-electric machine is used to fire the shot in preference to an electric battery, as the former is considered much the safer of the two. With a magneto-electric machine, the current, as is well known, is generated by friction, and it can therefore be broken simultaneously with the firing of the shot; whilst in an electric battery it is generated for the most part by means of strong acids, and cannot be broken without disconnecting one of the wires from the battery. It is just possible, therefore, that as the current is continuous in the last-named machine, the two wires might still remain so close together after the discharging of a shot as to allow a spark to pass between them, which in a very fiery mine would certainly cause an explosion.

Looking at the construction of Mr Settle's patent and at the very severe tests to which it has been subjected, there seems every reason to believe that at last has been solved the difficult problem of shot-firing with safety in coal-mines, and that henceforth explosions arising from this cause will be unknown. Such disasters are among the most dreadful calamities which can overtake a community; and only those who have been eye-witnesses of the widespread sorrow and suffering they entail—whole villages and districts being in a moment plunged into mourning, and dozens of children rendered fatherless or orphans—can form an adequate idea of the boon which the 'water-cartridge' promises to be to the mining population. That the highest expectations concerning it may be fully realised, is the devout wish of all who are connected with the management or working of our collieries, and who are so frequently called upon to witness some of the saddest and most heartrending spectacles that it is possible for humanity to gaze upon.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

A LEGEND OF NORTH CEYLON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE PÚSÁRI'S ADVENTURE.

BURIED in the depths of the great Thorokádú jungle lay the little village of Pandiyán. Half-a-dozen low, round, mud-huts with conical roofs, thatched with rice-straw, each with its *pandál* or workshed, granary, and cooking-pot stand, composed the village. A strong stake-fence surrounded each hut, intended as much to keep off the village cattle as a protection from the wild beasts which infested the surrounding jungle. On two sides of the village the jungle rose like a wall; on the third side lay the village tank. Along the *bund* or dam grew a number of giant marúthú trees, with their spreading, twisted roots in the water, and their long branches hanging gracefully over it. The placid surface of the tank, with its dark background of jungle, looked like a plate of burnished silver, and lay clear and unruffled save by the splash of some water-bird fishing, or the movements of a slowly swimming crocodile. On the top of the dam, under a gigantic tree, and overlooking the village, stood a little temple. It was a small mud-hut, painted in vertical stripes of red and white. A rudely hewn stone idol, smeared with oil and coarse paint, and representing Púliya the jungle-god, stood on a niche at the farther end. A rough slab of stone, on which lay withered offerings of flowers; an iron trident stuck in the ground before the door; a dirty brass lamp, and a bell, comprised the rest of the sacred furniture and utensils. Through a gap in the wall of jungle, on the other side of the village, could be seen the rice-fields irrigated by the tank, an expanse of emerald green. Picturesque watch-huts and stacks of last season's straw stood here and there in the fields.

It was late in the afternoon and very hot. To the shade of a group of huge dense-foliaged tamarind trees that stood in the centre of the village all the animal population of Pandiyán appeared to have come. Black mud-covered buffaloes all standing and staring stupidly; dwarf village cattle wandering restlessly about, pestered by swarms of flies; mangy, gaunt, pariah dogs snarling viciously at each other; and long-legged, skinny fowls—all had sought protection from the burning rays of the sun under the shady trees.

At one end of the village, nearest to the little temple, stood a hut, round the door of which was congregated nearly the whole population of the village. More than a score of persons, men, women, and children, stood round an object in their midst, all talking excitedly to each other and everybody at once. It was a buffalo they were looking at, and the interest and excitement they showed arose from its having sustained a severe injury. There was a gaping wound on

its hind-leg, its hock sinew having been cut through. The great ungainly brute, though so seriously hurt, stood patient and quiet, looking about with a heavy stupid air.

Among the crowd surrounding the buffalo was a young girl, whose light colour, clean bright clothes, and profusion of jewellery, showed her to be of superior caste and position to the others. She was Vallee, the daughter of Ráman Ummiyan, the *púsári* or village priest of Pandiyán. She was a handsome girl, about fifteen years old; tall, slender, and graceful, with regular features; large dark eyes, finely arched eyebrows, and small sensitive mouth. She was engaged in washing the blood and dirt from the buffalo's wound. It was evident, from the remarks addressed to her by the bystanders, condoling with her or offering advice, that her father was the owner of the wounded animal.

'It is no use, child,' said an old man who had been examining the wound. 'He will never plough again. The sinew is cut through, and he will be lame for life.'

'Ap-pah! What will my father say when he comes home?' exclaimed Vallee.

'Ah, there will be a breaking of pots then, no doubt,' replied the old man.—'Where was the beast found?' he added.

'Suriyan found him standing in the river helpless this afternoon, and drove him home on three legs,' replied Vallee.

'Perhaps he cut himself on the sharp rocks in the river,' suggested a bystander.

'No, no!' said the old man. 'The cut was made by a knife; and we would not have to go far to find the owner of the knife,' he added, muttering.

'You are right enough, father,' whispered the other, who had overheard the old man's remark. 'We know very well who did this, and the púsári will know too! There will be trouble when he comes home.—Ah, here he comes!'

As he spoke, a man emerged from the jungle and entered the village, and seeing the crowd, walked hastily towards it. It was Ráman Ummiyan, the village priest. He was a tall, spare man, clad in a single yellow garment. Several strings of sacred beads encircled his neck; and his forehead, breast, and shoulders were smeared with consecrated ashes. His face indicated a man of strong passions. His keen, close-set eyes; deeply lined forehead; thin, sensitive nostrils; hard, straight mouth, and other strongly marked features, showed him to be of an irritable, quarrelsome disposition. As he advanced, the little crowd round the wounded buffalo opened and made way for him.

'What is this? What is the matter with it?' he exclaimed as he glanced at the animal.

'See! father,' replied Vallee, pointing to the wound. 'Suriyan found it at the river, and has just driven it here.'

For a moment the púsári bent and looked at the wound; then he burst into a furious rage. Striking the end of his stick heavily on the ground, he exclaimed passionately: 'It is Iyan Elúvan who has done this!'

The púsári and the man he spoke of were fellow-villagers and deadly enemies. The feud between them had arisen from a quarrel about a field which both men claimed. On going to law, the púsári had won the case, and the other consequently hated him with a deep and deadly hatred. Iyan Elúvan was a man of a cruel, malignant, cunning nature, and never lost an opportunity of injuring or harassing his enemy. The quarrel was now some years old, but his hatred was just as bitter as ever. Many a time had the púsári had cause to regret having incurred his neighbour's ill-will. He was not equal to him in audacity and cunning, and was also a much poorer man. He had brought many actions against his enemy; but the latter's keener brain and longer purse had almost always enabled him to get the better of his adversary. The object of each man was to drive the other out of the village; but the interests of both of them in the village were too great to permit either to leave, so they lived on within a stone's-throw of one another, deadly enemies, always on the watch to injure each other in every possible way.

'Ah, ah!' shouted the púsári, gesticulating furiously with his stick. 'I will have vengeance for it! I swear by Púliya I will not rest till I have repaid him with interest, though it cost me my last rupee!—How long,' he continued, turning fiercely to the villagers, who stood round silent but sympathising—'how long are we to bear with this man? He is a wild beast, as cruel and dangerous as the fiercest brute in these jungles. He will stand at nothing to gratify his hate. He has robbed me and slandered me, and brought false cases against me; and now, see the brutal way he has injured this poor brute of mine! He will try to murder me next. But I will have vengeance; I will complain to the headman!'

'Not much use in that, *iya*' [a term of respect], remarked the old man who had before spoken.

'Ah!' exclaimed the púsári passionately, 'he will bribe the headman as usual, no doubt. But I will outbid him! The múdliya shall have my last ricepot ere I be balked of my vengeance!' So saying, he strode into his house, muttering curses and threats.

Vallee, after a short time, followed him in. 'The rice is ready, father,' she said. 'Shall I serve it?'

'No!' replied her father sternly. 'I will neither eat nor drink till I have seen to this matter. I shall go at once to Mánkúlam and see the múdliya.'

'Father!' said Vallee hesitatingly, 'perhaps Iyan did not do this; perhaps'——

'You're a fool, child!' returned the púsári sharply. 'Who but he could have done it?'

'Valan told me'—— began Vallee timidly.

Her father interrupted her with an angry exclamation. 'Did I not order you never to speak to him? Have you dared to listen to the brother of my bitterest enemy?' and he raised his hand threateningly. 'Now listen, daughter! If you ever speak to Valan or listen to him or have aught to do with him again, I will beat you as I would a dog; I swear to you I will.—Now, hearken to my words and obey!' And with a threatening look and a suggestive shake of his stick, the púsári stalked out. After another look in silence at the wounded buffalo, he left the village and strode off in the direction of Mánkúlam, leaving Vallee crouching in a corner of the hut with her hands over her face and sobbing aloud.

Valan Elúvan, of whom they had been speaking, was the younger brother of the púsári's enemy, and was Vallee's lover. He was a man of a very different nature from his brother, being open-hearted, generous, and good-natured. Nevertheless, the púsári hated him almost as much as he did his brother. The understanding between Valan and Vallee had only recently been come to. For a long time, Valan had watched and admired the graceful maiden; but owing to the bad feeling between the two families, had not ventured to speak to her. One day, however, seeing her in difficulties with a troublesome cow she was trying to milk, he went to her assistance. She thanked him shyly, but with such evident pleasure at his attention, that he was emboldened to speak to her again, when he met her one day going to a neighbouring village. After that, they frequently found occasion to meet alone, and gradually their acquaintance grew to intimacy, and finally ripened to love. Unfortunately, her father discovered accidentally what was going on, and sternly forbade Vallee ever to speak to her lover again. Since then, she had only had one opportunity of seeing Valan. This fresh outrage on the part of Iyan Elúvan, she knew but too well, finally extinguished all chance of her father ever accepting Valan as her lover; so, crouching in the dark hut, she gave vent to her grief.

Meanwhile, the púsári was striding along the jungle-path leading to Mánkúlam, his mouth full of curses, and his heart full of hatred and thoughts of vengeance. The path was narrow and winding, leading now along sandy torrent-beds, then through lofty forest or thorny jungle. The village was three miles distant, and it was now evening, so he walked as fast as he could, finding some vent for his feelings in the violent exercise. When he had walked two-thirds of the way, he arrived at a broad river. It was now nearly dry, it being the hot season, and was merely a wide reach of deep sand, with shallow pools here and there under the high banks. The púsári had crossed the river and had just entered the jungle on the other side, when he suddenly uttered a curse and stopped short. Coming along the path towards him, and alone, was a man. It was his enemy, Iyan Elúvan! He was a broad-shouldered, big-headed man, with a round face, out of which looked two little pig-like, cunning eyes. A slight contraction of one side of his face causing him to show his teeth, gave him a peculiar, sinister, sneering expression. He had been at work cutting fence-sticks, for he was carrying his *katti* or jungle-knife over his shoulder.

On catching sight of each other, the two men stopped and looked at one another. The púsári's face worked with passion, his eyes glittered, and the veins stood out on his forehead. The other had a mocking, evil smile on his face, which seemed to irritate his enemy beyond endurance. Suddenly the púsári grasped his heavy iron-shod stick and made two steps forward. In an instant Iyan swung round his jungle-knife and stood on the defensive, while his sneering smile gave place to a look of concentrated hate. For a few moments they stood glaring at each other, and then the púsári slowly stepped to one side and motioned to the other to pass on, which he did, keeping an eye on his foe, however, and passing out of reach of him. As soon as he had gone by, the púsári resumed his journey, his rencontre with his enemy having added fresh fuel to the fire of evil passions blazing in his heart. Iyan watched him till he had gone some distance, and then, after a few moments' hesitation, turned and followed, keeping him in sight, but remaining a long way behind.

A walk of a mile further brought the púsári to the village of Mánkúlam, with Iyan following in the distance. It was rather a large village, consisting of about a score of huts, scattered about a wide open spot in the jungle, with a tank on one side, and rice-fields stretching beyond it. On the outskirts of the village was a house larger and more pretentious than any of the others, and boasting a dense plantain grove, growing close to the hut, and a few cocoa-nut palms. This was the residence of the múdliya, or headman of the district. On entering the inclosure through the rude stile or gap in the fence, the púsári paused for a moment, for the place seemed deserted, no one being in sight. He heard, however, the sound of voices inside the hut, so, stepping forward, with a loud unceremonious 'Salaam, múdliya!' he entered the hut. Seeing his enemy enter the headman's house, Iyan came cautiously forward, but paused irresolutely at the gate. A glance round showed him that the people of the house were all indoors, so, sneaking into the inclosure, he crept stealthily through the grove of plantain trees till he got close to the door of the hut, when he crouched down under the eaves. From his hiding-place he could hear all that was said in the hut.

'What do you want?' he heard a wheezy, unpleasant voice say, and he knew it was the headman who spoke. The tone in which the question was asked was harsh and unfriendly, and an ugly smile passed over the listener's face as he noted it.

'I am come to lodge a complaint against Iyan Elúvan,' replied the púsári shortly.

'I thought so,' wheezed the headman. 'You are as quarrelsome as a wanderoo he-monkey. Do you think I have nothing to do but to listen to your fools' quarrels?'

'You will listen readily enough,' retorted the púsári angrily, 'when Iyan Elúvan comes with his hands full of rupees!'

'What!' exclaimed the headman, wheezing and choking with wrath, 'do you charge me, the múdliya of Mánkúlam, with receiving bribes?'

'Ay, I do,' replied the púsári sternly. 'All the villages know it. Many a time have I brought just complaints to you, and you would not hear them. When Iyan threw a dead dog into my well; when he set fire to my straw stack; and when, by manthiram' [magical arts], 'he caused my cattle to fall ill, why did you not inquire into the complaints I made—why? but because your granary was bursting with the rice that Iyan gave you as hush-money!'

'Get out of my house!' screamed the headman huskily—'get out, I say!'

'I'll have justice,' shouted the púsári fiercely. 'I am a poor man, and cannot bribe you; but I swear by Púliya-deva that I will have justice. I will make you both suffer for this. You shall pay

for that buffalo that Iyan has lamed to the last hair on his tail. It shall be an evil day for you that you refused me justice. Look to yourself, múdliya; look to yourself, I say!'

'Leave my house, you madman!' exclaimed the headman in a voice scarcely articulate with rage.

A moment later, Iyan, from his hiding-place, saw his enemy burst out of the house almost beside himself with rage, his eyes ablaze, his lips drawn back in a grin of fury, and his whole frame trembling with excitement. He watched him stride across the inclosure and make for the path leading to Pandiyán, swinging his arms and gesticulating like one demented. Just as the púsári disappeared, a little boy came out of the hut, and Iyan heard him uttering exclamations of excitement and astonishment. He could also hear the voice of the headman inside wheezing out threats and curses. Presently, the little boy went out at the gate and disappeared in the village, and Iyan rose to leave his hiding-place. As he did so, he saw lying in the path a knife, which he at once knew must have been dropped by the púsári as he rushed out of the hut. Picking it up, Iyan crept back into his hiding-place, and crouching down, examined it long and earnestly, feeling its edge, and making motions with it in the air. Suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him. He looked up hastily and around with a scared, startled air, and then felt the edge of the knife again with his thumb slowly while he gazed earnestly in the direction of the door of the hut. Presently, an evil, cruel smile curled his lips and sent a baleful gleam into his little eyes. Muttering to himself, 'Yes; I'll do it; the suspicion is sure to fall on him!' he rose slowly, glanced round again, to assure himself that no one was watching him, and then, with a rapid, silent step, entered the hut.

Meanwhile, the púsári was hurrying along in the direction of his village, cursing and raving. The injury done him by his enemy, and the refusal of the headman to give him justice, had angered him to the verge of madness. As he strode furiously along swinging his heavy stick, and grasping at the air with his other hand, as if he was in imagination tearing his enemy to pieces, he was quite oblivious of all surroundings, and only conscious of his wrongs and desire for vengeance. Blind with rage, he hurried on, heedless of where he was going.

By this time, the sun had sunk and night was rapidly coming on. Gradually the path grew less and less distinct, and the surrounding forest more gloomy and fearful. Suddenly, the púsári stopped and looked about him. Being unable to see his way, he had at last come to his senses. All that was visible of the path now was a dim white streak before him. For a few moments he stood looking round. Even in that faint light the path seemed strange to him, and he peered about in vain for some familiar object by which he could ascertain his position. He soon satisfied himself he was not in the well-known path between the two villages, but was following some game-track; however, he felt sure he was going in the right direction, so went on, instead of turning back to look for the lost path. Every now and then he stopped to listen, hoping to hear the distant barking of dogs or lowing of cattle at Pandiyán; but he only heard the sharp barking cry of deer in the jungle and the dismal hooting of a pair of owls. It grew darker and darker, and the path worse and worse. Soon it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. He tried to feel his way with his stick, but nevertheless stumbled against the trees and over roots and stones. More than once he stopped and shouted long and loudly; but no answer came but the mocking hooting of the owls. The púsári was a brave man; but the dense darkness, the loneliness and silence of the jungle, were beginning to shake his nerves.

Suddenly, just as he was about to give up in despair the attempt to find his way, a brilliant light appeared in the jungle ahead of him. Uttering an ejaculation of surprise, pleasure, and relief, the púsári pressed towards it. A few moments later he was standing, with open eyes and startled expression, gazing at a scene such as he had never before looked on. Before him stretched a long narrow bazaar of houses, shops, and sheds, huddled irregularly together. Close behind them, and overhanging them, rose the jungle like a wall of ebony, densely dark. Above, stretched a sky of inky blackness, starless and cloudless. The whole bazaar was ablaze with light from numerous fires, torches, and lamps. It was crowded with people, men, women, and children, all apparently busily engaged in buying and selling and other occupations. But they were people such as the púsári had never before seen—black, lean, ungainly, with thin evil faces, and long black hair flowing wildly over their necks and shoulders. He noticed, too, that their feet and hands resembled more the claws of wild beasts than human appendages. But the strangest thing of all was that, though the bazaar appeared to his eyes to be full of bustle and noise, and all the people to be talking, wrangling, singing, and laughing, he could not hear a sound! Could he have shut his eyes, he might have fancied himself alone in the jungle again.

For some moments the púsári stood staring before him, bewildered at the sight. To come suddenly upon a large village that he had never heard of, close to his own, filled him with speechless amazement. He rubbed his eyes and felt his ears, thinking his senses must be playing him false. Suddenly his heart stood still, and he gasped with horror. He had realised where he was—it was an enchanted or magic village of *pisásis* or demons that he had intruded on! As the full horror of his situation, alone among demons in the depths of the jungle at midnight, burst upon him, the púsári turned to flee. To his intense surprise and terror, on turning, he found behind him, not the jungle, as he expected, but another part of the bazaar! Rows of huts and shops, crowded so closely together that there was no way through them into the forest beyond, barred his way. After a moment's hesitation, he plucked up courage, and muttering prayers and charms, started off to walk through the bazaar. Grasping his stick firmly, he walked boldly on, showing no outward sign of fear, but with deadly terror at his heart.

The bazaar seemed to lengthen before him as he went. He walked on and on, but it seemed to have no end. He turned aside into several by-lanes, but they only led into others. He looked in vain for any gap between the huts by which

he could escape into the jungle. As he went, he passed through crowds of demon-folk. They took no notice of him, but he felt they were all watching him with their gleaming red eyes. To the púsári, everything around him seemed to be alive. The boughs of the trees waved above him threateningly like weird skinny hands and arms; hideous faces peered out at him from all sorts of strange, unlikely places. Even the rice mortars and pots lying about, and the articles being hawked about or lying exposed on the stalls, seemed to assume grotesquely human faces and figures and to watch him stealthily. Numbers of strange, vicious-looking cattle, and gaunt, evil-faced dogs wandered about, and the púsári noticed them leering at him and each other with a human sort of expression which showed him what they were. Rows of fowls of queer shape were perched on the roofs of the huts, and watched him as he passed with heads knowingly on one side.

Many a strange sight did the púsári see as he walked along. The shops were full of curious and extraordinary things such as he had never seen exposed for sale. He passed at one place a party of pisásis engaged in beating drums of strange shape with drumsticks of bones. Soon after, he came to a part of the bazaar where a furious quarrel appeared to be raging. In a dark corner he caught sight of a large party of she-pisásis, who appeared to be engaged in some horrible rite. More than once he thought he saw the mock-animals wandering about the bazaar talking to the keepers of the shops and to each other. It seemed to the púsári that he had been walking for hours, yet the bazaar appeared to be as interminable as ever. He walked on as in a dream, for, in spite of the apparent bustle and excitement around him, he could hear nothing. Stupefied by his fearful position, he walked on mechanically, having now lost the sense of fear, and feeling only a sort of vague wonder.

And now a raging thirst seized on the púsári. He had been on foot all day in the sun, and all the afternoon his mouth had been hot and bitter with curses. He had drunk nothing for many hours. As he walked along, the craving for water grew stronger and stronger, till he could bear it no longer. He realised vaguely the peril he ran in accepting anything from the hand of a pisási, nevertheless he stopped and looked about, in the hope of finding something to drink. Near at hand was a small shop presided over by a hideous old she-pisási. Undeterred by the horrible aspect of the red-eyed, wrinkled, old hag, the púsári approached her with the intention of asking for a drink of water. As he did so, he felt conscious that all the pisásis had suddenly stood still and were watching him. The she-pisási's shop contained some strange things. On one side lay a huge rock python cut into lengths, each of which was wriggling about as if full of life. On the other side lay a young crocodile apparently dead; but as the púsári approached, it turned its head and looked slily at him with its cold yellow eye. Over the old hag's head hung a crate full of live snakes, that writhed about and thrust their heads through the withes. Strings of dead bats, and baskets full of loathsome reptiles and creeping creatures, filled the shop. In front of her stood a hollow gourd full of water.

'Mother! I am thirsty,' said the púsári as he pointed to the water. But though he said the words, he did not hear his own voice. The old hag looked fixedly at him for a moment, and then raising the gourd, gave it to him. He raised it to his lips, and drank long and eagerly. As he put the empty vessel down, he felt everything reel and swim about him. Gazing wildly round, he grasped at the air two or three times for some support, and then fell to the ground motionless and senseless.

AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

THERE are in all our lives episodes which we should be glad to forget; of which we are so much ashamed, that we scarcely dare to think of them, and when we do, find ourselves hurriedly muttering the words we imagine we ought to have said, or making audible apologies for our conduct to the air; and yet these are not always episodes which necessarily involve a tangible sense of wrong done either to ourselves or to others. Some such episode in a commonplace life, such as must have fallen to the lot of many men, we would here reveal.

Once upon a time—to commence in an orthodox fashion—a man and a maid lived and loved. On the woman's part the affection was as pure and generous as ever filled the breast of a maiden; on the man's, as warm as his nature permitted. His love did not absorb his whole soul, it rather permeated his mind and coloured his being. Like most men of his not uncommon stamp, his affection once given, was given for ever. His was not a jubilant nature, nor did his feelings lie near the surface, and his manner was undemonstrative. The girl was clear-sighted enough to see that what love there was, was pure and true, and she made up for its scarcity with the overflowings of her sympathetic nature. She idealised rather than condoned. She gave in such measure that she could not perceive how little she was receiving in return; or if she noticed it, her consciousness of its worth seemed to her a full equivalent. He was an artist; and circumstances forced the lovers to wait, and at the same time kept them apart. A couple of days once a month, and a week now and again, was the limit of the time they could spend together. This, of course, prevented them getting that intimate knowledge of each other's personality which both recognised as an essential adjunct to the happiness of married life, though they did their best to obviate it by long letters, giving full details of daily events and of the society in which they moved. The remedy was an imperfect one. Strive as they might, the sketches were crude, and the letters had a tendency to become stereotyped. We only mention these details to show that they tried to be perfectly honest with each other.

While the girl's life, in her quiet country home, was one that held little variety in it, it was a part of the man's stock-in-trade to mix with society and to observe closely. Whether he liked it or not, he was compelled to make friends to such an extent as to afford him an opportunity of gauging character. Unfortunately for the purposes of my study, he had no sympathy with

pessimism or pessimists. He loved the good and the beautiful for their own sakes, and in his art loved to dwell on the bright side of human nature, a side which the writer has found so much easier to meet with than the more sombre colouring we are constantly told is the predominating one in life. Like most artists, he was somewhat susceptible, but his susceptibility was on the surface; the inward depths of his soul had never been stirred save by the gentle girl who held his heart, and she was such as to inspire a constant and growing affection rather than a demonstrative passion.

At one of the many houses at which he was a welcome guest, the lover found a young girl bright, sensuous, beautiful. Unwittingly, he compared her with the one whose heart he held, and the comparison was unsatisfactory to him; do what he would, the honesty of his nature compelled him to allow that this beautiful girl was the superior in a number of ways to her to whom he had pledged his life. He was caught in the Circe's chains of golden hair, and fancied—almost hoped—yet feared lest, like bonds of cobwebs in the fairy tale, the toils were too strong for him to break. He could see, too, that the girl regarded him with a feeling so warm, that a chance spark would rouse it into a flame of love; and this gave her an interest as dangerous as it was fascinating. His fancy swerved. Day after day he strove with himself, and by efforts, too violent to be wise, he kept away from the siren till his inflamed fancy forced him back to her side.

To the maiden in the country he was partially honest. In his letters he faithfully told her of his visits, and as far as he could, recorded his opinions of the girl who had captivated his fancy. Too keen an artist to be blind to her faults, he dwelt on them in his frequent letters at unnecessary length. When the lovers met, the girl questioned him closely about her rival, but only from the interest she felt in all his friends known and unknown, for her love for him was too pure and strong to admit of jealousy, and he, with what honesty he could, answered her questions unreservedly.

Little by little he began to examine himself. Which girl did he really love? Should he not be doing a wrong to both by not deciding? The examination was dangerous, because it was not thorough. The premises were true, but incomplete. Yet we should wrong him if we implied that he for a moment thought seriously about breaking off his engagement. Even had he wished, his almost mistaken feelings of honour would have forbidden it. This constant surface introspection—a kind of examination which, had not the subject been himself, he would have despised and avoided—could have but one result—an obliquity of mental vision. He had a horror of being untrue—untrue to himself as untrue to his lass, and yet he dreaded causing pain to a bosom so tender and innocent. When he sat down to write the periodical letters to the girl to whom he was engaged, he found his phrases becoming more and more general and guarded. He took pains not to let her know what he felt must wound her, and the letters grew as unnatural as they had been the reverse; they were descriptive of the man rather than the reflex of his personality.

The country girl was quick of perception. The letters were more full of endearing terms than ever; they were longer and told more of his life; yet between the lines she could see that they were by one whose heart was not at rest, and that a sense of duty and not of pleasure prompted the ample details. Their very regularity was painful: it seemed as if the writer was anxious to act up to the letter of his understanding. She knew that the letters were often written when he was tired out. Why did he not put off writing, and taking advantage of her love, let her exercise her trust in him? Eagerly she scanned the pages to find the name of her rival, and having found it, would thoughtfully weigh every word of description, of blame or praise.

When the lovers met, she questioned him more closely than she had ever done before. He was seemingly as fond as ever; no endearing name, no accustomed caress, was forgotten. He spoke of himself and his friends as freely as usual, and all her questions were answered without a shadow of reserve. Yet the answers were slower, and his manner absent and thoughtful. For a time she put it down to the absorbing nature of his pursuits; but little by little, a belief that she was no longer *dearest* crept into her heart, and would not be dislodged, try as she might. She thought she was jealous, and struggled night and day against a fault she dreaded above all others; then, in a paroxysm of despair, she allowed herself to be convinced of what she feared, and, loving him deeply, prepared to make the greatest sacrifice an unselfish woman can offer. He no longer loved her; it was best he should be free.

When he had been with her last, he had told her that his ensuing absence must perforce be longer than usual, and this she thought would be the best time for her purpose.

'Dear Frank,' she wrote at the end of a pitiful little letter, 'I am going to ask you not to come here next week. This will surprise you, for in all my other letters I have told you that what I most look forward to in life is your visits. But I have been thinking, dear, that it will be best for us to part for ever. I often ask myself if we love one another as much as we did, and I am afraid we do not. A loveless married life would be too dreadful to live through, and I dare not risk it. It is better that the parting should come through me. Do not fancy that I am reproaching you; I cannot, for to me you are above reproach, above blame. All I feel is that our affection is colder, so we had better part. God bless you, Frank; I can never tell you how deeply I have loved you. —ELSIE.'

Frank was almost stunned by the receipt of this letter. He read it and re-read it till every word seemed burnt into his brain. That the girl's love for him was less, he did not believe; he could read undiminished affection in the vague phraseology, in the studied carefulness to take equal blame on herself. That she should be jealous, was out of the question; long years of experience had taught him that this was totally foreign to her trustful nature. There was but one conclusion to come to. She had given him up because she thought his happiness involved. Yet she wished him to be free; might it not be ungracious to refuse to accept her gift?

Free! There was a terrible fascination in the sound. Be the bondage ever so pleasant, be it even preferable to liberty itself, the idea of freedom is irresistibly alluring. If the same bondage will be chosen again, there is a delight in the consciousness that it will be your own untrammelled choice. Frank was aware of a wild exultation when he realised the fact that he was once more a free agent. In the first flush of liberty, poor Elsie's image faded out of sight, and that of the siren took its place. Now, without wrong, he might follow his inclinations. He determined to write to Elsie, but knew not what to say, and put it off till the morrow.

There could be no harm in going to the house of his fascinator; it was pleasant to think that he might now speak, think, look, without any mental reservations; there would be no longer any need to watch his actions, or to force back the words which would tell her that she exercised a deadly power over him. The girl received him with a winning smile, yet, when he touched her hand, he did not feel his brain throb or his blood rush madly through his veins as he had expected. He bore his part through the evening quietly, and owned that it was a pleasant one; still, the flavour was not what he had expected. He called to mind that when he was abroad for the first time, he had been served with a peculiar dish, which he remembered, and often longed for when unattainable. After several years, he had visited the same café and ordered the same dish. The same cook prepared it, and the same waiter served it, but the taste was not the same; expectation had heightened the flavour, and the real was inferior to the ideal.

So it was with Frank. Before, when the siren had seemed unattainable, he had luxuriated in her beauty, admired her grace and genius, and revelled in her wit; now, when he felt he might call these his own, his eye began to detect deficiencies. The girl noted his critical attitude, and chafed at the calmness of his keen, watchful glance. Where was the open admiration she used to read in his eyes? Piqued at his indifference, she grew silent and irritable; and when he bade her farewell, both were conscious that an ideal had been shattered.

He buttoned his overcoat, and prepared for a long walk to the lonely chambers where he lived the usual careless, comfortless life of a bachelor whose purse is limited. All the way home he submitted himself to a deep and critical examination. He felt as if he was sitting by the ashes of a failing fire which he had no means of replenishing; the night was coming, and he must sit in the cold. If passion died out, where was he to look for the sympathy, the respect, the true friendliness which alone can supply its place in married life? Then he thought of Elsie. He had made a mistake, but a very common mistake. He had thought that the excitement of his interest, the enchaining of his fancy, and the enthralment of his senses, was love, and lo! it was only passion. He analysed his feelings more deeply yet, and getting below the surface-currents which are stirred by the winds, saw that the quiet waters beneath had kept unswervingly on their course.

When he reached his chambers, he sat down by his table and drew paper and ink towards him. 'I shall not accept your dismissal, Elsie,' he wrote hurriedly in answer to her piteous letter: 'I should be very shallow if I could not read the motive which prompted your letter. I shall come down as usual, and we will talk over it till we understand each other fully. Till then, you must believe me when I tell you that I love you all the more for your act of sacrifice, and that I love you more now than I have ever done before.'

Frank and Elsie have been long married, and are content. There is no fear of his swerving again; but the event described left its mark on Frank. He knows now that he was on the verge of committing a grievous mistake, and one which might have darkened all his future life. For it is not great events, involving tragedies and tears, that impress themselves most deeply upon the body of our habits and thoughts; but the tendency of our life, as in the case before us, is often most deeply affected by what is no more than 'an every-day occurrence.'

A NIGHT IN A WELL.

The station of Rawal Pindi, in which the following incident took place, is a large military cantonment in the Punjab, about a hundred miles from the Indus at Attock, where the magnificent bridge across the rapid river now completes the connection by rail between the presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay with Peshawur our frontier outpost, which, like a watchful sentinel, stands looking straight into the gloomy portal of the far-famed Khyber Pass. It was at Rawal Pindi that the meeting took place between the Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, and the present Ameer of Afghanistan, before whom were then paraded not only the garrison of Rawal Pindi, or, as it is more generally known in those parts, by the familiar abbreviation of Pindi—a Punjabi word signifying a village—but a goodly array of the three arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drawn from the garrisons of the Punjab and North-west Provinces of India. In ordinary times, the troops in garrison at Pindi consist of four or five batteries of royal artillery, both horse and field; a regiment of British, and one of Indian cavalry; and one regiment of British, and two of Bengal infantry, with a company of sappers and miners. The barracks—or, as they are called in India, the lines—occupied by these troops extend across the Grand Trunk Road leading to Peshawur, those of the royal artillery being almost, if not quite on the extreme right, and it is here that the occurrence which gives the heading to this article took place.

In front of the lines of each regiment is the quarter-guard belonging to it, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the centre barrack. The men of this guard are turned out and inspected once by day and once by night by the officer on duty, technically known as the orderly officer. In rear of the quarter-guard, as has been already said, are the men's barracks; and in rear of them the cook-houses and horse-lines, amongst and behind which are

large wells—'*pucka* wells,' as they are called, from being lined for a long way down and about the surface with brick-work and cement, in distinction from the ordinary '*cutcha* wells,' which are merely circular holes dug until water is reached.

The *pucka* wells in the Pindi cantonments are from twelve to fourteen feet in diameter, and from thirty to forty feet from the surface to the water. They are surrounded by low parapets; and from each well extend long troughs of brick and cement, into which the water drawn from the well is conducted by channels, for the use of the horses and other cattle belonging to the artillery or cavalry. The low parapets round the wells are sufficient protection, at all events in the daytime; though instances are not unfrequent when accidents have occurred on a dark night to goats, sheep, and even bullocks straying from their tethers, especially when a dust-storm has been adding by its turmoil to the bewilderment of all so unfortunate as to be caught abroad in it, as the writer has on more than one occasion, when compelled to stand or sit for hours behind some protecting wall or tree; the darkness in noon-day has been so great that his hand, though held close to his eyes, was with difficulty discernible. When to such a state of things are added the roar of the wind and the beating of broken branches of trees, wisps of straw, and other articles caught up and hurtled along, it may be easily imagined how dazed and perplexed is the condition of every creature so exposed. A dust-storm, however, had nothing to say to the accident with which we have to do.

In rear of the cook-houses, wells, &c., come the mess-house and the bungalows in which the officers reside, each in its own compound or inclosure, about eighty or a hundred yards square, and about a quarter of a mile from the men's lines.

One night in the cold season of 1866–67, as well as I can remember, the subaltern on duty at Pindi was Lieutenant Black—as we will call him—of the Royal Horse Artillery. He was well known in the arm of the service to which he belonged as a bold and fearless horseman, who had distinguished himself on many occasions as a race-rider both at home and abroad. On the evening in question he remained playing billiards in the mess-house until it was time to visit the quarter-guard in front of the lines. A little before midnight he mounted his horse at the door of the mess, and started. It was very dark; but he knew the road well, and had perfect faith in his horse, a favourite charger; so, immediately on passing the gate of the mess compound, he set off, as was his custom, at a smart canter along the straight road leading to the barracks. He passed through these, and soon reached the guard, which he turned out, and finding all present and correct, proceeded to return to his own bungalow, having completed his duty for the day. He rode through the lines by the way he had come; but then, being in a hurry to get to bed, he left the main road and took a short-cut across an open space. Notwithstanding the darkness, the horse was cantering freely on, no doubt as anxious as his master to reach his comfortable stall, when all at once Black felt him jump over some obstacle, which he cleared, and the next moment horse and rider were falling through the air; and a great splash and crash were the last things of which Black had any consciousness. After an interval—how long he couldn't tell—sensation slowly returned, and he became aware that he was still sitting in his saddle, but bestriding a dead horse. His legs were in water; and the hollow reverberation of his voice when he shouted for help, as he did until he could do so no longer, informed him that he had fallen into one of the huge wells somewhere in the lines. It was intensely dark; but he soon became aware that there were other living creatures in the well, for from its sides came occasional weird rustlings and hissings, which added considerably to the horror of his situation, by creating a vague feeling of dread of some unknown danger close at hand.

Slowly the long night passed, and he could plainly hear the gongs of the different regiments as the hours were struck on them, and the sentries, as if in mockery, crying the usual 'All's well.' Gradually day began to dawn, and light to show up above at the mouth of the well. By degrees, his prison became less dim, and he could see his surroundings. He was bestriding his dead charger, which lay crumpled up with a broken neck at the bottom of the well, in which was not more than three feet of water. Black himself, except for the shock, was uninjured. His legs were pretty well numbed, from being so long in the water, but there were no bones broken; and barring the terrible jar to his system, he was sound in every respect. As the sun arose, he began to peer about, and again tried to make himself heard above ground. This caused a renewal of the peculiar rustlings and hissings we have referred to; and he was now enabled to verify what he had dreaded and suspected when he first heard them in the dark. All round the sides of the well were holes, tenanted by snakes, most of them of the deadly cobra tribe, and many, seemingly, of an extraordinary size. Presently, like muffled thunder, the morning gun roused the sleepers in the various barracks, and the loud reveille quickly following it, brought hope of speedy release to the worn-out watcher.

The *bheesties* coming to draw water were the first to discover him, and their loud cries soon surrounded the mouth of the well with stalwart artillerymen. Drag-ropes were brought from the nearest battery; and Black, barely able to attach them to his body, was at length drawn, to all appearance more dead than alive, to upper air, unable to reply to the eager questionings of those by whom he was surrounded. He was placed on a hospital litter, and hurried off to his own bungalow. Under careful treatment, and thanks to a splendid constitution, he was in a short time again fit for duty.

When recounting the events of the night, Black didn't forget to mention his sensations at hearing the hissings all round him, and which the darkness at first made him think to be closer even than they were. This at once caused a proposal to be made for a raid upon the inhabitants of the holes; but he begged that they should not be disturbed, saying that they could do no harm where they were, and that

he couldn't but feel deeply grateful for their forbearance in confining themselves to hissing his first and, he sincerely hoped, his last appearance in a well.

PERSEPHONÉ.

A LAY OF SPRING.*

Through the dusky halls of Hadës
Thrills the echo of a voice,
Full of love, and full of longing:
'Come, and bid my heart rejoice!
Daughter, all the world is barren,
While I mourn thy long delay!'
It is fond Demeter calling
On her lost Persephoné.

Sad she leans, the queen of Hadës,
On the gloomy monarch's breast,
When upon her fettered senses
Falls that wail of Earth distrest;
And it woos her latent fancy
With a dream of days gone by—
And her heart responds in rapture
To that eager parent-cry!

Gently from the shadowy circle
Of his arms she lifts her head,
And its youthful beauty lightens
Even the Kingdom of the Dead.
Half a-dreaming, yet resistless
To the voice that bids her come,
Soft she murmurs: 'Mother calls me;
Hermes waits to lead me home.'

'Wilt thou leave me? I have loved thee,
Held thee dear as queenly wife;
It was Zeus who gave thee to me—
Life to Death, and Death to Life!'
Still a-dreaming and bewildered,
'Ah!' she says, complaining low,
'Hear ye not Demeter calling?
King and husband, let me go!'

Lingeringly he yields his darling,
But she leaves the Shadow-land
With his spell upon her spirit,
With his chain upon her hand.
'She will come again,' he whispers,
'And our union earth must own;
Young Life drawn from Death's embraces
Will return to share his throne!'

. . . . . .

Pure and queenly, all immortal,
Stands she 'neath her native skies:
Cloud and sunbeam, dew and rainbow,
Mingle in her lucid eyes:

Fitful smiles and vivid blushes
Blend to banish every tear,
And, like lute, her tender accents
Fall upon Demeter's ear:

'Mother, from the heart of Hadës
I have come again to thee!'—
Desert wide and boundless welkin,
Grove and valley, hill and sea,
All the animate creation,
All the haunts of listening day,
Echo with Demeter's answer:
'Hail, my child Persephoné!'

Lo! the world awakes to rapture;
Love rejoices, gods are glad,
Flowers unfold around her footfalls,
Youth in virgin garb is clad;
All the Muses chant a welcome;
Nymph and Naïad swell the strain;
Dancing sunbeams, laughing waters,
Aid the triumph of her train.

Where she moves, a magic whisper
Stirs the world to wanton mirth;
Winter flies before her presence;
Forms of beauty find new birth;
Nature's languid pulses flutter
With the fervid breath of Spring,
Zephyrs tell to opening blossoms:
'Eros comes to reign as king!'

Ah! while life breaks forth in music,
Emerald hues, and heavenly light,
Warmth, and love, and fairest promise,
Still a vision of the night
Glides athwart the happy Present,
Vague as harvest hopes in May;
'Tis a dream of gloomy Hadës
Haunts the young Persephoné!

So, to Mother Earth she falters:
'Though thy daughter, still his wife.
Zeus decrees in kingly fashion,
Death shall hold the hand of Life:
Zeus decrees, and in one circle
Life and Death doth still combine.
Though I crown thee with my beauty,
Though my soul is part of thine,
Yet the mighty Hadës holds me
By a power that is divine.

'But, sweet mother, Life can only
Be withdrawn. It never dies.
From the heart of sombre Hadës,
At thy call I will arise.
Year by year thy eager summons
Shall have power to break the chain,
And in all her youthful glory,
Will thy daughter come again.

'Yet, because his spell must ever
Lie upon my charmèd soul,
He, the gloomy Lord of Shadows,
Shall my wayward will control.
As I heard thee call, my mother,
So his call I must obey;
Even here shall come his mandate,
And I may not answer nay.
Ah! when harvest fruits are garnered,
Mourn thy child Persephoné.'

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

* Persephoné, according to the Greek mythology, was the daughter of Zeus (the Heavens) and Demeter (the Earth). Various legends are related of her, one of the later and most beautiful being that, when young, she was carried off by Pluto (ruler of the spirits of the dead), and by him made Queen of Hadës (the nether world). Her mother, in agony at her loss, searched for her all over the earth with torches, until at last she discovered her abode. The gods, moved by the mother's distress, sent a messenger to bring Persephoné back, and Pluto consented to let her go on condition that she returned and spent a portion of every year with him. From this, Persephoné became among the ancients the symbol of Spring, her disappearance to the lower world coinciding with winter, and her reappearance in the upper world bringing back vegetable life and beauty.

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THE MONARCH OF AFRICAN MOUNTAINS.

To those who associate the name of the great African continent only with visions of the steaming mangrove swamps of the west coast, the luxuriant flower-carpets and grasses of the south, the trackless sand-wastes of the north, and the undulating thirsty plains of 'the Bush,' whose idea of Africa, indeed, may be summed up in three words—sun, savages, and fever—to such, we say, it may be difficult to accept the knowledge that snow-capped mountains exist in the very heart of this dry and heat-engirdled land. But yet, there have been for ages, strange tales of a wonderful mountain-mass in the tropical centre, whose summit was perpetually covered with a mysterious substance which the natives called 'white salt.' Now, as perpetual snow under the equator was known only in Central America—nowhere else do mountains in the tropics reach the snow-line—there did exist for ages incredulity as to the existence of this alleged African Mont Blanc or Chimborazo. The legend referring to it must have been known to the early Portuguese travellers at least three centuries ago, for the Portuguese were at Mombasa in the sixteenth century, and as Mombasa is within one hundred and eighty miles of the mountain, and is the coast-limit of the trade-route between it and the sea, they must have heard the stories of the native and Arab traders. Others believed this Kilima-Njaro* to be merely the legendary 'Mountains of the Moon.'

The earliest authentic record of 'discovery' by a European is that of Rebmann, a German missionary, who, on the 11th of May 1848, first sighted the wonderful snowy dome. Baron Von der Decken, another German, actually reached Kilima-Njaro in 1861, and stayed on its slopes for some three months. On a second visit, Von der Decken ascended to a height of ten thousand five hundred feet, although he did not reach the snow. He was followed, in 1871, by an English missionary, the Rev. Charles New, who made two journeys to Chaga—the native name for the inhabited belt between three and seven thousand feet above the sea, stretching round the mountain—and on the second occasion was robbed and ill-used by Mandara, a native chief. Mr Joseph Thomson, after making the journey *Through Masai-land*, of which he has published so interesting an account, arrived at Kilima-Njaro in 1883. He journeyed nearly all round the base of the mountain, but did not ascend more than nine thousand feet. He also was robbed by Mandara.

It was reserved for Mr H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., to penetrate the mysteries of the 'Monarch of African Mountains,' and to record his experiences in a most interesting book, *The Kilima-Njaro Expedition* (London: Kegan Paul). Mr Johnston's experiences on the Congo qualified him for African exploration; while his services to science in other parts of the world, pointed him out as well equipped for the search into and observation of the natural history of the locality, selected for exploration by a joint-committee of the British Association and the Royal Society. To solve the many interesting problems surrounding the fauna and flora of this African alpine region, was the task delegated to Mr Johnston. He left London in March 1884, and in due course arrived at Zanzibar, where he was assisted by Sir John Kirk in getting together a band of porters, servants, and guides. After some delay at Mombasa, caused by a sharp attack of fever, Mr Johnston plunged into the wilderness at the head of his long band of porters, carrying loads of domestic necessaries, provisions, water, and 'trade' goods. The long tramp inland was a weary one, for it was through a hot and thirsty land, which sorely tried the endurance of the party.

The first glimpse of Kilima-Njaro was obtained long before the party reached its base. And here it may be proper to explain that this name

* Pronounced Killy-manjāhro, and meaning 'The Mountain of the Demon of Cold.'

is given to the whole mountain-mass, which consists of two huge peaks and a number of smaller ones, just below the third parallel south of the equator. The highest of the peaks is called Kibô, is eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is always covered with snow on the top, and occasionally down to the altitude of fourteen thousand feet. This is, so far as is at present known, the highest mountain in Africa. The twin-peak, Kimawenzi, is sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, and although above the snow-line, is not continuously snow-clad. The whole mass is of volcanic origin, and the two peaks are the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Approached from the south-east, the mountain has the appearance of lonely isolation, and presents a truly remarkable spectacle, with its peaks towering to the clouds and its glittering snow-caps. It is worth while giving in Mr Johnston's words his emotions on first gaining sight of the goal of his desires: 'With the falling temperature of the small-hours, a brisk wind arose from the heated plain, and swept the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass which obstinately clung to Kilima-Njaro. Feverish and overtired, I could not sleep, and sat and watched the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men were snoring around me, and the night was anything but silent, for the hyenas were laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I awoke my servant Virapan, and whilst he was making my morning coffee I dropped into a doze, from which at dawn he roused me and pointed to the horizon, where in the north-west a strange sight was to be seen. "Laputa," I exclaimed; and as Virapan, though he had read *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights* in his native tongue, had never heard of *Gulliver's Travels*, I proceeded to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explained my exclamation by pointing to the now visible Kilima-Njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibô and Kimawenzi, and the parent mass of mountain, rose high above a level line of cloud, and thus completely severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembled so strangely the magnetic island of Laputa.'

It was not until the thirteenth day after leaving Mombasa, that the party entered the state of Mosi, ruled over by the chief Mandara, already mentioned. This little kingdom is of about the same area as London, and is on the lower slope of the mountain, between three and four thousand feet above the sea. Splendid views are obtained from it over the plains below, and its condition is anything but one of savagery. The agriculture is of a high order, and the people, although nearly naked, are both intelligent and industrious. The fields are well intersected by artificial water-courses, led from the mountain-streams higher up, and 'the air is musical with the murmur of trickling rivulets and the tinkling bells of the flocks and herds.' Wherever the ground is not in cultivation, it is covered with brilliantly coloured wild flowers of numberless known and unknown species; the hum of bees is suggestive of endless stores of honey; and the flow of milk is guaranteed by the innumerable herds of mild-eyed kine cropping the rich pasture.

Finding that the feuds between the Mosi people and the other mountain tribes were a bar to his progress through Mandara's country, Mr Johnston withdrew, and negotiated treaties of peace and commerce with one of the rival potentates whose territory extended nearer the summit. Before doing this, however, he had to retire to a place called Taveita, through which he had passed on his way to Mandara's. Of this place he says: 'From the day of my first arrival up to the time of my final departure, it seemed to me one of the loveliest spots on the earth's surface.'

Taveita is the sort of trade centre of the district, and is ruled over by a senate of notables, called the 'Wazëë,' or elders, who preserve law and order, and arbitrate in disputes between the resident natives and the nomadic traders. Its population is about six thousand.

From Taveita, Mr Johnston negotiated with the chief of Maranû, a state rather larger than Middlesex, on the south-eastern flank of the mountain. After many preliminaries and much exchanging of presents, he was at length admitted into this kingdom, and had positively to crawl into it through the defensive stockades, which it seems the custom in this country for the separate peoples to erect around their domains. Between the kingdom of Maranû and the summit of Kibô, there lay no opposing tribe, so that, having obtained guides, Mr Johnston was, after a little delay, enabled to continue his journey to the snow.

The route crossed a fine river, and lay at first through a smiling and fertile country, with signs of cultivation and flourishing banana-groves up to an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet. Shortly after that, cultivation ceased, and a heathy district was reached, with grassy knolls and numerous small streams of running water. The ascent was very gradual, and the first night was spent in camp at six thousand five hundred feet. Leaving this, a dense forest was reached at seven thousand feet; then a district of uplands thickly covered with moss and ferns, studded with short gnarled trees, and teeming with begonias and sweet-scented flowering shrubs, but with few signs of animal life. At nine thousand feet, the region was clear of forests, and merely covered with grass; but higher up, the woodland began again, and water became very abundant. The third camp was formed at ten thousand feet, and here the party encountered a terrific thunderstorm and rainfall. It was succeeded by a fair and serene morning, leaving the two snow-peaks in full view against a cloudless blue sky. At this point Mr Johnston resided nearly a month, actively prosecuting his collecting and observing, and preparing for the final ascent. Then, one day, with three followers only, he started for great Kibô.

For some two thousand feet higher, vegetation is abundant; and even at twelve thousand six hundred feet the party struck a pretty little stream, on the banks of which were patches of level green-sward and abundance of gay flowers, while the spoor of buffaloes was also observed. Strange sessile thistles, five feet in circumference, were noticed; and an extraordinary lobelia, between three and four feet in height, with bright-blue blossoms, as also other remarkable plants. Bees and wasps

were still to be seen at this high altitude, and bright little sunbirds darting about. But beyond thirteen thousand feet, vegetation was seen only in dwarfed patches, and the ground became covered with boulders, lying in confused masses, with occasional huge slabs of rock, singularly marked like tortoise-shells. At thirteen thousand six hundred feet, the last resident bird was noticed —a species of stonechat—although high-soaring kites and great-billed ravens were seen even higher up. At fourteen thousand one hundred and seventeen feet, the Zanzibari followers were thoroughly done up, and began to show unmistakable signs of fear of the 'bogey' of the mountain, so they were left to prepare a sleeping-place for the night, while Mr Johnston continued the ascent alone.

At fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty feet he reached the central connecting ridge of Kilima-Njaro, and could see part of both sides. The 'Monarch,' however, was veiled in clouds. What followed cannot better be given than in the adventurer's own words: 'At length —and it was so sudden and so fleeting, that I had no time to fully take in the majesty of the snowy dome of Kibô—the clouds parted, and I looked on a blaze of snow so blinding white under the brief flicker of sunlight, that I could see little detail. Since sunrise that morning I had caught no glimpse of Kibô, and now it was suddenly presented to me with unusual and startling nearness. . . . Knowing now the direction of my goal, I rose from the clammy stones, and clutching my sketch-book with benumbed hands, began once more to ascend westwards. Seeing but a few yards in front of me, choked with mist, I made but slow progress; nevertheless, I continually mounted along a gently sloping, hummocky ridge, where the spaces in between the masses of rock were filled with fine yellowish sand. The slabs of rock were so slippery with the drizzling mist, that I very often nearly lost my footing, and I thought with a shudder what a sprained ankle would mean here.

'At length, after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encountered snow lying at my very feet, and nearly plunged headlong into a great rift filled with snow, that here seemed to cut across the ridge and interrupt it. The dense mist cleared a little in a partial manner, and I then saw to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits were concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow was just discernible, and altogether the prospect was such a gloomy one, with its all-surrounding curtain of sombre cloud, and its uninhabited wastes of snow and rock, that my heart sank within me at my loneliness. . . . Turning momentarily northwards, I rounded the rift of snow, and once more dragged myself, now breathless and panting, and with aching limbs, along the slippery ridge of bare rock, which went ever mounting upwards. . . . The feeling that overcame me when I sat and gasped for breath on the wet and slippery rocks at this great height, was one of overwhelming isolation. I felt as if I should never more regain the force to move, and must remain and die amid this horrid solitude of stones and snow. Then I took some brandy-and-water from my flask, and a little courage came back to me. I was miserably cold, the driving mist having wetted me to the skin. Yet the temperature recorded here was above the freezing-point, being thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. . . . The mercury rose to 183·8. This observation, when properly computed, and with the correction added for the temperature of the intermediate air, gives a height of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifteen feet as the highest point I attained on Kilima-Njaro.'

When he returned to the camping-place, Mr Johnston found that his three followers had deserted him, being thoroughly terrified, and certain that the white man had perished on the lonely heights. With much difficulty he made his way to the station on the lower ground, where the great body of his attendants had remained; and in due course the whole party arrived safely again at Taveita. From there a new route was taken, by way of Lake Jipé, to the coast at Pangani, where the followers were paid off. An English mission afforded Mr Johnston shelter until he could get a passage on an Arab *dau* to Zanzibar, where he caught the mail-steamer; and in little more than six weeks after getting his last glimpse of the snow-peaks of Kilima-Njaro, from the shores of Lake Jipé, the gallant explorer was in London once more.

Although attaining the highest altitude yet reached by man in Africa, Mr Johnston did not complete the conquest of Kilima-Njaro. But he reached within two thousand feet of the summit; and having shown the way, it will be odd if some of the adventurous spirits among alpine climbers do not essay the task of peering into the hidden depths of the crater of Kibô. Be this as it may, the expedition has resulted in the acquisition of a vast amount of valuable information about the geography, the fauna, and flora of this strange district, where in two days you can ascend from equatorial heat to arctic cold. Even in the plains, the temperature is, for six months in the year, quite bearable, and in some parts delightful. The extreme fertility of the mountain slopes, the abundance of game, the stores of ivory to be obtained from the vast herds of elephants, the rare and beautiful skins—in short, all the known riches of animal and vegetable production, and the supposed existence of mineral deposits, such as copper and nitrate of soda, point to this district as destined to play an important part in the future of Africa.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIII.

'FATHER, father,' Dr Whitaker whispered in a low voice, 'let us go aside a little—down into my cabin or somewhere—away from this crowd here. I am so glad, so happy to be back with you again; so delighted to be home once more, dear, dear father. But don't you see, everybody is looking at us and observing us!'

The old mulatto glanced around him with an oily glance of profound self-satisfaction. Yes, undoubtedly; he was the exact centre of an admiring audience. It was just such a house as he loved to play to. He turned once more to his trembling son, whose sturdy knees were

almost giving way feebly beneath him, and redoubled the ardour of his paternal demonstrativeness. 'My son, my son, my own dear boy!' he said once more; and then, stepping back two paces and opening his arms effusively, he ran forward quickly with short mincing steps, and pressed the astonished doctor with profound warmth to his swelling bosom. There was an expansiveness and a gushing effusion about the action which made the spectators titter audibly; and the titter cut the poor young mulatto keenly to the heart with a sense of his utter helplessness and ridiculousness in this absurd situation. He wondered to himself when the humiliating scene would ever be finished. But the old man was not satisfied yet. Releasing his son once more from his fat grasp, he placed his two big hands akimbo on his hips, puckered up his eyebrows as if searching for some possible flaw in a horse or in a woman's figure—he was a noted connoisseur in either—and held his head pushed jauntily forward, staring once more at his son with his small pig's eyes from top to toe. At last, satisfied apparently with his close scrutiny, and prepared to acknowledge that it was all very good, he seized the young doctor quickly by the shoulders, and kissing him with a loud smack on either cheek, proceeded to slobber him piecemeal all over the face, exactly like a nine-months'-old baby. Dr Whitaker's cheeks tingled and burned, so that even through that dusky skin, Edward, who stood a little distance off, commiserating him, could see the hot blood rushing to his face by the deepened and darkened colour in the very centre.

Presently, old Bobby seemed to be sufficiently sated with this particular form of theatrical entertainment, and turned round pleasantly to the remainder of the company. 'My son,' he said, not without a real touch of heart-felt, paternal pride, as he glanced towards the gentlemanly looking and well-dressed young doctor, 'your fellow-passengers! Introduce me! Which is de son of my ole and valued friend, de Honourable James Hawtorn, of Wagwater?'

Dr Whitaker, glad to divert attention from himself on any excuse, waved his hand quietly towards Edward.

'How do you do, Mr Whitaker?' Edward said, in as low and quiet a tone as possible, anxious as he was to disappoint the little gaping crowd of amused spectators. 'We have all derived a great deal of pleasure from your son's society on our way across. His music has been the staple entertainment of the whole voyage. We have appreciated it immensely.'

But old Bobby was not to be put off with private conversation aside in a gentle undertone. He was accustomed to living his life in public, and he wasn't going to be balked of his wonted entertainment. 'Yes, Mr Hawtorn,' he answered in a loud voice, 'you are right, sah. De taste for music an' de taste for beauty in de ladies are two tastes dat are seldom wantin' to de sons or de grandsons of Africa, however far removed from de original negro.' (As he spoke, he glanced back with a touch of contempt and an infinite superiority of manner at the pure-blooded blacks, who were now busily engaged in picking up portmanteaus from the deck, and squabbling with one another as to which was to carry the buckras' luggage. Your mulatto, however dark, always in a good-humoured, tolerant way, utterly despises his coal-black brethren.) 'Bote dose tastes are highly developed in my own pusson. Bote no doubt my son, Wilberforce Clarkson Whitaker, is liable to inherit from his fader's family. In de exercise of de second, I cannot fail to perceive dat dis lady beside you must be Mrs Hawtorn. Sah'—with a sidelong leer of his fat eyes—'I congratulate you mos' sincerely on your own taste in female beauty. A very nice, fresh-lookin' young lady, Mrs Hawtorn.'

Marian's face grew fiery red; and Edward hardly knew whether to laugh off the awkward compliment, or to draw himself up and stroll away, as though the conversation had reached its natural ending.

'And de odder young lady,' Bobby went on, quite unconscious of the effect he had produced—'de odder young lady? Your sister, now, or Mrs Hawtorn's?'

'This is Miss Dupuy of Orange Grove,' Edward answered hesitatingly; for he hardly knew what remark old Bobby might next venture upon. And indeed, as a matter of fact, the old mulatto's conversation, even in the presence of ladies, was not at all times restrained by all those artificial rules of decorum imposed on most of us by what appeared to him a ridiculously strait-laced and puritanical white conventionality.

But Edward's answer seemed to have an extraordinary effect in sobering and toning down the old man's exuberant volubility; he pulled off his hat with a respectful bow, and said in a lower and more polite voice: 'I have de honour of knowing Miss Dupuy's fader; I am proud to make Miss Dupuy's acquaintance.'

'Here, Bobby!' the captain called out from a little forward—'you come here, say. The first-officer wants to introduce you'—with a wink at Edward—'to His Excellency the Peruvian ambassador.—Look here, Mr Hawthorn; don't you let Bobby talk too long to your ladies, sir. He sometimes blurts out something, you know, that ladies ain't exactly accustomed to. We seafaring men are a bit rough on occasion ourselves, certainly; but we know how to behave for all that before the women.—Bobby, don't; you'd better be careful.'

'Thank you,' Edward said, and again felt his heart smitten with a sort of remorse for poor Dr Whitaker. That quick, sensitive, enthusiastic young man to be tied down for life to such a father! It was too terrible. In fact, it was a tragedy.

'Splendid take-down for that stuck-up, young brown doctor,' the English officer exclaimed aside in a whisper to Edward. 'Shake a little of the confounded conceit out of him, I should say. He wanted taking down a peg.—Screaming farce, isn't he, the old father?'

'I never saw a more pitiable or pitiful scene in my whole life,' Edward answered earnestly. 'Poor fellow, I'm profoundly sorry for him; he looks absolutely broken-hearted.'

The young officer gazed at him in mute astonishment. 'Can't see a joke, that fellow Hawthorn,' he thought to himself. 'Had all the fun worked out of him, I suppose, over there at Cambridge. Awful prig! Quite devoid of

the sense of humour. Sorry for his poor wife; she'll have a dull life of it.—Never saw such an amusing old fool in all my days as that ridiculous, fat old nigger fellow!'

Meanwhile, James Hawthorn had been standing on the wharf, waiting for the first crush of negroes and hangers-on to work itself off, and looking for an easy opportunity to come aboard in order to meet his son and daughter. By-and-by the crush subsided, and the old man stepped on to the gangway and made his way down upon the deck.

In a moment, Edward was wringing his hand fervently, and father and son had exchanged one single kiss of recognition in that half-shamefaced, hasty fashion in which men of our race usually get through that very un-English ceremony of greeting.

'Father, father,' Edward said, 'I am so thankful to see you once more; so anxious to see my dear mother.'

There were tears standing in both their eyes as his father answered: 'My boy, my boy! I've denied myself this pleasure for years; and now—now it's come, it's almost too much for me.'

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr Hawthorn turned to Marian. 'My daughter,' he said, kissing her with a fatherly kiss, 'we know you, and love you already, from Edward's letters; and we'll do our best, as far as we can, to make you happy.'

There was another pause, and then the father said again: 'You didn't get my telegram, Edward?'

'Yes, father, I got it; but not till we were on the very point of starting. The steamer was actually under weigh, and we couldn't have stopped even if we had wished to. There was nothing for it but to come on as we were, in spite of it.'

'Oh, Mr Hawthorn, there's papa!' Nora cried excitedly. 'There he is, coming down the gangway.' And as she spoke, Mr Dupuy's portly form was seen advancing towards them with slow deliberateness.

For a second, he gazed about him curiously, looking for Nora; then, as he saw her, he walked over towards her in his leisurely, dawdling, West Indian fashion. Nora darted forward and flung her arms impulsively around him. 'So you've come, Nora,' the old gentleman said quietly, disembarrassing himself with elephantine gracefulness from her close embrace—'so you've come, after all, in spite of my telegram!—How was this, my dear? How was this, tell me?'

'Yes, papa,' Nora answered, a little abashed at his serene manner. 'The telegram was too late—it was thrown on board after we'd started. But we've got out all safe, you see.—And Marian—you know—Marian Ord—Mrs Hawthorn that is now—she's taken great care of me; and, except for the hurricane, we've had such a delightful voyage!'

Mr Dupuy drew himself up to his stateliest eminence and looked straight across at Marian Hawthorn with stiff politeness. 'I didn't know it was to Mrs Hawthorn, I'm sure,' he said, 'that I was to be indebted for your safe arrival here in Trinidad. It was very good of Mrs Hawthorn, I don't doubt, to bring you out to us and act as your chaperon. I am much obliged to Mrs Hawthorn for her kind attention and care of you on the voyage. I must thank Mrs Hawthorn very sincerely for the trouble she may have been put to on your account.—Good-morning, Mrs Hawthorn!—Good-morning, Mr Hawthorn! Your son, I suppose? Ah, so I imagined.—Good-morning, good-morning.' He raised his hat with formal courtesy to Marian, and bowed slightly to the son and father. Then he drew Nora's arm carefully in his, and was just about to walk her immediately off the steamer, when Nora burst from him in the utmost amazement and rushed up to kiss Marian. 'Papa,' she cried, 'I don't think you understand. This is Marian Ord, don't you know? General Ord's daughter, that I've written to you about so often. She's my dearest friend, and now she's married to Mr Edward Hawthorn—this is he—and Aunt Harriet gave me in charge to her to come across with; and I *must* just say good-bye to her before I leave her.—Thank you, dear, thank you both so much for all your kindness. Not, of course, that it matters about saying good-bye to you, for you and we will be such very, very near neighbours, and of course we'll see a great deal of one another.—Won't we, papa? We shall be near neighbours, and see a great deal of Marian always, now she's come here to live—won't we?'

Mr Dupuy bowed again very stiffly. 'We shall be very near neighbours, undoubtedly,' he answered with unruffled politeness; 'and I shall hope to take an early opportunity of paying my respects to—to your friend, General Ord's daughter.—I am much obliged, once more, to Mrs Hawthorn for her well-meant attentions. Good-morning.—This way, Nora, my dear. This way to the Orange Grove carriage.'

'Father,' Edward exclaimed, in doubt and dismay, looking straight down into his father's eyes, 'what does it all mean? Explain it all to us. I'm utterly bewildered. Why did you telegraph to us not to come? And why did Nora Dupuy's father telegraph to her, too, an identical message?'

Mr Hawthorn drew a deep breath and looked back at him with a face full of consternation and pity. 'He telegraphed to her, too, did he?' he muttered half to himself in slow reflection. 'He telegraphed to prevent her from coming out in the *Severn!* I might have guessed as much—it's very like him.—My boy, my boy—and my dear daughter—this is a poor welcome for you, a very poor welcome! We never wanted you to come out here; and if we could, we would have prevented it. But now that you've come, you've come, and there's no helping it. We must just try to do our best to make you both tolerably comfortable.'

Marian stood in blank astonishment and silent wonder at this strange greeting. A thousand vague possibilities floated instantaneously through her mind, to be dismissed the next second, on closer consideration, as absolutely impossible. Why on earth did this handsome, dignified, courtly old gentleman wish to keep them away from Trinidad? He wasn't poor; he wasn't uneducated; he wasn't without honour in his own country. That he was a gentleman to the backbone, she could see and feel the moment

she looked at him and heard him speak. What, then, could be his objection to his son's coming out to visit him in his own surroundings? Had he committed some extraordinary crime? Was he an ex-convict, or a fraudulent bankrupt, or a defaulting trustee? Did he fear to let his son discover his shame? But no. The bare idea was absolutely impossible. You had only to gaze once upon that fine, benevolent, clear-cut, transparently truthful face—as transparently truthful as Edward's own—to see immediately that James Hawthorn was a man of honour. It was an insoluble mystery, and Marian's heart sank within her as she wondered to herself what this gloomy welcome foreboded for the future.

'Father,' Edward exclaimed, looking at him once more with appealing eyes, 'do explain to us what you mean? Why didn't you want us to come to Trinidad? The suspense is too terrible! We shall be expecting something worse than the reality. Tell us now. Whatever it is, we are strong enough to bear it. I know it can be nothing mean or dishonourable that you have to conceal from us! For Marian's sake, explain it, explain it!'

The old man turned his face away with a bitter gesture. 'My boy, my boy, my poor boy,' he answered slowly and remorsefully, 'I cannot tell you. I can never tell you. You will find it out for yourself soon enough. But I—I—I can never tell you!'

DUST AND HOUSE REFUSE:

SHOWING WHAT BECOMES OF IT.

If any of our readers are in the habit of passing a contractor's or town's yard, he will, perhaps, remember perceiving, alongside the outer walls, a busy scene going on, which he cannot exactly make out. A crowd of women toiling and moiling amid heaps of rubbish, two or three barges laden with vegetable refuse, he can distinguish plainly enough; but it is not until he sees a string of dustcarts slowly wending their way towards the distant wharf, that the thought flashes upon his mind that the busy human ants he has been watching are scavengers, sorting and arranging the refuse of the great towns and cities. There is nothing particularly attractive in a scavenger's yard: neither the sights nor the smells are pleasant; nevertheless, the scene that here meets his eye, repellent as it is, could not exist in any other than a high state of civilisation. When we think of it, the dustbin is the tomb of the householder; it is the grave into which all our domestic surroundings inevitably sink. Of old, in the ruder states of society, this dust and refuse found its final rest in mother earth; but with us, its removal by the scavenger is only the first stage of its elevation to a higher existence, if we may so speak. In detail, as it exists in every household, it is a nuisance to be got rid of; in the aggregate, it becomes a valuable commodity, to be re-imported into our arts and manufactures.

As the great lumbering carts arrive in a dust-contractor's yard, their contents are emptied into isolated heaps. No sooner does this take place, than they are each in detail attacked by grimy men, who remove all the larger articles, such as vegetable matter, old coal-scuttles, old crinolines—or rather crinolettes—old hats, and old garments. This is a kind of rough sifting which prepares the heap for the attacks of the women, who instantly settle upon every heap like a flock of crows that may happen to spy any carrion in a field. Each woman as she settles upon the heap comes sieve in hand, and spreads around her a number of baskets; the man now fills the sieve, and the process of separating the dust-heap into its elements begins. The first few shakes of the sieve throw down all the fine ashes and the coal-dust. This detritus becomes a very valuable commodity when collected and put to its right use. It is used by brick-makers to mix with the clay, and does its part in the ultimate baking of the brick. In the neighbourhood of most of our railways, our readers may have noticed vast heaps of fine black dust burning with a slow combustion and with much smoke. These heaps consist of bricks which are being baked. They are placed in rows a little apart, and their interstices are filled with the fine 'breeze,' as the coal-ashes are termed; a light is set below, and gradually the whole mass fires to a dull red heat, the 'breeze' intimately mixed with the clay helping to bake the inside of the brick in the most perfect manner without vitrifying it. The 'breeze' is the most valuable portion of the dust, and it rises or falls in value according to the amount of building going on and to the rate of its production; in the summer, but little, comparatively, is made. Coal-dust, it must be remembered, is entirely a distinct refuse from road-dust, which also possesses a certain value, as we shall show by-and-by. When all the finer refuse has passed through the sieve, the larger and coarser articles remain upon the top. There glisten some pieces of broken glass; this, of course, only requires to be remelted to be put once more into circulation in the world. Considering the brittle nature of this material and the enormous quantities of it employed, it is fortunate that it is almost indestructible. When we break a window, we only alter the arrangement of its particles. Broken into a thousand pieces, it remains as good glass as ever; time will not touch it. The remnants of glass that are found among the Roman remains that have been lying in the ground for two thousand years, are as fit for the glass-pot as though it had been made yesterday; phials and old bottles are rarely even chipped, hence they are merely washed, and they pass again into the drawers of the chemist or apothecary.

Bones form another constant contribution to the sieve, and a valuable item they are to the dust contractor. There is a grand tussle going on for their possession both by the manufacturer and agriculturist. The larger bones are first boiled, in order to extract all their fat and gelatine. The purposes the former article is put to are too numerous to be mentioned; a good deal of the finer kind goes to make pomatum and soap; the gelatine is, we do not doubt, used as the basis of soups; and we know that it is employed in the manufacture of jujube lozenges. The smaller bones, which cannot be used in the constructive arts, are equally valuable in agriculture. When ground down to a fine powder

and mixed with sulphuric acid, they become that great fertiliser, superphosphate of lime, restoring to the soil all the productive qualities that have been taken out of it by over-cropping. Wheat-growing is very exhaustive to the soil; indeed, we could not go on growing wheat for many years without reducing it to sterility, were it not for the use of this superphosphate. Phosphorus, again, is another extractive from bones.

Old iron finds its way into a very spacious sieve. Like the glass, its substance is difficult to destroy; indeed, some old iron is rendered much more valuable by being knocked about. Thus, old iron in the form of horseshoes, and horseshoe nails, fetches a much higher price than the original metal from which they were made; the toughness it acquires by constant blows and concussions gives it a greatly enhanced value in the market. Old tinned articles, such as slop-pails and saucepans, are first heated, to recover their tin and the solder with which they are made, both of which articles are more valuable than the old iron. Paper is carefully collected, and goes once again to the paper-mills. Like glass, the original fibre is very indestructible; for all we know, the note-paper on which we indite the tenderest love-letters to our beloved was made from an old account-book of a tallow-chandler, or from the musty records of the past centuries. In turning over the ragman's basket, what a singular history we have! The ball-dress of a lady drops into a rag-basket and reappears as a billet-doux; disappears again to reappear once more in the drawing-room or the nursery as a workbox of papier-mâché, or a doll, or even into the wheels of railway trucks, and other uses to which paper is now put.

Whilst, however, we are watching the sifters grubbing over the heaps—as we have said, like so many crows—they all rise together, as we sometimes see these birds do, without any apparent cause, and make off to the nearest public-house. But there is a cause, we may be sure, for this sudden flight. If you ask the overlooker, he speedily enlightens you. 'Oh, they've been and found some money in the dustheap, and when they do, it is a rule among them to share it together in drink.' By-and-by, their little jollification over, they return. If there is anything that can be used as food in the dust, the 'hill-women' are entitled to it as a perquisite. In this manner they obtain many pieces of bread which the reader might not like to eat, but which they either do not object to, or put to other uses.

All the pieces of wood are also considered to be theirs; and when they leave work, they may be seen laden with fuel of this kind, which saves them more expensive firing. The broken china and crockery goes to make the foundations of roads and paths; and all the 'soft core'—namely, refuse vegetable matter—is returned directly to the fields in the shape of manure. Old clothes are not the least valuable items of the dustyard. Anything in the shape of cotton, even to the covering of the crinoline steels and stay-bones, is put aside for the paper-mill. Cloth finds its way to the shoddy-mills of Lancashire, where it is purified and ground down and remade into coarse cloth. The old woollen garments that are turned thus into shoddy are equal to a contribution of twenty-five thousand tons of wool. Yet these old clothes, not many years ago, were considered of no more value than to be thrown upon the manure-heap, there slowly to suffer disintegration until fit to be placed upon the land. Indeed, there is a class of rags which is now taken directly to the soil. Old house and dish cloths soaked with grease and animal refuse make capital manure. In the dust-contractors' yards we may see them spread upon the ground to dry, preparatory to their being forwarded to the hop-grounds, where they are much used for the cultivation of that plant. Old boots and shoes, if not too much dilapidated, find their way to the back slums of the town, where a class of tradesmen live who patch them up, and, by the aid of heel-ball, make them once more presentable.

We had almost forgotten to say that no inconsiderable amount of coal is rescued from the dustheap. This, of course, does not go to the brickyard; it is purchased by the poor. In well-to-do neighbourhoods, and especially in the fashionable quarter of the town, the ashes are rarely sifted; hence, pieces of coal half-burnt, or small lumps, are thrown away every morning. This extravagance makes the 'dust' of the better portions of the town far more valuable than that collected from the poverty-stricken districts. Indeed, the dust in the aristocratic portion of the town is richer in every valuable refuse—there are more bones, more 'breeze,' more refuse clothing, than ever find a chance of getting into the boxes and middens of the poor quarter.

We have said that the dust from the roads is kept distinct from the dust of the ashpit. Road-dust is always very rich in manure, which makes it valuable as a top-dressing for meadows. It is also largely used to mix with soft clay for the making of inferior bricks, and we have ascertained that it is also used for a more unsightly adulteration. The composition with which many of the cheaply run-up houses are smoothed over and made to appear ornamental, is very freely mixed with road-dust. The evil of this we speedily see in the green stains with which all such structures are disfigured, such green stains being nothing more than a vegetation that occurs in all damp spots, and finds its support in this surreptitious dust.

Thus the grimy scavenger and 'hill-women' perform a valuable part in the world. By their aid we return to the exhausted fields the riches the towns have drawn from them; and they arrest from speedy destruction a score of valuable products, and set them once more in circulation in the busy world.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—INVISIBLE.

When the púsári came to his senses, he found himself lying in the jungle. It was early morning; but there was sufficient light for him to distinguish the surrounding objects. He sat up and looked about him. At first, he could not realise where he was; but when recollection of his night's adventure flashed across his mind, he became instantly wide awake. He looked curiously and anxiously round. There was not

the least sign of any village or habitation of any sort—only dense, pathless jungle all round! For some time he sat trying to recall the incidents of the past night. It seemed to him like a wild dream. He shuddered when he thought of it, and rising hastily, he prepared to leave the uncanny spot. But he could see no path or track of any kind. At length, noting the position of the sun, he decided that Pandiyán must be in a certain direction, and at once began to make his way through the jungle towards it. It was laborious and slow work forcing his way through the dense undergrowth; but in about half an hour he struck a path which he recognised as leading from a neighbouring village to Pandiyán. He had not gone far along this path when he met a man driving a number of pack-bullocks. To his surprise, the leading bullock came straight towards him, as if it did not see him; and the path being narrow, he had to step aside into the jungle to avoid it.

'Hallo, brother!' he said to the man driving the bullocks, 'where are you going, and what have you got in the packs?'

The man took no notice and made no answer, but merely shouted to his bullocks and passed on. The púsári was inclined to be angry at the man's supposed rudeness; but thinking that perhaps he was deaf and had not seen him, he went on his way without remark.

Presently he met a man from a neighbouring village whom he knew well, coming along the path towards him. 'Salaam, Arúmúkam!' he said as they neared each other; 'you are about early this morning.'

To his great astonishment, the man came striding along as if he neither saw nor heard him; and the púsári had to jump hastily aside, lest he should be thrown down. For a few moments he stared after his retreating friend, amazed at his extraordinary conduct; then he burst into a passion, and shouting after him loudly, cursed him and his manners. But the man went quietly on without replying, or even turning his head.

Very much surprised at what had happened, and in an angry, disturbed frame of mind, the púsári resumed his journey. Soon he came to the river. As he went down the steep descent to the water, he was horror-struck to see a huge wild elephant appear from behind the bushes overhanging the river, a few yards off, and come towards him. There was no way of escape. The banks of the river rose perpendicularly on either side of him, and there was no time for him to scramble back by the way he had come. On came the elephant, dripping with water from its morning bath in the river, and lazily swinging its trunk and flapping its ears. The púsári stood petrified with terror in full view of the animal, unable to move hand or foot. The elephant advanced till it stood directly over him. But instead of throwing him down and crushing him to death, as the púsári momentarily expected, it leisurely broke off a branch from a bush on the bank above him and slowly munched it. He could feel its hot breath as he crouched against the bank under its huge head. Suddenly it turned away, listened for a moment to some sound in the distance, and then walked slowly off down the river. With a feeling of intense relief, he watched it out of sight. It was evident the elephant had neither seen nor smelt him; but for what reason he could not imagine.

Picking up his stick, which he had dropped in his fright, the púsári went down to the water to wade through to the other side; and then he discovered the reason of the strange behaviour of the two men he had met, and why the elephant had not molested him. As he entered the pool, he happened to glance down, and instantly saw, to his intense horror, that his form was not reflected in it! It was some moments before he realised what had happened. He was invisible! The water he had drunk at the pisási village was a magic draught, and its effect had been to make him invisible. Long and earnestly did he gaze down into the water; but in vain; only the reflection of the blue sky and overhanging trees appeared on the bright face of the pool. At length, in an agony of alarm and distress, he waded through the water, without, however, causing the faintest ripple on its surface, and hurried off to the village, in the hope of finding that his dreadful suspicion was not true. Close to the village he met a boy, the son of a neighbour, driving some cattle to the tank pasture; the urchin passed him without a word and without looking at him. The púsári groaned aloud and passed on. Soon he reached the village, and passed through, glancing about him with terrified anxiety, in the hope that some one would recognise him. But though several of the villagers were standing about, not one of them took the smallest notice of him. He went straight to his own house. Just as he reached the gate, his daughter came out carrying a water-pot on her hip; she was going to the well for water. The púsári stood before her in an agony of fear and expectation. To his unutterable horror, she walked past him without the slightest sign of recognition!

'Vallee, my child!' he cried, stretching out his hands beseechingly, 'do you not see me?' But the girl walked on unconcernedly.

Just then a woman came out of a hut near by bound on the same errand as herself. 'Well, child,' she exclaimed, addressing Vallee, 'what did the múdliya say to your father?'

'I don't know,' she replied; 'he has not come back yet.'

This answer completely dispelled the hope that the púsári had clung to—that his daughter might yet recognise him. He knew now what a mighty spell was on him, and that he was invisible to mortal eyes, and had no substance or voice. Wringing his hands and wailing aloud, but inaudibly to all human ears, he followed the two women to the well, and listened with agony and despair in his heart to their chatter and laughter. Several times he shouted, as he thought loudly, to his daughter, in the hope of making her hear, and also attempted to seize her by the arm; but she neither heard his voice nor felt his touch. Before entering the house again, on her return from the well, Vallee looked for some moments in the direction of the path to Mánkúlam, in the hope or expectation, apparently, of seeing her father appear, little thinking how near he was to her. The púsári entered the hut with her and sat down in his

accustomed corner, overwhelmed by his terrible misfortune.

Suddenly there was a noise in the village outside. Some one, in loud excited tones, was relating something which seemed to be of startling import, from the loud ejaculations of surprise that followed. Listening intently, the púsári heard a man say: 'Yes, the múdliya has been murdered, and his money-box broken open and rifled!'

Vallee, too, had evidently caught the words, for, starting up, she rushed out, and was followed by her father. A number of villagers were standing under a tree listening to a man whom the púsári recognised as an inhabitant of Mánkúlam. He was talking rapidly and with much gesticulation. On catching sight of Vallee, he stopped short, and with a glance round, asked loudly and abruptly: 'Where is your father, child?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl, noting with surprise the meaning looks which the villagers exchanged. 'He went last night to Mánkúlam to see the múdliya, and has not yet come home.'

'The múdliya has been murdered,' said the man gravely; 'and the púsári's knife has been found, and it is covered with blood!'

Vallee instantly understood what the man implied. With widely opened eyes and parted lips, she stood transfixed to the spot. She knew too well her father's uncontrollable temper, not to feel him capable of any deed, however atrocious, when his passions were roused. Yet she loved him fondly and sincerely, and when she realised the awful nature of the crime with which he was charged, she threw herself on the ground and abandoned herself to grief and despair, refusing the comfort offered her by the women standing round.

The villagers, meanwhile, plied the bringer of the news with questions. He related how the múdliya's little grandson had been present at a stormy interview between his grandfather and the púsári, at which the latter had uttered many threats; how, after the púsári had left the house, he had returned when the múdliya was alone, and had murdered him, and then robbed him of all his money and jewels. This was proved by the finding of his knife covered with blood, and by his disappearance, he having clearly fled to escape the penalty of his crime. The púsári's rage on hearing himself charged with such a dreadful deed was excessive. Boiling over with wrath, he turned about in the crowd, addressing one and then another with indignant denials and protests. But though he shouted and raved and gesticulated, no one saw or heard him; and at length, seeing how fruitless his efforts to make himself heard were, he quieted down and waited to see what would be done next.

Presently, a party of villagers, full of pleasant excitement and curiosity, started off for Mánkúlam, the scene of the murder, and the púsári decided to go with them. As they went along, he listened with grim, bitter amusement to the remarks his fellow-villagers made about him. His unneighbourly hatred of Iyan Elúvan, his violent temper and quarrelsome nature, were the subject of general condemnation. It appeared, by what they said, that one and all of the party had long foreseen what his evil passions would bring him to. Every man of them believed him to be guilty of the murder, and there was not one to express any doubt or to say a good word for him.

In such pleasant converse the party arrived at Mánkúlam, and went to the headman's house. It was crowded inside and out by an excited, curious throng. The púsári made his way into the hut. On a bed, in the middle of it, lay the body of the múdliya. A wound in the throat, exposed to view, showed how he had come by his death, and indications were not wanting that he had struggled hard for life. A number of women, relatives of the deceased, were shrieking in chorus the death-wail over the corpse. In a corner of the hut sat a young man, a minor headman from a neighbouring village, busily engaged in inquiring into all the circumstances of the murder. He was occupied in making a list, from the statements of the murdered man's relatives, of the missing articles of jewellery. The strong-box from which they had been stolen stood, with its lid broken, before him. Lying on the floor beside him was a knife, which the púsári immediately recognised as his own, though how it got there and came to be covered with blood, was more than he could guess. As he listened to the questions of the headman and heard the remarks of the bystanders, the púsári began to feel a kind of grim satisfaction in the fact of his being invisible, so black seemed the case against him. He could not but feel that the evidence produced more than justified them all in believing him to be the murderer.

As he moved invisibly about the hut, he suddenly caught sight of his enemy Iyan Elúvan entering the door. Iyan was accompanied by his younger brother Valan, Vallee's lover, a tall, well-made young man, with handsome, pleasant features. The two men were very unlike each other in every way—in features, expression, and manner, and no stranger would have thought them to be brothers. On catching sight of Iyan, the púsári moved close to him and watched him keenly. He had a nervous downcast air, very different from his usual hard, bold expression. He looked furtively and quickly round, and the púsári noticed a peculiar expression pass over his face as he glanced at the corpse and then hurriedly averted his eyes. A thought, a suspicion suddenly rushed into the púsári's mind. There stood the murderer! It was Iyan Elúvan who had taken the múdliya's life; and he had used his enemy's knife, of which he had in some way got possession, in order to cast the suspicion on him. As the thought struck him, the púsári stepped fiercely forward to seize and denounce him; then he recollected his strange position, and with a strong effort, restrained himself. For some moments he stood glaring malevolently but invisibly at his enemy.

'This is an awful thing, Iyan,' remarked a man standing by.

'Ay,' he responded in a gruff, harsh voice. 'I felt sure that mad fool Ráman Ummiyan would do this. I met him yesterday on his way here, and heard him swear he would have the múdliya's life.'

On hearing this lie, the púsári's rage boiled over, but he could do nothing but utter inaudible curses and threats. He soon tired, however, of his useless ravings, and calmed down once more. Iyan did not remain long in the house; he went to the headman, who took down his statement, to which he swore, adding many cunning and malicious embellishments, which made the lie seem very like truth. As he left the hut accompanied by his brother, the púsári followed them. The brothers separated in the village, and Iyan started for Pandiyán with his unseen enemy behind him. The púsári could not rid himself of the feeling that he was still visible, and so followed at some distance. Iyan walked fast, glancing over his shoulder from time to time and muttering as he went.

The púsári followed his enemy about all day. Iyan did but little work of any kind, but sat moody and restless in his hut all the afternoon, only going occasionally to the door and glancing anxiously around. He was alone in the hut, as he was a widower and had no children, while Valan, who lived with him, was absent at Mánkúlam. Late in the afternoon he began to make preparations for cooking the evening meal, but in a very preoccupied, desultory manner. When it grew dusk, he suddenly stopped, went to the door, and looked out to see if he was being watched; and seeing he was not, slipped out, through the fence, into the jungle at the back of his hut. The púsári followed him. Iyan pushed his way through the dense undergrowth for some distance till he came to a huge hollow tree that had been blasted by lightning; here he stopped for a few minutes in a listening attitude. Hearing nothing to alarm him, he fell on his knees and thrust his arm into a hole under the roots and drew out something tied up in a cloth. The púsári saw his enemy open the bundle, and then his suspicion that he was the murderer of the headman was fully confirmed, for it was full of jewellery and rupees. For some minutes Iyan remained gloating over his ill-gotten wealth, counting the money and fingering the jewels. Once he started, and a look of terror passed over his face. He had heard a rustle overhead; but it was only caused by a small monkey in the tree above, which was watching his movements with intense curiosity. At length Iyan tied up his booty and replaced it in the hollow tree, and then sneaked back to his hut, unseen by any one but his invisible enemy. Soon afterwards, his brother Valan returned home, and the two men cooked and ate their evening meal almost in silence. After watching them for some time, the púsári went off to his own house.

He found Vallee lying moaning in a corner, utterly prostrated by the heavy blow that had fallen on her. A kind-hearted woman of the village had brought her some food, as she had not cooked anything for herself; but the weeping girl refused to eat, and lay moaning and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. The púsári longed to be able to speak to her and assure her of his innocence; but made no attempt to do so, knowing how useless it would be. At length the woman went away, and the púsári sat for a long time watching with an aching heart his sorrowing, unhappy daughter. At last, exhausted by her weeping and grief, Vallee fell asleep. Seeing this, he rose, and went out into the village. It was now quite dark, and nearly every one had retired to rest. He wandered aimlessly about till he found himself before the little temple on the dam of the tank. All was dark within save where a faint light shone through a hole in the roof on to the hideous little idol. He entered the temple and stood before the shrine. Long and earnestly did he pray to the god to deliver him from the spell that had been cast on him, and many were the promises and vows he made should his prayer be granted. Then he began to dance before the idol, chanting sacred manthras or hymns. All night long did the púsári remain in the temple, sometimes offering púja, sometimes praying, and at other times dancing wildly before the shrine. But the little stone god stood black and silent in its niche, and no answer came to the púsári's passionate prayers.

A NIGHT-RAID ON DONEGAL SMUGGLERS.

On a wild, stormy evening, some years ago, the writer was returning to Ballyroughan, a miserable little town on the bleak coast of Donegal. It had rained heavily all day, but having cleared up a little, I drew rein as I approached the town. On such an evening the scene was far from inspiriting. The road followed the windings of the seashore, here bounded by huge rocks, over which the waves were dashing furiously, like demons storming a fort. About five miles from the mainland lay the little island of Innismurry, almost shrouded in mist, and only discernible by the ring of white foam which marked its coast. Beyond, stretched the Atlantic, raging with all the force and passion of a November storm. I had barely time to take in this scene, when I was accosted by a man, who seemed to rise out of the road at my side.

'It's a sevare day, yer honour,' said he, politely touching his hat. 'God be good to them that's at sea on an evening like that.'

'It is very stormy, indeed; but I think the worst of it is now over.'

'God sind it, thin, for it's hard times for the fishermen; though it's mighty good for the stillin'.'

'Good for the stilling!' I said. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, I mane there's little fear of "the boys" being interrupted in weather like that.'

'Interrupted at what?'

'Why, at the stillin', av coorse; and by the same token, yonder they're at it;' and he pointed to the little island already referred to, now partially disrobed of its mist.

'Do you mean to say that there is illicit distillation now going on at that island?'

'Faix and you've just guessed it; and sure it comes mighty handy, by rayson that the fair is on Monday.'

I need not weary the reader with all that passed between me and my chance companion,

whom I recognised as Mickey Mehaffey, a hanger-on about one of the hotels in the town. From Mickey I learned that the inhabitants of Innismurry consisted of about a score of families, who obtained a living by fishing and illicit distillation, and I grieve to say, chiefly by the latter. There were no police on the island, and as in stormy weather it was wholly unapproachable from the mainland, they could carry on their nefarious business without fear of 'disturbance.' At other times their scouts could give at least half-an-hour's warning of approaching danger, and this was sufficient to enable them to secrete their contraband goods before the 'inimy' arrived. And when hard pressed, the Atlantic always formed a safe and capacious storehouse. They had also their agents and confederates on the mainland, who assisted them to land and dispose of the poteen prior to fairs, wakes, and marriages, these being the favourite channels of 'home consumption.'

But to return to Mickey. He still kept a wistful eye on the island, particularly on one little curl of blue smoke that he assured me arose from the identical cabin where the stills were at that moment being 'fired.'

'They'll be sure to land it on Sunday night,' said he, 'as Monday is the fair. The new gauger is very sevare, I'm towld, and means to make a raid on them.'

'Who told you that?' I asked.

'Oh, the divil a one; sure, I've been dhraming it, or something.'

'Well, Mickey,' said I, 'since you've been so very free with your information, I don't mind telling you that I am the "new gauger" myself, and certainly mean to put a stop to this smuggling, if possible.'

'Oh, the saints protect us!' piously ejaculated Mickey. 'Bad luck to the tongue of me! I've been an informer all unknownst to meself; but your honour won't betray me?'

'Never fear. I knew already most of what you told me.'

'Arrah! did you, now? Well, and if you want any more information about them same smugglers, sure Mickey Mehaffey's the boy that can find it out for ye.'

I was certainly rather amused at Mickey's sudden change of principles; and telling him to call on me next day, if he had further information to give, I put spurs to my horse and trotted in to town.

I had only been recently appointed to Ballyroughan, with special instructions to do my utmost to suppress smuggling, which was at that time very prevalent in the district. And from all the information I could gather, I came to the conclusion that the most effectual way of doing this was to intercept the landing of the goods from the island. The supply, I reasoned, would soon cease, if I succeeded in cutting off the demand.

Mickey kept his promise about giving me further information. I had just thrown myself on the lounge next evening after dinner, when a fiery altercation broke in upon my rest. It was my landlady and Mickey on the stairs. 'Ye can't disturb him now, I'm telling ye; he's only afther his dinner.'

'But I want to see him particular,' persisted Mickey, endeavouring to pass her on the stairs.

'And it's want ye'll meet with, thin; ye can watch for him as he goes out in the mornin'.'

'It's a matther of life and death, I'm tellin' ye; and the mornin' wouldn't do at all, at all.'

'Well, and what if it *is* a matther of life and death? Sure, *he* isn't the docthor.'

I now thought proper to interfere. 'If that is Mickey Mehaffey,' I said, 'you may allow him to come up, Mrs M'Ketchup.'

'Very well, sor.—Bad luck to the dirthy boots o' ye!' This last to Mickey in an undertone.

'Well, Mickey, shut the door, and let me hear what you have got to say.'

'I've learned it all, sor. Hugh's Shan gave me all the news this mornin' afther chapel. He's wan of the smugglers, ye know, from the island.'

'What "news" did he give you?'

'Why, about the landing of the poteen for the fair. It's just as I towld ye. They're to land it to-night about twelve o'clock, as the moon will be dark by that time.'

'Where do they usually land it?' I asked.

'Well, sor, there are only two places where a boat can put in with safety: wan of these, "the Smugglers' Pier," is just between the high rocks forninst Ballyroughan; and the other is about a quarter of a mile farther along the shore. It's not so safe in the dark as the Smugglers' Pier, and so they never land at it.'

After arranging with Mickey to meet me that night at a certain point, I dismissed him, and proceeded to mature my plan for trapping the smugglers. It was this. I arranged with the coastguard officer to meet me at the Smugglers' Pier about eleven o'clock. He was to bring two boats and three boatmen with him, and row up silently from the station to the place appointed. Three constables of the 'Royal Irish' were also detailed to meet me at the same time and place. Mickey, as previously stated, was to go with myself and act as guide. The rendezvous was about a mile from the town, so I started off about half-past ten on my secret expedition. Fortunately, Ballyroughan retires early to rest, so not a soul was to be seen as I passed through the town. A subdued cough at the outskirts told me that Mickey was true to his appointment.

We walked in silence to the place, and found the 'palers,' as Mickey called them, waiting. The coastguard officer and his men had not yet arrived. They came, however, shortly afterwards, and I then gave my final instructions. One boat, manned by the coastguard officer, a boatman, and one of the constables, was to row about four hundred yards out, and lie on its oars, out of the track of the smugglers, but ready to intercept them on their return to the island, if they escaped us. A shot from my revolver was the signal for them to be on the alert. The other boat, I directed to be kept out of sight

between the rocks, but ready for action at a moment's notice. These arrangements completed, every one waited quietly at his post to watch the turn of events. It was now midnight; and though the moon had been down almost half an hour, there was no sign of the smugglers. Could it be that Mickey was playing us false? This thought had just occurred to me, when my ear caught the sound of distant oars.

'Did you hear anything, sir?' one of the constables whispered.

'Hush! Listen,' I said.

Yes; there was no mistake. Nearer and clearer came the plash of the oars and the creaking of the rowlocks; and in a few minutes afterwards, the boat grated on the gravel within a few yards of where we lay concealed. I saw through the darkness that there were only two men in the boat, with a boy to steer. The former proceeded at once to land the goods. They brought a keg ashore; but before I could give the order for capture, a ludicrous incident betrayed us. Mickey, I noticed, had been nodding with sleep for some time, and at the most critical moment began to snore so loudly, that the men at once dropped the keg and made a rush for the boat.

'Arrest them!' I shouted, and one of the policemen succeeded in catching hold of an oar just as the boat was being pushed off; but the smuggler was equal to the occasion. He drew the oar towards the boat, then pushed it rapidly back again, and next moment the unfortunate constable was left sprawling in the water. 'Man the boat!' I shouted, as I observed they were about to escape us. 'You,' I said to the policeman who got the ducking, 'will remain on shore to guard the seizure, and Mickey may keep you company.—All ready?' I asked, stepping into the boat, and at the same time discharging my revolver, as a signal to the coastguard officer in the other boat.

'All right, sir.'

'Then pull off;' and away we went in the wake of the smugglers. The chase was an exciting one. They had got about twenty yards ahead; but our boat was the swifter, and we soon came up with them. 'Now we have them,' I exclaimed, as our other boat came into view, intercepting their course to the island. They were not, however, to be caught so easily. Making a rapid double to the left, our boat was shot far ahead of them before we could turn. I now saw that the advantage did not all lie on our side; for although we had greater speed and greater numbers, on the other hand, the smugglers' boat was so formed as to twist and turn about with the greatest rapidity, rendering it very difficult for us to come into close quarters with them. Again we came up with them, and again they made a double towards the mainland, leaving us still at a distance.

I now adopted a different mode of operations. Both our boats were between the smugglers and Inuismurry, and I directed them to separate about twenty yards, and row close behind the enemy, keeping the latter always in front and between the two boats. This plan was perfectly successful. The smugglers were now compelled to 'move on' before us towards the mainland, any attempt to turn aside being prevented by either boat. Their only escape now was landward, and they made a spurt to reach the shore before us, heading directly for the Smugglers' Pier; but their boat had scarcely touched the gravel, when our men, jumping into the water, surrounded it, and took the occupants in charge ere they had time to land.

I now directed my attention to matters on shore. Mickey was still there, but the constable was nowhere to be seen. A feeble groan from behind the rocks led Mickey to explain.

'It's the paler, yer honour,' said he. 'He tuk mighty bad after you left.'

'Has he been to the keg?' I asked.

'Faix, and he has, thin; and it didn't agree with him.'

It evidently did not. The ground beside him bore witness to the fact.

'Confound the stuff!' growled one of the boatmen, who had taken the opportunity to follow the paler's example and have a pull at the keg. He was expectorating at a furious rate and making horrible grimaces.

'Is it poison?' feebly groaned the policeman.

'Poison? Confound it!' said the boatman; 'it's water, and as salt as blazes.'

It was indeed water, fresh drawn from the Atlantic. The constable, it seems, feeling cold after his immersion, broached the keg in our absence, and had taken a good pull at it before he discovered that it wasn't the 'rale Innishowen.' It produced such a nausea and sickness of stomach, that the poor fellow thought he was poisoned, and became frightened into the ludicrous state of distress in which we found him.

I now examined the contents of another keg in the boat. Salt water also. Meanwhile, our three prisoners, who understood not a word of English, stood composedly looking on, and seemed quite satisfied with their position. Our own position was certainly a novel one. There we stood, eight men in Her Majesty's service, with three prisoners in charge, and for what? For having two kegs of salt water in their possession, whilst the broad Atlantic rolled at our feet. No one appeared to be able to give any explanation of our peculiar 'seizure;' and we were about to leave the place in disgust, when the coastguard drew my attention to the sound of oars farther up the shore, and we could dimly discern a boat putting off towards the island.

'Depend upon it,' said he, 'that boat has just been landing the poteen; and this has only been a decoy, to divert our attention from the real culprits.'

This indeed was the true explanation of the mystery, so I discharged my prisoners, who coolly tossed the kegs into their boat and pulled off towards Innismurry.

I afterwards learned that Mickey, with all his apparent simplicity, was a shrewd confederate of the smugglers, and that it was really he who planned and set us on this 'wildgoose chase.' They expected, it seems, a raid made on them that night; and Mickey was deputed, under cover of giving information, to learn the mode of attack, and, if possible to thwart it. In this he was but too successful. And although, on many subsequent occasions, I had ample revenge for the trick played on me that night, I must confess

that these later and more successful experiences appear to me but tame and commonplace, compared with my first encounter with the Donegal smugglers.

SOME FAROE LEGENDS.

Adapted from the Danish.

I. THE SEAL-GIRL.

SEALS have their origin in human beings who of their own free-will have drowned themselves in the sea. Once a year—on Twelfth-night—they slip off their skins and amuse themselves like men and women in dancing and other pleasures, in the caves of the rocks and the big hollows of the beach. A young man in the village of Mygledahl, in Kalsoe, had heard talk of this conduct of the seals, and a place in the neighbourhood of the village was pointed out to him where they were said to assemble on Twelfth-night.

In the evening of that day he stole away thither and concealed himself. Soon he saw a vast multitude of seals come swimming towards the place, cast off their skins, and lie down upon the rocks. He noticed that a very fair and beautiful girl came out of one of the seal-skins and lay down not far from where he was hidden. Then he crept towards her and took her in his arms. The man and the seal-girl danced together throughout the whole night; but when day began to break, every seal went in search of its skin. The seal-girl alone was unsuccessful in the search for her skin; but she tracked it by its smell to the Mygledahl-man, and when he, in spite of her entreaties, would not give it back to her, she was forced to follow him to Mygledahl. There they lived together for many years, and many children were born to them; but the man had to be perpetually on the watch lest his wife should be able to lay hands on her seal-skin, which, accordingly, he kept locked in the bottom of his chest, the key of which was always about his person.

One day, however, he was out fishing, when he remembered that he had left the key at home. He called out sorrowfully to the other men: 'This day I shall lose my wife.' They pulled up their lines and rowed home quickly; but when they came to the house, his wife had disappeared, and only the children were at home. That no harm might come to them when she left them, their mother had extinguished the fire on the hearth and put the knives out of sight. In the meantime, she had run down to the beach, attired herself in her seal-skin, and directed her course to the sea, where another seal, who had formerly been her lover, came at once to her side. This animal had been lying outside the village all these years waiting for her.

And now, when the children of the Mygledahl-man used to come down to the beach, they often saw a seal lift its head above the water and look towards the land. The seal was supposed to be the mother of the children.

A long time passed away, and again it chanced that the Mygledahl-man was about to hunt the seals in a big rock-hole. The night before this was to happen, the Mygledahl-man dreamed that his lost wife came to him and said that if he went seal-hunting in that cave he must take care not to kill a large seal which stood in front of the cave, because that was her mate; and the two young seals in the heart of the cave, because they were her two little sons; and she informed him of the colour of their skins. But the man took no heed of his dream, went away after the seals, and killed all he could lay hands upon. The spoil was divided when they got home, and the man received for his share the whole of the large male seal and the hands and feet of the two young seals.

That same evening, they had cooked the head and paws of the large seal for supper, and the meat was put up in a trough, when a loud crash was heard in the kitchen. The man returned thither and saw a frightful witch, who sniffed at the trough, and cried: 'Here lies the head, with the upstanding nose of a man, the hand of Haarek, and the foot of Frederick. Revenged they are, and revenged they shall be on the men of Mygledahl, some of whom shall perish by sea, and others fall down from the rocks, until the number of the slain shall be so great that by holding each other's hands they may gird all Kalsoe.' When she had uttered this communication, the witch vanished from the room and was seen no more.

Many Mygledahl-men soon afterwards came to a violent end. Some were drowned in the sea by Kalsoe while fishing; others fell from the rocks while catching the seafowl: so that the witch's curse might be said to have taken partial effect. The number of the dead, however, is not yet so large that they can encircle the whole of the island hand in hand.*

II. HOW TO BECOME RICH.

If you would be rich, you must go out on Twelfth-night to a cross-road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray calf-skin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road, you must sit down on the calfskin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the churchyard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe, which must be made as sharp as possible. Towards midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps round you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grimace, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the calfskin and drag it away, with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed, the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.

III. THE LUCKY-STONE.

The 'lucky-stone' is a good thing to possess, because the man who has it is always fortunate and victorious in every struggle; nor can any

* Kalsoe is about ten miles long by about one mile and a half in width.

man or evil spirit harm him. Success follows him wherever he goes; everything happens according to his wishes; he is every one's favourite. It is not wonderful, therefore, that men are eager to bargain for a stone that can work so much good for its owner. Unfortunately, however, no man knows where to find it; only the raven knows this; and now you shall hear how the raven may be induced to discover it. It is a common saying that this bird mates in February, lays its eggs in March, and hatches its young in April. Now, when the raven has laid its eggs, the man who determines to have the lucky-stone must climb the rock wherein the raven has its nest. There he must sit still without letting the raven see him, until the bird flies away from its nest. Immediately afterwards the man must hasten to the nest, take the eggs therefrom, go away and boil them hard, and then lay them in the nest again, so that the raven when it comes back may not notice anything amiss. The bird then resumes its attempt to hatch the eggs. When, however, it has sat past the ordinary hatching-time without young ones coming out of the eggs, it gets impatient and tired of sitting any longer. Away it flies after the lucky-stone, to place this in the nest between the eggs, so that by its help the young may get out of the shell; and, in readiness for its return, the man must station himself by the nest and shoot the bird when it reappears. Then he may take the lucky-stone out of the raven's beak and go home with it.*

IV. THE SKARVEN AND THE EIDER-DUCK.

The skarven and the eider-duck both wished to wear down, and could not determine which of them should have that privilege. They came to a decision that it should belong to that one of them who first saw the sun rise next morning and cried to the other: 'The sun is up!' Accordingly, they seated themselves among the rocks side by side that evening. The eider-duck fell asleep immediately after sunset; but the skarven, knowing that he was a sound sleeper, formed the wicked resolution not to go to sleep that night, lest he should oversleep himself. Thus he became almost assured that he, and not the eider-duck, should get the down. The skarven sat full of pride in his resolve to keep awake the whole night. This was easy enough at the outset; but later on in the night his head grew heavy and he had to fight hard with sleep; however, he held out until it began to be light in the east; then, elated with joy, he cried: 'Now the east becomes blue!' But by this outcry, the skarven awoke the eider-duck, who had enjoyed his accustomed sleep; while, on the other hand, the skarven could no longer keep his eyes open. When the sun really rose, the eider-duck was not slow to cry to the skarven: 'The sun rises over the sea!' Thus the eider-duck received the down. As for the skarven, his punishment was very severe. Because he could not keep silence, but by his outcry awoke the eider-duck, from that time forward he has been tongue-tied as well as without down.

* Sysselman Müller of Thorshavn, Faroe, possesses one of these stones. It is brown, and rather common to look at; but no doubt the fact that Herr Müller is reputed to be the richest man in the Isles, as he is certainly the most influential, is due to the virtue of this stone. Herr Müller sits in the upper house of the Danish government; and this also may be attributable to his lucky-stone.

V. A TALE OF SANDOE.

West of the town of Sand is a great hole deep in the ground, where a witch used to live. A man from Sand once went down into this hole and saw a woman standing crushing gold in a hand-mill, and a little child sitting by her playing with a gold stick. The old crone was blind. After a little reflection, the man went softly up to the woman and took away the gold which she was crushing. Hereupon she said: 'Either a mouse is being crushed, or a thief is stealing, or else something is wrong with the quern.' The man left her, took the gold stick from the child, whom he struck and made to cry. The old woman now instantly divined that something was wrong. She jumped up and groped after the man in the hole. But he was no sooner out of the cave than he ran home at a gallop with the gold. The witch then called a neighbour crone, related her misfortune, and besought her help. The neighbour forthwith ran with all speed after the man. She jumped across certain lakes on the way, and here her footprints may be seen in the stone on each side of the water to this day. But the man escaped her until he came to a marshy tract of land, where she succeeded in laying hold of his horse's tail. However, he whipped the horse forward so that its tail broke off. Nor did this stop him. On he went until he came in sight of the church. Here the witch could do him no harm, but was obliged to turn back. To this day, it is said that one may hear the old blind witch crushing gold in the cave.*

VI. THE MAN AND THE BROWNIES.

The village of Gaasedahl, in Waagoe, has no level beach, but is almost fifteen fathoms straight up from the sea, so that boats could not very well be kept there. Moreover, the inhabitants are too few to man a large boat for sea-fishing. They have, therefore, their boat jointly with the neighbouring village of Boe, with the men whereof they associate in fishing. One night a man from Gaasedahl went by appointment east to Akranes, where the men from Boe wanted to take him in the boat to row with them to the fishing. When he had come to Skardsaa, he observed a boat which lay by the land in the appointed place; and, fearful lest he should delay the others, he hurried down to it. He saw that there were seven in the boat, and that a place was vacant by one of the thwarts. He believed, therefore, that all was as it should be, although he could not recognise any of the men, because of the darkness. Then he jumped briskly into the boat and sat down by his oar; but, to his great terror, he now perceived that he knew none of the men, and he did not fail to understand that he had got

* This story, it is obvious, is allied to the Ayrshire traditions on which Burns founded his *Tam o' Shanter*.

among the brownie folk. Still, he would not let them see that he was afraid, but sat down to row as capably as the others. They steered north of Waagoe towards Ravnemulen, a fishing-place to which the men of Waagoe are accustomed to row.

The elves now began to put bait on their hooks and to cast out; but the Gaasedahl-man sat still because he had only a line with him; his hooks were in Boe. Then the leader of the elves gave him both hooks and bait, with which he made a cast, and immediately caught a big cod. When he had pulled up the fish and killed it, the leader took and marked it, and in the same way he marked every other fish caught by the man. They fished until the boat was full, then rowed home, and touched the land by Akranes, where the Gaasedahl-man had come to them. The brownies threw on shore to him all the fish he had caught. When he was going away, the Gaasedahl-man remembered that he had left his knife behind him in the boat, and said to the brownies that 'the sharp thing by his thigh' was left in the boat. The brownie thereupon took the knife and threw it at him to hurt him, but it did not hit him. Then he said: 'You were a doomed man; but you are a lucky man;' and the other brownies then rowed off, abusing him because he would not thank them for the use of the boat.*

VII. ABOUT WITCHES.

It is said that witches are fond of visiting people's houses, especially when they find them empty. North of Núgvunes, in Borgardahl, on the island of Myggenes, there is a little but well-built house for shepherds to pass the night in, when at certain times in the year they come here to look after the sheep, because this part of the island is far away from a village. One night, at an unusual time, one of these shepherds went thither; but when he was about to take shelter in the house, he heard much noise and racket within the building. He stationed himself by a little window, and perceived that the house was full of witches, who were holding carnival. They danced and sang: 'Cold is the witches' home in the hills. It is better within the house on the cliff by Skálavellir—trum, trum, trallarei—to dance close to the doors.'

But it was much worse at Troldenes, which is the most northerly village in Kalsoe. Thither the witches used to come every Twelfth-night in such multitudes that the townsfolk were at that time forced to flee to the nearest town, Mygledahl, and stay there while this witches' revelry lasted; hence this town got the name of Troldenes (Witches' Point). It happened once that an old woman was not able to flee with the others to Mygledahl on Twelfth-night. She lay under a table in the kitchen and hid herself from the witches. In the evening, she saw the witches come in and begin to shout and dance. But in the height of their merriment the old woman under the table cried out: 'Jesus, be merciful to me!' When the witches heard the blessed name of Jesus, which they hate and tremble at, they began to scream, and said to each other: 'Gydja * disturbs the dance.' Thereupon they disappeared from Troldenes, and they have not dared since to trouble that village. When the people came back from Mygledahl after the festival, they expected to find the old woman dead, but she then told them of her adventure with the witches.

VIII. THE TWO SISTERS.

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman. They had one daughter; and when the child was a year old, her mother died. The man, poor creature, was now left alone with this little girl. No wonder, therefore, that he, like so many other men in a similar plight, began to think of taking a second wife, and duly married again. By this second wife also he had a daughter. The two girls were nearly of the same age, there being not much more than two years' difference between them. They grew up together in the house; but it may be imagined which of them the woman made the most of; for, whilst she gave her own daughter everything that was nice, and let her have her way both in good and evil, she could not bear the sight of the elder child, her step-daughter, but struck and trounced her both early and late. The poor girl was made to do all the worst work: to clean the cowhouses in winter; to crush every grain of corn that was eaten in the house; to pick the wool, and the like. In summer, she had to go into the fields to milk the cows both morning and evening, often a long way up the mountains, without anything to eat.

The step-mother was perpetually gnawed with envy of the elder of the girls because she was as beautiful as the finest summer apple, red and white like blood upon snow; whilst the younger was ugly in appearance and disgusted every man. The wicked woman wanted, therefore, to spoil her step-daughter's pretty face; and with this intention, compelled her to do all the worst and hardest work both at home and in the fields; but in spite of it all, she grew yet more beautiful, while her half-sister became pale and sickly from sitting indoors and never stirring out to lend a helping hand to any one.

The woman now resolved to make her step-daughter so thin by starvation that she could not fail to lose her beauty, and come to be as insignificant as her own daughter. She refused to give her any supper, so that the poor girl had to go into the fields to do the milking without having had anything to eat the previous evening, and without breakfast that day. With a heavy heart and a hungry stomach, she now left home with the milk-pail on her back, not knowing how to get anything to eat. While she went along crying, and so exhausted that she was ready to fall to the ground, she saw a hill straight before her open, and a table standing there decked with meat and drink.

* It is necessary to explain that in talking to a brownie one must not call a knife, a sword, an axe, or anything of the kind by its right name, but indicate it by a paraphrase, 'The sharp thing,' &c. Nor must one say 'Thank you' to the brownies, if they do one a service, because, if so, it gives them power to injure the person who thanks them.

* Gydja is Faroese for an old wife, crone, or aged woman.

She asked God to guide her, went in, and refreshed herself with the meat and drink. Then she thanked God for the meal, and went on joyfully in quest of the cattle. The hill opened for her in the same place every morning and evening, and by this means she kept so strong and healthy that her step-mother's scheme quite failed.

The younger sister now asked how it was that she herself, who had good things every day and all she wanted, did yet not thrive so well as the other, who was always working and got little to eat? But the elder sister would not at first answer her questions; she simply said that she had taken nothing from her or her mother. In the end, however, she told her that she got meat and drink in the hill. When the younger sister heard this, she immediately wanted to go into the fields and milk the cows, that she might see what took place in the hill, and she besought her mother's permission to go the very next day. This the mother granted at once, though she wondered that her daughter should conceive such a fancy. Accordingly, the girl went. The hill was open. She sat down, ate and drank of the good things, and never bethought herself how they came thither; nor, when she had finished eating, did she think of asking God to be with her or of thanking Him. This she was not accustomed to do. In the evening, she would not eat at home, so that she might eat the more when she went again on to the hill. But the second time, when she was come thither, the hill was shut for her; so she had for once to experience what it was to go hungry into the fields and look after the cows. She had to go high up the mountains and search a long time before she found the animals; and she returned home in the evening angry, and said that she would not make many such excursions.

And so the elder sister had again to go in the old way; but for her the hill was never closed. She went without shoes and dressed in rags, like the most miserable of beggars; and the worse she looked, the better pleased was the step-mother.

One day, when the poor girl came to the hill, her rags were ready to fall off her, so that she had good cause to cry and grieve over herself. How great, then, was her joy when she saw some beautiful clothes held towards her within the hill, and heard a voice say that they were for her. She hastened to dress herself in these new clothes, and sat down in the field, the better to examine them. But she had no sooner seated herself, than a grand king's son, with a large suite of attendants, came riding towards her, and entered into conversation with the fair maid. The king's son liked her so much that he fell in love with her immediately and asked whom she was. The girl replied to his declaration of love, that if he did not change his mind within a year, then he might come back to her parents and ask their consent; she herself would not say him 'Nay.' On this understanding they separated.

When she reached home again, the girl said not a word about this meeting. Her fine clothes were taken from her by her half-sister, and again she had to go to the fields in her rags, as before.

When the year had gone by, the king's son came riding into the farmyard as a suitor. He shone with gold from top to toe, and likewise the man who accompanied him. He explained his mission, and asked for the hand of the farm-people's daughter. They consented to the match; but the woman went away and locked up her step-daughter in the strong-room, made her own daughter array herself in the clothes which the king's son had seen on the elder of the girls, and brought her before him. The prince said that he had never seen this girl before, and had not come to court her. The mother replied that the girl was the same, but that she had been so disfigured by a severe illness as to be unrecognisable. When the king's son heard this, his blood rushed to his heart, and he begged her to go apart alone with him. The girl followed behind him; but no sooner were they out of the house, than she fell down and burst asunder.

Then the king's son re-entered the house. He perceived that the woman had deceived him, and he threatened to kill them all unless they instantly gave him the real girl whom he had come to court. They could go out and see the consequence of having already lied to him.

The man now fetched his elder daughter, and the king's son was joyful when he saw her. He gave her the choicest clothes and presents; then he set her upon a fine horse; and they rode away home to his kingdom. When the king his father died, the prince himself became king, and the poor girl his queen, and they lived happy together all the rest of their days.

As for the wicked step-mother, she died of grief and vexation.

THE OLD VIKING.

AN ADAPTATION FOR MUSIC.

Why 'midst these shadowy woods should I
In grave-like loneness, lingering, die?
'Tis ours to unfurl the sail, and ride
Away as of old on the flashing tide.

How bleak these beetling crags, and bare!
What lifeless gloom broods everywhere!
In this poor mousetrap of a hold,
How can a warrior's heart be bold?

The billows dark, the galley strong,
I learned to love when life was young;
Why then should I, with whitened hair,
Die like an old wolf in his lair?

Oh, better far it were for me
To risk my life on the rolling sea,
To die as died my fathers brave,
And sleep with them in their ocean-grave!

Farewell, ye woods and crags, farewell!
My bark rides brave on the billowy swell;
The tall mast swings, the sail flaps free,
And our home once more is the boundless sea.

JOHN RUSSELL.

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S KEYS.

The time-honoured ceremony that is still observed when the gates of Her Majesty's Tower of London are 'locked-up' is probably not unfamiliar to the public. What actually occurs, however, can be witnessed by a very limited number of persons who are not resident within the Tower; for a night's immurement in that celebrated feudal 'strength' is essential in order that the proceedings of the 'escort for the Keys' may be satisfactorily seen and heard, the verbal portion of the formalities being by no means the least important. But the present writer having frequently been called upon to accompany the Queen's Keys in their nightly perambulations, has enjoyed opportunities, not open to all, for viewing the curious ceremony of 'locking-up' from the best possible vantage-ground. A brief sketch of the somewhat unique details connected with it may perhaps prove interesting to the uninitiated reader.

When not engaged in making their midnight or early-morning progresses, the Queen's Keys are deposited in the residence of the Deputy Constable of the fortress. Not very remarkable from an architectural point of view, this house stands almost in the shadow of the weather-beaten walls of the White Tower—the famous Norman 'keep' that can boast of eight centuries' authentic history, and around which as a nucleus the various other buildings now collectively known as the 'Tower' have from time to time been erected. And the dwelling-place of the Keys overlooks the spot—now inclosed by a railing—where so many political offences, real or imputed, have been expiated on the block. The Keys, when brought forth, are invariably carried by a warder, who is a member of the corps of Yeomen of the Guard, or Beefeaters as they are familiarly called. It may quite fairly be said that the antiquated, but picturesque, costume of these men constitutes one of the 'sights' of the Tower; though in recent times the garments have been to a considerable extent shorn of their medieval characteristics. Besides the onerous duty of carrying the Queen's Keys, the Beefeaters are in other ways employed within the precincts of the Tower; among other things, they exercise—or at least they used to exercise—a sort of supervision over the visitors who flock into it on 'open' days. Beyond its gates they take part in certain state ceremonials; and, as is well known, assist in the periodical searching of the vaults underneath the Houses of Parliament, thus materially helping to keep alive the remembrance of Guy Fawkes and the celebrated 'treason and plot' in which he was so deeply implicated. That neither the supervision nor the search is wholly unnecessary, has been sufficiently well demonstrated by events of recent occurrence.

By the Main Guard, which occupies a guard-house distant about a stone's throw from the Constable's quarters, the Keys are provided with an armed escort on the occasions on which they venture into the open air. This guard is 'mounted' daily by some thirty soldiers; they are furnished by a regiment stationed in the adjacent barracks, which were constructed to replace other buildings totally destroyed by the great fire that made such havoc in the Tower nearly half a century ago. Over and above attending to the royal Keys, the members of the guard have other and perhaps equally responsible duties to perform, being in a general way answerable for the security of the fortress and its contents during the twenty-four hours they continue 'on guard.' One very important item in their tour of duty may here be mentioned—this is the protection of the Jewel House, within which are kept articles of almost fabulous value, including the regalia and the remarkable Kohinoor diamond. So low in the ceiling is the entrance to this Eldorado, that soldiers of short stature are selected to stand as sentries therein; for a tall man bearing arms would, under the circumstances, be apt to excite the ridicule rather than the awe of the visitors who are conducted into the place by the Beefeaters. The

Main Guard, as its title implies, is the principal one; but two other distinct guards are maintained in the Tower; and it is necessary, in order to understand what follows, to rapidly glance at these. One of them mounts at the drawbridge—a structure that no longer exists, and of which, indeed, the guard itself seems to be the sole memento. The party is what is termed a 'corporal's' guard. The other, known as the Spur Guard, occupies a group of buildings which probably represent the ancient barbican of the stronghold. It is a 'sergeant's' guard, and is intrusted with the keeping of the two outer gates, to which we shall have to refer later on.

When the Main Guard enters upon its duties in the forenoon, certain men are detailed to act when required as an escort for the Keys. Their services in this respect are not, however, called upon till the near approach of midnight. But when the clock on the White Tower begins to chime a quarter to twelve, the word 'Keys!' uttered in a stentorian tone by a sergeant rouses the soldiers, who are usually slumbering with much apparent comfort on the wooden guard-bed. In a few moments they are transferred to the exterior of the building, fully accoutred, and accompanied by a youthful drummer, who bears a rather dusty lantern which he has hastily lit. Perhaps the lantern may be regarded mainly as a sort of relic of the times when it may be supposed to have afforded the only available light on the route traversed by the Keys. But the way is now amply illuminated by gas lamps of the ordinary pattern; and the not very brilliant lantern might, without very serious disadvantage, be dispensed with. Having drawn up his somewhat drowsy men, the sergeant has now to wait for the officer, if that individual in authority has not already appeared. The interval, if any, is employed by the soldiers in yawning, or in bestowing a finishing touch upon the adjustment of their accoutrements, which have no doubt become slightly displaced during their owner's late 'changes of front' on the guard-bed. When present, the captain of the guard—having ascertained that the escort is likewise 'present,' or complete in number—marches off the little party towards the Constable's house. There the soldiers are met by the warder, suspended from whose hand, as he descends the steps, the Queen's Keys jingle merrily.

At this juncture, the sergeant commands his subordinates, whom he has halted for a moment, to 'present arms;' and the Beefeater takes post a little in advance of his protectors, who forthwith set off in the direction of the gates. The first sentry to be passed stands expectant under the veranda at the entrance to the guardroom, where is also the whole guard not elsewhere engaged: it has been 'turned out' to do honour to the Keys. When the sentry sees the escort, headed by the lantern, coming very near to his post, he calls out: 'Halt! who comes there?' not, 'Who *goes* there?' the popular acceptation of a military challenge, perhaps derived from the words used in like contingencies by sentinels of certain continental armies. The advancing party is brought to a stand-still by this summons; and the warder, who, as a rule, is enveloped in the folds of an antiquated-looking cloak, replies, in a kind of sepulchral tone of voice: 'Keys.'—'Whose keys?' inquires the soldier, who is meanwhile standing with his piece at the 'port'—an attitude preparatory to assuming that of the 'charge.' The warder answers: 'Queen Victoria's Keys.' But even now the escort is not permitted to proceed on its journey; for the obdurate sentry, coming down to the charge, makes the demand: 'Stand, Queen Victoria's Keys. Advance one and give the countersign.' The password, being well known to the warder, is of course given, and the sentry cries: 'Pass, Queen Victoria's Keys. All's well.' After the above dialogue has come to a termination, the Keys are conveyed past the guardhouse, being in their transit saluted by the assembled guard, which is then 'turned in.'

Before the Beefeater and the escort have marched twenty yards, further obstructions delay their progress. These fresh obstacles appear in the forms of the vigilant sentinels at the Jewel House and at the Traitors' Gate; which latter was once used for the admission of 'traitors' brought down the river from Westminster. In succession, each of the soldiers challenges in the same way as his comrade at the Main Guard. And when the Beefeater has satisfactorily answered both men, the party moves onward for some little distance, and is a fourth time brought to a halt by a sentry at the Byward Gate. This gate is on the inner margin of the now dry ditch that encircles the Tower. It stands under an arch, which is surmounted and flanked by turrets or fortifications of a long obsolete design. Besides the soldier alluded to, a Yeoman is at all hours on duty at this point. He is always to be found in an apartment, with a quaint vaulted roof, close by the gate: the place has obviously once been the quarter of a regular military guard. The sentry here having been satisfied as to the character of the escort, it passes on, traverses a causeway leading across the moat, and reaches the Spur Guard. There, of course, it is stopped by a sentry belonging to that body; and the Keys are eventually saluted by this soldier, as well as by the guard of which he forms a unit. And now, after all those impediments have been overcome, the Barrier Gate is at length approached, its custodian having been appeased in the stereotyped manner. The Barrier Gate is the outermost gate of the Tower, and it is necessarily the first to be locked.

As already noticed, the warder marches a little in front of the escort. When he is within some fifteen or twenty paces' distance from the gate, he halts. Then the men composing the escort advance, and under the superintendence of the sergeant, line the sides of the road, facing inwards towards its middle. The Beefeater, with considerable solemnity of demeanour, now walks up between the ranks, selects the appropriate key, and locks the gate, which in the meantime has been closed by a corporal. This operation accomplished, and having given the gate a shake, to assure himself of its being properly fastened, the Beefeater resumes his position a few yards away, passing as before between the lines of soldiers. Arms are presented to the Keys, both when they are proceeding to the gate and when they are retiring from it, by

word of command from the sergeant; for the officer remains behind with the Main Guard.

The party is now rearranged in the order of march, and at once retraces its steps to the next gate to be secured—the one at the Barbican or Spur Guard. On the outer side of the ditch, this portal is exactly opposite the Byward Gate, which we have seen to be situated on its inner bank. Having passed through the as yet open gate, the soldiers are again drawn up in lines, and it is closed and locked; and as the key is withdrawn from the lock, all present say, or are understood to say: 'God save Queen Victoria.' The Spur Guard is turned out to salute; and the Keys and their escort retreat across the moat to the Byward Gate, where precisely the same ceremony takes place. This completed, the three chief gates of the Tower have been made fast for the night.

But there exists a fourth gate, which may be accurately described as a 'back' entrance to the fortress; it stands in the vicinity of the ancient drawbridge, in the eastern portion of the outer wall of the Tower. The gate in this somewhat remote region is locked in a slightly less formal style than the other or 'front' gates; and the men of the escort soon step out smartly on their return journey to the Main Guard. There they are hailed by the sentry as at the outset, and to the echo of his final 'All's well,' the Queen's Keys are carried into their quarters.

No one, however high in rank or authority, can enter, or leave, the Tower after midnight. But the sergeant in command of the Spur Guard is authorised to admit residents as far as his guardhouse, where there is a waiting-room for the accommodation of such belated persons. For this purpose he is provided with keys—quite distinct from those of the escort—wherewith to open, not the gates, but wickets alongside them. And thus the people admitted do not enter the Tower proper; for it will be remembered that the ditch intervenes between the Barbican and the Byward Gate, where there is no wicket. The architects, ancient or modern, who designed the waiting-room took pains that it should not be a very attractive abode; and though it may compare favourably with another apartment said to exist in the Tower, and called 'Little Ease,' there is yet but small encouragement held forth to the inhabitants of the fortress to remain abroad subsequent to the hour appointed for 'locking-up.'

At five o'clock in the morning, the sergeant again summons his men; on this occasion, to open the gates of the Tower. The ceremony, though essentially similar to the midnight one, is perhaps a little more hurriedly performed in the unlocking than it is in the locking of the gates; and the officer on guard does not appear in the morning, though we may safely assume that he had to 'turn out' when the opening of the Tower was a more significant matter than it happily now is. But besides being present with his guard at midnight, he has other duties to carry out: by day, he marches off the 'relief' at intervals of two hours; and in the afternoon goes round the sentries, hearing them repeat their orders—an almost obsolete custom, but still kept up in the Tower. Previous to the hour appointed for this ordeal, the men may be seen studiously reading their instructions, or committing them to memory as they pace up and down. By night, the officer goes his 'rounds' accompanied by a small escort, including the drummer-boy and his rather opaque lantern. In the course of this tour, every sentinel connected with the garrison is visited; and by the time the rounds return to the Main Guard, the members of that important body have usually been called into activity by the loud cry of 'Keys!'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDWARD and Marian spent their first week in Trinidad with the Hawthorns senior. Mrs Hawthorn was kindness itself to Marian—a dear, gentle, motherly old lady, very proud of her boy, especially of his ability to read Arabic, which seemed to her a profundity of learning never yet dreamt of in the annals of humanity—and immensely pleased with her new daughter-in-law; but nothing on earth that Marian could say to her would induce her to unlock the mystery of that alarming telegram. 'No, no, my dear,' she would say, shaking her head gloomily and wiping her spectacles, whenever Marian recurred to the subject, 'you'll find it all out only too soon. God forbid, my darling, that ever I should break it to you. I love you far too well for that. Marian, Marian, my dear daughter, you should never, never, never have come here!' And then she would burst immediately into tears. And that was all that poor frightened Marian could ever get out of her new mother-in-law.

All that first week, old Mr Hawthorn was never tired of urging upon Edward to go back again at once to England. 'I can depart in peace now, my boy,' he said; 'I have seen you at last, and known you, and had my heart gladdened by your presence here. Indeed, if you wish it, I'd rather go back to England with you again, than that you should stay in this unsuitable Trinidad. Why bury your talents and your learning here, when you might be rising to fame and honour over in London? What's the use of your classical knowledge out in the West Indies? What's the use of your Arabic? What's the use of your law, even? We have nothing to try here but petty cases between planter and servant: of what good to you in that will be all your work at English tenures and English land laws? You're hiding your light under a bushel. You're putting a trotting horse into a hansom cab. You're wasting your Arabic on people who don't even know the difference between Greek and Latin.'

To all which, Edward steadily replied, that he wouldn't go back as long as this mystery still hung unsolved over him; and that, as he had practically made an agreement with the colonial government, it would be dishonourable in him to break it for unknown and unspecified reasons. As soon as possible, he declared firmly, he would take up his abode in his own district.

House-hunting is reduced to its very simplest elements in the West Indian colonies. There

is one house in each parish or county which has been inhabited from time immemorial by one functionary for the time being. The late Attorney-general dies of yellow fever, or drinks himself to death, or gets promotion, or retires to England, and another Attorney-general is duly appointed by constituted authority in his vacant place. The new man succeeds naturally to the house and furniture of his predecessor—as naturally, indeed, as he succeeds to any of his other functions, offices, and prerogatives. Not that there is the least compulsion in the matter, only you must. As there is no other house vacant in the community, and as nobody ever thinks of building a new one—except when the old one tumbles down by efflux of time or shock of earthquake—the only thing left for one to do is to live in the place immemorially occupied by all one's predecessors in the same office. Hence it happened that at the beginning of their second week in the island of Trinidad, Marian and Edward Hawthorn found themselves ensconced with hardly any trouble in the roomy bungalow known as Mulberry Lodge, and he hereditarily attached to the post of District Court Judge for the district of Westmoreland.

Marian laid herself out at once for callers, and very soon the callers began to drop in. About the fourth day after they had settled into their new house, she was sitting in the big, bare, tropical-looking drawing-room—a great, gaunt, spare barn, scantily furnished with a few tables and rocking-chairs upon the carpetless polished floor—so gaunt, that even Marian's deft fingers failed to make it at first look home-like or habitable—when a light carriage drew up hastily with a dash at the front-door of the low bungalow. The young bride pulled her bows straight quickly at the heavy, old-fashioned, gilt mirror, and waited anxiously to receive the expected visitors. It was her first appearance as mistress of her establishment. In a minute, Thomas, the negro butler—every man-servant is a butler in Trinidad, even if he is only a boy of twenty—ushered the new-comers pompously into the bare drawing-room. Marian took their cards and glanced at them hastily. Two gentlemen—the Honourable Colonial Secretary, and the Honourable Director of Irrigation.

The Colonial Secretary sidled into a chair, and took up his parable at once with a very profuse and ponderous apology. 'My wife, Mrs Hawthorn, my wife, I'm sorry to say, was most unfortunately unable to accompany me here this morning.—Charmingly you've laid out this room, really; so very different from what it used to be in poor old Macmurdo's time.—Isn't it, Colonel Daubeny?—Poor old Macmurdo died in the late yellow fever, you know, my dear madam, and Mr Hawthorn fills his vacancy. Excellent fellow, poor old Macmurdo—ninth judge I've known killed off by yellow fever in this district since I've been here.—My wife, I was saying, when your charming room compelled me to digress, is far from well at present—a malady of the country: this shocking climate; or else, I'm sure she'd have been delighted to have called upon you with me this morning. The loss is hers, the loss is hers, Mrs Hawthorn. I shall certainly tell her so. Immensely sorry.'

Colonel Daubeny, the Honourable Director of Irrigation, was a far jauntier and more easy-spoken man. 'And Mrs Daubeny, my dear madam,' he said with a fluent manner that Marian found exceedingly distasteful, 'is most unfortunately just this moment down—with toothache. Uncommon nasty thing to be down with, toothache. A perfect martyr to it. She begged me to make her excuses.—Mr Hawthorn'—to Edward, who had just come in—'Mrs Daubeny begged me to make her excuses. She regrets that she can't call to-day on Mrs Hawthorn.—Beautiful view you have, upon my word, from your front piazza.'

'It's the same view, I've no doubt,' Edward answered severely, 'as it used to be in the days of my predecessor.'

'Eh! What! Ah, bless my soul! Quite so,' Colonel Daubeny answered, dropping his eye-glass from his eye in some amazement.—'Ha! very good that—confoundedly good, really, Mr Hawthorn.'

Marian was a little surprised that Edward, usually so impassive, should so unmistakably snub the colonel at first sight; and yet she felt there was something very offensive in the man's familiar manner, that made the retort perfectly justifiable, and even necessary.

They lingered a little while, talking very ordinary tropical small-talk; and then the colonel, with an ugly smile, took up his hat, and declared, with many unnecessary asseverations, that he must really be off this very minute. Mrs Daubeny would so much regret having lost the precious opportunity. The Honourable Colonial Secretary rose at the same moment and added that he must be going too. Mrs Fitzmaurice would never forgive herself for that distressing local malady which had so unfortunately deprived her of the privilege and pleasure.—Good-morning, good-morning.

But as both gentlemen jumped into the dog-cart outside, Edward could hear the Colonial Secretary, through the open door, saying to the colonel in a highly amused voice: 'By George, he gave you as much as he got every bit, I swear, Daubeny.'

To which the colonel responded with a short laugh: 'Yes, my dear fellow; and didn't you see, by Jove, he twigged it?'

At this they both laughed together immoderately, and drove off at once laughing, very much pleased with one another.

Before Marian and her husband had time to exchange their surprise and wonder at such odd behaviour on the part of two apparently well-bred men, another buggy drove up to the door, from which a third gentleman promptly descended. His card showed him to be the wealthy proprietor of a large and flourishing neighbouring sugar-estate.

'Called round,' he said to Edward, with a slight bow towards Marian, 'just to pay my respects to our new judge, whom I'm glad to welcome to the district of Westmoreland. A son of Mr Hawthorn of Agualta is sure to be popular with most of his neighbours.—Ah—hem—my wife, I'm sorry to say, Mrs Hawthorn, is at present suffering from—extreme exhaustion, due to the heat. She hopes you'll excuse her not calling upon you. Otherwise, I'm sure,

she'd have been most delighted, most delighted. —Dear me, what an exquisite prospect you have from your veranda!' The neighbouring planter stopped for perhaps ten minutes in the midst of languishing conversation, and then vanished exactly as his two predecessors had done before him.

Marian turned to her husband in blank dismay. 'O Edward, Edward,' she cried, unable to conceal her chagrin and humiliation, 'what on earth can be the meaning of it?'

'My darling,' he answered, taking her hand in his tenderly, 'I haven't the very faintest conception.'

In the course of the afternoon, three more gentlemen called, each alone, and each of them in turn apologised profusely, in almost the very self-same words, for his wife's absence. The last was a fat old gentleman in the Customs' service, who declared with effusion many times over that Mrs Bolitho was really prostrated by the extraordinary season. 'Most unusual weather, this, Mrs Hawthorn. I've never known so depressing a summer in the island of Trinidad since I was a boy, ma'am.'

'So it would seem,' Edward answered drily. 'The whole female population of the island seems to be suffering from an extraordinary complication of local disorders.'

'Bless my soul!' the fat old gentleman ejaculated with a stare. 'Then you've found out that, have you?—Excuse me, excuse me. I—didn't know—— Hm, I hardly expected that you expected—or rather, that Mrs Hawthorn expected—— Ah, quite so.—Good-morning, good-morning.'

Marian flung herself in a passion of tears upon the drawing-room sofa. 'If any one else calls this afternoon, Thomas,' she said, 'I'm not at home. I won't see—I can't see them; I'll endure it no longer.—O Edward, darling, for God's sake, tell me, why on earth are they treating us as if—as if I were some sort of moral leper? They won't call upon me. What can be the reason of it?'

Edward Hawthorn held his head between his hands and walked rapidly up and down the bare drawing-room. 'I can't make it out,' he cried; 'I can't understand it. Marian—dearest—it is too terrible!'

THE TURQUOISE.

THERE are few gems more commonly seen on jewelry than the blue turquoise. Its beauty, its serviceable hardness, its pleasing contrast with gold, and its moderate price, explain why it is so much esteemed. Only a few exceptionally fine specimens of the stone rank with the 'rich and rare' gems. In the unlikely event of Persia being at war with all the rest of the world, it would, no doubt, become scarce and dear outside the dominion of the Shah, since it is only in that country that the mineral in a state fit for the jeweller's purpose is found. Much and widely as the turquoise is used for personal ornaments, the supply has for some time considerably exceeded the demand except for fine stones of an uncommon size. But, as is the case with all precious stones, unusually large pieces—those approaching the size of a hazel nut, for example—when of good quality, are eagerly sought after, and have a high intrinsic value.

The turquoise has in all likelihood been used as a gem from a very remote antiquity, since the range of mountains where it is plentifully found is situated at no great distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, near to, if not within, the area believed by many to have been the cradle of the human race. By some scholars, it is thought highly probable that the turquoise was used for inlaying the delicate and beautiful gold-work of ancient Greece; and at all events, there is a cameo portrait of a classic Greek prince in this mineral among the specimens in the famous collection of Marlborough gems. There is some doubt about the name this precious stone was known by in Pliny's time. He mentions that the *callais*, which was probably the turquoise, was found in Asia, where it occurred projecting from the surface of inaccessible rocks, whence it was obtained by means of slings; but these were the days of fables. That it was known to the ancient Romans is, however, proved by the fact that there still exist some, though only a very few, of their works of art cut in this mineral.

Want of certainty about the name applied to the turquoise in classic times leaves us in doubt as to what mystic virtues were then attributed to it. But in the middle ages, the turquoise, like other gems, was believed to have wonderful properties; indeed, it was credited with more supernatural virtues than most of them. The wearer of it had both his sight strengthened and his spirits cheered; he enjoyed immunity from the consequences of a fall by the gem itself breaking, in order to save his bones; and his turquoise, like himself, turned pale if he became sick. When its possessor died, it entirely lost its colour; but recovered it again on passing into the hands of a new owner. In some mysterious way, when suspended by a string, it correctly struck the hours on the inside of a glass vessel. Other precious stones have lost all the marvellous powers that belonged to them for centuries: the emerald no longer relieves the fatigued eyesight; the diamond cannot now dispel fear; the sapphire, though still cold to the touch, has ceased to be able to extinguish fire. In these perverse days, the hailstorm comes down even upon the wearer of an amethyst, and bright red coral attracts rather than repels robbers. But the turquoise still retains one of its mysterious properties, and flaunts it in the face of modern science. Sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly, it unaccountably turns pale, becomes spotted, or changes from blue to white; and specimens that behave in this capricious manner are found more commonly than those whose colour is distinctly permanent.

The turquoise is called in chemical language a hydrated phosphate of alumina. This means that it consists mainly of phosphoric acid and alumina, along with nearly twenty per cent. of water. It owes its colour to small quantities of compounds of copper and iron. It occurs blue, green, and bluish green; but the change to a pale, mottled, or white colour, which inferior turquoises undergo, generally takes place soon after they are taken from the mine. These

colours are opaque, or only very slightly translucent, and the stone has a somewhat waxy lustre. It is only those of a fast 'sky-blue' colour that are prized for jewelry; but at one time, a green turquoise was more highly valued than a blue one. Nowadays, however, people have no patience with either precious stones or precious metals that can be easily mistaken for those of inferior value. Either green felspar, which is of the same hardness, or malachite, which is softer, might be mistaken for green turquoise, and both are more common minerals. But there is hardly any other natural stone of the same, or even inferior, hardness that can be confounded with a blue turquoise. The material of some fossil teeth when coloured with phosphate of iron does, however, resemble it. Still, there need be no confusion, because this substance is softer. It is called odontolite or occidental turquoise; while the real stone is known by jewellers as the oriental turquoise. Odontolite is easily recognised under the microscope by the characteristic markings of dentine. Opaque blue glass can be made to imitate the turquoise; but the former differs in lustre and in the nature of its fracture.

Turquoises are found in Tibet, China, and the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai; but, as has been already stated, the supply for jewellers' purposes comes almost wholly from the celebrated Persian mines. Very little was known about these till a remarkably interesting and exhaustive Report upon them was recently furnished to the British Foreign Office by Mr A. Hontum Schindler, who was for a short time Director of the mines. They are situated in a range of mountains bounding on the north an open plain in the Bâr-i-Madèn district, thirty-two miles north-west of Nishâpûr, in the province of Khorassan. Botanists tell us that the brightest blue is seen on alpine flowers. If pure mountain air could be supposed to brighten the colour of a gem as well as a flower, there is no want of it where these turquoise veins occur. Their position is between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and a strong north wind blows almost continually over the ridges of the hills, rendering the situation very healthy. Wheat, barley, and mulberry trees grow well on the slopes at the lower of these heights.

Geologically, the mountains are composed of sandstones and nummulitic limestones lying on clay-slates and inclosing immense beds of gypsum and rock-salt. But these stratified rocks are broken through and metamorphosed by rocks of igneous origin, such as greenstones and porphyries. The turquoise-bearing veins occur in the metamorphic strata, and the mines proper consist of shafts and galleries in the solid rock. There are also 'diggings' in the detritus of disintegrated rock washed down towards the plain, and it is here that some of the best turquoises are found. A number of the mines are ancient and very extensive; and although most of them are now more or less in a state of neglect, Mr Schindler states that the presence of many old shafts—now filled up—for light and ventilation proves that they have at one time been skilfully worked, and were probably then under government control. But they appear to have been, for nearly two centuries, farmed by the villagers, who only think of a quick return for their money, and therefore cut away the rock wherever they see turquoises, without leaving proper supports to prevent the falling in of the mine. Several labourers have at different times been buried in the galleries through the rubbish being badly propped up. The perpendicular depth of one mine is one hundred and sixty feet, and others are nearly as deep. The miners work with picks and crowbars in much the same way as that in which vein-mining is carried on elsewhere; and it is a curious illustration of how slowly long-established processes are altered in the East, that gunpowder should have been used in these mines only within the last thirty years. But it is not strange, as can be seen by some examples of rock-blasting at home, to learn that the results obtained by gunpowder are, in one view, less satisfactory than those got by the pick. The powder does more work, but it is also more destructive, as it breaks the turquoises into small pieces.

Here we may say a few words about how it fares with the people who are occupied with the mining, cutting, and selling of the turquoises. About two hundred men work in the mines or at the diggings, and some thirty more—elders of the village—buy the turquoises and sell them to merchants and jewellers. A certain additional number of hands cut and polish the stones; but this work is done elsewhere, as well as in the district where they are found. The population of the villages in the neighbourhood of the mines is about twelve hundred, and the inhabitants, as in most mining districts, are improvident. Nearly all the men, and not a few of the women, are inveterate opium-smokers. Agriculture is neglected. Turquoise-dealing and its gains make the people careless of anything else. As a rule, the money is quickly spent; and men who easily earn a sum fully equal to fifty pounds sterling per annum, have often nothing to eat.

At the mines, the turquoises are roughly divided into three classes, of first, second, and third qualities. All the stones of good and fast colour and favourable shape belong to the first class. But how curiously these vary in value will be best understood by quoting Mr Schindler's own words: 'It is impossible to fix any price, or classify them according to different qualities. I have not yet seen two stones alike. A stone two-thirds of an inch in length, two-fifths of an inch in width, and about half an inch in thickness, cut *peikâni* (conical) shape, was valued at Meshed at three hundred pounds; another, of about the same size, shape, and cut, was valued at only eighty pounds. Turquoises of the size of a pea are sometimes sold for eight pounds. The colour most prized is the deep blue of the sky. A small speck of a lighter colour, which only connoisseurs can distinguish, or an almost unappreciable tinge of green, decreases the value considerably. Then there is that undefinable property of a good turquoise, the *zât*, something like the "water" of a diamond or the lustre of a pearl; a fine coloured turquoise without the *zât* is not worth much.' He subsequently adds: 'The above-mentioned three hundred pounds Meshed turquoise was bought from the finder by one of the Rish-i-Safids (elders of the village) for three pounds; the latter sold it still uncut at Meshed

for thirty-eight pounds. As soon as it was cut, its true value became apparent, and it was sent to Paris, where it was valued at six hundred pounds. The second purchaser, however, received only three hundred and forty pounds for it; the difference was gained by the agents.' Among the fine turquoises in the possession of the Shah, there is one valued at two thousand pounds.

The best stones of the second class are worth about ninety pounds per pound; whilst the most inferior will scarcely bring a twentieth part of this price. The latter are chiefly used in Persia for the decoration of swords, horse-trappings, pipe-heads, and the common kinds of jewelry. Small cut turquoises of a slightly better quality than these sell at the rate of from two to three shillings per thousand. In the third class are included stones unsaleable in Persia, as well as large flat stones, some of which are esteemed for amulets, brooches, buckles, and the like. The prices given there will be more than doubled when the turquoises are sold in Europe.

The turquoise being an opaque stone, it would be useless to cut facets upon it, as these would not reflect light in the same way as when fashioned upon a transparent gem like a diamond or a sapphire. There are three ways of cutting the turquoise, all much in the same style—the flat or slightly convex form, the truncated cone, and the tallow drop or *en cabochon*. The higher the conical and convex surfaces in the two latter, the more the turquoises are prized. None but a fine deep-coloured stone can be advantageously cut into a conical shape, since one of pale colour would appear almost white at the apex. Turquoises are cut by the hand on wheels made of a composition of emery and gum. They are afterwards polished by being rubbed on a fine-grained sandstone, and then on a piece of soft leather with turquoise dust.

Of the few mines which yield good turquoises, one or two are dangerous, on account of the loose rubbish they contain. The one from which the best of all are obtained yields very few. Some mines contain stones which look well at first, but soon change their colour and fade. Mr Schindler gives an instance of a recently found turquoise, as large as a walnut and of fine colour, being presented to His Majesty the Shah, which he had for only two days, when it became green and whitish, and therefore of no value. Throughout Europe, there has been a great fall in the price of this gem within the last few years, and it would seem that this is owing to the fact that large quantities of stones which appeared to be of fine quality, but were really of fugitive colour, had been disposed of not long ago at good prices. Up to the time that they were sold, their colour had been preserved by keeping them damp; but when taken out of their moist packing, they slowly became white. It need hardly be said that the colour of most precious stones is very permanent. There is, however, a variety of opal occurring in Mexico which is very beautiful when first found; but after a brief time it entirely loses its bright play of colours. Both the turquoise and the opal are peculiar in containing a considerable amount of water in their composition.

The colour of a fine turquoise has not escaped the notice of enamellers and potters. For centuries, an imitation of its characteristic and lovely blue has been applied among other colours to the exquisitely decorated pottery of Persia. On the most expensive and perhaps also the most beautiful of all porcelain, the Sèvres ware of soft body made in the latter half of last century, the turquoise blue is often a conspicuous colour. Towards the end of the century, when the directors of the far-famed *fabrique* changed the character of the china to that of a hard paste or body, its decoration with a turquoise colour was no longer possible. But modern English porcelain, like the old Sèvres, is of soft paste; and one of the feats on which our great Staffordshire potters pride themselves is the successful production upon it, in recent years, of a soft and clear turquoise blue.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

When the day dawned, it found the púsári still in the temple offering prayers and supplications to the god for deliverance from the spell he was under. As soon as it was sufficiently light for him to see his way, he left the temple and went down into the village. A hope had risen in his breast that his prayers may have been answered, and he was anxious to ascertain whether he was still invisible. The hope was soon dispelled. As he passed the door of a hut, an old man came out yawning and stretching his arms, and though the púsári stood right before him, took no notice of him. Filled with despair, the púsári went to his own house and sat in the porch, a prey to the gloomiest, most miserable thoughts. He occupied himself in watching Vallee. The overwhelming grief and agitation of the preceding day had passed off, leaving her listless, unhappy, and restless. She was trying to attend to her household duties; but her thoughts were elsewhere, for she sighed frequently and her eyes filled with tears very often. Every now and then, she went to the door and glanced out. On one such occasion she uttered an exclamation of surprise. On looking out, the púsári saw several men and women whom he recognised as some of his relatives, who lived in a village at some distance, coming towards him. On entering the house, one or two of the newcomers saluted Vallee curtly and coldly, but the rest took no notice of her. Abashed and pained by their conduct, Vallee retired to a corner and waited to see what they had come for. They made themselves quite at home at once. It was soon evident they had heard of the púsári's disappearance, and were come to see about his property, being persuaded he would never come back. After a while, they began to examine the house and to make a sort of rough inventory of what it contained.

'What are you doing, uncle?' asked Vallee of one of them, a thin, ferrety-faced man, who was her father's brother.

The man made no reply. Presently, he caught sight of the púsári's strong-box in a corner of the hut, and turning to her, abruptly demanded the key.

'My father keeps it,' she replied.

'Do not name your father to us!' said her uncle sharply. 'We have cast him off; we disown him!'

'But not his property, it appears,' retorted Vallee with spirit. 'And I tell you, Sinnan Ummiyán, it will not be well for you when my father comes home and hears what you have said of him!'

'Dare you mock me, daughter of a murderer!' exclaimed her uncle, as he gave her a sharp box on the ear.

Vallee did not cry out or burst into tears, but drawing herself up, walked silently and proudly out of the house and disappeared into the jungle.

Great was the disgust of the púsári at the conduct of his rapacious and selfish relatives, and his indignation at their treatment of his daughter. Muttering wrathfully to himself that he would make them regret it, if he ever regained his human form, he got up and went out after Vallee. As he entered the jungle at the spot where he had seen her disappear, he heard a voice that he instantly recognised—it was that of Valan Elúvan. Vallee had just met her lover.

'What is the matter, sweet one?' he heard Valan say. 'Are you crying for your father?'

'Aiyo, aiyo!' wailed the girl. 'I shall never see him again!'

'Do not give way to such thoughts, little one,' replied Valan. 'He will certainly return. He has probably gone to some distant village on sudden and important business.'

'O Valan,' exclaimed Vallee, 'then you don't think—you do not believe that he—killed the headman?'

'No; I do not, Púliya knows,' returned her lover gravely. '"Twas some stranger, no doubt, that did the rascally deed. Your father will doubtless return soon and prove his innocence. —Were those some of your people who came to your house just now?' he added.

Vallee explained who they were, and told him of her uncle's treatment of her.

'Never mind, child,' he said soothingly, when she had finished speaking. 'Should anything have happened to your father, and he not return, I will take you to my house as my wife; and we will go and live in some distant village where nothing is known about either of us, and no one can say malicious things of us.—What say you, sweet one?'

Vallee made no reply and no protest when he tenderly embraced her. They continued to talk together for some minutes. When they separated, the púsári followed Valan home, as he wished to see what his enemy was doing. As they entered the house, the púsári saw Iyan hastily hide some money he had been fingering, in his waist-cloth. Valan, too, saw his brother's action; he did not say anything, however, till he had deposited his jungle-knife in a corner; then, without looking round, he said quietly: 'Elder brother, where did you get that money?'

'What money?' blustered Iyan.

'That which you have in your waist-cloth.'

'I have had a debt repaid,' growled Iyan after a short pause.

'What debt?' persisted Valan. 'I did not know any one owed you anything.'

Iyan grunted angrily, but made no answer.

'Where were you the day before yesterday, when the múdliya was murdered?' continued Valan in a stern, grave tone and looking keenly at his brother.—'And why,' he continued, when he received no answer, 'did you change your cloth when you came home that night, and wash the one you had been wearing? And why, too, did you——?'

'Mind your own business!' interrupted Iyan fiercely, as he got up and walked out. 'You had better not spy on me, Valan Elúvan, or I will make you repent it!'

For some minutes after his brother had gone, Valan sat looking thoughtfully out of the door, evidently turning something over in his mind; then he got up and carefully searched the hut, examining with great care a cloth he found in a corner. He appeared not to be satisfied with what he saw, for he shook his head, and muttered two or three times to himself in a tone of sorrow and misgiving.

The whole of that day the púsári wandered restlessly about, spending most of the time, however, in and about his own house. By noon, his relatives had quite settled down in his house. It was clear they had no expectation of his ever returning, and had, therefore, constituted themselves his heirs. They did not treat Vallee with cruelty or harshness, but simply ignored her, or treated her as if she was dependent on them. Early in the afternoon, the young headman whom the púsári had seen at Mánkúlam the previous day, came to the village armed with a warrant. He was accompanied by several men, who searched his house carefully, but of course found nothing to incriminate him. They seized, however, the púsári's gun and two or three jungle-knives that were in the house. Vallee's distress and indignation at the action of the headman and his satellites was great; but she restrained herself, and made no protest or remark of any kind. The púsári learned from the conversation of these unwelcome visitors that men had been sent to all the neighbouring villages in search of him.

Night at length came on. The púsári hung about the village till every one had retired to rest. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to go in search of the pisási village in the haunted jungle. He started off at once, and before long found himself in a part of the jungle which he knew could not be very far from the scene of his dreadful night's adventure. But though he wandered about all night and climbed two or three trees, in the hope of seeing the glare of the magic fires, he found nothing. Though he knew himself to be invisible, and therefore perfectly safe, he could not overcome the sensation of fear when he heard the fierce cries of wild beasts in the dark, lonely forest. He listened anxiously to the crashing and trumpeting of a herd of elephants in the jungle near him, and to the grating roar of a leopard seeking its prey. He fairly fled when he heard the whimpering of a couple of bears coming along the path towards him. When the morning broke, he returned to the village.

Several days passed, and the púsári remained invisible to mortal eyes. He suffered neither from hunger nor thirst nor fatigue, and required no sleep. Aimlessly and ceaselessly, he wandered

about, sunk in the lowest depths of misery and despair. His great wish was to find the pisási village again, as he hoped that, in some way, the spell might then be removed from him. Night after night he entered the forest and wandered about till daybreak with eyes and ears open for any sign of the presence of pisásis; but though, before long, he knew every path and game-track, and almost every tree for miles round, he could not find again the haunted jungle. Sometimes, when tired of his fruitless midnight wanderings, he would go to the rice-fields and sit by the blazing fires in the watch-huts and listen to the talk of the men and boys guarding the crops from the wild beasts. During the day, he haunted the village, entering all the huts unseen, and listening to the conversation of the villagers. Often he laughed to himself as he overheard secrets disclosed, weaknesses exposed, and designs laid bare, by men and women who thought themselves alone and safe from eavesdropping. The excitement about the murder of the headman soon died out, and it ceased to be the absorbing theme of conversation in the village. The púsári was supposed to have got safely off to some distant country with his booty.

During this time, the púsári watched his enemy unceasingly, his feelings of hatred and desire for vengeance growing deeper every day. Iyan was too cunning a villain to excite suspicion by showing his ill-gotten wealth, and he had not as yet profited much by his crime. Every evening, the púsári watched him go into the jungle and gloat over the money and jewels he had hidden in the hollow tree.

The púsári also kept an untiring, loving watch over his daughter. His brother and family had by this taken complete possession of his house and property. Vallee felt keenly their rapacious proceedings and unkind treatment of her, for her father more than once saw her, with tears of mortification and indignation in her eyes, rush out of the house into the jungle. But she very often met there one who dried her tears quickly and easily. Valan appeared to be always on the watch for her, and met her so often and so openly, that it soon became the talk of the village. Many sneered at him for a fool to think of marrying a portionless girl, as they now thought her, and also the daughter of a murderer. It soon became clear to the púsári that matters were coming to a crisis, and that Valan, stung into resentment and defiance by the remarks of the villagers, and pitying Vallee's distress and unhappiness, would soon make her his wife and take her away. Valan's generous and honourable conduct towards his daughter, and his expression of belief in his innocence, had completely won the púsári's heart. He saw with approval and pleasure the relations between the two, and the thought that his daughter would soon be provided for, helped in considerable measure to reconcile him to his unhappy lot.

It happened one night that the púsári in one of his nocturnal rambles found himself at the river. It was now the height of the hot season, and the river was almost dry. Near where the path crossed the river was a small pool, the only water for miles around; to this the púsári went, and seated on the bank above, watched the wild animals coming to drink. It was a bright moonlight night, and the light reflected from the white sandy bed of the river made everything clearly visible. First came a pair of porcupines, which played about and chased each other, rattling their quills noisily, till the sudden appearance of an old she-bear with a cub on her back put them to flight. The bear drank and shuffled off; and then, with noiseless, stealthy step, a leopard glided out of the jungle into the moonlight. It looked about with its cruel, round gleaming eyes for a few moments, and then, lying down on its stomach, lapped its fill of water. Afterwards came a herd of wild-pigs, suspicious and wary, followed by a number of graceful spotted deer. As these were drinking, a slight noise in the distance caused them all to throw up their heads and listen in attitudes of alarm, and then to disappear in the jungle like shadows. A few moments later, with heavy but silent tread, a herd of elephants came along the river and drank at the pool, throwing copious showers of water over themselves with their trunks afterwards. The púsári had by this time quite lost all fear of wild animals, so he sat and watched them with pleasure and in perfect security.

Suddenly the púsári started to his feet, and with staring eyes and beating heart, gazed at something in the distance that had caught his eye. It was a brilliant glare of light over the trees. It was the pisási village at last! Without a moment's hesitation, and breathless with anxiety, he hurried off in the direction of the light, going straight through the jungle towards it. Nearer and nearer appeared the light, till at last, with joy and exultation in his heart, he stepped out of the jungle into the well-remembered enchanted bazaar. But instead of the unearthly silence that had reigned in the bazaar the last time he was there, it was now filled with uproar. No particular sounds were distinguishable; but horrid shrieks and yells, awful execrations and hideous sounds of every sort, filled the air. Instead of taking no notice of him as before, the pisásis glared balefully at him, and seemed to snarl and show their teeth. The creatures in the shape of cattle and dogs followed him threateningly; and numbers of evil-looking birds and loathsome creatures with wings flapped and fluttered about his head. But undaunted and undeterred, the púsári walked steadily on, searching for the old she-pisási's stall where he had drunk the magic potion. At last he found it. There sat the old hag, blinking and leering with the same hollow gourd of water before her. Seizing it, the púsári raised it to his lips, and in spite of the awful din that instantly arose, drained it to the bottom. As he put it down empty, he fell to the ground insensible.

It was daylight when he recovered and staggered to his feet. He remembered instantly what had happened during the night, and was filled with intense anxiety to ascertain whether his experiment had broken the spell that had bound him. He gazed at his arms and legs, and it seemed to him that they were real flesh and blood. He pinched them, and was sure he had felt the sensation. A thrill of joy passed through him, for he felt certain that he had recovered his human

form. Taking his bearings by the sun, he made his way rapidly through the jungle to the river. As he descended the bank, he came upon a herd of deer, and it was with rapture that he saw them gaze in alarm at him and then dash hastily away. As he walked along the bed of the river, he noticed with intense satisfaction that he now had a shadow! There was no longer any doubt, and in the gladness of his heart the púsári began to sing at the top of his voice. As he turned into the path leading to Pandiyán, he caught sight of a man coming towards him; a moment later, he saw it was Valan Elúvan. On seeing the púsári, the young man stopped and looked at him with astonishment. After a moment's hesitation, he came forward. 'Why, iya, where have you been?' he exclaimed.

'I cannot tell you now, Valan,' replied the púsári. 'I am anxious to get to Pandiyán. Come with me, and I will tell you all.'

'Then you are not afraid to go to the village, iya?' said Valan hesitatingly.

'No. Why should I?'

'Have you not heard, then, of the murder of the múdliya and what is said about it?'

'Yes, yes! I know all about it, and who the murderer is.'—Valan glanced quickly and searchingly at the púsári.—'Ay, and I know more than that,' continued the púsári, returning his glance with a smile. 'I know how you have been making love to my daughter in my absence, and heard every word you said to her!'

Valan looked puzzled and confounded, but said nothing; and the two walked on together in silence, each buried in his own thoughts. Valan was wondering whether the púsári could possibly have been hidden in the jungle near his house all the time, and thus overheard his interviews with Vallee. He was also trying to account for his friendly manner towards him, so different from his former behaviour. He could not help feeling that the púsári was only feigning friendliness, and that he had some deep design in view, especially when he thought over his remark, that he knew who was the murderer of the headman; and who that was he felt only too sure—his own brother, and the other's deadly enemy. Meanwhile, the púsári, filled with joyful thoughts and anticipations, strode along at such a rate that Valan could scarcely keep up with him.

At length they reached Pandiyán. A number of the villagers were standing about, and they no sooner saw who it was that accompanied Valan than the cry was raised: 'The púsári has come back!' and men, women, and children came running out of the houses, filled with astonishment and excitement. Vallee, however, was not to be seen, though both the men looked round for her. Without taking notice of anybody, the púsári walked through the village, past his own house, to Iyan Elúvan's hut. Valan followed, grave and silent. The púsári's face was hard and stern as he entered the house. A glance round showed him there was no one there; it was, however, in great disorder, and something lying on the floor caught his eye. It was a torn fragment of cloth, and near it lay a small knife, its point stained with blood. The púsári picked them up and examined them; then, without a word, and followed by Valan and an intensely curious and excited but silent crowd of villagers, he left the hut, and entering the jungle at its back, made his way to the hollow tree where Iyan had hidden the valuables he had robbed the múdliya of. As the party neared the spot, a loud cry rose from the villagers, for lying at the foot of the tree was a dark object; it was the body of Iyan Elúvan!

Uttering an exclamation of horror, Valan knelt beside his brother and laid his hand upon his heart. The body was still warm, but Iyan was quite dead. His right hand was bound up with a strip of cloth. On this being unwound by Valan, a couple of small punctured wounds were discernible in the fleshy part near the thumb. Cries of, 'It is a snake-bite!' 'He has been bitten by a snake!' rose from the villagers crowding round, for they all recognised the marks. Meanwhile, the púsári, with the assistance of a stick, had drawn the bundle out of the hollow in the tree. With it came the freshly shed skin of a cobra, and it was at once seen how Iyan had come by his death. A cobra had taken up its abode in the hollow where Iyan had placed his ill-gotten treasure, and on his attempting to withdraw it, had bitten him in the hand. Iyan had then gone back to his house, and lanced and washed the wound and bound up his hand; but feeling the approach of death, had crawled back to the tree, but for what purpose was never known, and had there expired.

Opening the bundle, the púsári displayed to the astonished gaze of the villagers the money and jewels it contained. Every one of them knew at once that it was the stolen property of the murdered headman; but how it came to be hidden in the tree and what Iyan had to do with it, they were at a loss to guess. And now the púsári spoke, and in a few words told them all that had happened to him since they had last seen him. They listened eagerly and attentively, and believed every word. They frequently interrupted his story of what he had seen in the pisási village, with exclamations of horror and amazement, and when he finished, they one and all loudly expressed their satisfaction at his return, and belief in his innocence.

The whole party then returned to the village, carrying the body of Iyan, and taking with them the recovered treasure. The púsári went at once in search of his daughter, and soon found her in the thrashing-ground in the fields winnowing rice. The meeting was a very happy one. Vallee's delight and joy knew no bounds. Could it have been possible to increase her happiness at her father's return, the assurance he now gave her of regard for Valan Elúvan and his approval of him as her future husband, would have done so. The púsári's next step was to go home accompanied by Vallee, and in a few cold, bitter words, to upbraid his relatives for their conduct and order them to leave his house at once. Ashamed and abashed, they went away without any attempt at explanation or apology. That afternoon, the young headman who had before inquired into the murder arrived at Pandiyán and at once instituted inquiries. The result was that the púsári's innocence was established and the dead man's guilt proved. The headman took charge of the stolen property.

'Truly, iya,' he said to the púsári as he departed, 'you have much to be thankful for.

Only by the favour of Púliya have you escaped from the wiles of the pisásis, and from the snare that Iyan Elúvan laid for you. 'Tis well, indeed, to be a favourite of the god. May you be happy and prosper!'

Before many days, Valan and Vallee were married, and went to live in an adjoining village. Relieved by the death of his enemy from constant worry and irritation, the púsári's temper greatly improved. In course of time he became so much respected and so popular, that he was elected headman of the district. The secrets he learned when he wandered about the village invisible, proved to be of great value to him, as he was often able to turn his knowledge to account in his dealings with his fellow-villagers. He became in time a man of substance.

The púsári's adventure was the subject of conversation through the whole country round for many weeks, and for a long time not a man, woman, or child dared enter the jungle after nightfall. But though in course of time the fear of the pisásis wore off, and on several occasions villagers were lost in the forest and wandered about there all night, no one ever found again the Haunted Jungle.

A STICK OF INDIAN INK.

Amongst familiar things that are of comparatively recent introduction we must include that artistic article inaccurately known as Indian ink. Even when the seventeenth century was more than half-spent, it was a rarity; and in the folio volume, published in 1672, descriptive of the Museo Moscarda, there is an engraving of a stick of Indian ink, which was included with some 'giants' teeth'—in reality mammoth bones—as amongst the chief curiosities of the collection. Notwithstanding its usual English name of 'Indian ink,' it is a Chinese manufacture. M. Maurice Jametel, a careful and accomplished French scholar, has compiled from Chinese sources an interesting monograph on its history and manufacture (*L'Encre de Chine, d'après des Documents Chinois*, traduits par M. Jametel: Paris, 1882). The historians of the Celestial kingdom, according to their usual custom in dealing with the affairs of their own land, attribute high antiquity to the use of ink; they say that it was invented by Tien-tchen, who flourished somewhere between 2697 and 2597 B.C. The Chinese at the time made use of a lacquer which was spread upon silk by the help of bamboo sticks. That, at least, is one interpretation of certain passages as to bamboo books. Next we are told that they used a sort of black stone, to which water was applied.

About two centuries and a half before the birth of Christ, a new departure arose in Kiang-si province, where they began to manufacture balls of lampblack made of a mixture of lacquer, firwood, and size. The new invention was warmly welcomed, and the processes rapidly improved. A poet, Ouï-fou-jen, celebrating the novel aid to literature, mentions with especial praise the ink that was made from the firs that grew on the hillsides of Lou-chan, in the province of Kiang-si. This province was celebrated for the fine quality of its ink; and under the Tang dynasty, in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries of our era, there was an overseer who was a government official and whose functions were hereditary. Every year, a certain number of sticks of ink were sent to the Emperor as tribute.

During the reign of the Tang dynasty, we are told that the ink grew blacker with age, and that the size hardening, made the sticks as hard as stone. This points to the early development of the industry; for these characteristics of more than a thousand years ago are precisely those which are still regarded as the true tests of excellence. There is even some reason to think that there were state manufactories. The names of Li-tsao, Tchou-feung—whose place was called the Fir-burning Workshop—and of Li-tchao have been recorded as makers of excellence; but the son of the last-named, Li-ting-kouei, is still regarded as the most famous of ink-makers. He was an ingenious person, and moulded his 'sticks' of ink into a variety of quaint forms; and his 'swords' and 'cakes' were greatly admired. His reputation, however, rests on a more solid basis than a talent for fancy shapes. The sterling character of the man was reflected in his work; and the excellence and good quality of his ink attracted general admiration. It was said that if you wanted to test the genuineness of an ink-stick that professed to be from his workshop, you must break it in pieces, and throw the bits into a vessel of water. If the pieces at the end of a month remained intact and undissolved, it was a proof that the ink had come from the works of Li-ting-kouei.

There are points of contact between the manners of the East and West, for an honorific syllable or title was granted by the Emperor to the successful ink-maker, who thus became Lhi-ting-kouei. Another famous ink-maker was Tchang-yu, who was furnisher to the household of the Emperors under the dynasty of the Song, who flourished from 998 to 1023. The manufacture, however, declined in its artistic quality; but sometimes a maker arose who gave it a fresh impetus and importance. Two of these are named Pan-kou and Tchai-sin, the latter of whom is said to have rediscovered some of the antique processes by which Li-ting-kouei had gained his renown. A great variety of processes have been employed, and nearly every kind of combustible has been used for the production of the lampblack. The Emperor Hsiuan-tsong made use of perfumed rice-powder steeped in a decoction of *Hibiscus mutabilis*. At one locality where petroleum is used for lighting purposes, the lampblack resulting from its combustion is said to make an ink which for brilliance and blackness is superior to that made from firwood. The latter was, however, formerly the great source of Indian ink. After the lampblack or soot obtained by the burning of the wood, the most important thing is the size by which the particles are held together. This is frequently of animal origin.

The horns of the stag and of the rhinoceros are said to be laid under contribution; as also the ox and various kinds of fishes. There is some reason to think that this industry came to the Middle Kingdom from Corea. At the present time, it is said that, instead of firwood, the oleaginous matters of the *Dryandra cordata* and grains of hemp are almost universally used. In some places, the *Gleditschia sinensis* is preferred, and even the cane-flower and the haricot do not escape. It is curious that the Chinese author Chen-ki-souen does not mention the *Sesamum orientale*, which is generally regarded as the chief source from which the soot of Indian ink is now obtained. The processes of the manufacture have been elaborately described, and Chinese artists have exerted their ingenuity to portray all the details of an industry so important both to literature and art. In Europe, Indian ink is used for drawings only; but in China, it is the instrument by which the poet writes his verses and by which the judge records his sentences, as well as that by which the artist embodies his fugitive fancies.

Chinese imagination has run riot in doing honour to ink. As there are divinities to preside over almost every object, the instruments of literature do not lack their supernatural guardians, and their place and precedence are settled by strict rules of etiquette. The 'Prefect of the Black Perfume' is the official style of the ink-deity, and he ranks higher than the 'Guardian Spirit of the Pencil;' whilst on a still lower level stands the 'Genius of Paper.' One day when the Emperor Hiuan-tsong, of the Tang dynasty, was at work in his study, suddenly there popped out from a stick of ink that lay upon his table a quaint figure no larger than a fly, but having all the appearance of a Taoist priest. The startled monarch was soon reassured by the words of the apparition. 'Behold,' it said, 'the Genius of the Ink. My title is the Envoy of the Black Fir, and I have to announce to you that henceforth, when a man of true learning or genius writes, the Twelve Deities of Ink shall make their appearance to testify to the reality of his powers.' Alas for literature! From that day to this, the Twelve Deities of Ink have remained invisible, although many centuries have passed away.

THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY.

The little world of fashionable London society was startled a few years ago by reports of a series of daring jewel robberies. The most costly gems seemed to disappear as if by magic under the very eyes of their owners. These robberies defied detection. A clue in one case was upset by the facts in another. When my aid as private detective was called in, I resolved to confine my attention to three distinct cases, though, of course, if useful information came in my way concerning other matters, I should know how to take advantage of it.

The first of the three on my list was the case of the Dowager Lady A., a somewhat eccentric old lady, who found her chief delight in arraying herself in her most valuable jewels and visiting in regular rotation all the West-end theatres. One night, when returning from one of these expeditions, her carriage had been overturned by colliding with an omnibus. The dowager was seriously injured, and within a few days she was dead. Then, apparently for the first time, it was discovered that the whole of the jewels worn by Lady A. on the night of the carriage accident had mysteriously disappeared. Her maid was so overcome by the sight of her injured mistress, that she failed altogether to remember what was done with these jewels at the moment when her ladyship was undressed. It was even a question whether they might not have been actually lost in the street during the confusion of the accident. At all events, no trace of them could be found, and it soon became evident that in the excitement of summoning relatives, fetching doctors, and, very soon, nurses and undertakers, half-a-dozen persons might have entered the house and walked off with the jewels without any chance of detection.

Then I turned my attention to the second case—that of the young Countess of B. There seemed less room for doubt in this instance. The fashionable wedding of the autumn had been that of the Earl of B. with Miss Blank. There had been a churchful of people at St George's, Hanover Square, and a host of guests at the breakfast at the *Unique Hotel*. On the morning of the wedding, the earl had presented his bride with a magnificent tiara of diamonds. As the 'happy pair' were to start almost immediately for the continent, these diamonds, inclosed in a case, were hastily packed in a travelling bag, which the bride's travelling maid was never to let out of her sight. On arriving at Paris, the bag was apparently intact; but on opening the jewel-case, the tiara was amissing. Clearly, it must have been cleverly extracted from the case while lying in the bride's dressing-room, the empty case then being placed in the bag. Who had stolen the countess's diamonds? The maid, the bride's mother, and a younger brother had alone, as far as it was known, entered the room where the jewels were lying. I don't mind saying I had some difficulty in believing that a *bonâ fide* robbery had been committed. You may not believe it, but I am convinced that many a startling robbery of jewels would be explained, if we knew of all the private debts incurred by ladies of fashion, and of the sacrifices sometimes made by them to screen from disgrace themselves or some deeply involved connection.

Meanwhile, I made inquiries concerning robbery number three. This was at Colonel C.'s. There the only thing missed was a very valuable bracelet. There had been a dance at the house. During the evening, Mrs C. had slipped and sprained her ankle so severely that a doctor had to be summoned, and the party was somewhat prematurely brought to a close. Mrs C. distinctly remembered wearing the bracelet; but whether she had it on at the moment of falling, she could not remember. There had been naturally some confusion in the ballroom, and the lady had been carried to her own room. It was not for some hours that the loss of the bracelet was noticed. Then a search was made, but altogether without success.

In the first and third of these cases, suspicion seemed to point at once to some member of the household; but all my inquiries failed to find

any trace of the missing property. The servants all willingly consented, nay, even offered, to have their boxes searched, and for some weeks I confessed myself baffled. The missing property had disappeared as completely as though it had never existed.

Again and again I went over the whole circumstances as they had been related to me. There was, I reflected, one circumstance common to all three of the robberies, if robberies they were. There had been at the time some unusual amount of confusion, all lending opportunity for a theft to take place without immediate detection. The Dowager Lady A.'s diamonds had been stolen during her illness, or about the time of her death. The Countess of B. had lost her diamonds during the excitement of a wedding breakfast at an hotel. At Colonel C.'s house, there had been a ball on the night when the bracelet was lost. Was there any one, I asked myself, who, by chance or intention, had been present at each place at the time of the robbery? Any occasional waiter, for example, or servant of any kind? I could not find that there had been. Yet, if the thief were not one of the household, how was it that a stranger should in three separate instances fix on an establishment where the circumstances were favourable to a robbery of valuable property? In two cases, there had been illness and a hasty summoning of doctors. That led to another thought: was it possible that some experienced thief or gang of thieves had laid themselves out to track the broughams of fashionable West-end physicians, on the chance of finding hall doors left open, and property somewhat loosely guarded?

I had not thought of such a thing seriously before; but it seemed now to be an idea worth following up. Once more I resumed inquiries. Who was the doctor summoned in the case of the Dowager Lady A.? I easily ascertained. It was one of the best known men, at that time, in London. He and his brougham would be familiar to every thief who frequented West-end thoroughfares. I next inquired at Colonel C.'s. To my satisfaction, I learnt that the same doctor had attended in this case. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'I begin to see daylight.' Shortly afterwards, I made a further discovery. The coachman who drove the famous physician to Lady A.'s on the night of the accident, and to Colonel C.'s on the night of the ball, had only been in his employ a few weeks; and on the date of the Earl of B.'s wedding, the man had driven the carriage of one of the guests at the breakfast.

The clue I felt was becoming strong. The thief, I grew convinced, was a confederate of the grave-faced man in spotless black who drove the fashionable doctor from one house of sickness to another. I resolved to obtain an interview with the doctor, and after explaining my suspicions, plan some mode of detecting so consummate a rascal. Circumstances occurred to make me resolve to carry out my purpose without delay.

My journey took me to one of the somewhat sombre-looking streets that run down to the Thames, from the Chelsea side, between Chelsea Bridge and Battersea Bridge. The name 'Gideon West, M.D., Physician and Surgeon,' inscribed on a brass plate told me when I had reached my destination. Dr West, I was informed, was still out, late though it was; and the time of his coming home was most uncertain. I was determined, however, not to return without seeing him; and after assuring the tired-looking servant that I should certainly await Dr West's return, even if I had to spend the night on the doorstep, I was shown into the consulting-room, where a wood-fire was still burning on the hearth. Seating myself in an armchair with a high screen behind me, I settled down to my vigil, however long it might be.

I had often noticed the house; for who did not feel some interest in so famous a medical man as Gideon West? Why he had chosen such a house I did not learn until afterwards; but I knew it was an old-fashioned, rambling sort of place, with a room built on here at one time, and there at another time. Windows had been blocked up at one place, and windows had been let in at another. In fact, it was a house that seemed to defy a stranger to explain upon what rule, or what want of rule, it had been so constructed.

Those who first heard of Gideon West as one of the most famous physicians in London, asked in astonishment how he could live in such a ramshackle-looking building. Perhaps they forgot that even famous doctors were not born famous. Gideon West, when he entered on his professional career, was anything but famous, and he was as poor as he well could be. Father and mother were dead, brothers and sisters he had none. An almost forgotten god-mother had, to his surprise, left him the old house at Chelsea. This was about the time he received his diploma. Thereupon, Gideon West married, for love, a girl without a penny, settled himself in his new possession, had the brass plate affixed to the door, and awaited the patients who were to prove his skill and make his fortune. It was a weary waiting; but the young bride had unlimited trust in her husband, and Gideon West never for an instant lost faith in himself. Slowly, very slowly, a small practice grew upon his hands; but the struggle that only braced Gideon West for the battle of life proved too terrible for the frail young wife. But there was no complaining, no repining, no word to tell of doubt, much less of despair, and Gideon West battled on. He knew, as though it had already come, that he should at last prevail. He had measured his own strength, and felt that he could trust it. But—and it was that *but* alone which troubled him—suppose he should have to wait years and years—suppose, as those years went by, he should see the colour pale on the face he loved; the brightness fade from the eyes he delighted to gaze into—suppose his long years of waiting were marked in the lines on his wife's young face—suppose when the golden gates of fortune flew open, he should find it was—too late!

How long I sat dreaming in Dr West's room, I know not; but it is certain I must have fallen asleep before the crackling embers. When I awoke, I found myself in all but darkness. The gas had been lowered, and only a flickering glow from the dying fire remained to cast drear and fantastic shadows on the ceiling. Many

hours must have passed. I must have been forgotten when the servants retired to rest, and Dr West either had not returned, or had not been made aware of my presence. My position was embarrassing. To wake up in the middle of the night and to find myself in a strange house, was a new experience. I groped about the room and felt for the door by which I had entered. It was locked. Bell of any sort I could find none. I tried to raise my voice; but the death-stillness and darkness of the room seemed to stifle me. I found the window, and looked out. It opened high above a courtyard closed in by walls. Again I tried the door. Then I remembered that it was a sort of passage-room; that there was a door leading from it to an apartment beyond. I managed to find this door, covered as it was with heavy tapestry hangings. Feeling very much like a thief, I tried the handle. It turned in my hand, and the door yielded noiselessly. Beyond, I saw a large square chamber, evidently a bedroom; but the bed was unoccupied. It was a quaint and haunted-looking room, with high oaken skirting and panelled ceiling. A couple of candles burned on the dressing-table, and threw a faint light over the dark furniture and the tapestries that hung against the walls.

Once more I tried to call out; but my tongue seemed dried up, and my voice refused to be heard. Presently, to my relief I heard a human voice. It evidently came from an apartment beyond the one into which I had ventured. Impelled, I hardly knew how, I resolved to venture farther; and as my footsteps fell noiselessly on the thick carpet, I could hardly believe I was not wandering in a dream through the mysterious chambers of the dead.

Yet more and more distinctly I heard the sad low voice that had caught my ear; and I approached stealthily, and I confess with something like awe, the door, which, as I perceived, opened from the bedroom to the chamber whence the voice proceeded. Here, as before, a curtain of antique tapestry, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, concealed the aperture; and trying cautiously the door, I found that it opened towards me. This gave me time to reflect before intruding, with stealthy steps, in the dead of night, into the privacy of this innermost chamber. Like a guilty creature, I stood and listened. The voice—for there seemed to be but one—was close at hand. It was a strangely melancholy voice, yet possessing a fascinating power that chained me to the spot.

'Will you never, never speak to me again, my darling, my darling!' I heard the words too plainly to mistake or forget them. 'Will you never speak to me again! Year after year, as the day comes round, I have prayed to God to grant me but one sweet word—one word to tell me of your love! Oh, my darling, my darling, have I prayed in vain? Will those lips never again open with a smile, those eyes never again look into mine, even when I come to you on my knees, as I do this Christmas morning!'

These strange words reproached me. Into what sacred precincts had I intruded? What heart-breaking grief was I desecrating?

Suddenly the tone of voice changed. The sad pathos gave way to accents of joy. 'See! see, my beloved one; here are gifts worthy of a queen. Did I not tell you the time would come when all our struggles would be over; when there would be no more fighting for very bread; no more daily care; no more dread of the future; no fears for success, because it would be already mine! Ah, Gertrude, my wife, my darling, you were good and patient to me in those days. If the clouds were dark, your eyes were always bright; if the heavens were overcast, your smile drove away the storm; your voice was the music of my life, your ceaseless trust was my lodestar. But all has changed. Those days have passed. I am rich now; they say I am famous. The day is now too short for my work, and the night too short for rest. And yet I need rest. I feel I cannot live much longer if I may not rest. My brain is ever reeling with its weariness, yet I cannot sleep. Night after night is one long vigil. No sleep, no rest, no peace! I have been waiting for this night, for you, my love, for you! And now the hour has come. It is Christmas morning.—Hark! already I hear the sound of the Christmas bells. Ah! no wonder, for my wife, my beloved, has come back to me at last—come back to me from the dead!'

In feverish excitement, I listened. But there was no answer—not a sound, when that trembling voice ceased, to break the stillness of the night.

Presently, it began again. 'They tell me it is thirty years ago. Nonsense! That is only a dream. It was yesterday—yesterday, that you spoke to me for the last time—yesterday, that you bade me good-bye, and kissed me when I went away. And to-day, you are as you were then. No change, no change, none at all. You are as young and as fair as when I first took your hand in mine and called you "wife."'

Then there was a pause, and I was conscious of some movement beyond the tapestry behind which I was guiltily hiding.

What followed startled me, but it called me back to life. With a voice thrilling with emotion, the man once more broke the silence. 'Gertrude! These are yours. This is your birthday, and our old wedding-day, and I have not forgotten you. You do not yet believe that I am rich and famous, and that your husband has many friends. See! These are gifts from those whom I have rescued from death! They are thank-offerings to the "doctor's wife." Here is a bracelet. It is set with emeralds. No rarer could be found. Ah! how charming it looks on that dainty wrist! And here is something a princess might wear. It is a tiara of diamonds; and it is yours. Ah, my wife, let me place it on your brow! Oh, my queen, my queen!'

Unable to restrain myself longer, I cautiously drew aside the tapestry and peered into the chamber beyond it. It was comparatively small, but richly furnished, though in the fashion of olden times. It was, I thought, a lady's boudoir; but from where I was concealed, only a portion of the room was revealed to my view. It was not the room that arrested my attention, but what it contained. On a small table, almost within reach, lay those very ornaments—the earrings, the necklet, the pendant—of rubies and pearls, the loss of which had first led me to

unravel, if I could, the mystery of the great jewel robbery. I could not be mistaken. The description given me had been most minute. An exact counterpart of the set was not in existence; and here it lay on the table before me.

As I looked on with astonishment, from the part of the room I could not see there approached me, slowly and with pensive step and bowed head, like one walking in his sleep, the man whom I now almost dreaded to see—the famous doctor, Gideon West.

Could he be the author of these mysterious thefts? I could not believe it, and yet the proofs of his guilt lay before me. No longer hesitating, I stepped forward. So sudden and so unexpected was my appearance, that the man was unconscious of my presence until I had placed my hands upon his arm and gasped in trembling tones: 'Dr West—I—arrest'—— But the sentence was never completed.

With a cry that might have been heard almost in the grave, the unhappy man shrank from me. At that instant, I turned in the direction to which he was pointing, with that agonised look upon his face; and as I did so, I loosened my hold and my hands fell powerless to my side. In the corner of the chamber hitherto hidden from me, I saw one of those old-fashioned bedsteads, with heavy draperies around it. The curtains were of silk, once a pearly white, now dulled and faded by age. The counterpane and pillow, once like driven snow, were white no more. Lying on the bed, with her head on the pillow, and her body partially concealed by the bed-linen, I saw the form of a woman—a woman who must once have been fair and beautiful to behold. Her luxuriant hair fell in wreaths on each side her face, and was then brought together over the bare white throat. Her arms were uncovered by the counterpane, and, clasping an infant child in their embrace, lay folded across her breast.

As I realised all the details of what seemed like a vision, I confess that my nerves failed me. I could only look at that cold pale face, lying so still on the pillow, with the child-face nestling beside it; and as I looked, I realised that the stillness was the stillness of death.

Like one entranced, I remained motionless for some moments, when again I was aroused to action.

A figure clothed in white—the face scarcely less pale than the face of the dead, the scanty locks of hair, white with age, hanging loosely about her shoulders, the eyes fixed on the bed, and the hands stretched out supplicatingly towards it—glided into the room. Then catching sight of the prostrate figure of the man who had cast himself beside the bed, with his hands spread out on the form that lay there, this apparition of woe, turning on me a glance of reproach that will haunt me to my dying day, exclaimed, amid streaming tears: 'You have killed him! My son, my son!'

And now, how shall I finish my story without wearying you with explanations? Let me go back to that old question once asked by Gideon West: 'What if success should come too late?' For all the happiness it could bring him, it did come too late. His struggle with fate, if not a long, had been a bitter one. There fell a grievous sickness on the neighbourhood; disease and death stalked abroad, and mowed down their victims without counting the numbers. Against the grim tyrants, Gideon West fought day and night; his energy was endless, his courage undaunted; and he triumphed. No; not Gideon West; but the weapons of science triumphed in his hands. Disease and death were driven from the field; as they fled, they shot one last bolt at their victor—it glanced off his armour, but left his wife and child dead at his side.

Yes; he had won. But what was the victory worth? Fame, reward, wealth, all were his; but the one hope of his life was dead. Yet he never spared himself—never ceased work for a day—never hesitated at any sacrifice. He lived, he said, for only one object—it was to 'wear out his life.' The old home knew him to the end, and one faithful and devoted woman gave all her years to cheer the one hero of her life, the poor struggling surgeon, the great physician—the man who for pure love had married her only child: Gertrude's husband!

But the end came suddenly at last, and outwardly there seemed to be no signs of failing power. The mind seemed as fresh and as vigorous as ever. Only in one direction did it give way. Years of never-ceasing brooding over his dead wife and child did its work; and as the sad anniversary of his wife's birthday, her marriage, and of her death, once more approached, the strain overpowered him. A mania seized him; he must offer her the most costly treasures. Yet they must not appear to come from him, but from others, from those who owed their health, their life, to his skill. They must be proofs of his fame—proofs to the dead wife of her husband's triumph. The mania grew upon him. Wherever he saw anything that was of peculiar value, he seemed to claim it as his own, fully persuaded, as I believe, that it was a willing offering to the memory of his dead wife. And so those once inexplicable disappearances were explained. No one suspected, would dream of suspecting, the great doctor; and sane in everything else, yet with his brilliant intellect already ripe for decay, the unhappy man for weeks past had been the victim of a mania he neither comprehended nor was able to resist. I learnt afterwards that a medical conference had taken him to the house where the countess's diamonds were lost on that particular morning, and he must by accident have entered the room where the diamonds were momentarily left unguarded, and at once he had been led, by an irresistible impulse, to possess them.

Before I left that strangely haunted house at Chelsea on that Christmas morning, the twice-stricken mother led me to the dread bedside and placed my hands on the cold face. I looked at the mother, and then I felt the white hands that lay clasped before me. The woman read my thoughts.

'No,' she whispered; 'it is not the flesh of mortal! It is but a fearful counterfeit of death. It was modelled from the dead wife and child, and was to have been reproduced in marble for Gertrude's tomb. But Gideon West would not have it removed. Call it a morbid fancy or a

passionate love, which you will; but for years he has spent the hours of his solitude beside this poor image of his wife!—Now, tell me, was yonder dead man a thief, or was he the victim to unconquerable mania?'

For Gideon West was dead, and his secret died with him.

We laid him on his own bed; and when the coroner's jury said next day that he died 'by the visitation of God,' they spoke the truth.

The lost jewels were restored to their owners with the simple explanation that he who had taken them was beyond the reach of human justice.

For my part in the restitution, I was generously rewarded; but it was the last investigation I ever undertook. Many years have passed, and the world soon forgets; but I thought it would interest some to learn what I knew concerning the Great Jewel Robbery.

THE CULTIVATION OF CELERY.

Celery is an important and useful anti-scorbutic vegetable, which can be prepared for table in many ways, or simply used in soup. It is also by some held to be a good specific against rheumatism. Within the last seven years, celery-growing has become quite a business in North Notts and South Yorkshire. Within a radius of ten miles of Bawtry, in the latter county, twenty-five acres of land sufficed for the crop in 1878; but during 1885, upwards of four hundred acres were devoted to the cultivation of celery. Peat with a clayey or cool subsoil answers better for growing celery than stronger land. Most kinds of crops exhaust the land, but celery improves it.

The seed-beds are prepared in January and early in February, of leaves or manure, or any kind of heating material at hand. We learn from a communication by Mr C. M. Brewin, of Bawtry, that the earliest crops are ready for taking up the first week in September, and realise from two to three shillings per dozen roots retail price. The crop is worth from fifty-five to sixty pounds per acre, often more for very good crops; later crops from thirty-five to forty-five pounds per acre. The number of plants required per acre is sixteen thousand. Cost of labour in producing earliest crops on the ground: Average rent from thirty-five shillings to two pounds per acre; rates, taxes, and tithe, ten shillings per acre; manure, from nine to ten pounds per acre; labour, ten pounds per acre; carting to stations, four pounds per acre: leaving a profit for the best early crops of twenty-eight to thirty-two pounds. For late crops, labour is two pounds less, bringing a profit of ten to twenty pounds per acre. There are some failures, which are generally in the first year. The average quantity sent away weekly from various stations in the neighbourhood is two hundred tons.

Several labourers, very poor men, have started with small plots, and worked them in early morning before their ordinary day's work began, and in the evenings, with the assistance of their wives and children. These men have now, some one horse and cart, and others two, and grow from two to five acres each.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

I looked forth on the world to-day,
As waked the rosy morn,
And every budding leaf and blade
Proclaimed the Spring was born.
The southern wind's seductive wiles
My footsteps lured along
Far from the town's unlovely ways,
Far from its madding throng.

O sweet the first glad greeting is
With nature, when the Spring
Is spreading forth her tender charms,
And flowers are blossoming!
O sweet to tread the soft green earth
When fresh the breezes blow,
Untrammelled by a thought of care,
And free to come or go!

The lambs were bleating on the hills
Where farmsteads nestling lie,
Safe sheltered from the rude fierce blasts
That storm the hill-tops high.
The swallows glanced on flashing wing;
Dear birds of promise they,
That speak the reign of winter past,
Dawn of a brighter day.

Down from the heavens the poet-lark
His numbers madly flung
In liquid notes of purest joy,
That through the valley rung;
And leaping streams, from winter's yoke
So glad to be set free,
Took up the jocund minstrelsy,
And bore it to the sea.

In sportive glee the children trooped
The meadow-paths along,
And carolled forth, in happy voice,
A careless snatch of song.
Ah, well they know the sunlit spot
Where first the primrose sweet
Looks out upon the wooded copse
The waking earth to greet.

O happy children! life to you
Is full of light and flowers;
Athwart whose skies of tender blue
No threatening storm-cloud lowers.
I wonder, do ye ever think
Of children far away,
Who only see through vistas dim
God's glorious light of day!

Whose lives are spent in narrow streets,
Or alleys foul with sin;
Where squalor, poverty, and death,
Alas! are rife within.
No fresh pure winds their tresses blow,
Green fields they never trod,
Or plucked the nodding flowers that grow
Fresh from the hand of God.

O little children! young, yet old
In life's excess of woe,
I dread for you the dreary ways
Your faltering feet must go.
O little eyes, that never yet
Beheld a lovely thing,
I wonder what your joy shall be
Through God's eternal Spring!

Charles H. Barstow.

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GRETNA GREEN AND ITS MARRIAGES.

A few miles beyond the walls of 'merrie Carlisle,' and only just across the Border on the Scottish side, is a lonely old-world little village, whither, in days not yet remote, frequent couples, in life's bright golden time, hurriedly resorted; no less eager to cross the bridge spanning the river Sark, which here forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, than, with blind trust in the future, to undertake the all-untried responsibilities of forbidden wedlock. The village itself consists of a long straight street of cleanly whitewashed houses, beyond which stretches the solitary tract of Solway moss, scene of many a Border foray, and of one miserable 'rout' in the days of the Scottish Jameses; while, towards England, the landscape is bounded by the 'skyey heads' of the Cumberland mountains, clad in such hues of grayish green as nature uses to modify her distant tints. Curious to view a spot so far renowned, albeit without design of invoking aid from any chance survivor of the 'high-priests of Gretna Green,' we alighted on the platform of its roadside station on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway one summer afternoon, and pursuing our way towards the village in company with a not uncommunicative policeman, quickly found many illusions dispelled, by no means least the widespread legend as to the officiating blacksmith. Our attention was ere long called to the figure of a middle-aged, by no means clerical-looking man, at the time engaged in filling his pipe by the wayside, with whom we entered into conversation. Nowise anxious to magnify his apostleship, our new friend somewhat deprecatingly acknowledged that the priestly mantle had descended upon his too unworthy shoulders, and that, indeed, but a few days prior to our visit, he had been called on to exercise the weighty functions of his office.

This man, by trade a mason, spoke, not without regret, of the good old days when fugitive lovers crowded to the Border village, the poorer sort being most often united at the tollhouse just across the bridge, while the more well-to-do betook themselves to the hotel, which, though no longer devoted to uses hymeneal, still stands at the entrance of the village street. The priestly office, it was said, had been filled, more or less worthily, by many, who, claiming no unbroken descent, had in a somewhat casual sort of way succeeded to it; and amongst others concerned in what certainly appeared to have been the staple trade of the place, the local postman was indicated as custodian of registers reaching back into the palmy days of Border marriage, and containing names no less remarkable for nobility of birth than for the possession of wealth and acres.

Left at length to ourselves, we passed onward up the village street; not a few small inns were there, the landlady of one of the very least of which assured us that as many as nine couples at a time had, in days when business was brisk, sought the shelter of her tiny roof. A little way farther on, we did not fail to notice the name of 'Lord Erskine' scratched upon an ancient and decidedly rickety pane in a window of the *Queen's Head*, where also is exhibited, framed and glazed of course, his so-called marriage certificate, in form precisely as in use to-day, thus: '*Kingdom of* Scotland, *County of* Dumfries, *Parish of* Gretna.—These are to certify, to all whom they may concern, that ——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——; and ——, from the parish of ——, in the county of ——, being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are single persons, have now been married after the manner of the laws of Scotland. As witness our hands at Gretna Green, this — day of —— 188–.' Witnesses (two in number).

That a marriage like this can still be solemnised between 'such as will not get them to church, and have a good priest that can tell them what marriage is,' may come as a surprise to many who have believed that the glories of Gretna Green lay all in the past. Not only, however, had we the assurance of our friend the

mason; but a tale of recent matrimonial venture was imparted, as evidence conclusive that Border marriage is even now an occurrence by no means unfrequent. The *dramatis personæ* in this real nineteenth-century romance were a young English lady, who, as a visitor at a neighbouring resort of pleasure, had satisfied the requisite condition of three weeks' residence in Scotland by one of the parties; and a young officer in an infantry regiment. Taking the train one fine morning to Gretna Green, the lady was met at the station by her intended bridegroom, with whom she was speedily and indissolubly, according to local rite, made one for aye. Neither can any man say that 'not being well married, it will be a good excuse for him hereafter to leave his wife,' because, provided that two witnesses be present and the questions put be satisfactorily replied to, weddings such as these lack nought of the legal validity and obligation of those contracted with pealing organ and the most ceremoniously conducted ecclesiastical display. The Act of 1856 only makes Scotch marriages illegal in the case of one or other of the parties not having resided for three weeks in the kingdom of Scotland, thereby putting a stop to many runaway marriages, especially among servants, who came across in numbers from Carlisle at the season of annual hirings.

Not very long since, a faithless swain, weary prematurely of vows exchanged at Gretna Green, and doubting somewhat, it may be, of the holiness of the estate inaugurated by rites so maimed, betook himself, in the company of another and, to him, doubtless fairer bride, to a Roman Catholic priest in a southern Scottish burgh, who all unwittingly solemnised a marriage between them, destined to work no small evil to the fickle bridegroom; for mark how well the sequel hangs together. The deceiver, a sadder and perchance wiser man, torn from the arms of his too credulous bride, a Niobe all tears, was hauled before the outraged majesty of law, and compelled to undergo the penalties, not trivial, awarded to crimes of perjury and bigamy.

Whatever peculiar popularity as a marriage-resort may have been enjoyed by Gretna Green is doubtless due to the convenience and accessibility of its situation on the Great North Road; for here is no instance of especial virtue residing in local fountains, but merely of such virtue—if, indeed, one may so use the term—as is participated in by every other spot of ground within the whole realm of Scotland; nor, indeed, as a matter of fact, were Coldstream and Lamberton near Berwick without some measure of peculiar advantage, which they offered to those impatient ones who, from the more eastern counties, were minded to avail themselves of the proximity of the Scottish Border.

The origin of these marriages has been sought by some in the wild habits of times far distant, when lack of clergy in the district was to some extent supplied by the ministrations of friars from the adjacent abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, who in the course of their perambulations performed the rites of baptism and marriage. The Borderer, nowise forgetful, ere setting forth on expeditions of rapine and plunder, to tell his beads right zealously, was yet grossly ignorant about many things; nor had he access to any other source of enlightenment than the 'Book-a-bosoms,' as the mass-book was called, from the habit of the wandering ecclesiastics carrying it in their bosoms. Thus it was that stout William of Deloraine seemed, to the astonished eyes of the Goblin Page, so strangely to resemble one of these friars, when

> As the corselet off he took,
> The Dwarf espied the mighty Book!
> Much he marvelled, a knight of pride
> Like a book-bosomed priest should ride.

But it may have been that this custom originated at Gretna Green about 1738, on the suppression of the infamous Fleet marriages, though, without doubt, irregular marriage was far from unknown long prior to this time in the Border parishes. At all events, acting on his knowledge that Scotch marriages, where parties accepted each other as man and wife before witnesses, were legal, one Scott opened a place at the Rigg, in the parish of Gretna, and there marriages were celebrated between runaway couples about the year 1753. Scott was succeeded by an old soldier named Gordon, who was wont to officiate in uniform, wearing a huge cocked-hat, and girt about the waist with a ponderous sword.

In 1842 were published by Robert Elliott the *Gretna Green Memoirs*, wherein we are told how Elliott—a retired stagecoach driver—became acquainted with Joseph Paisley, successor of the veteran Gordon in 1810. Paisley, who had been a tobacconist, fisherman, nay, even, it is more than hinted, a smuggler, became known as 'the blacksmith,' from the speed with which he riveted the bonds of runaway couples. Elliott, who married Paisley's daughter, and eventually succeeded him in his office, continued sole and only 'parson' of Gretna Green for twenty-nine years, during which period he is said to have united more than three thousand couples of all ranks and grades in society, the greatest number in any one year (1825) having been one hundred and ninety-eight, and the average from 1829 to 1835 inclusive upwards of one hundred and sixty each year. Although tradition says that Lord Erskine paid as much as eighty guineas on the occasion of his marriage, the average fee at Gretna Green is estimated at fifteen guineas; whence we may at anyrate infer how much more highly paid was the Border 'parson' than the majority of the more regular clergy on either side of the Sark.

In a will-case tried some years ago at Liverpool, the plaintiff, Robert Ker, had been married on two occasions at Gretna Green—in 1850, and again in 1853—the first marriage having been solemnised in a beerhouse at Springfield, near Gretna; and the second in an alehouse kept by William Blythe, when Thomas Blythe, in presence of his wife, performed the ceremony, which was thus described: 'I went in and had some conversation, and asked him [Thomas Blythe] to do this little job. He said he would, and asked me if I was willing to take this lady as my wife, and I said yes. Then he asked her if she was willing to take me for her husband, and she said she was; and I got hold of her hand and put the ring on, and we were declared man and wife; and that was how we were married.'

At this trial, a book containing a register of marriages performed by the Blythes was produced in evidence.

Thomas Blythe was himself examined in the Probate Court at Westminster, and stated that in the May of 1853 he was living at Springfield, Gretna Green, and was in the agricultural line, though he did a small stroke of business in the 'joining line' as well. Replying to counsel as to how he performed the ceremony, he gave the following account of the marriage service as by him conducted: 'I first asked if they were single. They said they were. I then asked the man: "Do you take this woman for your wife?" He said, "Yes." I then asked the woman: "Do you take this man for your lawful husband?" She said, "Yes." I then said: "Put on the ring." The ring was put on. I then said: "The thing is done; the marriage is complete."' A certificate of marriage was written out and given to the woman.

We doubt not, however, that many of our readers may learn with surprise that, even now, marriage—provided that one or other of the parties have resided three weeks in Scotland—may be thus speedily and effectually performed at the erstwhile notorious little village of Gretna Green, as well as elsewhere north of the Border.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XV.

A FORTNIGHT after Nora's arrival in Trinidad, Mr Tom Dupuy, neatly dressed in all his best, called over one evening at Orange Grove for the express purpose of speaking seriously with his pretty cousin. Mr Tom had been across to see her more than once already, to be sure, and had condescended to observe to many of his men acquaintances, on his return from his call, that Uncle Theodore's girl, just come out from England, was really in her own way a most elegant and attractive creature. In Mr Tom's opinion, she would sit splendidly at the head of the table at Pimento Valley. 'A man in my position in life wants a handsome woman, you know,' he said, 'to do the honours, and keep up the dignity of the family, and look after the women-servants, and all that sort of thing; so Uncle Theodore and I have arranged beforehand that it would be a very convenient plan if Nora and I were just to go and make a match of it.'

With the object of definitely broaching this preconcerted harmony to his unconscious cousin, Mr Tom had decked himself in his very smartest coat and trousers, stuck a *gloire de Dijon* rose in his top button-hole, mounted his celebrated gray Mexican pony 'Sambo Gal,' and ridden across to Orange Grove in the cool of the evening.

Nora was sitting by herself with her cup of tea in the little boudoir that opened out on to the terrace garden, with its big bamboos and yuccas and draccena trees, when Mr Tom Dupuy was announced by Rosina as waiting to see her.

'Show him in, Rosina,' Nora said with a smile; 'and ask Aunt Clemmy to send me up another teacup.—Good-evening, Tom. I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull here, as it happens, this evening, for papa's gone down to Port-of-Spain on business; and so you'll have nobody to talk with you to-night about the prospects of the year's sugar-crop.'

Tom Dupuy seated himself on the ottoman beside her with cousinly liberty. 'Oh, it don't matter a bit, Nora,' he answered with his own peculiar gallantry. 'I don't mind. In fact, I came over on purpose this evening, knowing Uncle Theodore was out, because I'd got something very particular I wanted to talk over with you in private.'

'In-deed,' Nora answered emphatically. 'I'm surprised to hear it. I assure you, Tom, I'm absolutely ignorant on the subject of cane-culture.'

'Girls brought up in England mostly are,' Tom Dupuy replied with the air of a man who generously makes a great concession. 'They don't appear to feel much interest in sugar, like other people. I suppose in England there's nothing much grown except corn and cattle.—But that wasn't what I came over to talk about to-night, Nora. I've got something on my mind that Uncle Theodore and I have been thinking over, and I want to make a proposition to you about it.'

'Well, Tom?'

'Well, Nora, you see, it's like this. As you know, Orange Grove is Uncle Theodore's to leave; and after his time, he'll leave it to you, of course; but Pimento Valley's entailed on me; and that being so, Uncle Theodore lets me have it on lease during his lifetime, so that, of course, whatever I spend upon it in the way of permanent improvements is really spent in bettering what's practically as good as my own property.'

'I understand. Quite so.—Have a cup of tea?'

'Thank you.—Well, Pimento Valley, you know, is one of the very best sugar-producing estates in the whole island. I've introduced the patent Browning regulators for the centrifugal process; and I've imported some of these new Indian mongooses that everybody's talking about, to kill off the cane-rats; and I've got some splendid stock rattoons over from Mauritius; and altogether, a finer or more creditable irrigated estate I don't think you'll find—though it's me that says it—in the island of Trinidad. Why, Nora, at our last boiling, I assure you the greater part of the liquor turned out to be seventeen over proof; while the molasses stood at twenty-nine specific gravity; giving a yield, you know, of something like one hogshead decimal four on the average to the acre of canes under cultivation.'

Nora held up her fan carelessly to smother a yawn. 'I daresay it did, Tom,' she answered with obvious unconcern; 'but, you know, I told you I didn't understand anything on earth about sugar; and you said it wasn't about that that you wanted to talk to me in private this evening.'

'Yes, yes, Nora; you're quite right; it isn't. It's about a far deeper and more interesting subject than sugar that I'm going to speak to you.' (Nora mentally guessed it must be rum.) 'I only mentioned these facts, you see, just to show you the sort of yield we're making now at Pimento Valley. Last year, we did five

hundred hogsheads, and two hundred and eighty-four puncheons. A man who does a return like that, of course, must naturally be making a very tidy round little income.'

'I'm awfully glad to hear it, I'm sure, for your sake,' Nora answered unconcernedly.

'I thought you would be, Nora; I was sure you would be. Naturally, it's a matter that touches us both very closely. You see, as you're to inherit Orange Grove, and as I'm to inherit Pimento Valley, Uncle Theodore and I think it would be a great pity that the two old estates—the estates bound up so intimately with the name and fame of the fighting Dupuys—should ever be divided or go out of the family. So we've agreed together, Uncle Theodore and I, that I should—well, that I should endeavour to unite them by mutual arrangement.'

'I don't exactly understand,' Nora said, as yet quite unsuspicious of his real meaning.

'Why, you know, Nora, a man can't live upon sugar and rum alone.'

'Certainly not,' Nora interrupted; 'even if he's a confirmed drunkard, it would be quite impossible. He must have something solid occasionally to eat as well.'

'Ah, yes,' Tom said, in a sentimental tone, endeavouring to rise as far as he was able to the height of the occasion. 'And he must have something more than that too, Nora: he must have sympathy; he must have affection: he must have a companion in life; he must have somebody, you know, to sit at the head of his table, and to—to—to'——

'To pour out tea for him,' Nora suggested blandly, filling his cup a second time.

Tom reddened a little. It wasn't exactly the idea he wanted, and he began to have a faint undercurrent of suspicion that Nora was quietly laughing at him in her sleeve. 'Ah, well, to pour out tea for him,' he went on, somewhat suspiciously; 'and to share his joys and sorrows, and his hopes and aspirations'——

'About the sugar-crop?' Nora put in once more, with provoking calmness.

'Well, Nora, you may smile if you like,' Tom said warmly; 'but this is a very serious subject, I can tell you, for both of us. What I mean to say is that Uncle Theodore and I have settled it would be a very good thing indeed if we two were to get up a match between us.'

'A match between you,' Nora echoed in a puzzled manner—'a match between papa and you, Tom! What at? Billiards? Cricket? Long jumping?'

Tom fairly lost his temper. 'Nonsense, Nora,' he said testily. 'You know as well what I mean as I do. Not a match between Uncle Theodore and me, but a match between you and me—the heir and heiress of Orange Grove and Pimento Valley.'

Nora stared at him with irrepressible laughter twinkling suddenly out of all the corners of her merry little mouth and puckered eyelids. 'Between you and me, Tom,' she repeated incredulously—'between you and me, did you say? Between you and me now? Why, Tom, do you really mean this for a sort of an offhand casual proposal?'

'Oh, you may laugh if you like,' Tom Dupuy replied evasively, at once assuming the defensive, as boors always do by instinct under similar circumstances. 'I know the ways of you girls that have been brought up at high-falutin' schools over in England. You think West Indian gentlemen aren't good enough for you, and you go running after cavalry-officer fellows, or else after some confounded upstart woolly-headed mulatto or other, who come out from England. I know the ways of you. But you may laugh as you like. I see you don't mean to listen to me now; but you'll have to listen to me in the end; for Uncle Theodore and I have made up our minds about it, and what a Dupuy makes up his mind about, he generally sticks to, and there's no turning him. So in the end, I know, Nora, you'll have to marry me.'

'You seem to forget,' Nora said haughtily, 'that I too am a Dupuy, as much as you are.'

'Ah, but you're only a woman, and that's very different. I don't mind a bit about your answering me *no* to-day. It seems I've tapped the puncheon a bit too early; that's all: leave the liquor alone, and it'll mature of itself in time in its own cellar. Sooner or later, Nora, you see if you don't marry me.'

'But, Tom,' Nora cried, abashed into seriousness for a moment by his sudden outburst of native vulgarity, 'this is really so unexpected and so ridiculous. We're cousins, you know; I've never thought of you at all in any way except as a cousin. I didn't mean to be rude to you; but your proposal and your way of putting it took me really so much by surprise.'

'Oh, if that's all you mean,' Tom Dupuy answered, somewhat mollified, 'I don't mind your laughing, no, not tuppence. All I mind is your saying *no* so straight outright to me. If you want time to consider'——

'Never!' Nora interrupted quickly in a sharp voice of unswerving firmness.

'Never, Nora? Never? Why never?'

'Because, Tom, I don't care for you; I can't care for you; and I never will care for you. Is that plain enough?'

Tom stroked his chin and looked at her dubiously, as a man looks at an impatient horse of doubtful temper. 'Well,' he said, 'Nora, you're a fine one, you are—a very fine one. I know what this means. I've seen it before lots of times. You want to marry some woolly-headed brown man. I heard you were awfully thick with some of those people on board the *Severn*. That's what always comes of sending West Indian girls to be educated in England. You'll have to marry me in the end, though, all the same, because of the property. But you just mark my words: if you don't marry me, as sure as fate, you'll finish with marrying a woolly-headed mulatto!'

Nora rose to her full height with offended dignity. 'Tom Dupuy,' she said angrily, 'you insult me! Leave the house, sir, this minute, or I shall retire to my room. Get back to your sugar-canes and your centrifugals until you've learned better manners.'

'Upon my word,' Tom said aloud, as if to himself, rising to go, and flicking his boot carelessly with his riding-whip, 'I admire her all

the more when she's in a temper. She's one of your high-steppers, she is. She's an uncommon fine girl, too—hanged if she isn't—and, sooner or later, she'll have to marry me.'

Nora swept out of the boudoir without another word, and walked with a stately tread into her own room. But before she got there, the ludicrous side of the thing had once more overcome her, and she flung herself on a couch in uncontrollable fits of childish laughter. 'Oh, Aunt Clemmy,' she cried, 'bring me my tea in here, will you? I really think I shall die of laughing at Mr Tom there!'

CHAPTER XVI.

For a few days, the Hawthorns had plenty of callers—but all gentlemen. Marian did not go down to receive them. Edward saw them by himself in the drawing-room, accepting their excuses with polite incredulity, and dismissing them as soon as possible by a resolutely quiet and taciturn demeanour. Such a singularly silent man as the new judge, everybody said, had never before been known in the district of Westmoreland.

One afternoon, however, when the two Hawthorns were sitting out under the spreading mango-tree in the back-garden, forgetting their doubts and hesitations in a quiet chat, Thomas came out to inform them duly that two gentlemen and a lady were waiting to see them in the big bare drawing-room. Marian sighed a sigh of profound relief. 'A lady at last,' she said hopefully. 'Perhaps, Edward, they've begun to find out, after all, that they've made some mistake or other. Can—can any wicked person, I wonder, have been spreading around some horrid report about me, that's now discovered to be a mere falsehood?'

'It's incomprehensible,' Edward answered moodily. 'The more I puzzle over it, the less I understand it. But as a lady has called at last, of course, darling, you'd better come in at once and see her.'

They walked together, full of curiosity, into the drawing-room. The two gentlemen rose simultaneously as they entered. To Marian's surprise, it was Dr Whitaker and his father; and with them had come—a brown lady.

Marian was unaffectedly glad to see their late travelling companion; but it was certainly a shock to her, unprejudiced as she was, that the very first and only woman who had called upon her in Trinidad should be a mulatto. However, she tried to bear her disappointment bravely, and sat down to do the honours as well as she was able to her unexpected visitors.

'My daughtah!' the elder brown man said ostentatiously, with an expansive wave of his greasy left hand towards the mulatto lady—'Miss Euphemia Fowell-Buxton Duchess-of-Sutherland Whitaker.'

Marian acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow, and bit her lip. She stole a look at Dr Whitaker, and saw at once upon his face an unwonted expression of profound dejection and disappointment.

'An' how do you like Trinidad, Mrs Hawtorn?' Miss Euphemia asked with a society simper; while Edward began engaging in conversation with the two men. 'You find de excessiveness of de temperature prejudicial to salubrity, after de delicious equability of de English climate?'

'Well,' Marian assented smiling, 'I certainly do find it very hot.'

'Oh, exceedingly,' Miss Euphemia replied, as she mopped her forehead violently with a highly scented lace-edged cambric pocket-handkerchief. 'De heat is most oppressive, most unendurable. I could wring out me handkerchief, I assure you, Mrs Hawtorn, wit de extraordinary profusion of me perspiration.'

'But this is summer, you must remember,' Dr Whitaker put in nervously, endeavouring in vain to distract attention for the moment from Miss Euphemia's conversational peculiarities. 'In winter, you know, we shall have quite delightful English weather on the hills—quite delightful English weather.'

'Ah, yes,' the father went on with a broad smile. 'In winter, Mrs Hawtorn, ma'am, you will be glad to drink a glass of rum-and-milk sometimes, I tell you, to warm de blood on dese chilly hilltops.'

The talk went on for a while about such ordinary casual topics; and then at last Miss Euphemia happened to remark confidentially to Marian, that that very day her cousin, Mr Septimius Whitaker, had been married at eleven o'clock down at the cathedral.

'Indeed,' Marian said, with some polite show of interest. 'And did you go to the wedding, Miss Whitaker?'

Miss Euphemia drew herself up with great dignity. She was a good-looking, buxom, round-faced, very negro-featured girl, about as dark in complexion as her brother the doctor, but much more decidedly thick-lipped and flat-nosed. 'O no,' she said, with every sign of offended prejudice. 'We didn't at all approve of de match me cousin Septimius was unhappily makin'. De lady, I regret to say, was a Sambo.'

'A what?' Marian inquired curiously.

'A Sambo, a Sambo gal,' Miss Euphemia replied in a shrill crescendo.

'Oh, indeed,' Marian assented in a tone which clearly showed she hadn't the faintest idea of Miss Euphemia's meaning.

'A Sambo,' Mr Whitaker the elder said, smiling, and coming to her rescue—'a Sambo, Mrs Hawtorn, is one of de inferior degrees in de classified scale and hierarchy of colour. De offspring of an African and a white man is a mulatto—dat, madam, is my complexion. De offspring of a mulatto and a white man is a quadroon—dat is de grade immediately superior. But de offspring of a mulatto and a negress is a Sambo—dat is de class just beneat us. De cause of complaint alleged by de family against our nephew Septimius is dis—dat bein' himself a mulatto—de very fust remove from de pure-blooded white man—he has chosen to ally himself in marriage wit a Sambo gal—de second and inferior remove in de same progression. De family feels dat in dis course Septimius has toroughly and irremediably disgraced himself.'

'And for dat reason,' added Miss Euphemia with stately coldness, 'none of de ladies in de brown society of Trinidad have been present at dis morning's ceremony. De gentlemen went, but de ladies didn't.'

'It seems to me,' Dr Whitaker said, in a pained and humiliated tone, 'that we oughtn't to be making these absurd distinctions of minute hue between ourselves, but ought rather to be trying our best to break down the whole barrier of time-honoured prejudice by which the coloured race, as a race, is so surrounded.—Don't you agree with me, Mr Hawthorn?'

'Pho!' Miss Euphemia exclaimed, with evident disgust. 'Just listen to Wilberforce! He has no proper pride in his family or in his colour. He would go and shake hands wit any vulgar, dirty, nigger woman, I believe, as black as de poker; his ideas are so common!—Wilberforce, I declare, I's quite ashamed of you!'

Dr Whitaker played nervously with the knob of his walking-stick. 'I feel sure, Euphemia,' he said at last, 'these petty discriminations between shade and shade are the true disgrace and ruin of our brown people. In despising one another, or boasting over one another, for our extra fraction or so of white blood, we are implicitly admitting in principle the claim of white people to look down upon all of us impartially as inferior creatures.—Don't you think so, Mr Hawthorn?'

'I quite agree with you,' Edward answered warmly. 'The principle's obvious.'

Dr Whitaker looked pleased and flattered. Edward stole a glance at Marian, and neither could resist a faint smile at Miss Euphemia's prejudices of colour, in spite of their pressing doubts and preoccupations. And yet, they didn't even then begin to perceive the true meaning of the situation. They had not long to wait, however, for before the Whitakers rose to take their departure, Thomas came in with a couple of cards to announce Mr Theodore Dupuy, and his nephew, Mr Tom Dupuy of Pimento Valley.

The Whitakers went off shortly, Miss Euphemia especially in very high spirits, because Mrs Hawthorn had shaken hands in the most cordial manner with her, before the face of the two white men. Edward and Marian would fain have refused to see the Dupuys, as they hadn't thought fit to bring even Nora with them; and at that last mysterious insult—a dagger to her heart—the tears came up irresistibly to poor wearied Marian's swimming eyelids. But Thomas had brought the visitors in before the Whitakers rose to go, and so there was nothing left but to get through the interview somehow, with what grace they could manage to muster.

'We had hoped to see Nora long before this,' Edward Hawthorn said pointedly to Mr Dupuy—after a few preliminary polite inanities—half hoping thus to bring things at last to a positive crisis. 'My wife and she were school-girls together, you know, and we saw so much of one another on the way out. We have been quite looking forward to her paying us a visit.'

Mr Dupuy drew himself up very stiffly, and answered in a tone of the chilliest order: 'I don't know to whom you can be alluding, sir, when you speak of "Nora;" but if you refer to my daughter, Miss Dupuy, I regret to say she is suffering just at present from—ur—a severe indisposition, which unfortunately prevents her from paying a call on Mrs Hawthorn.'

Edward coughed an angry little cough, which Marian saw at once meant a fixed determination to pursue the matter to the bitter end. 'Miss Dupuy herself requested me to call her Nora,' he said, 'on our journey over, during which we naturally became very intimate, as she was put in charge of my wife at Southampton, by her aunt in England. If she had not done so, I should never have dreamt of addressing her, or speaking of her, by her Christian name. As she did do so, however, I shall take the liberty of continuing to call her by that name, until I receive a request to desist from her own lips. We have long been expecting a call, I repeat, Mr Dupuy, from your daughter Nora.'

'Sir!' Mr Dupuy exclaimed angrily; the blood of the fighting Dupuys was boiling up now savagely within him.

'We have been expecting her,' Edward Hawthorn repeated firmly; 'and I insist upon knowing the reason why you have not brought her with you.'

'I have already said, sir,' Mr Dupuy answered, rising and growing purple in the face, 'that my daughter is suffering from a severe indisposition.'

'And I refuse,' Edward replied, in his sternest tone, rising also, 'to accept that flimsy excuse—in short, to call it by its proper name, that transparent falsehood. If you do not tell me the true reason at once, much as I respect and like Miss Dupuy, I shall have to ask you, sir, to leave my house immediately.'

A light seemed to burst suddenly upon the passionate planter, which altered his face curiously, by gradual changes, from livid blue to bright scarlet. The corners of his mouth began to go up sideways in a solemnly ludicrous fashion: the crow's-feet about his eyes first relaxed and then tightened deeply; his whole big body seemed to be inwardly shaken by a kind of suppressed impalpable laughter. 'Why, Tom,' he exclaimed, turning with a curious half-comical look to his wondering nephew, 'do you know—upon my word—I really believe—no, it can't be possible—but I really believe—they don't even now know anything at all about it.'

'Explain yourself,' Edward said sternly, placing himself between Mr Dupuy and the door, as if on purpose to bar the passage outward.

'If you really don't know about it,' Mr Dupuy said slowly, with an unusual burst of generosity for him, 'why, then, I admit, the insult to Miss Dupuy is—is—is less deliberately intentional than I at first sight imagined.—But no, no: you *must* know all about it already. You can't still remain in ignorance. It's impossible, quite impossible.'

'Explain,' Edward reiterated inexorably.

'You compel me?'

'I compel you.'

'You'd better not; you won't like it.'

'I insist upon it.'

'Well, really, since you make a point of it—but there, you've been brought up like a gentleman, Mr Hawthorn, and you've married a wife who, as I learn from my daughter, is well connected, and has been brought up like a lady; and I don't want to hurt your feelings needlessly. I can understand that under such circumstances'——

'Explain. Say what you have to say; I can endure it.'

'Tom!' Mr Dupuy murmured imploringly, turning to his nephew. After all, the elder man was something of a gentleman; he shrank from speaking out that horrid secret.

'Well, you see, Mr Hawthorn,' Tom Dupuy went on, taking up the parable with a sardonic smile—for he had no such scruples—'my uncle naturally felt that with a man of *your colour*'—— He paused significantly.

Edward Hawthorn's colour at that particular moment was vivid crimson. The next instant it was marble white. 'A man of my colour!' he exclaimed, drawing back in astonishment, not unmingled with horror, and flinging up his arms wildly—'a man of my colour! For heaven's sake, sir, what, in the name of goodness, do you mean by a man of my colour?'

'Why, of course,' Tom Dupuy replied maliciously and coolly, 'seeing that you're a brown man yourself, and that your father and mother were brown people before you, naturally, my uncle'——

Marian burst forth into a little cry of intense excitement. It wasn't horror; it wasn't anger; it wasn't disappointment: it was simply relief from the long agony of that endless, horrible suspense.

'We can bear it all, Edward,' she cried aloud cheerfully, almost joyously—'we can bear it all! My darling, my darling, it is nothing, nothing, nothing!'

And regardless of the two men, who stood there still, cynical and silent, watching the effect of their unexpected thunderbolt, the poor young wife flung her arms wildly around her newly wedded husband, and smothered him in a perfect torrent of passionate kisses.

But as for Edward, he stood there still, as white, as cold, and as motionless as a statue.

(*To be continued.*)

CANAL NAVIGATIONS.

Until the middle of the last century, our forefathers thought far more of foreign enterprise than of the internal communications of their own island. An Englishman of the time of Elizabeth might be acquainted with all the intricacies of the Arctic Ocean or of the West Indies; but it by no means followed that he was able to sketch a map of his own country. The sea was the great highway of trade and fame, and the commercial towns were all seaports.

Previous to the accession of George III., the communications throughout England were of the most wretched kind, the great highways being simply the worn-out tracks of the old Roman roads. The manufactures of our country, struggling into notice, were greatly hampered by this lack of communication, few facilities for carriage existing, and distant markets being beyond reach. The little carrying-trade was necessarily of the slowest and most expensive kind, and goods were conveyed to the nearest port or navigable river, generally by long strings of packhorses, less frequently by the slow clumsy stage-wagon. Packhorses conveyed from the Severn the clay used in the Potteries, bringing back in return coarse earthenware for export. The cloth-manufacturer of Yorkshire saddled his horse with his wares and travelled from fair to fair as his own salesman; and the little cotton used in the Manchester looms was transported from Liverpool in the same primitive fashion.

This was the state of the communications in England in 1757, when the Duke of Bridgewater, having been crossed in love by one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, turned his attention to the more prosaic employment of canal construction. His idea was to construct a waterway, or 'navigation,' from his coal-pits to Manchester, a distance of ten miles. Short as this distance appears in our time, it offered so great a barrier in those days, that the supply of fuel was always limited and uncertain. The duke, who was desirous of engaging an engineer to put his idea into practical form, was advised to employ the famous millwright Brindley, who had already made himself a name in the district for his clever contrivances in the pottery-works and the silk-factories. Like many others who have risen to fame, Brindley was a self-made man. To his natural-born genius, there were united two characteristics which are necessary to all such pioneers—great perseverance, and a confidence in his own judgment which overbore all the adverse criticism of the multitude. His diary, which is extant, shows his school education to have been of the scantiest; the words, spelt in the broad Staffordshire dialect, and the painfully crabbed writing, excite alternately our amusement and our respect; whilst it shows throughout the dogged determination of the individual to overcome difficulty.

Brindley was no sooner installed as engineer of the works than he completely altered the duke's plan. To construct the proposed canal—or 'novogation,' as Brindley has it—it was necessary to cross the river Irwell, and it was here that he first showed his marvellous courage and skill. The duke's plan had been to drop the canal by a series of locks to the level of the river, and to raise it again on the farther side by the same means. But Brindley, who foresaw that locks would always prove a great hindrance to traffic, decided that the canal should not change its level, but should cross the river on a stone aqueduct. Nothing of the kind had ever before been attempted in this country, and, to ordinary minds, the idea of boats, laden with coals, sailing, as it were in mid-air, seemed preposterous. It must be allowed, to the everlasting credit of the duke, that, although somewhat uncertain in his own mind as to the result of the scheme, he nevertheless allowed Brindley to proceed. In spite of general ridicule, the works were commenced, the aqueduct was built; and derision was turned into amazement when the canal-boats passed over and the structure showed no sign of collapse. The packhorses were dispensed with, and the price of coal in Manchester fell to one-half. The success, both to the projector and the community, was so complete, that the duke at once sought further powers to extend the canal westward, and thus to open communication with the port of Liverpool. After much opposition from landowners and others, Brindley commenced this extension; but although no great engineering difficulties were encountered, the expenditure for some years had been so heavy that the want of money threatened to

offer a serious obstacle to the completion of the scheme. The duke's credit became so low that the greatest task of the week was the collecting of a sufficient amount to pay the wages of the labourers on the works; and it was only by much scheming and economy that the works were at length completed.

Meanwhile, the Staffordshire Potteries had begun to clamour for a waterway, and Brindley had undertaken the survey of a canal which was to connect them with the Trent and Mersey. Wedgwood, the great potter, gave all his influence to a scheme for uniting his factories with the sea, and even removed his works to a site on the proposed canal, known henceforth by the ancient name of Etruria. The great undertaking in the construction of this canal was the tunnel, a mile and a half in length, under that part of the Pennine chain which separates Staffordshire from Cheshire. This tunnel was to constitute the highest point or 'summit-level' of the canal; and the supply of water was to be obtained from a system of reservoirs situated at a still higher elevation and fed by the surrounding hills. But tunnelling was a new experiment in engineering; many unforeseen difficulties arose to hinder the work, and it was only after eleven years of heavy anxiety and stubborn perseverance that this last link in the communication was completed. The carriage of a ton of goods from Liverpool to Etruria, which had cost under the old system fifty shillings, was reduced to one-fourth. This tunnel, the pioneer of many miles of tunnelling since constructed, still exists. It is simply a long culvert, just large enough to allow of the passage of a single barge. There is no accommodation for hauling the traffic through, and the barges are consequently propelled from end to end by the exertions of the boatmen alone. Fifty years after its construction, the traffic on the canal had increased to such an extent that the mouths of the tunnel were perpetually blocked by a crowd of boats waiting to pass through, and the fights and quarrels among the boatmen for first place were a disgrace to the Canal Company. After much pressure, the authorities called in the Scotch engineer Telford, and to him was intrusted the construction of a second tunnel. The want of suitable machinery, of skilled labour and of money, were obstacles comparatively unknown to Telford, and the new tunnel, large enough to allow of a towing-path, was constructed in three years. The two works, side by side, represent fifty years' progress in the science of engineering.

But to return to Brindley and his triumphs. In North Warwickshire, a colony of iron-workers had sprung up in the midst of a plain, worn into narrow 'hollow-ways' by the tread of the ubiquitous packhorse. The few letters sent to this large village of blacksmiths were addressed 'Birmingham, near Coleshill,' this latter place being the nearest point on the high road. Through this district, Brindley succeeded in cutting a canal from the Trent to the Severn; and thus Birmingham, the Potteries, and Manchester were each connected with the Irish and North Seas.

Brindley's last great work was the projection of a canal from Leeds to Liverpool; but owing partly to the difficulties of the country passed through, and partly to the scarcity of labourers through the continental wars, the canal was not completed throughout until 1816, long after Brindley's death. The summit of this canal is in the wild and stony district of Pendle Forest, where are situated the great reservoirs—one being over a hundred acres in extent—which feed the higher levels of the canal with water. These reservoirs are maintained in repair and efficiency at the present day by the owners of the numerous stone quarries of the district, to whom the canal offers great facilities for transit.

Under Rennie and Telford, canal construction was continued, and old methods were improved upon. The Barton aqueduct of Brindley sank into insignificance before the works of these later engineers, whose canals, instead of winding round the hillsides to avoid cuttings, were led through hills and over valleys regardless of obstacles. Besides the completion of English canals, we owe to these two men the construction of the canal from the Forth to the Clyde and the Caledonian Canal, in Scotland; and the two parallel canals in Ireland which connect Dublin with the Atlantic. Thus, in half a century was the country covered with a network of waterways, giving an impulse to manufactures which had hitherto been shut out from foreign markets.

About the end of last century, a great impulse was given to the traffic on the canals by a Mr Baxendale, the agent of Pickford, the well-known carrier. By his efforts, a thorough system of canal communication was established and maintained, and greater punctuality was observed in the arrival and departure of the boats. Express or fly boats also came into use for the more important merchandise and for passenger traffic. On the Bridgewater Canal, they plied with passengers between Manchester and Liverpool; and in the neighbourhood of the larger towns they conveyed the market-women home to the surrounding villages. In 1798, many of the troops for the Irish campaign were conveyed by canal from London to Liverpool. When the railway systems were projected, some of their greatest opponents were the canal Companies, who fancied they saw in the new mode of transit, utter ruin to their own traffic. It was said that the canals would soon become useless and overgrown with weeds, and it was even proposed to buy up the canal Companies, fill in the water-channels, and lay down the line of rails in their stead. But in spite of all these dark forebodings, and notwithstanding the utility of the new method as compared with the old, the canals still maintain their ground. Their traffic since the advent of the railways has steadily increased; canal shares are usually considered safe stock, and therefore seldom change hands. Both systems of communication have their advantages; and whilst the locomotive is the great economiser of time, there are many articles of commerce, in the shape of building materials and fragile goods, in the carrying of which the canals are more suitable. They remain at the present day a lasting and still useful monument to the English enterprise and perseverance of the last century.

To turn to the present century: M. de Lesseps

has been so successful with the Suez Canal, and promises to be with the Panama one, that it is no wonder that he should have many followers; and it is to be noted that the canals proposed now are all on the large scale—canals for ships of large size. They are mostly through narrow necks of land, although one of them is to connect an inland town, Manchester, about thirty miles from salt water, directly with the sea. The Isthmus of Corinth is the site of another; and still another is to run into the great Sahara of Africa and convert it into a great salt-water lake. How long this lake would take to fill up with solid salt is a nice question, which we have not sufficient means of determining, as the other 'salt lakes' of the world are all supplied with fresh water, and have only as yet attained to a more or less briny state.

AN IRISH TRAVELLING THEATRE.

MANY people who have heard of a travelling theatre may find perhaps the following peep behind the scenes somewhat interesting.

On a cold, bleak day towards the end of October 1885, I received the following letter:

RESPECTED LADY—I is an actress, and has a travelling theatre. We came to this village two days ago; but the times is bad, and business so slack, I has had to sell most all the theatrical wardrobe; and in consequence we has but little left us we can wear. Respected lady, I writes to ask you to have the harte to help me and my company. Any evening dresses, especial *ballett* dresses, no matter how old, and any artificial flowers, will be thankful received by one who art and health is alike forsakin. Respected lady, I has a large family to provide for, and any old stockings and shoes I pray you to bestow, lady. My daughter is waiting for an answer. We has a benefit for her to-night. Any clothes, lady, looks well on the stage. Reserved seats fourpince, and pit twopince.—Yours respectful to command,

MADOLINE EMERSON,
or MARY FLANAGAN.

I sent for the bearer of the letter, who had, as intimated, waited for my reply. A little girl of about eight years old appeared, and bowed to me very gravely. She was thinly and poorly clad, and looked miserably cold and wretched. Her little feet were without stockings, and red from exposure; they peeped through her broken shoes.

When I asked her would she like some food while she waited, her poor pinched little face brightened as she eagerly said: 'Yes, lady, if you please. I have had no breakfast, and I am so hungry.' So, while she partook of the meal she so much needed, I collected what clothes I could, and gave them to her, promising to have some more on the morrow, when I desired her to call again. She did so, bringing with her a letter full of expressions of gratitude from her mother for the help I had given. It was on this occasion I heard from little Mary the following history of a travelling theatre.

'We came to this village two days ago. Our theatre is erected in the street, and we call ourselves the Emerson Company. That's my mother's name; and it sounds grander-like than my father's, which is Flanagan. There are six of us alive; but my eldest sister is married these two years, and has a theatre of her own. We mostly marry into the profession, for we find it more useful,' she added. 'My big sister at home is fourteen, and we buried two. Next to her, then I come, and I am eight; and my only brother, who comes next to me, is six. No more of us act, because Maggie must mind the baby while mother is acting. My sister dances and sings beautifully; and as for an Irish jig, you never saw the like of her, she's that good. But she gets frightfully tired, for she has heart disease; and the doctor says as how she may die any minute. I can sing too,' she continued proudly; 'and I could dance on the "tight wire" too; but I fell off it two years ago, because I forgot to rub my feet in a white powder we have to use before going on; and since then, I am afraid. But my little brother isn't, and he can turn a summerset on the wire and juggle grand. He can throw the knives as high as that'—indicating with her hands a distance of three or four feet—'and can bring the sharp points of the blades on to the palms of his hand without so much as giving them a scratch.'

'How can he do that, if the knives are so sharp?'

'Well, you see, lady, father has a big jar of stuff like brown oil—I don't know its real name—and my brother rubs his hands all over with some of it—very little does; then the knives cannot cut him. It will only come off again by washing his hands in mostly boiling water.'

'How many are there in your company?'

'We have only three at present,' she replied, 'besides the family. When we want more, my married sister lends us one or two out of her troupe; but of course we pay them. Those we have now act very fair: one gets five shillings a night; and the other two get three shillings and half a crown. If we have a good take at the door, father will give them an extra shilling apiece all round; but some nights they get all we make, and we get none. We only took one pound between these two nights. Business is slack; but maybe we'll make more soon, when the people in the country hear of us; for we are a most respectable company,' she added proudly. 'In the last village we were in, we "took" a lot because we had the wonderful speaking pony "Jack." But another company as had a travelling theatre too, came while we were there; and as they were poorer than we were, father, who is real good to any one in the profession, lent them the pony.'

'And what could this wonderful pony do?'

'He could most speak, lady, he was that clever. At Pound's Place—that's where we were afore we came here—we lodged with a grocer in the village. He had a little girl as used to steal sweets out of the bottle from behind the counter in the shop; and the pony found it out, and told on her.'

'How did he do that? Tell me some of this clever animal's tricks.'

'Well, lady, you see, this night father and Jack came on the platform as usual. First, father says: "Now, Jack, who is the biggest

rogue in the theatre?" The pony walked round and looked at every one, and then came back and stood before father and nodded his head twice, which meant, "*You* are." But that's only a part of the play, lady; father isn't really a rogue—he's real good. Then father says again: "I wonder, Jack, could you discover who likes a good pinch of snuff?" Jack looked about, and walked a few steps and then stopped before the old woman who sold apples round the corner. 'Twas quite true,' continued the child, 'for she used to buy it where we lodged.—After this, father said: "Now, Jack, as you are so clever, tell the company which of all the little girls present likes sweets, and is in the habit of stealing them?"—and if Jack didn't find out Mollie—that's the little girl as I told you of, lady—and he nodded and nodded his head ever so often, to show he was quite sure it was Mollie! She was very angry, and began to cry, and told Jack as how she didn't steal them. But he knew it was a lie,' added Mary, 'for he would not go away, though father called him. And Mollie she was that mad, she would never again come inside the theatre, she said, because the pony *told* lies of her before every one!

'We have different plays each night, and have beautiful "cuts." Some nights, when the reserved seats are mostly empty, we have only singing and dancing. My sister does a lot of steps then; and when she comes off the stage she is well-nigh dead, she is so hot and tired. Mother is tired every day; for she coughs nearly all night. We are mostly all tired,' the child continued, 'for 'tis twelve o'clock, and often one, before we get to bed any night. Then there is a rehearsal every day at twelve o'clock. Mother never gets up till 'tis time to go to it.—Our tent was partly blown down last night, lady, for it blew very hard, and it was much damaged. Every strip of canvas costs six shillings, and it takes a great many to make a tent. Mother and the company are mending it now, while I am here.'

'How long will you remain in our village?'

'Maybe a week longer, or maybe two,' answered the child; 'it all depends on the "take" we have. We were six weeks in Pound's Place; but we've only made enough these two nights here to pay the company, and had nothing for ourselves. We are often hungry, Jim and me.'

'Do you like being an actress, and wearing all those bright dresses, and singing for people who applaud and praise you?'

'O no, lady; I hate the life,' she replied; 'and the audience are cross often, if they don't like the piece and what we do; and then I get frightened. Then father sings a comic song, and they all mostly like that.'

'How do you manage to take the tent, its fittings, and your wardrobe about from place to place?'

'We have a big wagon as holds everything, and the horse and the donkey they draw it. Then father hires a car for us, and another for the company, and we travel from village to village that way. We go to the towns in winter. Our theatre is well known; and in some places we make six pounds, and maybe seven or eight, in one night. Other times we might only take—as we've done here—ten shillings. We never go in debt,' she added. 'Mother sells our wardrobe when we are very poor, and then she asks kind ladies to help us by giving us their old clothes. Anything does for the stage so long as it's bright. Once mother got a dress from a lady all over silver stars, and she wore it when she is the Queen. I doesn't mean she is a real queen, but one in the play. But that's worn out now,' she added sadly.

'I must be going now,' Mary said, getting up; 'and I'm very thankful entirely, lady. Maybe you would send the servants to-morrow night to the theatre, for Jim is having his benefit. We don't have any real ladies come, or I'd be real glad to see you,' she concluded ingenuously.

Accordingly, I sent the servants; and from them I heard that the theatre was the most wretched place imaginable. A small tent, in many places broken and saturated with rain, which had been falling heavily, was pitched in the principal street in the village. A few forms served as reserved seats; whilst those who could not afford this luxury, stood in groups behind. The stage was raised some three or four feet from the ground by means of some barrels, on which long planks of wood were arranged in rows to form a platform. A few candles placed along the edge of it served for footlights; whilst large gaudy 'cuts,' representing some specially attractive character in the several plays acted, formed the scenery, as Mary had stated; and on the occasion in question, when singing and dancing were the only entertainments provided, the audience were asked if they wished to come upon the stage and dance an Irish jig or hornpipe. One man accepted the invitation, and danced both so well and with such a will, amusing the people so effectually, that fully half an hour's respite was enjoyed by the tired, weary company of the travelling theatre.

INDIAN SERVANTS.

A SOMEWHAT widespread opinion prevails in this country that our Anglo-Indian friends, with their handsome rupee-reckoned salaries, are in the habit of living more than comfortably, if not luxuriously, in the far East. But, in reality, whatever may have been the case formerly, in what were called 'the good old times,' this is not so nowadays; and we should remember that what in England may justly be considered to be a luxury, in a tropical climate like India often becomes a necessity. Our countrymen now—unlike their predecessors, who lived like princes, spent their money freely, and made India their home—wisely adopt the opposite course, and look forward to the time when they may retire on a pension, and pass the remainder of their days in old England.

Perhaps the chief cause which has given rise to the erroneous impression above referred to is the number of native servants which the young Anglo-Indian usually entertains on first taking up his appointment in the Civil Service, the military profession, or other line of business, as the case may be. His mother and sisters are astonished to learn by the first letter received from Jack or Harry—fresh from school, and perhaps hardly out of his teens

—that already he has enlisted into his service no fewer than seven or eight attendants; and not comprehending the rights of the case, are apt to moralise on youthful extravagance. This, however, is a mistake on their part, which we will endeavour to explain, at the same time offering a few remarks, for the benefit of our countrymen daily leaving our shores for India, on native servants in general, their duties, peculiarities, and the best way of treating them to meet with success. But before taking them individually, it is with regret we feel compelled to allude to a practice not unfrequently indulged in by the young and thoughtless, of constantly using native terms of abuse to their attendants for the most trivial faults. This is a habit much to be deprecated. The natives of India are extraordinary judges of character, and quickly lose all respect for a master who demeans himself in this manner; and no native servant of any worth will permit himself to be cuffed and knocked about, and, rather than submit to such treatment, will give up his place immediately. The submissive air and humble gait of the natives of India should alone be sufficient to disarm a European, and prevent him from ever lifting his hand against one of them, even when provoked to the uttermost by some gross act of carelessness or stupidity. A little patience and kindness, coupled with tact and firmness, will generally produce the desired effect, and is much to be preferred to harshness and constant scolding.

The young Anglo-Indian, on reaching his destination at, we will suppose, some up-country station in the North-western Provinces of Bengal or the Punjab, will, generally speaking, require the following servants: a *bearer* or personal attendant; *khitmutghar* or table attendant; *bheestie* or water-carrier; *dhobie* or washerman; *mehter* or sweeper; *syce* or groom; and a grass-cutter to provide fodder for his pony; and throughout the hot-weather months, two additional *coolies* will be necessary to keep the punkah moving throughout the exhausting nights of the tropics.

On first landing from the steamer at the end of the voyage, the young Englishman is sure to be met by numerous applicants for service. The door of his hotel will be thronged by eager candidates for situations; but unless under exceptional circumstances, such as a fellow-countryman travelling homewards, and anxious to obtain a place for a really good servant, he will act wisely to defer making a selection until he has reached his journey's end, when, probably, he will have more time to look around and make his selection.

The first and most important servant to procure is a *bearer*, and it is by no means an easy post to fill up satisfactorily. He should be a Hindu of not too high a caste; nor, on the other hand, of the opposite extreme, a very low caste. The latter is almost certain to prove a failure. There is much to be learned from the personal appearance and style of dress of native servants. Certificates to character should be carefully examined and received with caution; for not unfrequently these documents are forgeries, or borrowed for the occasion; sometimes copies from some genuine certificate supplied to another individual. The applicant for a place should also be questioned on the why and the wherefore of his quitting his last situation. As to caste, perhaps the *kahar* is the best for a *bearer*. Taken generally, the *kahars* are an industrious, quiet race of beings. One of their chief occupations is carrying palanquins; but the opening of railways throughout India has in a great measure done away with this mode of travelling. It may be mentioned that the title *kahar* many years ago was also the distinctive appellation of a Hindu slave.

As head-servant of the house, the *bearer* should always be well dressed, more especially so as one of his chief duties is to receive visitors at the door. He should never appear without wearing a turban, nor ever enter the house with shoes on his feet. These two latter remarks apply to every class of servant. Nor should a plea of forgetfulness for neglect of the same be ever accepted. The *bearer* is responsible for his master's clothes; he has charge of the keys. He should be the first astir in the morning, and call the 'sahib' at the proper hour to dress for parade, the early walk, or ride. He dusts and arranges the different rooms while his master is out; and on the latter's return has the bath in readiness. With the exception of an hour or two about midday, when the *bearer* disappears for his dinner, he remains in the veranda or within call. He keeps account of small household expenditures, again attends his lord on the latter retiring to rest, when the *bearer* makes his final salaam or obeisance, and takes his departure.

The next in importance among Indian domestic servants is the *khitmutghar* or table-attendant. It need hardly be mentioned that he is invariably of the Mohammedan religion; and great care is necessary in choosing this particular servant, for among their ranks are many low, dissipated characters. A single glance at one of these latter will generally suffice to make one aware of the fact. Old graybeards, though of course less active than younger followers of the Prophet, yet often prove to be better servants in the long-run. When questioned, these gentry almost invariably deny all knowledge of the English language; but, generally speaking, the Bengal *khitmutghar*, as he stands with folded arms and imperturbable countenance at the dinner-table, readily follows and fully comprehends the topics of conversation carried on by his English masters.

The duties of the *khitmutghar* commence at daylight, when he puts in an appearance bearing the morning cup of tea. Unless otherwise ordered, he is only expected to be present, properly dressed, at each meal. One of his most important duties is to be able to cook fairly well when called upon to do so, more especially when his master may move into camp either on the march or on a shooting expedition. Then he is expected to show his powers in the culinary art; and, generally speaking, Mohammedan cooks acquit themselves admirably in this respect. They are especially clever at making omelettes, soufflets, and such-like. It may be here mentioned, however, by way of warning to the uninitiated in such matters, that the native method of preparing a meal is not always too

nice to our ideas, so that it is well to avoid visiting the cooking-tent immediately before dinner, or not improbably you will there see something or other going on not calculated to give one an appetite.

Next in our list comes the *bheestie* or water-carrier, also of the Mohammedan religion; but altogether a less troublesome mortal to deal with. Generally speaking, the Bengal *bheestie* is a good, willing, hard-working servant, seldom giving trouble or requiring reproof. His chief duties are to supply the house and stables with fresh water from the best well in the neighbourhood. It is the special duty of the *bheestie* to keep the *chatties* or earthen jars of the bath-room filled with water. Where a garden is kept up—and in hot climates there is nothing so refreshing to the eye as a few flowers and bright-green shrubs around the house—it is the duty of the *bheestie* to assist the native gardener in watering the plants. He also, morning and evening, sprinkles with water the flooring of the verandas, footpaths, and dusty roads in the vicinity of his master's abode. This has the effect of laying the dust and cooling the air—no slight boon to exhausted Europeans during the terrible months of April and May, just before the first rainfall.

The *dhobie* or washerman is another important individual in the Anglo-Indian establishment. The great majority of *dhobies* are Hindus; but in Eastern Bengal, Mohammedan *dhobies* are often to be met with. Though given to assuming airs and importance, the *dhobie* is of low caste, generally speaking; a mild inoffensive being, plying his trade industriously, and giving little trouble to his master. There is a proverbial saying that obtains among the Hindus which pronounces a *dhobie* as untrustworthy; but in reality he is no worse than his brethren in this respect. The *dhobie* is one of the first to bestir himself in the early morning, and accompanied by a small *bail* or bullock, carrying his bundle of clothes, he may be seen making his way in the direction of some tank or distant pool on the river-bank. On reaching the scene of operations, he strips himself of superfluous clothing, girds up his loins, and proceeds to business. Soon the air resounds with the heavy thwacks of some article of raiment, which, twisted into a small compass, the *dhobie* again and again whirls round his head, and brings down upon a flat piece of wood or stone placed on the margin of the water. Each blow is accompanied by a grunt from the operator, as if to give an additional impetus to the stroke. This somewhat rough treatment is liable to wear out fine linen all too soon, and to make buttons fly; but considering that the *dhobie* has no mangle to assist him, nor any of the ordinary appliances of a laundry, and, generally speaking, only a small smoky hovel—probably filled to overflowing with his wife and numerous children—wherein to complete his work, it is astonishing how well he acquits himself of his task; the well-starched, snow-white shirt-fronts bearing witness to his skill and painstaking. Unless articles of clothing are plainly marked, the *dhobie* has a tiresome habit of sewing coloured pieces of cotton into the corners of every shirt and handkerchief, to distinguish them from others, which practice has anything but a beautifying effect. The *dhobie* considers himself so far independent that he need only appear at stated times, to receive or make over his master's clothes from the hands of the *bearer*. He will never take service as an indoor servant in the house of a European.

The duties of the *mehter*, sweeper or 'knight of the broom,' are so commonplace as to require only a brief notice. He is always of low caste; and though often addressed as 'jemadar' by the other servants, he is always looked down upon, more especially for his habit of eating or drinking anything left from the table of his master. It is his special duty to take charge of and feed his master's dogs. He supplies them with food at a fixed rate, takes them in the early morning for a bathe in the nearest tank, and towards sunset, produces for inspection, in separate iron dishes, the food which he has provided for each one of his charges.

It is amusing to observe how well-bred English dogs despise and turn up their noses at their native attendant, permitting the latter to lead them about and wash them when necessary without a growl of disapproval, but at the same time clearly showing by their outward bearing that no familiarities will be permitted.

Next we come to the *syce* or native groom; and in a stable where a valuable Arab horse has to be cared for, he is a most important personage. A really good, trustworthy *syce* is nowadays seldom to be met with. There are Mohammedan *syces* throughout Northern India; but the great majority are Hindus of low caste. The duties of the *syce* are, to groom and feed the horse he is put in charge of—a separate *syce* is necessary for each one of the horses comprising a stable—to be ready to accompany his master to the parade-ground, the band-stand, or for wherever he may be bound; and to keep the latter in sight and follow him any distance, no matter at what pace the sahib may choose to ride. It is astonishing what powers of endurance these native grooms display in this respect; for however far the distance or quick the gallop, he is seldom left far behind, and nearly always makes his appearance soon after his master draws rein.

A Bengal *syce* worthy of the name can hardly in any country in the world be surpassed at his work. He is a most excellent groom; and by means of hand-rubbing—which he often practises for hours together—he brings out the muscles and sinews of a horse till they are as tough and hard as iron. It is a good custom to inspect daily the allowance of corn or grain provided by the *syce* for his charge, as not unfrequently dishonest grooms steal a portion of it and grind it for their own food.

The 'grass-cutter,' the last in our list, is a humble individual, who, as his title tells us, supplies grass for the horse to which he is attached. Hay is seldom seen in India; but horses thrive well on a particular kind of soft green grass, which the grass-cutter cuts, or rather digs up with a small iron instrument called a *koorpah*. It is well, every now and again, to examine the quality and quantity of the grass supplied for each horse, or else lazy individuals will likely enough bring in coarse hard stuff quite unfit for the purpose. In large stations, a grass-cutter

who performs his work properly has often to walk many miles before reaching a spot where soft tender grass is procurable. The grass-cutter is under the immediate orders of the *syce*, and usually receives four rupees a month as pay for his services.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that one of the most important rules in the young Englishman's household should be that each native servant regularly receives his pay on a certain date in each month. Without this being steadily acted up to, matters never work smoothly in an establishment, but will cause constant bickerings. Whereas, when paid regularly, and treated with kindness and forbearance, these poor people speedily become attached to their master, and exert themselves to meet with his approval. J. H. B.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ACCORDING to *Nature*, the much-dreaded scourge of the vine, the Phylloxera, has made its appearance in the vineyards of the Cape Colony. Some years ago, the most stringent regulations were made to prevent, if possible, the importation of these unwelcome guests. The Cape government even refused to allow consignments of beech-trees from England and tree-ferns from New Zealand to be landed in the colony, and fixed a very heavy penalty as a punishment for any infringement of the law. But by some mysterious agency, two or three of the vineyards are swarming with the Phylloxera. The most approved insecticides, carbon disulphide, &c., have been telegraphed for, for they are not at hand in the colony, and in the meantime the affected vines are being uprooted and burnt.

A curious instance of tenacity of vitality in low forms of life has been discovered by Professor Leidy. Upon examining a block of ice which formed part of a large quantity stored at Moorestown, N.J., and had been so stored for more than twelve months, he found it riddled with air-bubbles and drops of water. Upon melting a portion of the block, a number of worms made their appearance. They died almost immediately when liberated from their frozen prison. The worms cannot be identified with any known species, and Professor Leidy believes them to be of a form as yet undescribed.

It is satisfactory to note that the Emperor of Brazil has given orders for a photographic astronomical apparatus like that employed so successfully by MM. Henry of Paris, in order that Brazil may do its share in the proposed photographic survey of the heavens initiated by the French astronomers named.

Lloyd's agent at Athens has recently reported some information as to the progress of the canal which is to cut the Isthmus of Corinth. Out of a total of thirteen million cubic yards of earth which must be dug out before the canal is completed, nearly three millions have been removed. The canal is to have a surface width of twenty-four yards, except at the entrances, which will be widened to between fifty and sixty yards. One thousand men are at present employed upon the works, which, at the present rate of progress, should be completed in five years.

The Austrian government offer a prize of one thousand ducats (nearly five hundred pounds) for the discovery of a system of working coal in fiery mines without shot-firing. The method must not be more expensive than that of ordinary blasting. It must not be capable of igniting fire-damp or coal-dust, and it must not leave any injurious products behind it. These are the chief conditions.

An improved method of etching metallic surfaces has been invented by Mr A. Piper of Wolverhampton. The metal surface is first of all coated with gold, silver, nickle, brass, or any other metal desired, in the ordinary electro-plating bath. The design is then drawn upon it in some resinous or other acid-resisting medium, and the metal is immersed in an acid, which eats away the coating, and at the same time produces a dead or frosted appearance upon the exposed metal beneath. The resinous drawing is now removed by any suitable medium which will dissolve it, leaving the design in relief upon a frosted ground. If desired, the operation can be reversed by leaving a groundwork of plated metal, while the design is bitten out by the acid.

A new stationary buffer-stop for railway stations and sidings was recently described in a paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers by Mr A. Langley of Derby. This buffer-stop consists of two hydraulic cylinders fitted with pistons. The piston rods carry in front buffer-heads to meet those on the locomotive. There are also projecting rods behind the cylinders connected by chains with counterweights, to return the pistons after pressure to their former position. The pistons have a stroke of four feet; and it is calculated that this amount of depression would effectually stop a train without jerk or damage even if it were moving at the rate of eight miles an hour.

Gases inclosed in iron cylinders under enormous pressure are now used in various branches of science and art, and are supplied commercially by many firms in various countries. The gases most commonly used are hydrogen and oxygen—for the lime-light—carbon dioxide, and nitrous oxide—this last being much employed as an anæsthetic by dentists. Hitherto, there has been much difficulty in controlling the outrush of gas from these cylinders, for the internal pressure often amounts to six hundred pounds on the square inch. By the aid of a new regulator, invented by Messrs Oakley and Beard of London, this difficulty is at once obviated. The regulator consists of a small india-rubber bellows inclosed in a brass box, which screws upon the nozzle of the gas cylinder. By an ingenious device, as the bellows top rises with the pressure of the gas, a screw valve descends upon the opening in the cylinder. In this way the user of the gas can regulate the outflow to his requirements. We understand that it is in contemplation to adapt the same principle to ordinary gas consumption in houses, so that the supply may always be adjusted to the number of burners in actual use.

Habitual drinkers of aërated beverages were some time ago startled by the report that the original source of the water used in the manufacture did not much trouble the attention of

the vendors, and that micro organisms in fabulous numbers might find their way to the consumers of these apparently innocent fluids. According to Dr T. Leone's researches, aërated waters are peculiarly safe from such contamination. Taking a typically pure potable water, he tried how many micro organisms could be developed in it in a given time. In five days the water contained immense numbers of organisms. But when charged with carbonic dioxide, as all aërated waters must be to give them their effervescent quality, the number of living creatures was at once diminished. Water so charged contained at the end of fifteen days only a mere trifle of the original organisms. Dr Leone therefore concludes that the longer aërated waters are kept, the less chance is there of bacterial contamination.

The greatest living authority on bacteria, M. Pasteur, has by recent experiments proved that water containing only two per cent. of concentrated sulphuric acid possesses the property of destroying these organisms. He recommends that this acidulated water should be used as a disinfectant for floors of stables, mangers, courtyards, cattle-sheds, &c. The compound has certainly the merit of extreme cheapness, for about twelve gallons could be prepared at a cost of twopence. We may mention that M. Pasteur's inoculations for hydrophobia have met with unlooked-for success. He recently told the Paris Academy of Sciences that out of three hundred and twenty-five cases of inoculation for this terrible disease, only one had proved a failure, and that one he attributed to delay. It is suggested that an international hospital should be established for the reception of patients from every country.

The all-seeing microscope has very often played an important part as an accusing witness, more especially in the identification of blood-stains. Recently in Illinois the same detective agent was instrumental in hanging a murderer; but the method of conviction was novel. Here is the case: A. had been found murdered while sleeping on a pile of sawdust in a certain icehouse, which we will call No. 1. B. was suspected of the crime because particles of sawdust were found on his clothing and on his boots. He accounted for this by pleading that he had been sleeping in another icehouse (No. 2) which was far away; and declared that he had not been near the No. 1 house. It was proved that icehouse No. 1 contained *pine* sawdust, and house No. 2 hardwood sawdust only. The microscope showed that the clothes and boots had attached to them particles of the former only. The man was convicted and executed.

Professor Vogel has lately brought forward the curious fact that the generation of alkaloids in plants is dependent upon sunlight. The hemlock plant which yields coniine in Southern Europe contains none in Scotland. Again, the tropical cinchonas, from which quinine is obtained, will yield very little of that valuable product if cultivated in our weakly lighted hothouses. Professor Vogel has examined many specimens of the plant from various conservatories, and has been quite unable to obtain the characteristic reaction of quinine, although the method of testing is a delicate one, and sensitive to minute quantities of the alkaloid. It is curious to observe that although sunlight seems so necessary to the formation of quinine in the living plant, it acts most injuriously upon the alkaloid in the stripped bark. In the latter case, the quinine is decomposed by it, and assumes the form of a dark-coloured resin. Because of this, in the manufacture of quinine, the bark is always dried in the dark.

The recent severe weather must have led many a half-frozen traveller to wonder if our railway and tramway Companies will ever hit upon some method of heating public conveyances. With a steam-engine as a necessary adjunct, it would seem to the disinterested inquirer that a method of warming by pipes fed from the 'exhaust' would be a comparatively easy way of managing the business, and would at the same time save much labour in doing away with the filling and distribution of inefficient foot-warmers. In Chicago, a new method of heating tramcars is being tried, and it promises well. The apparatus, which is placed under the floor of the car, consists of a brass cylinder filled with coal-oil, which, under pressure of a strong spring, is forced into a small super-heater, where it becomes vaporised. This oil-gas is ignited in a fire-clay combustion chamber, and although there is no flame, the fire-clay is brought to a white heat. The outer air passing over this hot box becomes well warmed, and a constant stream of fresh, warm air is assured to the passengers. The only visible evidence of the stove is a grating in the floor of the car through which the hot air rises. When will our tramway Companies consent to a small reduction in their high dividends, to afford their patrons similar comfort?

The use of wood pavements in Sydney has been very strongly condemned by a Committee appointed by the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales to inquire into the subject. It had been alleged that these wood pavements exerted a deleterious influence on the health of persons living in their proximity, and the conclusions arrived at by the Committee would seem to justify these allegations. Analysis showed that the blocks in actual use had absorbed a vast amount of organic matter, even though they had only been laid down a comparatively short time. It was evident, too, that complete impregnation of the wood was only a matter of time. In the words of the Report: 'So far as the careful researches of your Board go, the porous, absorbent, and destructible nature of wood must, in their opinion, be declared to be irremediable by any process at present known; nor, were any such process discovered, would it be effectual unless it were supplemented by another which should prevent fraying of the fibre.' It should be noted that this strong condemnation is applied to the *hard* wood-blocks used for the purpose of paving in Sydney, and not to the soft wood used here at home. These latter are so thoroughly impregnated with tar, that it is difficult to imagine that room could be found for anything else, organic or otherwise.

The cable tramway which is situated on the historic hill at Highgate, London, has worked without hindrance during the recent frost and snow. This is due to the fact that the working parts are underground. But of late a new use

has been made of the system. Heavy vehicles even with six horses attached could not be moved up the hill during the recent frosts. Many of them were therefore fastened to the tramcars, and were pulled up the steep incline—one in eleven—at the rate of six miles an hour.

In his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Mr A. A. Common, the treasurer of the Astronomical Society, pointed out that the old method of eye-observation in telescopic work would probably in the near future give way to automatic records on sensitive dry plates by means of photography. He also pointed out what extreme variations existed in the amount of light emitted by different celestial objects, contrasting with the blinding glare of the sun the small quantity of light received from a faint star. The latter he described as being equivalent to the twenty-thousandth part of the light given by a standard candle seen from the distance of a quarter of a mile. It is not a matter for wonder, therefore, that the most sensitive dry plate which would yield a photograph in daylight in the smallest fraction of a second, should require an exposure of two hours, or thereabouts, when used for recording the existence of one of these distant orbs.

Signor Ferrari, after making observations on between six and seven hundred thunderstorms which occurred in Italy a few years back, has noted that every thunderstorm is connected with a barometric, hygrometric, and thermic depression. A German scientist who has interested himself in the same line of inquiry, states that the danger of a building being struck by lightning has increased in his country during the past half-century from three to five fold. He attributes this increase of danger to impurities carried into the atmosphere from factory chimneys, the number of which is constantly increasing.

A new electric alarm-bell for use in places where highways and railways cross one another has been invented in the United States. On approaching such a crossing, the wheels of the train depress a heavy trigger placed by the side of the rails. This trigger sets in motion a fly-wheel sufficiently powerful to turn the armature of a small magneto-machine. The current thus generated rings a bell at the cross-road, so that wayfarers have an audible reminder of the near approach of a train. Of course the same result might be brought about with an electric battery. But the magneto-machine has the advantage of requiring no attention, and of not being affected in any way by changes of temperature. Its bearings can be provided with oil-cups, so that it will act for months together without supervision.

Professor Ewart lately read a paper before the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, in which he stated that from examinations of specimens of 'whitebait' sent into the London market during the past year, he had come to the conclusion that the much esteemed little fish consisted of sprats and herrings, about sixty per cent. of the former to forty per cent. of the latter. The origin of so-called 'whitebait' has always been such a disputed point that the Professor's remarks are particularly interesting. He also pointed out that in Canada, sprats are extensively tinned as sardines. As we some time ago pointed out in these pages, a similar trade has been for a long time carried on at more than one place on the south coast of England. We may mention that the authorities of the South Kensington Aquarium are about to introduce herrings into the tanks under their control, in spite of the fact that all such attempts, in inland places at least, have hitherto failed. We trust that their endeavours will be crowned with success.

Messrs Fairbairn and Wells, Manchester, have lately much improved their screw forging machine. By this method of making screws, it is claimed that much greater tenacity, ductility, and durability are obtained in the finished product; for the fibres of iron, instead of being cut through, are pressed and bent round to the shape of the thread. In short, the machine rolls out the screws, instead of cutting them out. We have lately seen photographs of some of these screws which have been partially eaten away with acid, for the purpose of showing the fibrous nature of the metal. It is curious to note how the fibre is bent in and out as it follows the direction of the thread on the screw. This method of manufacture is said to present advantages apart from better quality. The screws can be more quickly produced at a less cost, and there is a great saving of material, for nothing is cut away to waste.

The results of a curious but very important test as to the accuracy with which chemists, druggists, and others make up prescriptions committed to their care, has recently been presented to one of the London vestries. Fifty prescriptions were sent out to ordinary druggists, to co-operative stores, to 'doctors' shops,' and to certain traders styling themselves drug Companies. The mixtures made were afterwards analysed, to find out how nearly they agreed with the prescriptions they represented; but in order to give a liberal margin for error, it was resolved not to put a black mark against any one, if the chief constituent were within ten per cent. of the right amount. Notwithstanding this margin, no fewer than seventeen out of the fifty mixtures were incorrectly dispensed. In one case the principal drug was less by eighty-five per cent. than the amount ordered, while in another it was fifty-seven per cent. in excess. The chemists and druggists came out best in this strange competition, as only six per cent. of their prescriptions had to be called in question. Next came the co-operative stores with twenty per cent. of error; then the 'doctors' shops' with fifty per cent.; and lastly the drug Companies, who are credited, or rather discredited, with seventy-five per cent. of errors.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ROOSEN METHOD OF PRESERVING FISH.

We have already noticed the method recommended by Professor Cossar Ewart of preserving fresh fish with boracic acid and salt. Mr Roosen of Hamburg has patented another method, which was lately tested in Edinburgh. The process consists in the salmon being placed in an air-tight compartment among a solution of boracic acid, salt, and water, and a heavy pressure being applied, the solution penetrates and thoroughly

disinfects the fish, which are prevented from decaying, and retain all their strength and nourishment. On the 15th of February, a steel barrel, made for the purpose, and capable of holding about three hundred pounds of fish, was filled with salt water containing about fifty per cent. of boracic acid, and into this compound five splendid salmon, fresh from the Tay, were placed. The air having been entirely withdrawn, the barrel was hermetically sealed, a pressure of six atmospheres, or ninety pounds to the square inch, being applied. After standing for seventeen days, the barrel was opened on the 4th of March, and all the salmon were found in as fresh and healthy a condition as when they were first placed among the solution. The flesh of the fish was of a beautiful colour, and could not be distinguished from that of a fresh salmon placed alongside of it, while the blood began to flow freely immediately on the salmon being cut up. The salmon was served up at a luncheon, on the following day, in different forms of cooking, and the general opinion was that the new method of preservation was upon the whole successful. The fish was of good flavour and colour; it could be separated in nice flakes, and the curd was well preserved.

A NEW BOILER-FEEDER.

The problem of feeding boilers has yet to be solved, no method yet introduced having by its intrinsic merits superseded all others. At the present time, injectors or donkey-engines are usually employed—the former being an ingenious apparatus which forces the feed-water into the boiler by the rush of steam through a narrow orifice; the latter differing in no way from an ordinary pumping-engine, and usually deriving its power from the boiler itself. Both these systems of feeding require constant supervision; and it is to obviate the necessity of continued attention and the risk resulting from carelessness, that boiler-feeders automatic in action have been designed. So far, their application has not been extensive; but a recent improved design, patented as 'Mayhew's Automatic Boiler-feeder,' bids fair to push its way even in these times of depressed trade, when boiler-owners not unnaturally hesitate to incur any outlay, however slight, which a rearrangement of the boiler-feed necessarily entails. The apparatus consists essentially of two vessels—the upper of copper, the lower of cast-iron. An ingenious valve-arrangement connects the former with the boiler, whilst the latter is connected with the supply of feed-water. When the water in the boiler falls below a certain level, the end of the pipe connected with the upper vessel becomes uncovered, and the steam being free to enter it, operates on the valves, thereby admitting a charge of water to the boiler from the copper vessel. A vacuum is formed in the copper vessel, which now recharges itself from the one beneath, ready for another operation. As many as five charges a minute can thus be obtained. Should the apparatus, from any cause, fail to work, and the water fall too low, a fusible plug melts and sounds an alarm whistle. It is satisfactory to note that an ingenious straining arrangement works well for feeding with dirty water—the great difficulty in all apparatus of this class, owing to the valves becoming choked. The feeder may be regarded as safely beyond the mere experimental stage, a large number already being in operation in different works throughout the country, and with results satisfactory in every respect.

SHOT-FIRING IN COAL-MINES.

A correspondent thus writes: 'In your article on "Shot-firing in Coal-mines" you speak of the dangerous operation of tamping or plugging the shot-hole with brick or coal dust rammed hard. It must indeed be a dangerous operation; but cannot the hole be as effectually plugged without any danger at all? It is usual, after charging a rocket, to drive in dry clay upon the top of the fuse, to prevent its blowing through; but a layer of wet plaster of Paris poured in and allowed to set, dries harder than the clay, and obviates all danger from concussion or grit. Cannot the shot-hole be in like manner plugged? Plaster of Paris (gypsum or sulphate of lime) expands, not shrinks, when combined with water, so that it fills accurately every part of the bore. If the hole were slightly conical, the smaller end outwards, or made with an internal flange, the plaster would offer more resistance than the clay.'

PARTED.

The silver brooks will miss thee,
The breeze that used to kiss thee,
And ruffle with a soft caress thy curls of sunny hair;
When the early dewdrops glisten
On the roses, they will listen
For thy step upon the garden walk, thy laughter in the air.

The meadows gay with flowers,
The summer's leafy bowers,
Will know thy joyous smile no more; the woodlands stand forlorn;
I hear the soft complaining
Of birds, from mirth refraining,
That greeted with their carols sweet thy waking every morn.

Poor mother! hush thy weeping
Above thy darling sleeping,
Nor fret with aught of earthly grief the stillness where he lies,
Flowers in his little fingers,
Where the rosy flush still lingers,
For the angels are his playmates on the plains of Paradise.

J. I. L.

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THE SCOTTISH BEADLE.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Just as the old familiar landmarks of a place undergo in the course of time that change and decay which are the common lot of all things earthly ere they are finally removed from sight, nevermore to exist save as a name or memory, so many of the features or characteristics of our social life are continually being submitted to that process of transformation, and, in many respects, of obliteration, which prevails alike in the moral and the physical world. That process is to be witnessed every day. It is a result of the inevitable law to which everything human, every institution of man's making or developing, is finally subservient. Assuredly, there is no feature or characteristic of life, whether viewed in a national or in an individual sense, but has to submit sooner or later to this universal order of things; and so, naturally, we may look, and look in vain to-day for that which but yesterday was an interesting and distinguishing trait in a certain aspect of the social life of those who then filled, as we do now, the measure of the time.

This reflection is irresistible in considering such a subject as that of 'Beadles,' a class of individuals who once filled a unique and peculiar place in the humbler walks of the social life of their time; for, as a class, they certainly cannot be said to form a feature in the social life of the present day. Of course, even yet the number of persons fulfilling the orthodox functions appertaining to the beadle is as large as ever—in all probability, larger. No minister surely, in Scotland at least, but enjoys his appurtenance in the person of his 'man' or officer. But the beadle of fifty years ago, the beadle with whom Dean Ramsay delighted to 'forgather,' where now is he? Sadly do we fear that he is at length sleeping his last long sleep within the quiet precincts of his 'ain kirkyard,' while another performs, after a fashion, those functions of his office which were ever his delight and pride, and which brought him in their performance not a little of that social renown which assuredly belonged to him, and to him alone.

The many stories told of the doings and sayings of beadles—the old originals—would fill, we believe, a goodly-sized volume. Not a few such stories have already been related by Dean Ramsay in his delightful *Reminiscences*, while many more are collected in other well-known books of Scottish anecdote. These stories go to prove the beadle to have been a character which, as has been said, is all but extinct in our times. A few remote parishes may yet retain worthy enough representatives of the quaint and ancient 'bedellus,' but, generally speaking, they are mere milk-and-water copies of the old originals. Initially, he has lost his very name, which mincing modern speech has corrupted from beadle to 'church-officer.' Then, as to his personal identity, in place of the old-time periwig he was wont to wear, he has now—why often, he has nothing to show! Instead of the blue swallow-tail coat with the brightly burnished buttons, and the quaint knee-breeches whereby there were displayed those 'shrunk shanks' of his which betokened their possessor to have arrived at that sixth age of the human cycle, he now wears 'a customary suit of solemn black.' Instead of that delightful affection and familiarity which existed between himself and his minister, there is now a due and proper regard paid to their respective 'places.' Instead of the minister and his elders being ever in awe of their 'man,' he has now to bear himself with appropriate respect and deference towards the minister and his session. All, indeed, is now changed; and his ancient worthiness cannot surely be identified among the plain and—in point of public character—featureless individuals who methodically and perfunctorily follow in his footsteps. If he survive at all, it is only here and there in a few stray stories and traditions embodying a pathetic remembrance of him as having lived in a bygone time in that social life of our

country to which he was peculiarly indigenous, and of which he was, in a remarkable degree, so distinctive and interesting a feature.

Perhaps the time when the beadle flourished at his best and attracted to himself most of that social renown which made him a personage of no little importance—in rural districts at anyrate—was from half a century to a century ago. Of course many persons will yet vividly remember certain beadles of their acquaintance who were extant even within a decade or two ago, and enjoying in the flesh all that 'pride of place' to which their connection with ecclesiastical affairs had elevated them. Indeed, not a few may yet be living in various parts of the country who may not unworthily claim to share in that peculiar notorious regard which so many of their predecessors in office enjoyed; but it is to be feared that even they are every year becoming more and more a minus quantity, and the time is all but come, if it has not already come, when, so far as their social popularity as a class of characteristic individuals is concerned, they will soon, like the flowers of the forest, be 'a' wede away.'

Half a century ago or so, however, it was a poor country parish that had not within its confines some entertaining worthy in the person of the beadle; for where the parishioners lacked entertainment, whether of a social or a graver kind, in the efforts of their clergy, which, indeed, was rarely the case, then they were almost certain to obtain it in some form or other in the sayings and doings of the inferior but not less interesting functionaries, their beadles. In not a few places, the popularity of the latter far eclipsed that of the former: a fact which was once at least ludicrously emphasised by the story of the very jovial beadle who excused his too frequent indulgences in strong drink—a propensity which had merited the repeated rebukes of his minister, who naturally enough quoted his own sobriety as an example—on the ground of the greater popularity he enjoyed, and to which the minister could not, he declared, make anything like the same claim.

Nor was this general regard in which, as a class, they were held, derived solely from their connection with the church; for, in addition to their more serious Sabbath-day functions and opportunities, they were by no means unwilling to become, in a secular and an unofficial sense, the valuable receptacles of all the local news and tittle-tattle, albeit they were not unfrequently at the same time the ready mouthpiece for the dissemination of the same. In one or two country districts, we have heard the phrase, 'to blab like a beadle,' which gives some colouring to this latter statement; but, on the whole, it is only fair to say in his behalf that there were others who could blab as well as he about those parochial secrets with which it was his business, more or less, to become acquainted. To be a model to his class, there was, in fact, no secret but he knew all about, and at first-hand too; no scandal whispered ominously within the precincts of the manse or session-house but was 'piper's news' to him; and whether the *fama* in question related to the latest heterodoxy of the minister himself, or to some serious moral defection on the part of the laird, or had regard to the love ongoings of Matty the farmer's lass, or even had to do with such a temporal matter as the chronic rheumatism of the Doctor's lady, all was known to his beadleship long before the whisper could be shapen into palpable words; and thus he was ever, Sabbath-day and week-day alike, as wise as Sir Oracle himself.

His local influence, therefore, was by no means despicable. Many persons finding in him a man of information, of ripe wisdom, of undeniable honesty, of excellent counsel, in which neither the village doctor nor the schoolmaster, nor even the minister, could excel, however nearly they may have approached him, looked up to him often with genuine regard and affection, and were easily inclined to forgive whatever faults and failings occasionally exhibited themselves whether in his 'walk' or his 'conversation;' for sometimes even *his* human nature was liable to err. Thus, whatever he said, gained the ear of the parish; whatever he did, filled the popular eye; and while the doctor and the schoolmaster, ay, and even the minister, are each and all now well-nigh forgotten, to this day *his* name is still remembered, and his sayings repeated. In some places, of course, he occasionally figured small and unworthily; but, generally speaking, the beadle of the time indicated was really a very notable and important social character, although his fame did not extend beyond the bourn of the parish to which he belonged; but of the result of the pathetic, although petty part he played on his narrow human stage, all that remains to us to-day is the not uninteresting though sorrowful reflection that he was a distinguishing feature of a quiet, easy-going, giving-and-taking time in the past history of Scotland. But with the advance of the times, the personality of the beadle becomes less striking, grows less interesting. His quondam local gossip and tattle, what are they with the multitudinous-tongued newspaper? What are the village secrets compared with the great doings in the mighty city, humming yonder like a vast human hive? Soon did our worthy friend feel that the big, busy world, of which he and his villagers had heard but little, and knew less, was now beginning to push itself upon them, until at length one day it was discovered that his and their identity were being merged and lost in the ever-increasing crowds of men. But it was only the way of the world, to which even beadles must submit themselves. That they have done so is only too apparent to-day, when, in this little corner of the world, of which they were once as native as the thistle or the heather, perhaps not a score of them are to be found of the good old style of fifty years ago.

A few stories about these worthies may not be out of place in concluding these reflections. Perhaps the most original saying, embodying a rare thought, quaint yet beautiful, ever expressed by a beadle was that attributed to Jamie M——, who served in that capacity for nearly thirty years to the church of B——. His beadleship was, as far as wages were concerned, trifling, and therefore Jamie had to work as a stone-breaker to keep body and soul together. At length, after a long life of patient toil, he took to his deathbed, where one day, in reply to the minister, who had called to see him, and, by way

of reminding him of the heavenly joys on which he was about to enter, doubted not that he would soon be joining in the choir celestial, Jamie said that he had 'full assurance of faith for certain, but that as for the choiring, he was aye bad at a tune. Howsoever, when he got to the New Jerusalem, *he was willin' to work wi' his hands if the Maister wanted him!*'

The office of beadle was frequently, in many country parishes, combined with that of sexton or gravedigger—an office which afforded considerable scope for the display of those pathetic, if oftentimes grotesque, traits of character. We remember one worthy who considered the latter office of much more interest and importance than the former. 'As beadle he only waited on the living; but as sexton and gravedigger, he waited on the dead!' Another worthy used to say that for performing the duties of beadle he only got the 'session's siller;' while for assisting at those more solemn and sad burial-rites, he got the 'deid's perquisites!'

Dr Begg, in his *Autobiography*, tells a story—not, however, for the first time—of a gravedigging beadle who, in reply to a question put to him by his minister, said that 'Trade's very dull the noo; I hae na buried a leevin' cratur for three weeks.' This same beadle, who was very much an eye-servant, was appointed to watch the gooseberries (Scottice *grosets*) during the days of the communion, when, amongst a multitude of worthy people, some doubtful characters came about. On one occasion, when the beadle saw some one coming out of the manse, and therefore likely to observe and report, he exclaimed with the greatest apparent zeal to strangers going near the garden: 'How daur ye touch the minister's grosets?' But as soon as the manse-people had vanished out of sight, he proceeded to add, in an undertone: 'Tak ye a pickle [a few] for a' that!'

Apropos of the sexton-beadle, the writer lately heard an excellent story—which has never before been printed—regarding Thomas Carlyle and a late beadle of Ecclefechan. In the churchyard, which has now been made famous by the fact that it contains the mortal remains of the great sage, there stood, and still stands, a very old and dilapidated tombstone, on which are engraven some illegible hieroglyphics, which the beadle pretended to decipher, translating their purport in such a way as to reflect very flatteringly on the moral and social qualities of the persons—his ancestors—to whom they referred. On one occasion, when Carlyle visited this place of the dead, the beadle showed him round, but first of all pointed to this mysterious stone, underneath which reposed all that was mortal of the beadle's supposed illustrious ancestors, and dilated with his well-known exaggeration on the very high characters which, according to the hieroglyphics of the stone, they bore when in the flesh. Carlyle, knowing the beadle's soft point with regard to his 'forebears,' listened for a time in silence to the glowing description of individuals who never had had any existence save in imagination, and at length quietly remarked as he passed on: 'Puir cratur, ye'll sune be gathered to them yersel'!'

The social popularity which many beadles enjoyed not unfrequently encouraged them to take certain liberties, which, nowadays at all events, would not be permitted either within or without the 'sphere' in which they lived and worked. What would be thought of a beadle, for instance, who would presume to correct the precentor in announcing from his box a proclamation of marriage between parties, as once did a beadle of a parish near Arbroath? The precentor had somehow been provided with a 'proclaiming' paper, in which the name of one of the parties had been wrongly stated, as the beadle supposed; and as the precentor duly proceeded to make the announcement that 'there was a solemn purpose of marriage between Alexander Spink of Fisher's Loan and Elspeth Hackett of Burn Wynd,' he was unceremoniously interrupted by the beadle suddenly exclaiming: 'That's wrang, that's wrang! It's no Sanders Spink o' Fisher's Loan that's gaun to marry Elspeth Hackett, but Lang Sanders Spink o' Smithy Croft!'

The story of Watty Tinlin, the half-crazy beadle of Hawick parish, is another proof of this license, which was, on certain occasions, supposed to be due to his office. One day Wat got so tired of listening to the long sermon of a strange minister, that he went outside the church, and wandering in the direction of the river Teviot, saw the worshippers from the adjoining parish of Wilton crossing the bridge on their way home. Returning to the church and finding the preacher still thundering away, he shouted out, to the astonishment and relief of the exhausted congregation: 'Say amen, sir; say amen! Wulton's kirk's comin' ower Teyit Brig!' Such conduct on a Sunday in the present year of grace, if it did not relegate the offender to the police cell, would at anyrate result in a very solemn and serious sitting of the 'session' on the following Monday. But the times are changed; and not only have beadles, but ministers and churches, too, changed with them; and the living embodiments of the class whose peculiar and, on the whole, not unpleasant idiosyncrasies of character and 'calling' we have thus briefly indicated, are now few and far between.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

'WE'D better go, Tom,' Mr Dupuy said, almost pitying them. 'Upon my word, it's perfectly true; they neither of them knew a word about it.'

'No, by Jove, they didn't,' Tom Dupuy answered with a sneer, as he walked out into the piazza.—'What a splendid facer, though, it was, Uncle Theodore, for a confounded upstart nigger of a brown man.—But, I say,' as they passed out of the piazza and mounted their horses once more by the steps—for they were riding—'did you ever see anything more disgusting in your life than that woman there—a real white woman, and a born lady, Nora tells me—slobbering over and hugging that great, ugly, hulking, coloured fellow!'

'He's white enough to look at,' Mr Dupuy said reflectively. 'Poor soul, she married him without knowing anything about it. It'll be a terrible blow for her, I expect, finding out, now she's tied to him irrevocably, that he's nothing more than a common brown man.'

'She ought to be allowed to get a divorce,' Tom Dupuy exclaimed warmly. 'It's preposterous to think that a born lady, and the daughter of a General Somebody over in England, should be tethered for life to a creature of that sort, whom she's married under what's as good as false pretences!'

Meanwhile, the unhappy woman who had thus secured the high prize of Mr Tom Dupuy's distinguished compassion was sitting on the sofa in the big bare drawing-room, holding her husband's hand tenderly in hers and soothing him gently by murmuring every now and then in a soft undertone: 'My darling, how glad we are to know that, after all, it's nothing, nothing.'

Edward's stupor lasted for many minutes; not so much because he was deeply hurt or horrified, for there wasn't much at bottom to horrify him, but simply because he was stunned by the pure novelty and strangeness of that curious situation. A brown man—a brown man! It was too extraordinary! He could hardly awake himself from the one pervading thought that absorbed and possessed for the moment his whole nature. At last, however, he awoke himself slowly. After all, how little it was, compared with their worst fears and anticipations! 'Thomas,' he cried to the negro butler, 'bring round our horses as quick as you can saddle them.—Darling, we must ride up to Agualta this moment, and speak about it all to my father and mother.'

In Trinidad, everybody rides; indeed, there is no other way of getting about from place to place among the mountains, for carriage-roads are there unknown, and only narrow winding horse-paths climb slowly round the interminable peaks and gullies. The Hawthorns' own house was on the plains just at the foot of the hills; but Agualta and most of the other surrounding houses were up high among the cooler mountains. So the very first thing Marian and Edward had had to do on reaching the island was to provide themselves with a couple of saddle-horses, which they did during their first week's stay at Agualta. In five minutes the horses were at the door; and Marian, having rapidly slipped on her habit, mounted her pony and proceeded to follow her agitated husband up the slender thread of mountain-road that led tortuously to his father's house. They rode along in single file, as one always must on these narrow, ledge-like, West Indian bridle-paths, and in perfect silence. At first, indeed, Marian tried to throw out a few casual remarks about the scenery and the tree-ferns, to look as if the disclosure was to her less than nothing—as, indeed, but for Edward's sake, was actually the case—but her husband was too much wrapped up in his own bitter thoughts to answer her by more than single monosyllables. Not that he spoke unkindly or angrily; on the contrary, his tenderness was profounder than ever, for he knew now to what sort of life he had exposed Marian; but he had no heart just then for talking of any sort; and he felt that until he understood the whole matter more perfectly, words were useless to explain the situation.

As for Marian, one thought mainly possessed her: had even Nora, too, turned against them and forsaken them?

Old Mr Hawthorn met them anxiously on the terrace of Agualta. He saw at once, by their pale and troubled faces, that they now knew at least part of the truth. 'Well, my boy,' he said, taking Edward's hand in his with regretful gentleness, 'so you have found out the ban that hangs over us?'

'In part, at least,' Edward answered, dismounting; and he proceeded to pour forth into his father's pitying and sympathetic ear the whole story of their stormy interview with the two Dupuys. 'What can they mean,' he asked at last, drawing himself up proudly, 'by calling such people as you and me "brown men," father?'

The question, as he asked it that moment, in the full sunshine of Agualta Terrace, did indeed seem a very absurd one. Two more perfect specimens of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, pinky-white-skinned Anglo-Saxon type it would have been extremely difficult to discover even in the very heart of England itself, than the father and son who thus faced one another. But old Mr Hawthorn shook his handsome gray old head solemnly and mournfully. 'It's quite true, my boy,' he answered with a painful sigh—'quite true, every word of it. In the eyes of all Trinidad, of all the West Indies, you and I are in fact coloured people.'

'But father, dear father,' Marian said pleadingly, 'just look at Edward! There isn't a sign or a mark on him anywhere of anything but the purest English blood! Just look at him, father; how can it be possible?'—and she took up, half unconsciously, his hand—that usual last tell-tale of African descent, but in Edward Hawthorn's case stainless and white as pure wax. 'Surely you don't mean to tell me,' she said, kissing it with wifely tenderness, 'there is negro blood—the least, the tiniest fraction, in dear Edward!'

'Listen to me, dear one,' the old man said, drawing Marian closer to his side with a fatherly gesture. 'My father was a white man. Mary's father was a white man. Our grandfathers on both sides were pure white, and our grandmothers on one side were white also. All our ancestors in the fourth degree were white, save only one—fifteen whites to one coloured out of sixteen quarters—and that one was a mulatto in either line—Mary's and my great-great-grandmother. In England or any other country of Europe, we should be white—as white as you are. But such external and apparent whiteness isn't enough by any means for our West Indian prejudices. As long as you have the remotest taint or reminiscence of black blood about you in any way—as long as it can be shown, by tracing your pedigree pitilessly to its fountain-head, that any one of your ancestors was of African origin—then, by all established West Indian reckoning, you are a coloured man, an outcast, a pariah.—You have married a coloured man, Marian; and your children and your grandchildren to the latest generations will all of them for ever be coloured also.'

'How cruel—how wicked—how abominable!' Marian cried, flushed and red with sudden indignation. 'How unjust so to follow the merest shadow or suspicion of negro blood age after age to one's children's children!'

'And how far more unjust still,' Edward exclaimed with passionate fervour, 'ever so to judge of any man not by what he is in himself, but by the mere accident of the race or blood from which he is descended!'

Marian flushed again with still deeper colour; she felt in her heart that Edward's indignation went further than hers, down to the very root and ground of the whole matter.

'But, O father,' she began again after a slight pause, clinging passionately both to her husband and to Mr Hawthorn, 'are they going to visit this crime of birth even on a man of Edward's character and Edward's position?'

'Not on him only,' the old man whispered with infinite tenderness—'not on him only, my daughter, my dear daughter—not on him only, but on you—on you, who are one of themselves, an English lady, a true white woman of pure and spotless lineage. You have broken their utmost and sacredest law of race; you have married a coloured man! They will punish you for it cruelly and relentlessly. Though you did it, as he did it, in utter ignorance, they will punish you for it cruelly; and that's the very bitterest drop in all our bitter cup of ignominy and humiliation.'

There was a moment's silence, and then Edward cried to him aloud: 'Father, father, you ought to have told me of this earlier!'

His father drew back at the word as though one had stung him. 'My boy,' he answered tremulously, 'how can you ever reproach me with that? You at least should be the last to reproach me. I sent you to England, and I meant to keep you there. In England, this disgrace would have been nothing—less than nothing. Nobody would ever have known of it, or if they knew of it, minded it in any way. Why should I trouble you with a mere foolish fact of family history utterly unimportant to you over in England? I tried my hardest to prevent you from coming here; I tried to send you back at once when you first came. But do you wonder, now, I shrank from telling you the ban that lies upon all of us here? And do you blame me for trying to spare you the misery I myself and your dear mother have endured without complaining for our whole lifetime?'

'Father,' Edward cried again, 'I was wrong; I was ungrateful. You have done it in all kindness. Forgive me—forgive me!'

'There is nothing to forgive, my boy—nothing to forgive, Edward. And now, of course, you will go back to England?'

Edward answered quickly: 'Yes, yes, father; they have conquered—they have conquered—I shall go back to England; and you, too, shall come with me. If it were for my own sake alone, I would stop here even so, and fight it out with them to the end till I gained the victory. But I can't expose Marian—dear, gently nurtured, tender Marian—to the gibes and scorn of these ill-mannered planter people. She shall never again submit to the insult and contumely she has had to endure this morning.—No, no, Marian darling, we shall go back to England—back to England—back to England!'

'And why,' Marian asked, looking up at her father-in-law suddenly, 'didn't you yourself leave the country long ago? Why didn't you go where you could mix on equal terms with your natural equals? Why have you stood so long this horrible, wicked, abominable injustice?'

The old man straightened himself up, and fire flashed from his eyes like an old lion's as he answered proudly: 'For Edward! First of all, I stopped here and worked to enable me to bring up my boy where his talents would have the fullest scope in free England. Next, when I had grown rich and prosperous here at Agualta, I stayed on because I wouldn't be beaten in the battle and driven out of the country by the party of injustice and social intolerance. I wouldn't yield to them; I wouldn't give way to them; I wouldn't turn my back upon the baffled and defeated clique of slave-owners, because, though my father was an English officer, my mother was a slave, Marian!' He looked so grand and noble an old man as he uttered simply and unaffectedly those last few words—the pathetic epitaph of a terrible dead and buried wrong, still surviving in its remote effects—that Marian threw her arms around his neck passionately, and kissed him with one fervent kiss of love and admiration, almost as tenderly as she had kissed Edward himself in the heat of the first strange discovery.

'Edward,' she cried, with resolute enthusiasm, 'we will *not* go home! We will not return to England. We, too, will stay and fight out the cruel battle against this wicked prejudice. We will do as your father has done. I love him for it—I honour him for it! To me, it's less than nothing, my darling, that you should seem to have some small little taint by birth in the eyes of these miserable, little, outlying islanders. To me, it's less than nothing that they should dare to look down upon you, and to set themselves up against you—you, so great, so learned, so good, so infinitely nobler than them, and better than them in every way! Who are they, the wretched, ignorant, out-of-the-way creatures, that they venture to set themselves up as our superiors? I will not yield, either. I'm my father's daughter, and I won't give way to them. Edward, Edward, darling Edward, we will stop here still, we *shall* stop here and defeat them!'

'My darling,' Edward answered, kissing her forehead tenderly, 'you don't know what you say; you don't realise what it would be like for us to live here. I can't expose you to so much misery and awkwardness. It would be wrong of me—unmanly of me—cowardly of me—to let my wife be constantly met with such abominable, undeserved insult!'

'Cowardly! Edward,' Marian cried, stamping her pretty little foot upon the ground impatiently with womanly emphasis, 'cowardly—cowardly! The cowardice is all the other way, I fancy. I'm not ashamed of my husband, here or anywhere. I love you; I admire you; I respect you. But I can never again respect you so much if you run away, even for my sake, from this unworthy prejudice. I don't want to live here always, for ever; God forbid! I hate and detest it; but I

shall stay here a year—two years—three years, if I like, just to show the hateful creatures that I'm not afraid of them!'

'No, no, my child,' old Mr Hawthorn murmured tenderly, smoothing her forehead; 'this is no home for you, Marian. Go back to England—go back to England!'

Marian turned to him with feverish energy. 'Father,' she cried, 'dear, good, kind, gentle, loving father! You've taught me better yourself; your own words have taught me better. I won't give way to them; I'll stay in the land where you have stayed, and I'll show them I'm not ashamed of you or of Edward either! Ashamed! I'm only ashamed to say the word. What is there in either of you for a woman not to be proud of with all the deepest and holiest pride in her whole nature!'

'My darling,' Edward answered thoughtfully, 'we shall have to think and talk more with one another about this wretched, miserable business.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

The very next morning, as Edward and Marian were still loitering over the mangoes and bananas at eleven o'clock breakfast—the West Indies keep continental hours—they were surprised and pleased by hearing a pony's tramp cease suddenly at the front-door, and Nora Dupuy's well-known voice calling out as cheerily and childishly as ever: 'Marian, Marian! you dear old thing, please send somebody out here at once, to hold my horse for a minute, will you?'

The words fell upon both their ears just then as an oasis in the desert of isolation from women's society, to which they had been condemned for the last ten days. The tears rose quickly into Marian's eyes at those familiar accents, and she ran out hastily, with arms outstretched, to meet her one remaining girl-acquaintance. 'O Nora, Nora, darling Nora!' she cried, catching the bright little figure lovingly in her arms, as Nora leapt with easy grace from her mountain pony, 'why didn't you come before, my darling? Why did you leave me so long alone, and make us think you had forgotten all about us?'

Nora flung herself passionately upon her friend's neck, and between laughing and crying, kissed her over and over again so many times without speaking, that Marian knew at once in her heart it was all right there at least, and that Nora, for one, wasn't going to desert them. Then the poor girl, still uncertain whether to cry or laugh, rushed up to Edward and seized his hand with such warmth of friendliness, that Marian half imagined she was going to kiss him fervently on the spot, in her access of emotion. And indeed, in the violence of her feeling, Nora very nearly did fling her arms around Edward Hawthorn, whom she had learned to regard on the way out almost in the light of an adopted brother.

'My darling,' Nora cried vehemently, as soon as she could find space for utterance, 'my pet, my own sweet Marian, you dear old thing, you darling, you sweetheart!—I didn't know about it; they never told me. Papa and Tom have been deceiving me disgracefully: they said you were away up at Agualta, and that you particularly wished to receive no visitors until you'd got comfortably settled in at your new quarters here at Mulberry. And I said to papa, nonsense; that that didn't apply to me, and that you'd be delighted to see me wherever and whenever I chose to call upon you. And papa said—O Marian, I can't bear to tell you what he said: it's so wicked, so dreadful—papa said that he'd met Mr Hawthorn—Edward, I mean—and that Edward had told him you didn't wish at present to see me, because—well, because, he said, you thought our circles would be so very different. And I couldn't imagine what he meant, so I asked him. And then he told me—he told me that horrid, wicked, abominable, disgraceful calumny. And I jumped up and said it was a lie—yes, I said a lie, Marian—I didn't say a story: I said it was a lie, and I didn't believe it. But if it was true—and I don't care myself a bit, whether it's true or whether it isn't—I said it was a mean, cowardly, nasty thing to go and rake it up now about two such people as you and Edward, darling. And whether it's true or whether it isn't, Marian, I love you both dearly with all my heart, and I shall always love you; and I don't care a pin who on earth hears me say so.' And then Nora broke down at once into a flood of tears, and flung herself once more with passionate energy on Marian's shoulder.

'Nora darling,' Marian whispered, weeping too, 'I'm so glad you've come at last. I didn't mind any of the rest a bit, because they're nothing to me; it doesn't matter; but when I thought *you* had forgotten us and given us up, it made my heart bleed!'

Nora's tears began afresh. 'Why, pet,' she said, 'I've been trying to get away to come and see you every day for the last week; and papa wouldn't let me have the horses; and I didn't know the way; and it was too far to walk; and I didn't know what on earth to do, or how to get to you. But last night papa and Tom came home'—here Nora's face burned violently, and she buried it in her hands to hide her vicarious shame—'and I heard them talking in the piazza; and I couldn't understand it all; but, O Marian, I understood enough to know that they had called upon you here without me, and that they had behaved most abominably, most cruelly to you and Edward. And I went out to the piazza, as white as a sheet, Rosina says, and I said: "Papa, you have acted as no gentleman would act; and as for you, Tom Dupuy, I'm heartily ashamed to think you're my own cousin!" and then I went straight up to my bedroom that minute, and haven't said a word to either of them ever since!'

Marian kissed her once more, and pressed the tearful girl tight against her bosom—that sisterly embrace seemed to her now such an unspeakable consolation and comfort. 'And how did you get away this morning, dear?' she asked softly.

'Oh,' Nora exclaimed, with a childish smile and a little cry of triumph, 'I was determined to come, Marian, and so I came here. I got Rosina—that's my maid, such a nice black girl—to get her lover, Isaac Pourtalès, who isn't one of our servants, you know, to saddle the pony for me; because papa had told our groom I wasn't to have the horses without his orders, or to go to your house if the groom was with me,

or else he'd dismiss him. So Isaac Pourtalès, he saddled it for me; and Rosina ran all the way here to show me the road till she got nearly to the last corner; but she wouldn't come on and hold the pony for me, for if she did, she said, de massa would knock de very breff out of her body; and I really believe he would too, Marian, for papa's a dreadful man to deal with when he's in a passion.'

'But won't he be awfully angry with you, darling,' Marian asked, 'for coming here when he told you not to?'

'Of course he will,' Nora replied, drawing herself up and laughing quietly. 'But I don't care a bit, you know, for all his anger. I'm not going to keep away from a dear old darling like you, and a dear, good, kind fellow like Edward, all for nothing, just to please him. He may storm away as long as he has a mind to; but I tell you what, my dear, he shan't prevent me.'

'I don't mind a bit about it now, Nora, since you're come at last to me.'

'Mind it, darling! I should think not! Why on earth should you mind it? It's too preposterous! Why, Marian, whenever I think of it—though I'm a West Indian born myself, and dreadfully prejudiced, and all that wicked sort of thing, you know—it seems to me the most ridiculous nonsense I ever heard of. Just consider what kind of people these are out here in Trinidad, and what kind of people you and Edward are, and all your friends over in England! There's my cousin, Tom Dupuy, now, for example; what a pretty sort of fellow he is, really. Even if I didn't care a pin for you, I couldn't give way to it; and as it is, I'm going to come here just as often as ever I please, and nobody shall stop me. Papa and Tom are always talking about the fighting Dupuys; but I can tell you they'll find I'm one of the fighting Dupuys too, if they want to fight me about it.—Now, tell me, Marian, doesn't it seem to you yourself the most ridiculous reversal of the natural order of things you ever heard of in all your life, that these people here should pretend to set themselves up as—as being in any way your equals, darling?' And Nora laughed a merry little laugh of pure amusement, so contagious, that Edward and Marian joined in it too, for the first time almost since they came to that dreadful Trinidad.

Companionship and a fresh point of view lighten most things. Nora stopped with the two Hawthorns all that day till nearly dinner-time, talking and laughing with them much as usual after the first necessary explanations; and by five o'clock, Marian and Edward were positively ashamed themselves that they had ever made so much of what grew with thinking on it into so absurdly small and unimportant a matter. 'Upon my word, Marian,' Edward said, as Nora rode away gaily, unprotected—she positively wouldn't allow him to accompany her homeward—'I really begin to believe it would be better after all to stop in Trinidad and fight it out bravely as well as we're able for just a year or two.'

'I thought so from the first,' Marian answered courageously; 'and now that Nora has cheered us up a little, I think so a great deal more than ever.'

When Nora reached Orange Grove, Mr Dupuy stood, black as thunder, waiting to receive her in the piazza. Two negro men-servants were loitering about casually in the doorway.

'Nora,' he said, in a voice of stern displeasure, 'have you been to visit these new nigger people?'

Nora glanced back at him defiantly and haughtily. 'I have not,' she answered with a steady stare. 'I have been calling upon my very dear friends, the District Court Judge and Mrs Hawthorn, who are both our equals. I am not in the habit of associating with what you choose to call nigger people.'

Mr Dupuy's face grew purple once more. He glanced round quickly at the two men-servants. 'Go to your room, miss,' he said with suppressed rage—'go to your room, and stop there till I send for you!'

'I was going there myself,' Nora answered calmly, without moving a muscle. 'I mean to remain there, and hold no communication with the rest of the family, as long as you choose to apply such unjust and untrue names to my dearest friends and oldest companions.—Rosina, come here, please! Have the kindness to bring me up some dinner to my own boudoir.'

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.*

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

KISSING THE BOOK.

PERJURY is a crime which strikes at the very root of the administration of justice; for if no reliable evidence could be obtained, it would be impossible to enforce by means of legal proceedings the rights of those who had been wronged, or to settle in a satisfactory manner the thousands of disputes which come yearly before the various courts. And yet, we fear that this pernicious practice is more common than is generally supposed. Our opinion is that nineteen persons out of every twenty who will tell an untruth will swear to it as a truth—that is to say, looking at the matter from the moral standpoint alone. The fear of punishment has a deterring effect upon some; but the offence is one which is very difficult of detection if well managed. If two or three persons swear to a consistent story, and an equal, or even a greater, number contradict their evidence on oath, who is to decide which set of witnesses are to be believed, and which are to be prosecuted for perjury? The punishment on conviction may be any term of penal servitude not exceeding seven years, or imprisonment, with hard labour, for a term not exceeding two years; and some people are afraid of risking this—in which fear lies the principal practical advantage of administering an oath to a witness before he gives evidence in court.

Some persons have a variety of ingenious but vain expedients which they hope will enable them to lie in the witness-box with impunity; and while gratifying their personal spite, or earning the wages of falsehood, to evade the pains and penalties attendant upon the practice of perjury, and the object of this paper is to show how futile the supposed precautions are, and in what consists

* It should be understood that this series of articles deals mainly with English as apart from Scotch law.

the essence of the oath, and the violation of it which will render the offender liable to punishment for the perjury committed by him.

The form of taking the oath varies in different nations; but in all, the essence of the ceremony is the adjuration addressed to a superior Power to attest the truth of what the witness is going to assert. The witness who thought that if he told a lie after having taken the oath, all the jurymen would be sent to everlasting perdition, was an extreme illustration of the misconceptions which exist on this subject. Most people know that the invocation of the Almighty—'So help me God'—is one the consequences of which are intended to be personal to themselves. But they dishonour their Maker if they try to escape from the consequences by a trick.

The form of oath varies according to the circumstances and purpose in and for which it is taken. The manner of administration to a Christian witness south of the Border is the same. The witness takes the Holy Gospels in his right hand, and after the form of oath has been read over to him, he reverently kisses the book; that is to say, he is supposed to kiss the book; but some persons will, instead of the book, kiss their own thumb, or avoid contact between their lips and the book by holding it at an imperceptible distance. This is a very common, perhaps the most common, mode of attempted evasion. But another is often attempted, which is more easy of detection—that is to say, keeping on the glove, in order that the hand and book may not become actually in contact with each other. It may appear unnecessary to say that these devices are both equally unavailing for the purpose intended.* The essence of the oath lies in the reverent assent to the appeal to the Almighty and omniscient God. The witness must at least pretend to assent to the formulary read over to him, and if he does this, he is sworn to all intents and purposes. As the oath is complete in its religious sense, so also is its legal effect the same whether the hand and the lips actually touch the cover of the book or not. It has long been the practice to insist upon the witness holding the book in his or her right hand; but this is by some writers held to be wrong, inasmuch as the left hand is supposed to be nearer to the heart, and would receive a more bountiful portion of the blood which is the life, were not its natural advantages counterbalanced by the effects of daily labour; therefore, it is contended by them that the left hand ought to be used in holding the book, when the oath is taken.

Hebrews are sworn upon the Old Testament, and the witness puts on his hat before taking the oath; while a Christian invariably uncovers his head for the purpose. A Chinaman breaks a saucer, the idea being somewhat similar to our oath—that is to say, he thereby devotes his soul to destruction if his testimony should be untrue. A Brahmin swears with his hand upon the head of one of the bulls devoted to his deity. A West African kills a bird; while his sovereign immolates a few human beings from among his subjects. And other nations have equally distinct methods of attesting their intention to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'

*In Scotland, the Testament is not made use of in taking the oath. The witness is only required to hold up his right hand, and repeat the words of the oath after the administrator.

UNDERWEIGHT AND OVERWEIGHT.

Formerly, farmers sold butter by customary pounds, some giving eighteen ounces for a pound, and some twenty ounces; and numerous other articles were sold by similar local weights. This is now illegal. By the Weights and Measures Act, 1878, all customary and local weights were abolished. As these weights of many irregular kinds had been largely used, various trades were much exercised by their abolition, and evasions have been frequent, and are not altogether unknown even now. By the Act of Parliament referred to, the imperial standard pound is the unit of weight from which all others are to be calculated: one-sixteenth part of a pound is an ounce; one-sixteenth part of such ounce is a dram; and one seven-thousandth part of the pound is a grain avoirdupois. A stone consists of fourteen pounds; a hundredweight of eight such stones; and a ton of twenty such hundredweights. Any person who sells by any denomination of weight other than one of the imperial weights, or some multiple or part thereof, is liable to a fine not exceeding forty shillings for every such sale, with the following exceptions: gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, and other precious metals and stones, may be sold by the ounce troy or by any decimal parts of such ounce, which is defined as containing avoirdupois four hundred and eighty grains; and drugs when sold by retail, may be sold by apothecaries' weight. It is also enacted that a contract or dealing is not to be invalid or open to objection on the ground that the weights expressed or referred to therein are weights of the metric system, or on the ground that decimal subdivisions of imperial weights, whether metric or otherwise, are used in such contract or dealing. Any person who prints, and any clerk of a market or other person who makes any return, price-list, price-current, or any journal or other paper containing price-list or price-current in which the denomination of weights quoted or referred to denotes or implies any other than the standard weights, is liable to a fine not exceeding ten shillings for every such paper. And every person who uses or has in his possession for use in his trade a weight which is not of the denomination of some Board of Trade standard, is liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds, or in the case of a second offence, ten pounds; and the weight is liable to be forfeited.

There is, however, one distinction between underweight and overweight which many persons lose sight of; or rather, they mistakenly deny its existence. When any article is sold by weight, it is essential that full weight should be given, or the person who sells will become liable to a penalty. But if he uses the proper weights corresponding with the standards, he will not incur a penalty by giving what is commonly called 'thumping weight;' that is to say, any want of precision in weighing, if it should result in an excess, would not form a good ground for a prosecution; while a similar discrepancy on the other side would do so. It is cruel to give a poor person a loaf of bread which is less than the authorised weight paid

for; but if the weight is in excess of the amount purchased, there is not much harm done: the overweight was voluntary, and the tradesman cannot be punished for giving more than was paid for.

The penalties, exceptions, &c., applicable to weights also apply to measures; and the principal alteration made in our time is that the heaped measures so familiar to us in our youth were abolished in 1878. The standard unit of measure of capacity is the gallon, both for liquids and solids. The quart is one-fourth of a gallon, and the pint is one-eighth thereof. Two gallons are a peck; eight gallons are a bushel; eight bushels being a quarter; and thirty-six bushels, a chaldron. In using a measure of capacity, the same is not to be heaped, but either is to be stricken, as in the case of grain, with a round stick or roller, straight, and of the same diameter from end to end; or if the article sold cannot, from its size or shape, be conveniently stricken, the measure must be filled in all parts as nearly to the level of the brim as the size and shape of the article will admit. Many articles which used to be sold by measure are now sold by weight, such as fruit, vegetables, &c.; and therefore these regulations as to measuring are not quite so universally interesting as they would have been fifty years ago; while weights have acquired a greater degree of importance than they ever had in the olden times.

Every tradesman who values his reputation ought to have his scales and weights verified frequently; and in any case of any part of his weighing apparatus being out of order, the authorised inspector ought to be visited without delay, or some other efficient test should be applied. Nothing injures a tradesman more than a conviction for having defective weights or inaccurate scales in his possession. Whatever suspicions his customers may entertain as to their parcels being underweight, the certainty of such a conviction will impress them far more; and many who never previously thought of weighing their purchases, will begin to do so in consequence of seeing the conviction reported in the papers; and yet we are willing to believe that in many cases the conviction has been brought about by carelessness, and has not been a punishment for deliberate fraud.

IGNORANCE OF LAW AND OF FACT.

There is a great difference between the consequences of ignorance of law and ignorance of fact. Law is supposed to be universally known, though few if any persons are acquainted with all the multifarious laws which are in existence, many of them being practically obsolete, others repealed by implication, though not expressly, and the effect of others being rendered doubtful by means of inconsistent enactments, which from time to time puzzle the judges, who have to interpret the law in case of differences of opinion on the part of other persons. The latter class of laws lead to the necessity for frequent amending statutes, and some of these are still imperfect, and need further amendments. The legal system in its more positive department is thus frequently but a doubtful path on which to walk; and the common law has its difficulties as well as the statutory law. And yet the nature of the case requires that all Her Majesty's subjects should be held bound by all the laws which are applicable to their respective positions. The rights of an unfortunate ignoramus who is kept out of his property by fraud or force are lost, and his estates become irrecoverable if those rights are not enforced within the time limited by law, although he may never have heard of there being a stipulated time for the commencement of an action.

Blackstone gives as an illustration the case of a person who, intending to kill a burglar in his own house, by mistake kills one of his own family. This being a mistake of fact, is not a criminal offence. But if another man, mistaking the law, thinks that he has a right to kill a person who is excommunicate or an outlaw, and acts upon that belief, he would be liable to be convicted for wilful murder. It may be observed that the right of a householder to kill a burglar in his dwelling-house is not an unqualified right; for in that case, a private individual would be empowered to inflict a greater punishment than would be awarded by the law after conviction. In case a burglar should attempt violence which appeared likely to lead to murder of any of the inmates of the house, the law would hold the person attacked justifiable in defending his own life, even though in doing so he were compelled to take the life of the assailant; but the necessity ought to be clearly proved, if the defence is to succeed.

In civil actions, when the facts on which the supposed cause of action arose are in dispute, and if either party has been led to make concessions to the other party by means of fraudulent misrepresentations, the ignorance of the victim of the fraud will not prevent him from taking proceedings to set aside the agreement so fraudulently obtained, when he becomes acquainted with the facts. But if the compromise were founded upon a misconception of the law, he would be bound by it; for he ought to have known the law, or employed some person who knew it to protect his interests in the matter. But having neglected this obvious precaution, he must submit to the consequences with what grace he can assume.

The system of enacting new laws is not altogether free from objection, though it is not so easy to apply a remedy as to form an objection. The laws are passed at irregular times, some coming into operation at some fixed future time; while others are binding upon all from the very day on which they receive the royal assent. It is true that when an Act of Parliament creates a new offence, and a person ignorant of its existence is convicted of the breach of such new enactment, a slight penalty is inflicted as a warning to other persons rather than as a punishment for the offender; but still the stigma remains of having been convicted for an offence against the law, which is worse to some sensitive men than a heavy fine would be to some other persons of different temperament and less unblemished previous character. The theory that all new laws should be thoroughly made known to all the persons likely to be affected thereby is like many other well-sounding theories, it possesses the inherent defect of being impracticable. This inconvenience of involuntary

ignorance of new enactments has been greatly diminished of late years by the immense increase of newspapers and the general diffusion of knowledge. The Elementary Education Acts have so extended the facilities for the acquisition of the art of reading, and the taste for reading is so cultivated by cheap periodical literature, that there is much more chance now than formerly of all classes knowing something of what is being done in the way of new enactments for the guidance of the people, the parliamentary reports forming an important part of the contents of every newspaper, and newspapers have come to be classed among the necessaries of life, even by those whose incomes are of the smallest. We should, however, be glad if the legislature could devise some more efficient way of making known to all persons the laws which they are bound to observe.

THE SIGNALMAN'S LOVE-STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

A SONG which was very popular when I was a boy, says, 'Most folks fall in love, no doubt, some time or other.' It might with equal truth have said that most folks fall in love two or three times over. I am sure it was the case with me. It was also my fate to do what, I am told, is one of the commonest things in the world—that is, to fall violently in love with a person entirely out of my own circle; not below it, like the king and the beggar-maid, but a great deal above me; with a girl, too, who was as proud and haughty and stony as Juno or a sphinx.

In the time to which I refer, nearly fifty years ago now—I am seventy-one next birthday—the railway system was in its infancy, but yet was spreading fast, and I was one of the earliest servants. It was in no exalted position that I served. My father was dead; my mother rented a small cottage on the land of the nobleman in whose service her husband had lived and died; and this nobleman recommended me to a railway Company which had just constructed a branch through his estates. I was at first a porter, but afterwards a signalman, and, as a great favour, I was assigned a post on the branch just mentioned, close to my own house. The signal was not far from the junction of the branch with the main line; a very lonely spot for a long way in either direction, although there was a thriving town some five miles down the branch; and there was a siding close by where the trucks used in the scanty local traffic were collected.

There were some cottages near my crossing—I ought to have said that there was a level crossing not far from my box—in one of these I lived; a sprinkling of farmhouses and several very good houses of a higher class were within sight. In one of these latter, not by any means the grandest, but handsome enough for all that, lived Squire Cleabyrn; and it was with his only daughter, Miss Beatrice, that I chose to fall in love. For that matter, I daresay a score of other young fellows as poor as myself were as earnestly in love with her as I was, but they probably had sufficient sense not to show their folly. I did show mine. I could not help it; and when I recall all I felt and suffered at the time, I feel I must retract my admission that others were as much in love with her as myself, but had the sense to conceal it; such a thing would have been impossible. They could not have concealed it; they might have refrained from talking about it. I did not talk; but had they seen the girl as often as I did, and looked into her face as closely as I did, they could not have hidden their infatuation from her. In return, she would have looked at them with the same haughty indifference—which yet had a something of contemptuous wonder in it—as I was treated with.

Not that my story has anything of the Lady of Lyons flavour about it; I was no Claude to an English Pauline; but this girl, this Miss Beatrice, was so amazingly beautiful that she was famed for full twenty miles around. In addition, she was one of the best horsewomen in the county, and this enabled me to see more of her than I should otherwise have done. She used to ride out, sometimes with a servant only, sometimes with a party, nearly every day; and nearly every day she came through the gates at my crossing. I tried not to look at her, feeling and knowing that there sparkled from my eager eyes more feeling than I should have allowed to escape me—but in vain. I could not withhold my gaze from that cold, dark face—she was not a blonde beauty; golden hair was not the rage in those days—or from her large, deep, unfathomable eyes, that looked through me and past me as though I had not been there, or was at best no more than a part of the barrier I swung open for her passage. Yet these eyes, as I even then knew but too well, read me to the core, while they seemed to ignore me.

I am almost ashamed to own it now, and even at this distance of time it makes my cheeks tingle to recall it, but I have wasted a whole afternoon, when I had a 'turn off,' in hope of seeing Miss Cleabyrn.

Her father's house stood on a knoll, with smooth open lawns sloping down from it on all sides, so that from my signal-box I could see when any one was walking in the front of the mansion, and when a party assembled to ride out. Well, I have actually lingered, on some feeble pretence, for four or five hours about the signal-box, in hope that she might walk on the lawn, or that she might mount and ride through our gates.

I well remember that it was on one of these afternoons that Miss Beatrice rode through with a small party. Ah! I recall them easily enough. There was one other lady, and three gentlemen. To open the gate for them, for her, was the opportunity I had been longing, waiting for, and wasting my few hours of holiday for; so I offered to do this to assist my mate, who had relieved me, and who was glad enough to be spared the labour; and I caught a full glance from the eyes of Miss Beatrice. The look was one in which she seemed to exchange glances with me. I knew it meant nothing, that it was all a delusion, and yet it would be enough to haunt me for days. I knew that also. I had never seen her look so beautiful before, and I felt my cheeks and brow turn burning hot in the instant I met this glance.

They passed. I watched them to the last—I always did—and I saw her turn her head towards the gentleman who rode by her side. The movement brought her profile so plainly in view that I could see she was smiling. As I watched her, the gentleman turned round and looked in my direction. He was smiling also; it was something beyond a smile with him, and I then reddened more with shame, than I had before done with excitement, for I knew he was laughing at me. So Miss Cleabyrn must have been laughing also; and at what? I was the subject of their ridicule, and it served me right. Yes; I knew that at the moment, but to know it did not make the bitter pang less painful.

I went back to my comrade at the signal-box. He, too, had noticed the group, and said, as I entered the hut: 'That was the party from Elm Knoll, wasn't it?—Ah! I thought so; and of course that was the celebrated Miss Cleabyrn. You know who that was riding by her side, I suppose?'

'No,' I said, answering as calmly as I could; I was almost afraid to trust my voice.

'That's a young fellow, a captain from somewhere,' continued my mate, 'who is going to marry Miss Cleabyrn. He has got a lot of money. So has she. Sam Powell, who drives the night-mail, knows him, and told me all about it.'

As the speaker had no idea of the absurd state I was in, he took no particular notice of me, but changed the subject, and went on with some indifferent topic.

I was glad he did so, for although I had an utter contempt for myself and for my folly in allowing the conduct or the future of Miss Cleabyrn to excite me, yet I could not have conversed on such a theme as her marriage; while the knowledge that the person to whom I had been ridiculed—I felt sure of that—was her avowed lover, seemed to increase the bitterness of the sting tenfold.

I had ample opportunity of seeing that the report which I had heard was likely, at anyrate, to be founded in fact, as the stranger, the 'captain from somewhere,' remained a guest at Elm Knoll for fully a fortnight, during which time not a day passed without my seeing both him and Miss Cleabyrn, and sometimes more than once each day. So I came to know him by sight as well as I did her. He was a frank, handsome, young fellow; that I could see, and was obliged to own; and in his speech he was pleasant. This was shown by his stopping on two or three occasions, when riding alone, to ask me some questions, as I opened the gate for him.

I was sure he made these occasions, and at first disliked him for it; but I could not continue to bear ill-will against a man of such kindly open manners, so I relented, and, ere he left the neighbourhood, used to look forward with pleasure to seeing him. This was a sad falling-off from my previous lofty mood, and so was my accepting a cigar from him as he rode through. In fact, although I have no doubt 'written myself an ass,' as our old friend Dogberry would have said, yet at the worst I was not without some glimmering of sense, which saved me from making an absolute example of myself.

Even during the short time in which the captain—I did not know his name—was visiting at Elm Knoll, the heat and surge of my absurd passion had perceptibly moderated, and just then several circumstances combined to restore me to a right frame of mind.

After the captain's departure, Miss Beatrice left home on a prolonged visit, so that I did not see her; and at the same time I met Patty Carr, who was, in her way, quite as pretty as Beatrice Cleabyrn, although not nearly so haughty; and my heart being specially tender and open to impression just then, I suppose, I speedily thought more of her than of the young lady at Elm Knoll. Indeed we were married the next year.

At the time I speak of, a good many things were in vogue, or at least had not died out, which have quite vanished now, and among these was duelling. Every now and then, a duel was fought; but the ridicule which attended bloodless meetings, and the greater activity of the police in cases where harm was done, were diminishing them greatly; yet still, they did occasionally happen. A great stir was made by a violent quarrel among some officers of a regiment quartered in Lancashire, in which a challenge to fight a duel had been given and refused. It was called in the papers of the day, 'The Great Military Scandal,' and arose in the following manner. A certain Major Starley had offered a gross insult to a young lady, on whom, it appeared, he had been forcing his attentions for some time; and her only relative, a half-brother, was in the same regiment with the major. The details were not pleasant, and it was no wonder that Captain Laurenston challenged the major; but the latter declined the challenge on some professional grounds; and when the parties met, high words passed. These commenced, it appeared, with the captain; but each became violent in the dispute, until at last the captain thrashed his antagonist in the presence of several officers. This was not a make-believe beating; a 'consider-yourself-horse-whipped' affair, but a right-down 'welting,' the major being badly cut and bruised. This was serious enough, anyhow; but what made it worse was that the officers were on duty at the time; and by the strict letter of military law, the captain would certainly be punished with death.

He had expected, it seems, that after so public and such a painful humiliation, he would infallibly receive a challenge from the injured officer; but it was not so. He was placed in arrest in the barracks, and expected to be brought to a court-martial. He heard, however, from some friendly source that it was intended to hand him over to the civil power, when he would be charged with an assault with intent to kill.

In those days, almost anything was transportable, and as Major Starley belonged to one of the most influential families in the kingdom, there was no doubt that the captain would be sent to a convict settlement. There was also no doubt that the prosecution would be conducted in the most vindictive spirit and pushed to the bitterest end.

Terrified at such a prospect, the young officer escaped from the barracks, by connivance of the

guard, there was reason to suppose, although this was never completely proved; at anyrate, he got clear away, and disappeared. Immediate advantage was taken of this fatal although very natural step, and a reward was at once offered for his apprehension. If he could get out of the country, he would be safe, as there were then no engagements for giving up criminals, so the ports were watched, an easier thing to do when there was not such a tremendous outflow of emigration as now.

Public sympathy was, naturally, strongly in favour of Captain Laurenston, and against the major, who would be compelled, it was generally said, to leave the service. But this would not save the captain from being cashiered, nor from fourteen years' transportation, as he was certain to be made an example of, if only for the purpose of showing that officers would be protected when they refused to accept a challenge.

I had taken an interest in all these details, as my mates had done, and, as with them, my sympathies were on the side of Captain Laurenston, yet only as a stranger, for I had never, to my knowledge, heard of him before. But after a while it began to be said that the captain was the officer who had been so long a visitor at Elm Knoll, and was the accepted suitor of Miss Cleabyrn. This gave me more interest in the affair, and I sincerely hoped he might make good his escape.

Miss Beatrice had returned to Elm Knoll; but she rarely left the house, and still more rarely rode out, although it was the hunting season, so that I hardly ever saw her.

I was on night-duty at the signals; and when I went there one evening to relieve the day man, he told me that there were several London detectives 'hanging about the place'—he knew this from one of the guards who had formerly been in the police, and so recognised them. I naturally asked if the Company suspected anything wrong among their people, and my mate said no, not at all. The detectives of course would not say anything about their business; but the guard suspected that they were after Captain Laurenston, who was likely to try to see Miss Cleabyrn before leaving England. This appeared feasible enough; and I was able heartily to echo the wish of my mate, to the effect that the young fellow might give his pursuers the slip.

I have said that my signals and crossing were on a branch, of no great traffic; so, when the last down passengers' and first night goods' trains had passed—they followed each other pretty closely—there was nothing stirring for several hours. Traffic through the gates at the level crossing after dark, there was little or none, so my berth was dull and lonely enough. I did not much mind this, for I was fond of reading, and on this night—a stormy one it was—I was reading a terrible ghost story. I laugh at such things now, but I know right well that they made me 'creep' then. I daresay every one knows the sensation, and has felt it over ghost stories. I was in the midst of the most terrible part, when I heard a slight noise, and lifting up my eyes, saw at my little window, quite close to me, that which startled me more than any ghostly appearance ever will. I thought it *was* a ghost. The glare of my lamp fell upon the panes, and I recognised the large deep eyes which had so often thrilled me. I saw, and knew to a certainty that Beatrice Cleabyrn was looking at me. She knew by my electric start that she was recognised. The face vanished from my window, and as I sprang from my seat, there was a tap at my door. I threw it open. The furious blast of wind which entered almost blew out my lamp, and I felt the driving rain even as I stood within the hut. It was Miss Cleabyrn, and she at once stepped over my threshold. She had on a large cloak, the cape of which was turned up so as to form a hood, and this was dripping with wet; great drops of rain were on her face too. I pushed my stool, the only seat in my hut, towards her, and strove to ask what had brought her to such a spot on such a night; but I could get out no intelligible words. She had closed the door after her, and in her very manner of doing so, there was something which suggested fear and danger, so that I caught my breath in sympathetic alarm.

'You are Philip Waltress, are you not?' she said.

I had never heard her speak before, and either I was still under the influence of my old enchantment, or she really had the most melodious, most thrilling voice in the world; assuredly I thought so. Of course I replied in the affirmative.

'We—I have heard you spoken of,' she continued; 'and always favourably. I am sure you may be trusted; I am sure you will be faithful.'

'If I can serve you in any manner, Miss Cleabyrn,' I managed to say, 'I will be faithful to any promise I may give—faithful to death.' This was a rather strong speech, but I could not help it. As I made it, I felt that she knew right well, without being led by any report or mention of me—even if she had heard anything of the sort—why I might be trusted.

She smiled as I said this. I knew how fascinating was her smile, but I had never seen it with such sadness in it; it was a thousand times more enthralling than before. 'I will confide in you,' she went on. 'I will tell you why I am here in such a tempest; to do this, will be to confide in you most fully.—I will not sit down'—this was called forth by another offer of the only seat already mentioned—'I will stand here'—she was standing in an angle behind the door, much screened by my desk and some books which were heaped upon it—'then no chance or prying passer-by can see me.'

'None will pass here for some time, Miss Cleabyrn,' I said; 'on such a night as this, on any night, indeed, the place is deserted; but take the precaution, if it will give you a feeling of greater safety.'

She did so; and then proceeded, firmly and collectedly—I was enabled afterwards to judge how much the effort cost her—to tell me what had brought her to my station. 'You have heard of Captain Laurenston?' she began.

I signified that I had done so.

'You know that he is pursued by the police;

and you know, I have no doubt, that he is the gentleman who was here in the early part of the summer?—I thought so. He is in this neighbourhood; is not far from here. He dares not enter our house at Elm Knoll, as that is not only under special watch, but we have reason to think that one or more of our servants are bought over, and would act as spies and informers. He cannot get away without assistance; and you, he thinks, are the only man he can trust.'

'*I* am!' I exclaimed. 'Why, what can I do?'

'Perhaps nothing; perhaps everything,' replied Miss Cleabyrn. 'He has been seen and recognised here, and every hour makes it more dangerous for him to linger. He knows he can trust you. I am sure of it too,' she added, after a moment's hesitation; 'your very look justifies me in saying so much.'

Ah! she knew what my poor stupid looks had revealed, months before, and speculated rightly that I would have been taken out and shot dead on the line, rather than have betrayed her slightest confidence.

I told her that I would do anything to assist her, and the captain too. 'In what way,' I continued, 'do you——?'

'You must get him away in one of the carriages,' she interrupted—'some carriage which leaves here; for if he ventures to the station, he will certainly be arrested. You can, for the present, conceal him in your cottage, where, as I know, nobody lives but your mother and yourself. We leave all to you. He will come here to-morrow night. The rest is in your hands.—These are all I can give you now,' she continued. 'What ready money we can command, he will want; but in a short time you shall be properly rewarded.' As she spoke, I saw her hands were busy under her cloak; and in the next instant she laid on the desk before me a handsome gold watch and chain.

'Miss Cleabyrn!' I gasped at last; 'you do not think—do not suppose for a moment that I want—would take from you anything to buy my aid! I am only too willing to give it. I shall be proud'——

'They are yours!' she interrupted. 'Watch for the captain to-morrow night.—Do not follow me.—No; keep them! All we can do will be but trifling to show our undying gratitude, if you aid us now.' She opened the door as she said this, and in a moment was lost in the darkness of the night, leaving me standing with the watch and chain in my hand.

MY DETECTIVE EXPERIENCES.

NOVEL-READERS are well acquainted with the modern detective. He is almost as important a personage as the rich nabob, who was so lavishly utilised by our progenitors in cutting the Gordian knot of difficulties in their contemporary works of fiction. If 'the good man struggling with the storms of Fate' required instant rescue from his troubles, a rich uncle from India appeared upon the scene. So in our day the villain is run to earth by a supernaturally gifted detective. But making allowances for the fact that a great part of our fiction is the work of women, who cannot (presumably) have come in contact with the detective class, the sketches of these useful individuals by feminine pens are tolerably close to nature, although they are copies of pre-existing portraits; or evolved from their inner consciousness, in the same way as the most vivid description of Switzerland is said to be the work of Schiller, who had never seen the country.

My first professional experience of a detective was as follows. On a certain evening, I found, to my dismay, that the entrance-hall of my house had been practically cleared of its contents—a hat, two umbrellas, and a valuable sealskin cloak having disappeared. I gave information at the nearest police station, and was informed that a police-officer would wait upon me. On the following day, the servant announced that a man wanted to speak to me at the street-door. I found an herculean individual in the garb of a navvy, with large sandy whiskers and red hair, who informed me that he was a detective. I ushered him into the dining-room, where he seated himself, and listened very patiently to my story. He inquired as to the character of the girl who answered the door. 'Tolerable,' I replied. 'But she is under notice to leave.'

He expressed his conviction that the servant was in collusion with the thief or thieves. At this moment I was again summoned to the door, where I beheld a somewhat diminutive individual, attired as a clergyman. He was an elderly man, with silver hair, a clear pink-and-white complexion, and wore a suit of superfine broadcloth, with a white cravat. His 'get-up' to the smallest detail was faultless, even to the gold-rimmed double eyeglass. 'You have a detective here?'

'Yes.'

'I am a sergeant of the E division; can I speak to him?'

In another minute the pair were seated side by side, as great a contrast as it is possible to conceive.

Finding that my business alone was not the cause of his visit, I courteously left them to themselves. In a few minutes, the 'clergyman' left the house, expressing a hope that I should obtain some tidings of my lost property. The 'navvy' remained for about half an hour, relating some of his experiences. 'You see, sir, we have different tools for different jobs. If there is to be any rough-and-tumble business, any work requiring strength and muscle, anything dangerous, they employ a man like me.' The speaker stretched his powerful limbs as he spoke with some natural pride. 'Our sergeant would be of no use at all in such work. He does the delicate work, the organising part of the affair—same as a general.' The 'navvy' then went on to relate how he had lately been employed to detect the supposed defalcations of a barmaid at a small beershop in a low quarter of the town. The customary expedient of paying for supplies with marked coin was not deemed sufficient, as an opinion existed that the girl was a member of a gang, whom it was deemed prudent to discover. 'So, for a fortnight, I haunted that public, as you see me now, passing for a navvy who was taking a holiday and spending his savings; sometimes sitting in the taproom, and sometimes in front of the bar, smoking and

chatting with all comers. The suspicions formed proved to be correct; and the girl turned out to be an agent of a gang of area-sneaks and burglars.'

I am compelled to record that my loquacious friend was not equally successful in my case, no trace of the missing property ever having been discovered.

My next experience of detectives was on two occasions when I officiated as a grand-juryman. The reader is probably aware that the grand-jurymen sit in a room in the immediate proximity of the court, listening to evidence for the prosecution only, the prisoner not being produced; the object being to discover whether the prisoner shall be put on his trial or not. Sometimes there is a perfect procession of detectives, of every type, according to the nature of the case. One will appear habited as a workman, unshaven, and giving one the notion of being out of employment; to be followed by another dressed in the most faultless style. They are all remarkable for giving their evidence in an admirable manner, beginning at the beginning, never using a superfluous word, and leaving off when the end has arrived. This is in strong contrast to the ordinary witness, especially the female witness, whom it is difficult to keep to the point. One of the detectives made a lasting impression on me. He might have stepped on to the boards of a fashionable theatre as the exponent of Sir Frederick Blount in Lord Lytton's play of *Money*—a very light overcoat, check trousers, patent leather boots, white gaiters and pearl buttons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a silver-headed Malacca cane. He was very pale, with flaxen hair parted down the middle, and a light fluffy moustache. The jury opened their eyes very wide when he commenced his business-like statement by saying that he was a sergeant in the detective force. He had been driving a swell dogcart in company with another detective, on the look-out for some noted horse-stealers in one of the Eastern Counties. He had met them driving a cart to which a stolen horse was attached. They obeyed his command for a while to follow him to the market town, but suddenly attempted flight across the fields, deserting their cart and horses; but were pursued and captured.

The following is a notable instance of shrewdness on the part of a detective. Some burglars had been disturbed in their work in a house near the Regent's Park by a wakeful butler. He was armed with a gun, and he succeeded in capturing one burglar and wounding another, who escaped. There was no doubt of the latter fact, as spots of blood were plainly discernible on the snowy ground. When the day for the examination of the captured burglar arrived, a detective placed himself in the police court in a position whence he could watch the countenances of the general public. He wisely argued that some friend of the prisoner would attend in order to convey the earliest information to the wounded burglar of the result of the examination of his friend. For a while the detective scanned the grimy features of the audience in vain; at length he fancied that a woman betrayed more than ordinary interest in the evidence adduced. At the conclusion of the examination, he followed the woman to a humble lodging in the Borough; and there, stretched on a miserable pallet, lay the burglar with a bullet-wound in his leg.

A detective who had followed a felonious clerk from England to the United States, lost the scent at Buffalo, which is about twenty miles from the celebrated Falls of Niagara. The detective argued that no one would come so near to the Falls without paying a visit to them. He went accordingly, and the first person he saw was the runaway clerk absorbed in admiration of the Horse-shoe Fall.

With a singular occurrence, which happened to myself, I will conclude these rambling notes. On the 25th of January 1885, I was seated at tea with my family in my house, which is located in a very quiet street in West Kensington. The servant appeared and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. He had not inquired for any one in particular, but had said that 'any gentleman would do.' I must remind the reader that all London was at this time ringing with the details of the dynamite explosion at the House of Commons and the Tower on the preceding day. I found a tall gentlemanly individual about thirty, of the genus 'swell,' who spoke with all the tone and manner of a person accustomed to good society. After a momentary glance at me, he turned his head and kept his eyes intently fixed on the farther end of the street. He spoke in a low tone, and in somewhat hurried and excited accents. 'I want you to assist me in arresting two Irish Americans. I have been following them for some time, and they have just discovered that fact.'

'Are you a detective?' I inquired.

'I am,' he replied with his gaze still concentrated on the somewhat foggy street. 'I can see them still,' he continued.

Now, I am afraid, when I record my reply, I shall be placed on the same pedestal with Sir John Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury, so far as physical courage is concerned. But I had only lately recovered from a prostrating illness, which had left me very weak, and had been confined to the house for a fortnight under medical certificate. I briefly stated these facts, and added, that I feared I was not at that moment qualified for an affair such as he alluded to. He sighed in response, and without removing his gaze from his quarry, said: 'I wish I could see a policeman,' and walked rapidly away in the direction of the two men.

Assuming his story to be a true one, the men must have purposely decoyed him into a quiet street, and there waited, in order to solve the point whether they were in reality being tracked. Reluctant to attempt their arrest single-handed, the detective rang at the first door he came to, to throw them off their guard, and cause them to suppose that he had friends in the street; also on the chance that he might obtain a stalwart assistant in his desperate adventure. I have never heard anything further of my mysterious visitor. My readers can easily imagine the diversified comments to which my cautious conduct has given rise—how I have missed a golden opportunity of immortalising myself, and of becoming the hero of the day! how I have probably escaped death by knife or revolver from

who, under the circumstances,
ave effected their escape in a
nd in the gray dusk of a Sabbath

ONE TO PICK WITH ARTISTS.

a bone to pick with my friends the
s! I use the word 'friends' advisedly,
have I not had the entrée for years to
eral studios in artistic Kensington? First
nd foremost was that of poor T. L. Rowbotham,
who was so suddenly removed from amongst us
some ten years ago, leaving a reputation for
breezy coast scenery, which is still green in the
memory of the public. My ground of offence
is this: that they invest their subjects with so
much of their own poetical imagination, that
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chatting with all comers. The suspicions formed proved to be correct; and the girl turned out to be an agent of a gang of area-sneaks and burglars.'

I am compelled to record that my loquacious friend was not equally successful in my case, no trace of the missing property ever having been discovered.

My next experience of detectives was on two occasions when I officiated as a grand-juryman. The reader is probably aware that the grand-jurymen sit in a room in the immediate proximity of the court, listening to evidence for the prosecution only, the prisoner not being produced; the object being to discover whether the prisoner shall be put on his trial or not. Sometimes there is a perfect procession of detectives, of every type, according to the nature of the case. One will appear habited as a workman, unshaven, and giving one the notion of being out of employment; to be followed by another dressed in the most faultless style. They are all remarkable for giving their evidence in an admirable manner, beginning at the beginning, never using a superfluous word, and leaving off when the end has arrived. This is in strong contrast to the ordinary witness, especially the female witness, whom it is difficult to keep to the point. One of the detectives made a lasting impression on me. He might have stepped on to the boards of a fashionable theatre as the exponent of Sir Frederick Blount in Lord Lytton's play of *Money*—a very light overcoat, check trousers, patent leather boots, white gaiters and pearl buttons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a silver-headed Malacca cane. He was very pale, with flaxen hair parted down the middle, and a light fluffy moustache. The jury opened their eyes very wide when he commenced his business-like statement by saying that he was a sergeant in the detective force. He had been driving a swell dogcart in company with another detective, on the look-out for some noted horse-stealers in one of the Eastern Counties. He had met them driving a cart to which a stolen horse was attached. They obeyed his command for a while to follow him to the market town, but suddenly attempted flight across the fields, deserting their cart and horses; but were pursued and captured.

The following is a notable instance of shrewdness on the part of a detective. Some burglars had been disturbed in their work in a house near the Regent's Park by a wakeful butler. He was armed with a gun, and he succeeded in capturing one burglar and wounding another, who escaped. There was no doubt of the latter fact, as spots of blood were plainly discernible on the snowy ground. When the day for the examination of the captured burglar arrived, a detective placed himself in the police court in a position whence he could watch the countenances of the general public. He wisely argued that some friend of the prisoner would attend in order to convey the earliest information to the wounded burglar of the result of the examination of his friend. For a while the detective scanned the grimy features of the audience in vain; at length he fancied that a woman betrayed more than ordinary interest in the evidence adduced. At the conclusion of the examination, he followed the woman to a humble lodging in the Borough; and there, stretched on a miserable pallet, lay the burglar with a bullet-wound in his leg.

A detective who had followed a felonious clerk from England to the United States, lost the scent at Buffalo, which is about twenty miles from the celebrated Falls of Niagara. The detective argued that no one would come so near to the Falls without paying a visit to them. He went accordingly, and the first person he saw was the runaway clerk absorbed in admiration of the Horse-shoe Fall.

With a singular occurrence, which happened to myself, I will conclude these rambling notes. On the 25th of January 1885, I was seated at tea with my family in my house, which is located in a very quiet street in West Kensington. The servant appeared and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. He had not inquired for any one in particular, but had said that 'any gentleman would do.' I must remind the reader that all London was at this time ringing with the details of the dynamite explosion at the House of Commons and the Tower on the preceding day. I found a tall gentlemanly individual about thirty, of the genus 'swell,' who spoke with all the tone and manner of a person accustomed to good society. After a momentary glance at me, he turned his head and kept his eyes intently fixed on the farther end of the street. He spoke in a low tone, and in somewhat hurried and excited accents. 'I want you to assist me in arresting two Irish Americans. I have been following them for some time, and they have just discovered that fact.'

'Are you a detective?' I inquired.

'I am,' he replied with his gaze still concentrated on the somewhat foggy street. 'I can see them still,' he continued.

Now, I am afraid, when I record my reply, I shall be placed on the same pedestal with Sir John Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury, so far as physical courage is concerned. But I had only lately recovered from a prostrating illness, which had left me very weak, and had been confined to the house for a fortnight under medical certificate. I briefly stated these facts, and added, that I feared I was not at that moment qualified for an affair such as he alluded to. He sighed in response, and without removing his gaze from his quarry, said: 'I wish I could see a policeman,' and walked rapidly away in the direction of the two men.

Assuming his story to be a true one, the men must have purposely decoyed him into a quiet street, and there waited, in order to solve the point whether they were in reality being tracked. Reluctant to attempt their arrest single-handed, the detective rang at the first door he came to, to throw them off their guard, and cause them to suppose that he had friends in the street; also on the chance that he might obtain a stalwart assistant in his desperate adventure. I have never heard anything further of my mysterious visitor. My readers can easily imagine the diversified comments to which my cautious conduct has given rise—how I have missed a golden opportunity of immortalising myself, and of becoming the hero of the day! how I have probably escaped death by knife or revolver from

who, under the circumstances,
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ONE TO PICK WITH ARTISTS.

a bone to pick with my friends the
s! I use the word 'friends' advisedly,
have I not had the entrée for years to
eral studios in artistic Kensington? First
nd foremost was that of poor T. L. Rowbotham,
who was so suddenly removed from amongst us
some ten years ago, leaving a reputation for
breezy coast scenery, which is still green in the
memory of the public. My ground of offence
is this: that they invest their subjects with so
much of their own poetical imagination, that
when we subsequently make acquaintance with
the localities, an acute sense of disappointment
is experienced. Thus, I had been familiar for
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green-covered base appeared as unsubstantial in the mist as a fairy palace. The second effect was the Old Town at night as viewed from Princes Street, with the twinkling lights piled high in air, as if they denoted the lofty towers of a palace of the gnomes. The walk of a few yards changes the entire scene. Arthur Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the Pentlands seen from a different angle create a new picture. Edinburgh, changeable and inexhaustible, the kaleidoscope of cities!

I wish to touch with becoming reverence on the disillusions which may lie under the pictorial representations of the Holy Land. Inspired by those illustrations, how often have I in imagination left Jerusalem by one of the city gates, and explored the Valley of Jehoshaphat, ascended the Mount of Olives, and followed the convolutions of the brook Kedron, the gently rising moon illumining meanwhile the garden of Gethsemane! Would a personal examination of some of those sacred places be attended with perfect satisfaction? I fear not.

THE SICKROOM FIRE.

I AM neither doctor nor nurse by profession, but have had twice in my lifetime to abandon my ordinary occupation and take charge of members of my family who suffered from severe illness. Like others who were not taught 'the regular way,' I had to meet difficulties as they arose, and, as often happens, necessity became the mother of invention.

My first patient was my father: he suffered from nervous fever; and the slightest noise caused him great suffering, every sound appearing to be magnified to an extraordinary degree. It was, of course, important that nothing should occur to break the light sleep which he got from time to time. His illness occurred in winter, and the season was an unusually severe one of frost. It was necessary to keep a fire in the bedroom; yet I found that the poking of it, dropping of cinders on the fender-pan, and the putting of coals on the fire, interfered sadly with my patient's rest; and I saw that I must get rid of the noise if my nursing was to be a success. My first step was to send out of the room both fender and fire-irons, and to get an ordinary walking-stick, such as is sold for sixpence. With this I cleared the bars and did what poking was necessary for several weeks. When it took fire, as it occasionally did, a rub upon the hob put it out. All the rattle of fire-irons and fender was got rid of, and my first difficulty was overcome. My remaining trouble was putting coals on the fire. If I shook them out of the scuttle into the grate, it made a deal of noise; if I rooted them out with a scoop, the sound was nearly as great, and more irritating, because more prolonged. I managed to get out of that difficulty by making up the coal in parcels. I brought my coal-box downstairs, and taking a couple of scoopfuls of coal at a time, I folded it in a piece of newspaper, and then tied each parcel with string. I put the parcels one upon another in it until the coal-box was full, and took them to my patient's room. When the fire wanted replenishing, I placed a parcel upon it; the paper burned away, and the coal settled down gently wi little or no sound. After this, the fire was n longer a trouble to me or to my patient.

Some years after my first experience at nursing, my wife was suddenly attacked with typhus fever. I had to clear the house of children and servants, and send for two hospital nurses. When I was preparing for the night on the evening of their arrival, the nurse who was about to sit up smiled when she saw me bring into the patient's room a coal-box full of paper parcels. She evidently looked upon it as the whim of an amateur. The next morning, she took quite another view of the case, and said: 'I thought, sir, that I knew my business pretty well; but you certainly have taught me something I did not know—how to manage a sickroom fire. Why, I often let the fire out, and had to sit for hours in the cold, for fear of wakening patients when they were getting a good sleep, besides missing the fire afterwards, when they wakened, and I had not a warm drink for them or the means of making it. With your parcels, I had a good fire all night without a sound, and never had to soil my fingers.'

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S WESTERN TERMINUS.

Port Moody, at the head of Burrard Inlet, was the point first selected as a terminus for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The terminus finally decided upon, however, lies on Coal Harbour, near the entrance to this inlet, where the city of Vancouver is now springing up with great rapidity. The Company's machine-shops and terminal works will be located here, and it promises to be an important commercial city at no distant date. Tenders have been spoken of for a fortnightly mail-service between that point and Yokohama and Hong-kong. It is also probable that the carrying of the bulk of tea shipments for England and the eastern American States and provinces will be done by this route. This makes the outlook all the more promising for Vancouver. Town-lots of land have been laid off by the provincial government fronting the anchorage on English Bay, a large portion of which will be used by the railway Company for terminal works.

'LET THERE BE LIGHT.'

'LET there be light;' and through the abysmal deep,
Where Darkness sat enthroned in silent state,
A tremor passed, as though propitious Fate
Had roused some charmèd castle from the sleep
That sealed all eyes from battlement to keep;
For man or friend the warder dare not wait
To parley with the Voice outside the gate,
For living thing must walk, fly, swim, and creep.

'Let there be light:' thus at Creation's dawn,
Ere earth had shape, the glorious mandate ran.
Nature obeyed; and o'er the face of night
Went forth the rosy streaks of our first morn.
Still Nature keeps to one unvarying plan,
And God-like souls still cry: 'Let there be light.'

ALBERT FRANCIS CROSS.

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GLOVING.

'A pair of gloves, if you please.'—'Yes, sir. Kid gloves?' The customer indicates the kind of gloves he requires; and down comes a long shallow box, divided into several compartments, in each of which there lies a neat bundle of gloves of various colours and shades, held together by a band of paper. 'What size, sir?' The size is mentioned; and one of the bundles is lifted out of its compartment and quickly and carefully opened at one end. Gloves of the exact size and shade required are selected, the price is paid, and there, for the most part, the transaction ends. How many of the thousands who every day go through this process have any idea of where and how the soft, delicate, tight-fitting gloves they wear are made?

Enormous numbers—said to exceed two-thirds of the entire consumption—are imported from France, Germany, and Sweden. But there is a large home manufacture, which is carried on to a considerable extent in and about Worcester, but principally in the west of England.

If the reader will glance at a railway map, and let his eye follow the main line of the London and South-Western Railway, he will find, about midway between Salisbury and Exeter, a station marked Yeovil Junction. Should he actually travel down the line and change at this junction, he would speedily find himself landed at the ancient market-town of Yeovil, the centre and capital of the glove-trade, or as it is locally described, 'the gloving'—a town of about eight thousand inhabitants. A visitor from the North or the Midlands would probably be surprised, on entering the gloving metropolis, to find nothing of the noise or dirt which is usually associated with manufacturing industry. No tall chimneys belch out black clouds of smoke; no gaunt factories rear themselves aloft above the houses; no ponderous machinery makes its throb felt even by passers-by in the streets. No obtrusive signs of the trade which is being carried on meet the eye anywhere. The place is clean and bright and quiet; and surrounded by green hills and luxuriant valleys dotted over with magnificent timber. Yet it looks—what, indeed, inquiry proves it to be—a prosperous and thriving town, presenting a marked and agreeable contrast to most of the sleepy old towns whose glory has long since departed, in this beautiful west country that Kingsley loved so well. In this respect the capital is a fair sample of all the gloving centres—a general air of prosperity pervades them all.

The area over which the trade extends is not large. A line drawn east and west through Yeovil and continued for ten miles in each direction would intersect the whole district, which lies on the borderland of Somerset and Dorset, and includes some half-dozen small towns and fair-sized villages, of which Milborne Port, Sherborne, Stoke-sub-Hamdon, and Martock are the principal. Nor can the trade itself be compared for magnitude with many other industries; it is a mere pigmy beside the cotton, the iron, or the woollen trade.

Let us have the pleasure of conducting the reader over one of the glove factories, fourteen or fifteen of which may be found in Yeovil alone, that he may see the present state of one of the most ancient industries in the country, and have an idea of the number and variety of the processes and hands through which his gloves have passed.

Beginning at the beginning, we enter a room in which the raw material lies before us in the shape of hundreds of bundles of sheep-skins tanned and bleached as white as the driven snow. Handling them, we find them soft and elastic to the touch. These are not the skins of our high-bred English sheep, which are wholly unfit for the purpose, but the skins of half-wild mountain-sheep, which are collected by Jews over the east of Europe and the western part of Asia. The glover does not care for the skins of your wool-producing sheep; his dictum is, 'the rougher the hair, the better the pelt' (skin). These skins were formerly imported untanned;

but the German tanners have now beaten the English tanners out of the market, and they are bought in the condition in which we now see them here, in Berlin or Vienna. As the skins are required, they are taken out of the store and soaked in a vat containing the yolks of eggs, in the proportion of ten dozen skins to one gallon of yolks. In order to secure that every part of the skins shall be thoroughly soaked, they are trodden by men's feet. This is done, it is said, 'to feed or nourish them;' or, in other words, to make them still softer and more elastic. The soaking over, the skins are next taken to the dyehouse, and laid face uppermost on a slightly convex, lead-covered board. Here they are rapidly and frequently brushed over with dyestuff until they have absorbed a sufficient quantity to give them the desired colour, when they are again brushed with what is called 'a striker'—that is, a liquid preparation that will fix and render permanent the dye already put on them.

The skin is next hung up in a stove or heated room, where it rapidly dries. When dry, it is handed over to a man whose business it is to examine it; and if, as is almost always the case, it is too thick for the purpose for which it is intended, or is of unequal thickness, to pare it down until it is of the required thickness and of one uniform thickness all over. In some places this process is carried on in the factory, but more commonly in an outbuilding attached to the workman's home. It is done by means of a peculiar knife, shaped like a quoit, the outer edge of which is kept very sharp. Fixing the skin, by a dexterous movement of the hand, to a horizontal bar in front of him, he lays hold of it with the left hand to keep it stretched, and with the right hand scrapes off so much of the fleshy matter at the back of it as may be needed. Considerable skill is required to pare the skin without cutting it, and should the workman be awkward, he may not only injure his work but seriously cut himself.

The skins are next passed under the eye of an experienced workman, who assorts them into their various qualities. After this, they are passed on to another room, where they are first rolled up in damp cloths, very much after the manner in which a laundress rolls up clothes preparatory to wringing the water out of them; and, when so rolled up, they are vigorously pulled, so as to develop their utmost stretching capacity from head to tail. Then they are spread out on a broad flat table, and carefully, though very quickly, for the workman's eye gets exceedingly sharp, examined for flaws or defects of any kind, such as the scar left by a wound or thorn-scratch, or a thin place, which when found is instantly made into a hole. The examination over, the cutter has made up his mind how this particular skin before him can be cut up to the best advantage—that is, in such a manner as to leave as little waste as possible. His mind made up, he lays on a paper pattern, taking care to place it so that it shall be the right way of the grain and not across it; then, with a pair of shears, resembling sheep-shears, he cuts it into as many oblong squares—each of which is just large enough for one glove—as the material will admit of. Out of the parts left he cuts pieces for the thumbs and fourchettes or sides of the fingers—usually pronounced 'forgets'—and for the binding round the top and the opening just above the palm of the hand, which are called 'welts.' Having cut a number of skins, he proceeds to pair the pieces, endeavouring to match them exactly in colour and quality, and to make up little bundles containing all the pieces necessary for each pair of gloves. This process is one of the most important of all those through which the leather passes. A clumsy or careless workman will cut it to waste, getting several pairs of gloves less out of a dozen skins than a clever and careful one. As we watch the process, we are struck with the rapidity with which the work is done, and with the skill shown in dealing with flaws in the leather. Here, for example, is a skin with a hole in the best part of it about the size of a shilling; with seeming rashness, the man cuts the leather so that that very hole comes into one of the oblong squares. We call attention to the fact, when, with a smile, he points out that at that precise point a hole will be required for the thumb-piece.

The pieces of leather, called in the trade 'tranes'—for they are no longer skins—are now passed on to another room, where they are cut into their final shape. Hitherto, we have been dealing with the preparation of the material for gloves, and a stranger might have followed all the processes so far without gathering from what he saw any indication of the use to be made of these pieces of leather. But now they begin to assume a shape which cannot be mistaken. The reader, especially the fair reader, has doubtless often seen, if not used, the shapes with which pastry is cut into leaves, circles, squares, and so on. Now, if you will put your two hands together, palms uppermost, and imagine a shape that would cut out the figure made by these two hands, minus the thumbs, and treating the two little fingers as one, you will have a very fair idea of a glover's punch or 'web.' In the room we now enter we find quite a number of these punches, agreeing with the number of sizes manufactured. One of them is laid on a sliding table edge uppermost; then six of these oblong squares of leather—which have been placed face to face in pairs, so that right and left hand gloves may be cut together—are laid upon it, and covered with a thick pad of wood or vulcanite. The table is pushed forward until the punch and its burden rest under an iron press, not unlike a printing-press. One pull at the powerful lever, and the press comes down, and the leather is cut. The thumb-pieces are next treated in the same manner. Up the back of every pair of gloves there are three lines of ornamental work of some kind. If these gloves are to have the heavy silk-work on the back called tambouring, they will now be laid upon a block and punctured with as many holes as there are to be stitches in the tambour-work. Before leaving this room, the size of the gloves is stamped on the inside of one, and a consecutive or matching number is written inside each of the two pieces of leather that are now an embryo pair of gloves, so that if, in any of the subsequent processes, they should be accidentally separated, they may be identified and brought together

again. After they have been looked over and carefully perfected with scissors wherever the punch may have left a jagged edge, they are ready to resume their travels.

Tied up in bundles of a dozen, they are given to women, who do the ornamental work on the back of the gloves. Some of these women work on the premises, and others at home. Most of the tambouring, which is very popular, is done in cottage homes. Entering one of these cottages, you may see a woman rocking a cradle with one foot, and giving an occasional glance at the dinner cooking on the fire, while she bends over a frame on which the gloves are stretched, and with a crochet-hook, and apparently little more attention than a knitter gives to her stocking, she quickly adds those three times three rows of silk-work up what will be the back of the gloves. Carrying back the gloves to the factory, she will receive ninepence a dozen for her work.

The gloves are next given out to other women, who also work at home, to be stitched—that is, to have the fingers completed and the thumbs put in. This is now nearly all done by a recently invented and cleverly adapted sewing-machine, the needle of which comes down on the tip of an upright iron finger. Gloves are not all stitched in the immediate neighbourhood of the factories, but are often sent long distances into remote country villages, where, work being scarce, labour is cheap. And to facilitate this, a class of middle men (or women) has grown up—people who come in from the country to the factories, and take away a hundred or a hundred and fifty dozen a week, which they distribute among the women of the village in which they live, collect again when finished, and bring back to the factory. These putters-out or bagmen are paid the usual price, some half-crown a dozen for the stitching, and make their own bargain with the actual workers. They are generally supposed to make a profit of about threepence a dozen; but, as a matter of fact, being shopkeepers, they commonly make two profits—one on the gloves, and another on the goods the sewers purchase at their shops. These people have a somewhat difficult part to play, as they stand between two fires; but they are a most useful class, and carry work and its rewards into many villages where, but for them, they would never come. They have done much to stay the exodus of the population from this part of the agricultural districts, enabling parents to keep their young people, and especially their young women, at home, instead of sending them to the great towns to seek for employment.

Having come back from the stitchers, the gloves are sent out once more. If they are heavy winter gloves, they are sent out to be lined with warm soft cotton material. If they are lighter goods, they are at once despatched to be welted—that is, to have the binding put round the top and the opening at the wrist. The buttons or clasps, as the case may be, are next added; that done, they come back to the factory for the last time, and pass the final examination.

They have still a rough, tumbled, unfinished look, which would prove anything but tempting to a purchaser. They are now forwarded to the laying-out room, where they are stretched with ordinary glove-stretchers, and then put on heated steel hands, which take out all the creases and improve their appearance. Nothing now remains but to assort them, to put them up in neat bundles according to size, to pack them in boxes, and to send them to market.

The special gloves that we have been following through all their stages are those which are known in the trade as 'grain' goods, and are sold to the public under the name of dogskin, Cape, and other names, each name indicating some peculiarity in the quality and finish of the leather. Many other kinds of gloves are made in the district, such as calf and buck and doe skin; the calf gloves are made from English calf-skins, and the buck and doe from English lamb-skins. There is also a large manufacture of fabric gloves—in other words, of gloves made of cotton, woollen, silk, or merino material. Real kid, however, is nowhere made in this district. The processes through which leather gloves of every kind pass are very much the same as those described above, and the manufacture of fabric gloves differs only in the comparative fewness of its stages, beginning with the process of punching the material into the required shape. After that, its course is undistinguishable from that of the manufacture of leather gloves.

There are altogether about five-and-twenty factories in the district, ranging from one which claims to be the largest glove factory in the world, and is capable of turning out forty thousand pairs per week, to some which produce only from five hundred to a thousand pairs in the same time. These factories give employment to nearly ten thousand persons, five-sixths of whom are women. Only about a quarter of the employees work in the factories; the rest take the work home, and in many cases do it in time which would otherwise be wasted. By thus finding employment for the wives and daughters of an immense number of agricultural labourers—an employment which in no way interferes with their domestic duties—the gloving brings a large amount of comfort into the homes of the peasantry of the west, and alleviates a lot which would under other circumstances be hard and hopeless in the extreme.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the very next day when the governor's wife came to call. In any case, Lady Modyford would have had to call on Marian; for etiquette demands, from the head of the colony at least, a strict disregard for distinctions of cuticle, real or imaginary. But Nora Dupuy had seen Lady Modyford that very morning, and had told her all the absurd story of the Hawthorns' social disqualifications. Now, the governor's wife was a woman of the world, accustomed to many colonial societies, big and small, as well as to the infinitely greater world of London; and she was naturally moved, at first hearing, rather to amusement than to indignation at the idea of Tom Dupuy setting himself up as the social superior of a fellow of Catherine's and barrister

of the Inner Temple. This point of view itself certainly lost nothing from Nora's emphatic way of putting it; for, though Nora had herself a bountiful supply of fine old crusted West Indian prejudices, producible on occasion, and looked down upon 'brown people' of every shade with that peculiarly profound contempt possible only to a descendant of the old vanquished slave-owning oligarchy, yet her personal affection for Marian and Edward was quite strong enough to override all such abstract considerations of invisible colour; and her sense of humour was quite keen enough to make her feel the full ridiculousness of comparing such a man as Edward Hawthorn with her own loutish sugar-growing cousin. She had lived so long in England, as Tom Dupuy himself would have said, that she had begun to pick up at least some faint tincture of these newfangled Exeter Hall opinions; in other words, she had acquired a little ballast of common-sense and knowledge of life at large to weigh down in part her tolerably large original cargo of colonial prejudices.

But when Nora came to tell Lady Modyford, as far as she knew them, the indignities to which the Hawthorns had already been subjected by the pure blue blood of Trinidad, the governor's wife began to perceive there was more in it than matter for mere laughter; and she bridled up a little haughtily at the mention of Mr Tom Dupuy's free-spoken comments, as overheard by Nora on the Orange Grove piazza. 'Nigger people!' the fat, good-natured, motherly, little body echoed, angrily. 'Did he say nigger people, my dear?—What! a daughter of General Ord of the Bengal infantry—why, I came home from Singapore in the same steamer with her mother, the year my father went away from the Straits Settlements to South Australia! Do you mean to say, my dear, they won't call upon her, because she's married a son of that nice old Mr Hawthorn with the white beard up at Agualta! A perfect gentleman, too! Dear me, how very abominable! You must excuse my saying it, my child, but really you West Indian people do mistake your own little hole and corner for the great world, in a most extraordinary sort of a fashion. Now, confess to me, don't you?'

So the same afternoon, Lady Modyford had powdered her round, fat, little face, and put on her pretty coquettish French bonnet, and driven round in full state from Government House to Edward Hawthorn's new bungalow in the Westmoreland valleys.

As the carriage with its red-liveried black footmen drove up to the door, Marian's heart sank once more within her: she knew it was the governor's wife come to call; and she had a vague presentiment in her own mind that the fat little woman inside the carriage would send in her card out of formal politeness, and drive away at once without waiting to see her. But instead of that, Lady Modyford came up the steps with great demureness, and walked into the bare drawing-room, after Marian's rather untidy and quite raw black waiting-maid; and the moment she saw Marian, she stepped up to her very impulsively, and held out both her hands, and kissed the poor young bride on either cheek with genuine tenderness. 'My dear,' she said, with a motherly tremor in her kind old voice, 'you must forgive me for making myself quite at home with you at once, and not standing upon ceremony in any way; but I knew your mother years ago—she was just like you then—and I know what a lonely thing it is for a newly married girl to come out to a country like this, quite away from her own people; and I shall be so glad if you'll take Sir Adalbert and me just as we are. We're homely people, and we don't live far away from you; and if you'll run round and see me any time you feel lonely or are in want of anything, why, you know, of course, my dear, we shall be delighted to see you.'

And then, before Marian could wipe away the tears that rose quickly to her eyes, fat little Lady Modyford had gone off into reminiscences of Singapore and Bombay, and that dear Mrs Ord, and the baby that died—'Your sister, you know, my dear—the one that was born at Calcutta, and died soon after your dear mamma reached England.—No, of course, my dear; your mamma couldn't know that I was here, because, you see, when she and I came home together—why, that was twenty-two years ago—no, twenty-four, I declare, because Sir Adalbert—he was plain Mr Modyford then, on three hundred a year, in the Straits Settlements colonial service—didn't propose to me till the next summer, when he came home on leave, you know, just before he was removed to Hong-kong by that horrid Lord Modbury, who was Colonial Secretary in those days, and afterwards died of suppressed gout, the doctors said, at his own villa at that delightful Spezzia. So you see I was Kitty Fitzroy at that time, my child; and I daresay your mamma, who's older than me a good bit, of course, never heard about my marrying Sir Adalbert, for we were married very quietly down in Devonshire, where Sir Adalbert's father was a rector in a very small parish, on a tiny income; and we started at once for Hong-kong, and spent our honeymoon at Venice—a nasty, damp, uncomfortable place for a wedding tour, I call it, but not nearly so bad as you coming out here straight from the church door almost, Miss Dupuy told me; and Trinidad too, well known to be an unsociable, dead-alive sort of an island. But whenever you like, dear, you must just jump on your horse—you've got horses, of course?—yes, I thought so—and ride over to Government House, and have a good chat with me and Emily; for, indeed, Mrs Hawthorn—what's your Christian name?—Marian—ah, very pretty—we should like to see you as often as you choose; and next week, after you've settled down a little, you must really come up and stop some time with us; for I assure you I have quite taken a fancy to you, my dear; and Sir Adalbert, when he saw Mr Hawthorn the other day, at the Island Secretary's office, came home quite delighted, and said to me: "Kitty, the young man they've sent out for the new District judge is the very man to keep that something old fool Dupuy in order in future."'

Lady Modyford waited a good deal longer than is usual with a first call, and got very friendly indeed with poor Marian before the end of her visit; for coarse-grained woman of the world as she was, her heart warmed not

a little towards the friendless young bride who had come out to Trinidad—dull hole, Trinidad, not at all like Singapore, or Mauritius, or Cape Town—to find herself so utterly deserted by all society. And next day, all female Trinidad was talking, over five-o'-clock tea, about the remarkable fact, learnt indirectly through those unrecognised purveyors of fashionable intelligence, the servants, that that horrid proud Lady Modyford—'who treats you and me, my dear, as if we were the dirt beneath her feet, don't you know, and must call with two footmen and so much grandeur and formality'—had actually kissed that brown man's wife, that's to be the new District judge in Westmoreland, on both cheeks, the very first moment she saw her. Female Trinidad was so inexpressibly shocked at this disgraceful behaviour in a person officially charged with the maintenance of a high standard of decorum, that it was really half inclined to think it ought to cut Lady Modyford direct on next meeting her. It was restrained from this extreme measure, however, by a wholesome consideration of the fact that Lady Modyford would undoubtedly take the rebuff with unruffled amusement; so it contented itself by merely showing a little coldness to the governor's wife when it happened to meet her, and refusing to enter into conversation with her on the subject of Marian and Edward Hawthorn.

As for Marian herself, she had a good cry, as soon as Lady Modyford was gone, over this interview also. Kind as the governor's wife had wished to show herself, and genuinely sympathetic as she had actually been, Marian couldn't help recognising that there was a certain profound undercurrent of degradation in having to accept the ready sympathy of such a woman at all on such a matter. Anywhere else, Marian would have felt that Lady Modyford, motherly as she was, stood just a grade or two by nature below her; in fact, she felt so there too; but still, she was compelled by circumstances to take the good fat body's consolation and condolence as a sort of favour; while anywhere else she would rather have repelled it as a disagreeable impertinence, or at least as a distasteful interference with her own individuality. It was impossible not to be dimly conscious that coming to Trinidad had made a real difference in her own social position. At home, she had no need for anybody's condescension or anybody's affability; here, she was forced to recognise the fact that even Lady Modyford was making generous concessions on purpose in her favour. It was galling, but it was inevitable. There is nothing more painful to persons who have always mixed in society on terms of perfect and undoubted equality, than thus to put themselves into false positions, where it is possible for equals, or even for natural inferiors, to seem to patronise them.

Nevertheless, that evening, Marian said to Edward very firmly: 'Edward, you must make up your mind to stop in Trinidad. I shall never feel so much confidence again in your real courage if you turn and run from Nora's father. Besides, now Lady Modyford has called, and Nora has been here, I daresay we shall get a little society of our own—people who know too much about the outer world to be wholly governed by the fads and fancies of Trinidad planters.'

And Edward answered in a somewhat faltering voice: 'Very well, my darling. One's duty lies that way, I know; and if you're strong enough to stand up and face it, why, I must try to face it also.'

And they did face it, with less difficulty even than they at first imagined. Presently, Mrs Castello came to call, the wife of the governor's aide-de-camp: a pretty, pleasant, sisterly little woman, who struck up a mutual attachment with Marian almost at first sight, and often dropped in to see them afterwards. Then one or two others of the English officials brought their wives; and before long, when Marian went to stay at Government House, it was clear that in the imported official society at anyrate the Hawthorns were to be at least tolerated. Toleration is a miserable sort of standing for people to submit to; but in the last resort, it is better than isolation. And as time went on, the toleration grew into friendliness and intimacy in many quarters, though never among the native planter aristocracy. Those noble people, intensely proud of their pure white blood, held themselves entirely aloof with profound dignity. 'Poor souls!' Sir Adalbert Modyford said contemptuously to Captain Castello, 'they forget how little it is to be proud of, and that every small street arab in London could consider himself a gentleman in Trinidad on the very self-same grounds of birth as they do.'

CONSCIENTIOUS MONEY-SPENDING.

'NEVER treat money affairs with levity—money is character.' It is to be feared that many neglect this wise caution, and do not put conscience into the spending of their money, whatever they may do as regards the making of it. Rich people think that it is good for trade to be free-handed with wealth, and do not always distinguish between productive and unproductive expenditure. They are frequently guilty of demoralising the poorer classes by careless almsgiving and the bad example of their thoughtless money-spending.

Of course, so far as they are influenced by religious considerations, the rich recognise the truth that all their possessions are held in trust, and only lent to them by a superior Power for the service of their fellow-beings. But the rich have difficulties as well as the poor, and one of these lies in determining how to distribute their expenditure in a way that shall prove beneficial to society. The question, 'To whom or to what cause shall I contribute money?' must be a very anxious one to conscientious men of wealth. 'How are we to measure,' we may suppose rich men to ask, 'the relative utility of charities? And then political economists are down upon us if, by mistake, we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk against our extravagance; tell us rather how to spend our money advantageously—that is to say, for the greatest good of the greatest number.' The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. And this very difficult profession of wealth ought to be learned by studying social science and otherwise with as much

care as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. When in this way the rich accept and prepare themselves for the duties of their high calling, it will cease to be a cause of complaint that, in the nature of things, money tends to fall into the hands of a few large capitalists.

Nor is the money-spending of the poor less careless than that of the rich. During the time of high wages, labouring people buy salmon and green peas when they are barely in season; and Professor Leone Levi computes that their annual drink-bill amounts to thirty-six millions. That is exactly the sum which the working-classes spend in rent; so, although better houses are the strongest and most imperative demands for the working-classes, those classes are spending, on the lowest estimate, a sum equal to what they are spending on rent.

Some two years ago, an eminent London physician went into Hyde Park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him a pauper eighty years of age. The physician entered into conversation with him, and asked him what his trade was. The man said he was a carpenter.

'A very good trade indeed. Well, how is it that you come at this time of life to be a pauper? Have you been addicted to drink?'

'Not at all; I have only taken my three pints a day—never spent more than sixpence daily.'

The physician, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, asked: 'How long have you continued this practice of drinking three pints of ale a day?'

'I am now eighty, and I have continued that practice, more or less, for sixty years.'

'Very well,' continued the physician, 'I will just do the sum.' He found that sixpence a day laid by for sixty years amounted, with compound interest, to three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds; and he said to the old carpenter: 'My good man, instead of being a pauper, you might have been the possessor of three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds at this moment; in other words, you might have had one hundred and fifty pounds a year, or some three pounds a week, not by working an hour longer or doing anything differently, except by putting by the money that you have been spending day by day these sixty years on ale.' The physician's conclusion, however, should perhaps be modified by the consideration that if this man had ceased spending sixpence on beer, he might have required to spend a portion of that sixpence on an increased supply of food. But notwithstanding this, the physician's argument is in the main a sound one.

It is not 'ologies' that the working-classes require to be taught so much, as the right use of money and the good things that can be purchased with it. It often astonishes the rich to see the wasteful expenditure of the poor; but an explanation will be found in the caution which Dr Johnson gives to men who fancy that poor girls must necessarily make the most economical wives. 'A woman of fortune,' he says, 'being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending, that she throws it away with great profusion.' That was excellent advice also which Dr Johnson gave to Boswell, when the latter inherited his paternal estates. 'You, dear sir, have now a new station, and have therefore new cares and new employments. Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.'

People beginning to keep house should be careful not to pitch their scale of expenditure higher than they can hope to continue it, and they should remember that, as Lord Bacon said, 'it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings.'

What an admirable manager of money was Mrs Carlyle! 'There was,' writes Mr Froude, 'a discussion some years ago in the newspapers whether two people with the habits of a lady and a gentleman could live together in London on three hundred pounds a year. Mrs Carlyle, who often laughed about it while it was going on, will answer the question. No one who visited the Carlyles could tell whether they were poor or rich. There were no signs of extravagance, but also none of poverty. The drawing-room arrangements were exceptionally elegant. The furniture was simple, but solid and handsome; everything was scrupulously clean; everything good of its kind; and there was an air of ease, as of a household living within its means. Mrs Carlyle was well dressed always. Her admirable taste would make the most of inexpensive materials; but the materials themselves were of the very best. Carlyle himself generally kept a horse. They travelled, they visited, they were always generous and open-handed.' All this was done on an income of not quite four hundred pounds. Of course Carlyle, as well as his wife, was imbued with Scotch thrift, showing itself in hatred of waste. If he saw a crust of bread on the roadway, he would stop to pick it up, and put it on a step or a railing. 'Some poor creature might be glad of it, or at worst a dog or a sparrow. To destroy wholesome food is a sin.'

The thrifty wife of Benjamin Franklin felt it a gala day indeed when, by long accumulated small savings, she was able to surprise her husband one morning with a china cup and a silver spoon from which to take his breakfast. Franklin was shocked. 'You see how luxury creeps into families in spite of principles,' he said. When his meal was over, he went to the store and rolled home a wheelbarrow full of papers through the streets with his own hands, lest folk should get wind of the china cup and say he was above his business.

It is a great blessing to have been trained hardily. Those who have few wants are rich. Hundreds of middle-class people are heavily handicapped in the race of life because they find it hard to do without luxuries which they can ill afford to buy, but which they would

never have missed if they had not been accustomed to them in childhood. This must become every year more apparent, because the classes that have hitherto had the monopoly of education have now to compete with the working-classes trained to privation for generations.

But although the creeping-in of luxury should be guarded against at the commencement of married life, people should learn how to grow rich gracefully. It is no part of wisdom to depreciate the little elegances and social enjoyment of our homes. These things refine manners and enlarge the heart. A gentleman told Dr Johnson that he had bought a suit of lace for his wife. The Doctor said: 'Well, sir, you have done a good thing and a wise thing.' 'I have done a good thing,' said the gentleman; 'but I do not know that I have done a wise thing.' 'Yes, sir,' continued the Doctor; 'no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people; and a wife is pleased that she is so dressed.'

We should be particular about money, but not penurious. The mistress of a well-ordered house takes broad and liberal views of things, and while cutting her coat according to her cloth, and as much as possible shielding her husband from the constant demand for money, which few masculine tempers can stand, she refrains from the wearying, petty economies which often enough are not worth the trouble and discomfort they entail. Economy is altogether different from penuriousness; for it is economy that can always best afford to be generous. Those who are careless about personal expenditure are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. Burns tells us that, 'for the glorious privilege of being independent,' we should 'gather gear by every wile that's justified by honour.'

'Do not accustom yourself,' said Dr Johnson, 'to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity.' Only the other day the writer was speaking to an officer in the army who was so far from considering the debt which he owed to his tailor as either an inconvenience or a calamity, that he seemed to be quite proud of it. 'My tailor,' said he, 'never duns me for the money. When I have a pound or two which I don't want, I send it to him, just as other people put it in a bank.' It was no use telling him that five or ten per cent. on the amount of his bill was being charged every year, and that on a day when he least expected it, payment would be demanded. Had this officer never heard of the General Order which was issued by Sir Charles Napier, in taking leave of his command in India? Sir Charles strongly urged in that famous document that 'honesty is inseparable from the character of a thorough-bred gentleman;' and that 'to drink unpaid-for champagne and unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.'

Men who lived beyond their means might be officers by virtue of their commissions, but they were not gentlemen. The habit of being constantly in debt, the general held, made men grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentleman. It was not enough that an officer should be able to fight; that, any bulldog could do. But did he hold his word inviolate? Did he pay his debts? He should be as ready to utter his valiant 'No,' or 'I can't afford it,' to the invitations of pleasure and self-enjoyment, as to mount a breach amidst belching fire and the iron hail of machine-guns.

The Duke of Wellington kept an accurate detailed account of all the moneys received and expended by him. 'I make a point,' said he, 'of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same. Formerly, I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them; but I was cured of that folly by receiving one morning, to my great surprise, duns of a year or two's standing. The fellow had speculated with my money and left my bills unpaid.' Talking of debt, his remark was: 'It makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt.' Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of business detail, and he did not disdain to scrutinise the smallest outgoings of his household—determined as he was to live honestly within his means—even while holding the high office of President of the American Union.

To provide for others and for our own comfort and independence in old age, is honourable, and greatly to be commended; but to hoard for mere wealth's sake is the characteristic of the narrow-souled and the miserly. 'We must carry money in the head, not in the heart;' that is to say, we must not make an idol of it, but regard it as a useful agent.

Some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money, such as generosity, honesty, justice, and self-sacrifice, as well as the practical virtues of economy and providence. On the other hand, there are their counterparts of avarice, fraud, injustice, and selfishness, as displayed by the inordinate lovers of gain; and the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance, and improvidence, on the part of those who misuse and abuse the means intrusted to them. 'So that,' as it has been well said, 'a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man.'

THE SIGNALMAN'S LOVE-STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

I OBEYED Miss Cleabyrn's injunction not to follow her, though I wished to restore the watch and chain she had left with me; but I strained my gaze in the direction she had taken. In the continued bellowing of the wind and through the driving rain, it was difficult to hear or see anything, even when close at hand; yet I fancied I could hear her footsteps, as she reached the lane which was at the foot of the railway bank, and could see her.—Yes! again I heard footsteps; but surely they were not hers; and the vague, shadowy glimpse of a form I obtained was not Beatrice Cleabyrn, and—I might be confused by the rain; but if not, there were *two* others.

It was in vain to strain my sight any longer; I could see and hear no more, so I returned to my duties; and in the morning I might almost have persuaded myself that all had been a dream,

but for the presence of the articles which Miss Cleabyrn had left with me.

I felt at liberty, and indeed felt bound to take my mother into the secret, as her house would probably be the place of refuge for the captain; but I did not tell her all I have now said. She was not informed of what I well knew was the true reason for Miss Cleabyrn seeking me out and intrusting me with so dangerous a secret.

The old lady, who was a confirmed student of the newspaper, and had long been interested in the fate and fortunes of the captain, was glad to have the chance of being of service to him, and arranged at once where he should sleep. We had not much choice, our cottage being but of four rooms.

My mate told me, when I went on duty, that it was rumoured at the *Chequers* that Captain Laurenston was in the neighbourhood for certain, and would be caught, worse luck! It was impossible that he could get away, there was such a lot on the lookout for him. I returned some indifferent answer, for, of course, I could not tell him how terribly I could have corroborated his tale. I could, however, and did, echo his last wish at leaving, that the officer might beat all his enemies.

It was again a soaking wet night; the wind had gone down, so that the rain did not drive as on the previous day, and there was no violence in the downpour, but it was steady and drenching enough. The usual passenger and goods trains had passed, and I grew nervous with expectancy. No idea had been given me as to when Captain Laurenston would make his appearance; but I could not help thinking it would be about the same time as my visitor had come on the previous evening; and I was right.

I took the precaution to turn my lamp down a little, so as to diminish the light; for there was no knowing what eyes might be on the watch, and I was standing at the entrance to my hut, striving to pierce the darkness, when I was startled by two figures coming suddenly before me. I knew them. They entered, and I closed the door.

'Thank heaven, you are safe, so far, Oswald!' exclaimed the lady—Miss Cleabyrn, of course—'and I know you can confide in our friend Waltress; so I trust you are out of the toils.'

'Yes,' said the captain, turning to me and grasping my hand. I knew him by his voice and by Miss Cleabyrn's words; but had we met casually, I assuredly should not have recognised him. His glossy moustache and full whiskers were gone, while a light wig hid what was left of his dark curls. 'I know I can trust him,' he said; 'I knew it the first time I saw his face.—But leave me now, dearest; it will only be for a time—a short time, ere we meet again. Thank our friend Waltress, and let us say farewell.'

Miss Cleabyrn offered her hand—there was such a queer thrill in my own veins as I touched it, such a recalling of past days!—and she said a few words expressive of her gratitude. These were only few; but with her soft voice in my ears, and the sight of her now swimming eyes before me, I would have dared death in her service.

She then threw her arms round the captain's neck, and strove to frame a farewell, but broke down terribly, so that for a few minutes she was hysterical, and I dreaded lest she might scream aloud, and thus give the alarm to any chance traveller, or, it might be, any concealed watcher. But she recovered herself as quickly as she had broken down, dashed the tears from her eyes, gave one passionate kiss, and then fled into the darkness.

'My poor dear girl,' said the captain, with some hesitation in his voice, as he gazed after her. 'I feel that I ought to have gone with her, and yet I know it would have been madness.—We were traced here, Waltress, for all I know; the watch upon me has been very close.'

I told him how I fancied I had seen two persons, when Miss Cleabyrn had left my box on the previous night.

'Yes,' he said, with a smile; 'I joined her at the foot of the bank. But you must have good eyes.'

I explained that he misunderstood me; that I thought I had seen two persons follow the lady, although, in such a storm and in the darkness, it was impossible to be certain. He was a good deal disturbed at hearing this, being evidently at once convinced that my suspicions were well founded.

He had not been long in my hut, and we were talking about the best method of first concealing him and then getting him away, when I suddenly stopped in my speech and listened at the door.

'What is the matter?' asked Laurenston.

'I heard a step of some one walking round the box,' I returned; 'and I am sure there is a man on the rails. No one has any business there at this time.'

In another instant a low whistle was heard.

'They mean mischief,' I said; 'you are caged! These men are following you.'

The captain turned pale, and thrust his hand into his breast.

I guessed he had some weapon concealed there, so I exclaimed: 'That will not do!—Here! There is just one chance; put on this coat and cap.' They were those left by my mate.—'Quick!' I cried; 'I can hear them coming!—Now, sit down, and write anything in this book. Don't seem to shrink from'——

A sharp rap at the door interrupted me. Before I could answer it, the door was thrown open, and I saw three men—strangers—before me. Another was standing at some distance, so that I could not see him distinctly.

'Your name is Waltress,' said the foremost sharply, and with a quick glance round the interior of the hut. 'We are in pursuit of a criminal, and have traced him to this spot.—Have you seen any stranger here?'

'I have not been here all the evening,' I said; 'but no one has been here except—Bill!' I exclaimed to my supposed mate, 'have you seen any fellows hanging about here?'

'Bill' turned half round; but the peak of his cap being drawn down over his face, and the collar of his coat being turned up, as was natural

on such a night, he was effectually disguised, especially as his appearance was, as I have described, so completely changed. He spoke with his pen in his mouth, and said: 'About three hours ago there was a fellow at the gates that I didn't like the look of.'

'We have seen our man, or he has been seen, since then,' returned the speaker. Then addressing those behind, he said; 'He may be hiding in those trucks,' pointing to some on the other side of the line.

At that moment a man was really heard to leap from one of the trucks and to hurry along the road. I knew who it was, and that it was his duty to see to certain arrangements, before the train came through which would pick them up. The man who was standing apart also heard the noise, and called to the others; then, without another word, they all hurried to where the trucks were standing.

'A near chance that,' I said, turning to the captain, but stopped in my speech, from the shock his changed appearance gave me. He was deathly pale.

I began to feel more uneasy in my new undertaking than I had hitherto been, especially when I heard another step approaching and saw that some one bearing a light was coming to the hut.

I thought it was a second search, and felt that we could scarcely expect to repeat our success. However, it was only Charley Pearse, the night-goods foreman, who had come down to send the trucks off, and had crossed over to my box to tell me of a 'rum go' he had had with some queer-looking strangers, who had insisted on searching the trucks. 'If they had been civil,' said Charley, with a knowing wink and nod, evidently directed at my companion, 'I might have told them something good; but they were preciously uncivil, talking to me as if I was a nigger or a convict, so I sent them to the *Pike and Perch*'—this was a beer-house some two miles off—'and so, you know, if any gent's in trouble and wants to clear out, now's the time.'

It was at once clear that Charley knew, or pretty closely guessed, what was afoot. The captain looked anxiously at me. By a sudden inspiration I saw how to make a benefit of this new danger. 'Charley,' I exclaimed, 'this is Captain Laurenston, who thrashed the major. You know all about him, I am certain, for we have often talked about the affair.'

Charley nodded.

'If he does not get away to-night,' I continued, 'he will be caught, for there are spies about him everywhere.'

'Well, what is the captain going to do?'

'You can help him, Charley,' I said. 'Your brother goes down with the night-goods, and I know his wife's brother is steward aboard the French packet. Get the captain down with the goods and smuggle him aboard.—Here! this will make it worth your while.' As I said this, I drew out the watch and chain from my desk and pushed them towards Charley. His eyes sparkled, and I saw the business was as good as done.

Charley made a feeble objection to taking such valuables; but there was no time for fencing of this kind, so he picked the treasures up, and left, telling the captain to go outside and wait under the signal, as dangerous eyes might be upon the box.

The captain took his advice, after shaking my hand, and saying: 'But what are you going to have for yourself, Waltress?—Well, never mind, I will see to that; you know I will do so, I hope.'

'One thing is quite certain,' I replied, 'that I would not rob Miss Cleabyrn of her valuables, if they were a hundredfold as valuable.—Now, don't argue, captain; but go and wait where Charley tells you.'

With another clasp of my hand, he went; and I was more nervous than I ever remember to have been before in my life, until the engine came and commenced 'shunting;' and then it was actually worse. Every moment I fancied I could hear a struggle, and I thought the engine had never been half so long over its work. But it went away at last; and its puffing was still faintly heard in the distance, when, without the slightest warning, the door of my hut was thrown open and there were the strange men again.

The leader exclaimed fiercely: 'Now you, sir! where is the man who was here just now? We are up to your tricks. Where is he?'

'Hush!' said one of his companions, and whispered to him.

'No proof!' he exclaimed; 'the scoundrels are all in league together. A woman with a man was seen coming towards this box, and where are they? We will have them; and you too, Mr Signalman, if you attempt any tricks upon us.'

I could see that half-measures or timid words would not do, so I boldly—in appearance at any-rate, although I was a good deal frightened—defied him. I told him point-blank that if I did know, or could know, where the persons he wanted were, I should not tell him.

This conduct was the best I could have adopted; the party were convinced I knew nothing of the fugitive, and so went away. But after they were gone, I felt horribly nervous; it had been so near a thing, that I would not have passed through the same excitement again for any money.

Charley and his friends were true to their trust. This was greatly to their credit, as there was a large reward out, which they could have earned by a few words; and *they* had not been in love with the captain's sweetheart, as I had been. Charley brought me a note on the next day, written by the captain on board the French boat, and on the day following I got another from France; so Laurenston was safe.

I took an early opportunity of seeing Miss Cleabyrn as she was walking near her home, when I told her how I had disposed of the watch and chain. She looked at me with her old smile, which I remembered so well—remembered then!—why, I have not forgotten it now!—and said I must have my own way; but she would try to find a mode of conciliating even my disinterestedness; and she did so.

I heard nothing for some few weeks of any of the parties in the affair which had been so exciting to me; indeed, Miss Cleabyrn must have left home directly after the interview I have just spoken of, for I never saw her again—not for years, at anyrate. But I had a letter

from her, a thing I had never dreamed would happen to me. It was dated from Boulogne, where she had arrived, she said, the previous day; and after thanking me for my services, and saying that Messrs Primer, her solicitors, had instructions to write to me, the letter was signed—I could hardly believe my eyes!—Oswald Laurenston and Beatrice Laurenston! So the secret was out!—they were married.

When I recalled the little scene in my hut, her passionate, unrestrained farewell, I felt that I ought to have known it then; but, if I may indulge in a philosophical reflection, I would say that all through life you are always looking back and blaming yourself for not having seen more plainly the things which were passing before your eyes.

Well, this was nearly the end of my adventure with Captain Laurenston; yet one or two incidents which remain to be told were perhaps as important to me as any that had gone before. There was at the end of our lane a cottage, somewhat larger than its neighbours, with quite a nice piece of ground attached; a great deal superior, indeed, to the others. To my amazement, Messrs Primer, of Lincoln's Inn, sent down a clerk with the title-deeds of this house and land, which were actually presented to me as from Captain Laurenston.

It made my fortune, I may say. I was married to Patty within six months, and with her I have been thoroughly happy. But it was many a long day before I told her as much as I have written here. The captain and his wife must have had excellent information from some one in the neighbourhood of what went on—which was easy enough, as they were on friendly terms with old Mr Cleabyrn—for they sent Patty a beautiful silk dress and an amethyst brooch as wedding presents.

After a good many years, they returned to England, when Major Starley—who had been forced to resign—was dead, and the affair had blown over. They lived a long way off, however, and I only saw them once or twice. When I met Mrs Laurenston, leaning on her husband's arm, or saw her riding in the pony carriage with some of her six pretty children, why, I laughed. But once I could not have laughed.

ROWING AT OXFORD.

GREAT interest is generally shown throughout the country about the month of March in the preparations that are made at our two chief English universities for the annual boatrace; but few of those that read the newspaper accounts of the daily practice of the two crews know how much energy and time have been devoted by their individual members to acquiring the skill which will qualify them for a seat in the 'varsity eight.' Hence we propose here to give a short account of rowing at Oxford, and the different college races that a man has almost invariably taken part in before he is even tried for 'the 'varsity.'

The academical year commences with the October term, and it is in that term that the majority of freshmen come into residence; accordingly, this is the time chosen by the captains of the various college boat-clubs for testing the rowing capabilities of the freshmen of their college, and 'coaching' all those who wish to go in for boating. Every afternoon during the greater part of this term, the captain and other members of the college eight may be seen standing up in the stern of 'tub-pair' or four, instructing and exhorting their crews, as they paddle swiftly down to Ifley lock, or toil up again against the swollen stream. Towards the end of the term, the men who have been coached in this way are formed into regular crews; and after one or two weeks' practice together, these crews row against each other in 'tub-fours' for the Silver Challenge Oars, or some prize given by the college boat-club.

Passing over to the next, that is the Lent term, we come to the first eight-oared college races, which at Oxford are better known as the Torpids. In these races, the colleges compete against one another for the honour of first place or 'head of the river.' No man who has rowed in his college 'eight' in the previous year is eligible to row in his Torpid; the majority of the crew consist of men who have received coaching in the October term, and have taken part in the four-oared races described above.

The first week or two of this term is occupied by the captain in selecting and arranging his crew; when that is made up, regular practice is the order of the day, for the most part on the stretch of water between Oxford and Ifley, but occasionally varied by a 'long course' to Abingdon, a distance of seven miles. Coaching is done by members of the 'eight,' who run with the boat along the towpath, shouting at the top of their voices to the different members of the crew, and sometimes, when the floods are out and the towpath is covered, splashing through water nearly up to their knees. Practice of this kind is continued daily, no matter what the weather is, until the races take place, which is usually about the middle of the term. Each college is represented by one boat, and in some cases by two boats, so that there are generally from twenty to twenty-five boats entered, and these are divided into two divisions. The races occupy six days, each division rowing once each day, the second division always commencing. The boats are placed one behind the other in the order in which they left off the year before, with a clear space of about two boat-lengths between each. The object aimed at by each boat is to overtake the boat in front and bump it. If successful in doing this, these two boats at once draw out of the way, and leave room for those following to pass; and on the next day they change places. The head boat of the second division is called the 'Sandwich' boat, and rows again the same afternoon at the bottom of the first division, in this way forming a link by which a boat may pass from one division to the other.

Having paddled down to their respective positions, the boats are turned, and preparations are made for the race. A line attached to the bank is held by the cockswain, and this, with the

assistance of a waterman with a long pole, helps to keep the boat in position and prevents it drifting out of its place. Meanwhile, the first signal-gun has been fired, and the crews are divesting themselves of jackets and mufflers. Soon the second gun is heard, and there is now one minute before the signal to start is given. What an anxious minute that is, so much depends upon getting off well, especially with a crew in which many of the men are rowing in one of these bumping races for the first time. A bad start causes flurry and unsteadiness in the boat, and then there is sometimes a risk of being bumped before the men settle down together to a long and even stroke. Bang! The starting gun has fired, and off go the dozen or more boats in a long line; the towpath is crowded with men, running with their respective college crews, shouting, blowing horns, and making use of every conceivable instrument of noise to urge on and encourage their representatives. By the time the barges, which are crowded with spectators, are reached, great gaps will have appeared in the line, as most of the bumps take place below; though here too, sometimes, a most exciting race is witnessed, when some boat, almost overlapped by its rival, is seen struggling to reach the winning-post without being bumped. Nor is this bumping so easy as it might at first seem; but a good deal of skill is required on the part of the cockswain to effect it. In the first place, there is always the danger of making the shot too soon, in which case the boat, missing the stern of the one in front, shoots half-way across the river, and thereby loses a good deal of ground. Again, when one boat is overlapping another, the cockswain of the first, by pulling his rudder towards the bow of his rival, can cause such a wave of water to wash against the latter as to ward off for a time the actual bump; then, by a judicious spurt on the part of his 'stroke,' when the rudder is again straightened, he may be enabled to draw away and steer his boat in safety past the winning-post.

These races conclude the rowing for this term, though sometimes the last few days are spent in coaching the best men from the Torpid on 'sliding seats,' by way of preparation for the next term's practice for the 'eight.'

We now come to the summer or May term, the pleasantest term of all, as far as boating is concerned. The most important races during this term are those in which the college eights compete. They are carried out in exactly the same manner as the Torpids described above, the only difference being in the kind of boat used. The Torpids row in what are called clinker-built or gig-boats, which have a small keel, and of which the seats are fixed; whereas the 'eights' are rowed in smooth, keelless boats—the bottom somewhat resembling that of a small canoe—and fitted with sliding seats, by which the stroke can be lengthened and more use made of the legs. The extremities of the boat are covered with canvas, to prevent the water washing in over the side. The crew of a college eight is composed of the best men the college can muster, all of course being members of the college.

The races, as we mentioned before, are arranged in the same way as those in which the Torpids compete, though perhaps more interest is shown in the eights; and as they come off at a pleasanter time of the year, and are undoubtedly one of the sights of the university, the spectators include many more strangers. The 'varsity 'sculls' and the 'varsity 'pairs'—the former open to any member, and the latter to any two members of the 'varsity boat-club—conclude the rowing at Oxford for this term; though it should here be mentioned that two or three of the boats that have shown themselves above the average in the eight-oared races, often keep in practice for Henley regatta, which takes place soon after the close of this term.

We have now given a brief description of a year's college rowing at Oxford, that is, rowing in which a college crew competes with members of its own or other colleges. Starting again with the October term, we propose saying something about rowing for the 'varsity, the chief event in which is the annual race with Cambridge. There is, however, one college race not yet mentioned, which takes place in the October term—namely, the 'varsity 'Fours,' open to all the colleges. For this event there are not generally more than from six to eight boats entered, as considerably more skill and watermanship are required than for the college eight. The boats used, though of much the same construction as the latter, are of course smaller, and therefore more difficult to sit; moreover, they do not carry a cockswain, the steering being done by one of the crew with his feet, by means of wires connecting the rudder with a lever attached to his stretcher, so that, by moving this lever with his foot to one side or the other, a corresponding motion is given to the rudder. This race takes place in the first half of the term, and immediately afterwards the work of selecting a crew for the inter-university boatrace is commenced.

With this object in view, the names of two or three of the best men from each college are received by the President; and the remaining weeks of this term are spent in testing on the river these fifty or sixty men and selecting from them the best sixteen; these, again, are divided into two regular crews, which are known by the name of the 'Trial Eights.' A race takes place at the end of the term between these crews; they are coached by the President, and their rowing is carefully watched by him and his advisers. Those who have displayed the greatest 'staying-powers' and the most perfect style, or are likely to develop into the best 'oars,' are picked out, and, along with any members of the last year's crew that may be available, form the material out of which the ''varsity eight' is composed.

The process of selecting the actual crew out of these men that have been chosen from the 'Trial Eights,' and arranging them in the places they are best fitted to occupy, takes up the first few weeks of the next or Lent term. Their strength and 'staying-powers' are tested by long rows to Abingdon and back, and at the same time they are coached by the President, or by some 'old-blue' who has come up to help him.

By the middle of the term, the crew is generally settled upon, and on Ash-Wednesday they go into strict training. The old theories of training on raw meat, &c., have quite died out; a

plentiful supply of plain, well-cooked food is allowed, but only a very moderate amount of liquor, and smoking must be entirely knocked off. For breakfast and dinner the crew meet together in each other's rooms, each man entertaining the rest for one day in turn while they are still at Oxford. Lunch is only a light meal. The rowing is almost entirely done during the afternoon. Ten days or a fortnight before the time fixed for the race, the crew go up to Putney to complete their practice on the tidal water and the course over which the race is to be rowed. Their doings here and the race itself need no description in this paper. Their daily practice on the London water, the time they occupy in rowing over the course, even their very movements are watched and recorded by the daily press. Suffice it to say that this notoriety is not at all desired by the members of the crews, and that, owing to the inconvenience and obstruction it sometimes causes to their practice, the proposal to hold the race on other and quieter waters has been more than once discussed.

A HOLIDAY IN COUNTY CORK.

LEAP is not a name suggestive of things Irish, yet the place so called is as pure a specimen of the primitive Irish village as one might wish to find. There it was our happiness to spend a holiday in the summer of 1885. During our few weeks' stay we made the acquaintance of a people whose character and modes of life have the flavour of an age innocent of the civilities of the nineteenth century. The village of Leap is in County Cork, at the extreme south-west corner of Ireland, about eighteen miles to the east of Cape Clear, and about forty to the west of the city of Cork. It stands at the head of Glandore Bay, one of the numberless inlets that are so striking a feature of this part of the Irish coast.

Glandore Bay is itself worth a lengthened pilgrimage. In Scotland or England it would have been famous, and would long since have been a fashionable seaside resort. The transatlantic steamers cross its mouth at no great distance; and it is an impressive spectacle to see them flash across in the darkness, with all their portholes lit, and at what appears to be something like railway speed. The village of Leap is cut in two by a streamlet, over which a bridge has now been thrown. Across this stream, we are told, a deer, hard pressed by the hunters, once took a desperate leap; hence the name of the village. In former times, this same stream was the limit of English law in Ireland. 'Beyond the Leap,' it used to be said, 'beyond the law.' And indeed, the country beyond the Leap is a perfect paradise for outlaws. The very sight of it is sufficient to deter the further progress of the most hot-headed officer of justice. This corner of County Cork, therefore, was the haunt of pirates, smugglers, and various outlawed persons. There is no part of the British isles richer in tales of blood and adventure. The district retained its lawless character down to comparatively recent times; but in modern days, the private manufacture of a little poteen is the extent of its misdemeanours.

The country surrounding Leap consists of a hopeless confusion of hills, none of which, however, have either the shape or the size to give them any dignity. These hills are in their turn covered with excrescences in the shape of huge knolls of all possible contours and sizes. As the natural vegetation is of a rankness quite unknown on the other side of the Channel, it will be imagined that the general aspect of the country is singularly harsh and wild. Yet this unpromising region is made to yield surprising crops of potatoes, and even of grain. From base to summit, every hill that the spade can scratch is cultivated. In many cases, indeed, it is but picking the bones of nature. It is pathetic to watch the desperate struggles of some poor soul to 'bring in' a piece of new ground. To see him with his spade and pickaxe, a stranger might fancy he was rather about to open a quarry than lay out a field, where he proposes to rear crops of turnips or potatoes. The crofts are also of miserable dimensions. Three or four acres must in the majority of cases suffice to maintain an entire family. Where, however, there is any depth of soil, we were told on the best authority, it has a productiveness unsurpassed by the best land across the Channel. But the whole district is vastly overpopulated; and it is extremely difficult to see how any possible legislation could make the land yield a comfortable subsistence to the present numbers of its people. Some years since, an active emigration went on from the neighbourhood; but it has now almost ceased. As illustrative of the tenacity with which the Irishman clings to his wretched allotment, a landsteward told us an experience of his employer. This gentleman was desirous of acquiring a small croft adjoining his own estate. The rental may have been equal to about thirty shillings; and fifty pounds were offered as a liberal price for the land. The owner thereupon declared that to no other person would he part with his ground but to this particular gentleman, and that to him he would give it for five hundred pounds! The croft is still in the possession of its hereditary owner.

It does not seem that the formidable distance of America keeps them at home, since, judging by their way of talking, one is led to believe that they think of New York as nearer than London or Liverpool. They also more readily think of strangers as Americans than Britons. It may be mentioned in this connection that the most earnest counsel given to young Irishmen who do emigrate from this part of the country is to give O'Donovan Rossa and his associates as wide a berth as possible. That redoubtable personage was born in Rosscarberry, a village some five miles to the south-east of Leap. It was in Skibbereen, a place also

in the immediate neighbourhood, that he attracted the attention of Head-centre Stephens by his outspoken and bitter hostility to all things English. We met several persons who knew Rossa well in his young manhood, and it is but just to say that they all spoke of him as an upright and generous fellow. His subsequent career, however, is spoken of in the neighbourhood in language anything but complimentary.

At first sight, one would be inclined to say that the district should at least be well stocked with game; but the truth is that game of all kinds is exceedingly scarce. During our stay, we did not see a single 'head.' The extinction of hares, indeed, can be traced to a very recent date and a very efficient cause. When the Land League agitation was at its height a few years ago, bands of the people, often three or four hundred strong, mustered every Sunday after second mass, and scouring the country with dog and gun, made indiscriminate butchery of everything in the shape of game that came in their way. Gamekeeper and policeman, as may be imagined, kept well out of sight while they did their work. Next morning, the booty was on its way to the suspects in Kilmainham jail, who, during the whole term of their detention, were regularly catered for.

The cabins of these Cork crofters present externally a more respectable appearance than the cabins of the same class in many parts of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. These Irish cabins are mostly built of stone, which in this part of the country is easily obtainable. Their interior, however, would scarcely satisfy an exacting sanitary officer. It consists of two apartments, the upper and the lower. The upper is the sleeping apartment of the family, and the lower is the common room of the household and all the live-stock. There is usually, indeed, a shed adjoining the house for the special accommodation of the latter; but there is a constant intercourse between the two domiciles, and donkeys, pigs, geese, cocks and hens, sheep, and goats enjoy quite undefined household privileges. Passing a cabin one day shortly after our arrival in the place, we heard an appalling sound, and immediately afterwards a voice exclaiming: 'Be quoite, sir!' It was a donkey sharing the hearthstone with his master. The donkey, in truth, though his master's dearest possession, would also seem to be his peculiar torment.

The sanitary officer has found his way even to this corner of the empire, and objects to the domestic privileges of donkeys. Like most despised races, however, donkeys have ineradicable opinions, and one of these appears to be their prescriptive right to their master's domicile. As the Irishman, however, would seem to incline rather to the opinion of his donkey than to that of the sanitary officer, it will be seen that misunderstandings are apt to arise. The donkey is a still further source of mischief in that he utterly refuses to make any distinction between his owner's ground and other people's. He breaks in utter unconcern through neighbouring fences, and browses at large at his own caprice. Altogether, the donkey, as he is found in Ireland, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the stranger. On the other side of the Channel he is abroad, and has the exile's numbness of feeling. But in Ireland he is at home; he has the inspiriting sense of a numerous brotherhood, and one may easily see that he has a vivid consciousness of his social importance.

The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty-one times a week. In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this corner of the country so long 'preserved,' we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him. The native Irish is almost universally spoken; but at the same time, the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavour. Here, also, we have the Irishman in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island, it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue tailed coat, and knee-breeches, at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes their picturesqueness; it is their positively miraculous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it; and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beaten and however brutally used, could attain that pre-Adamite look.

It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation, you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated, you will be saluted with: 'A fine day, sir, God be praised!' and a careless figure will be seen approaching with spade or pickaxe over his shoulder. Sharing your tobacco with him, it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed, you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conversation as you please, he will speed you on your way with a fervent 'God preserve you long!' and part with you as if you had been his lifelong friend.

The peasant women of Cork and Kerry bear a name for good looks; but their style of dress certainly does not display their charms to advantage. The married women of the west of Ireland wear a long, coarse, black cloak, descending to their feet, and furnished with a commodious

hood which partially envelops their features. A more ungraceful garment than this cloak it would be difficult to imagine; and in bright summer weather it strikes one as the most perversely unreasonable of all human adornings. The unmarried women, though disallowed the use of the cloak, yet contrive to disfigure themselves with equal success by means of a shawl, in which they invariably envelop their heads as well as their shoulders. But in native sweetness and gracefulness of speech, the Irish countrywoman leaves her English and Scottish sister far behind. It is worth the trouble of a hundred greetings to hear her 'It is a fine day, thank God!' By the way, these greetings sound very oddly at first in Scottish ears. 'It is a fine day, sir, thank God;' or, 'It is a fine day, your honour, the Lord be praised!' are the ordinary salutations of the Irish country-people in this district. Their pious ejaculations occasionally go beyond this. Speaking with us of the changeable weather, an old Irishman suddenly exclaimed: 'May the blessed Son of the Holy Virgin have mercy on our sowls! but we're never continted. When it is wit, we wish it dry; and when it is dry, we wish it wit.' On entering their cabins, it is considered good 'form' to say: 'God preserve all in this house;' and the response is: 'Thank ye kindly, sir (or lady); may God preserve ye long!'

Life with the Irish crofter is reduced to its very simplest elements. In summer he dawdles through a few months' work; and in winter he chews the cud of his summer's exertions. Sundays and saints' days alone vary the monotony of his year. He is a most devout and regular attender of all religious ordinances; and no state of the weather will keep him from eight o'clock mass of a Sunday morning. When second mass is over, he gives himself up to secular enjoyment with a freedom unknown across the Channel. Sunday afternoon, indeed, is the period when his spirits are at their best, and according as his humour is for drinking, or sport, or argument, allows them their fullest scope. In the part of Ireland of which we are speaking, drunkenness is certainly rarer than in most parts of England and Scotland. This may be partly due to greater moderation, but it may also be attributed to the drink most largely patronised. This beverage is known as 'Clonakilty porter,' a drink famous throughout all this part of the country. It is the very cheapest of all spirituous liquors, and probably the most innocuous. It would overtax ordinary powers of credence to specify the quantity disposed of at one bout by an ordinary man or woman—for the women have a pronounced liking for this particular beverage. The potato diet, though one would not think it, is said to account for this abnormal drinking capacity; and some explanation is certainly needed.

The parish priest is, of course, the central figure of every neighbourhood. As far as an outsider may judge, the relations of priest and parishioner would appear to be of the most cordial nature. The kindly feeling is doubtless fostered by the fact that the priests as a class come of the small farmers of the country. Their own early training, therefore, expressly fits them for dealing with their people. It cannot be gainsaid that the priests as a body look exceedingly good fellows, and invariably have that prosperous appearance that betokens happy relations with ourselves and others. During our stay in Leap, we witnessed a very pleasing proof of this mutual good understanding between the priest and his people. The priest of the village was returning from a holiday in England, and his parishioners took the opportunity of showing their esteem and affection for him. The houses of the village were all decked with flowers, and flags suspended across the streets bearing various inscriptions in English and Irish, such as, 'Welcome home, our worthy priest,' &c. As the reverend gentleman approached, he was met by a large body of his people on foot, on donkeys, on horses, and in cars. His horse was taken out of the traces, and his vehicle drawn into the village by a number of young men amid immense enthusiasm of the entire population. At night, the village was brilliantly illuminated, a candle being set in every pane, and paper lanterns suspended at various corners of the street. Later, a burning tar-barrel was borne through the street, the priest himself heading the procession; and the proceedings closed by his addressing his assembled flock from his own doorstep. Judged by the frequent and obstreperous applause of his hearers, his address would seem to have met their fervent approval. It is only in political demonstrations that Scotsmen exhibit similar unanimity; and the entire proceedings seemed in our Scottish eyes a pleasant novelty in things religious.

Few of the people in the district have been beyond their native parish, and the priest is for the majority of them the reservoir of all secular as well as spiritual knowledge. He conveys instruction to them on all subjects, and on Sundays often closes his ministrations with hints of practical bearing on their temporal concerns. During one of the weeks of our stay in the neighbourhood, a mad dog got at large, and wrought considerable mischief on man and beast. Indeed, the achievements of this dog would furnish material for a history of some length. On Sunday, after the celebration of mass, the priest made reference to the wonderful doings of this dog. He began by saying that if any one had a dog that should go mad, his best plan was at once to shoot it; and he proceeded to explain minutely the various methods of treating a bitten person. This reference to the event of the week was evidently taken quite as a matter of course; and one could easily gather that the importance of local events is measured by the style of the priest's reference to them on Sundays.

The old Irish style of conducting funerals is still in vogue in this district, though among the more respectable classes it is falling into disuse. During our stay, we saw one of these old-fashioned funerals. Heading the procession was a dogcart with the driver and the priest—the priest, of course, intricately enwrapt in white linen, of which, by the way, he usually receives a fresh suit from the relatives of the deceased. Then followed a common cart strewn with straw, containing the coffin and the chief mourner, who on this occasion was a woman. She was clad in the ordinary dress of her class; and with hood

drawn closely over her face and chin resting on her knees, she *keened* in the most dismal manner. Immediately behind the cart came a crowd of women similarly attired, and all *keening*, though in rather a mechanical and half-hearted fashion. Then followed a straggling concourse of men, all on foot, in their workaday garb, and with faces unwashed. These made no demonstration whatsoever. The rear was brought up by a number of young men, sons, perhaps, of well-to-do farmers, also in their ordinary dress. They lounged on in the easiest fashion, with hands in pockets, their waistcoats open—the day was hot—and certain of them actually smoking. The Celtic races have the reputation for natural delicacy of feeling. In such exhibitions as the above, this delicacy certainly does not show itself.

PEAT AS A MANURE.

The advice has been given to those who wish to make something out of their peat-mosses, that their best course is just to let them alone, as the more they are interfered with, the greater the loss will be; but this Lord Melbourne 'Why-can't-you-let-it-alone' way of treating every subject may be occasionally overdone. The writer having of late years been utilising the peat on his farm, and being greatly satisfied with the result, now ventures to give a short sketch of his operations.

He has a small hill-farm, where, in byres* and covered closes, he winters a breeding-stock of about fifty cattle, of different ages, and having only, on an average, about forty acres in white-crop; and as straw in the neighbourhood is difficult to buy, he was occasionally pinched both for fodder and bedding. For reasons which need not here be stated, he does not wish to diminish the number of the cattle so wintered. This being the state of matters, and being exercised how to make his fodder and bedding last through the winter, it occurred to the writer that he might greatly economise his bedding, and so the more easily get over the winter, were he to use a quantity of peat in the closes and byres. He happens to be favourably situated, having an abundant supply of peat of a fine grain within a short distance of the steading. The cost of cutting and bringing a fair cartload—about fifteen hundredweight—to the steading he calculates at about sixpence. Thus, by putting on three carts, three men, and a boy—two of these cutting and filling, and two going with the carts—he can deliver at the peat-shed about forty-five carts per day, or about thirty-five tons. As the bog grows good grass, the turf is lifted, and is relaid on the lower level. In this way the carts can in dry weather be backed up to the face of the peat.

The peat-harvest is commenced after the turnips are in, as not only the horses have then little work to do, but especially as at that time of the year the bog and its approaches are dry. He has then fully two hundred and fifty loads taken from the bog. A portion is heaped up at the back of a wall near the steading, for use in autumn and early winter; but the greater part is stored in sheds. Being thus stored and kept dry, and exposed as much as possible to the summer sun and winds, it forms, when put into the closes, a dry comfortable bed for the cattle, and acts as a sponge, absorbing the liquid manure, and thus storing away the ammonia. Further, as in some places the bog is too soft for carts to go into, the writer, each summer and autumn, has some two hundred tons barrowed out on to hard ground, piled into as high a heap as possible, and allowed to remain until the following summer, when it is found to be dry, and easily carted. The cost of such wheeling-out is about fivepence per ton.

In autumn, after the manure which has lain in the closes all the summer has been carted out, the floor of the closes is covered with some twelve or fifteen inches of moss, sprinkled over with straw or bracken. The cattle, when first put in, appear to dread putting foot on the peat; but in a short time become quite accustomed to it. In about ten days, the closes get another dressing of some five inches of peat, covering slightly with straw, as before. It might be supposed that with so much moss and so little straw, the cattle would *lair;* but this is not so, unless on the first day or two. On the contrary, the manure-bed is firm and elastic under foot. The above dressings are continued all through the winter and spring, the consequence being that the ammonia and other chemicals, instead of being evaporated detrimentally to the health of the cattle, are stored away and preserved. The air in the closes is sweet and wholesome. Pigs do not crinkle in their legs by boring in over-heated manure—a very common complaint in covered closes—the feet of the cattle are kept cool, a necessary condition, if one looks for perfect health, and which can only be imperfectly got in a straw-bedded covered close by frequent removals of the manure. The water-supply to the closes—should the pipe lie below the manure—is kept perfectly cool, instead of being tepid, as the writer has seen it.

When the writer began to use peat, he rather thought that there would not be a perfect amalgamation—that, when the closes came to be emptied, he should find several distinct layers of peat, possibly difficult of removal. As a matter of fact, the peat placed in the floor of the close alone retains its identity; *it* certainly comes out peat the same as when it was put in, but apparently *plus* a large percentage of ammonia, of which it smells strongly. As to the other peat put on in layers, it almost totally disappears; but the whole manure is black and compact. Last autumn, peat taken from the floor of the closes was put on a piece of stiff, poor clay-ground, part of a lea-field which was being ploughed for a crop of oats. The result is very satisfactory, the corn on such part being very healthy and strong.

The result of such peat operations is, that a good supply of bedding is provided, the cattle are kept in a more healthy state, and there is a large extra quantity of excellent manure obtained at a cost of under one shilling per ton. The turnip crops grown with such manure and a little phosphate have been perfectly satisfactory. The writer's byres are under the same

* Cow-houses.

roof as the closes, and drain into them. Peat is freely used in them, especially behind the cows—the result being that much of the liquid manure is sucked into the peat, and thus not only the atmosphere of the byres is sweetened, but the drainage is more easily managed.

Any farmer having a peat-bog on his farm, can with very little trouble prove the truth of what is here stated.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

In his *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, De Maistre discusses the very curious phenomenon of the independence of the mind and the body. He tells us how, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he often drew on his stockings wrong side out, and had to be reminded by his invaluable servant Joannetti of his mistake. Many readers will call to mind experiences of their own of a similar nature. It seems quite common to put one's watch-key to one's ear to ascertain if it is going; and many people are in the habit of winding their watches, and three minutes after, pausing to wonder whether they have done so or not.

Who has not heard of the philosopher who boiled his watch while he calmly held the egg in his hand to note the time! Or of the equally erudite man of science, who, having peeled the apple, threw the apple itself over a cliff, and then discovered that the rind alone remained!

Another individual had the habit—not such a very uncommon one—of forgetting his own name at awkward moments. One day he presented himself at the post-office for letters, when, much to his disgust, he could not think of his name. He turned sadly homewards, racking his brains in the vain endeavour to discover who he was. Suddenly a friend accosted him: 'How are you, Mr Brown?'—'Brown, Brown, I have it!' cried the absent-minded one; and leaving his astonished friend, he rushed back to the post-office to get his letters.

Sometimes absence of mind produces very ludicrous effects. Harry Lorrequer's appearance on parade in the character of Othello is well known. A somewhat similar occurrence in real life happened not long ago. A student on leaving his rooms one afternoon to take a stroll in the fashionable street in a university town, suddenly remembered that his fire needed coals, and returned to replenish it. On issuing from his lodging the second time, he was surprised to see people looking at him with an amused smile. Presently, some ragamuffins at a street corner began to make audible remarks. On looking down, he discovered, to his horror, that he was serenely carrying the fire-tongs in place of his umbrella!

One day an English savant wrote two letters, one to a business house in London, the other to a friend in Paris. In stamping them at the post-office, he placed the penny stamp on the letter for Paris, and the other on the business letter. Remarking to the post-office clerk that he would correct the error, he changed the addresses! It was not till after he had posted the letters that he understood why the clerk had not been more impressed with his brilliant idea.

THE RETURN.

All day the land in golden sunlight lay,
All day a happy people to and fro
Moved through the quiet summer ways; all day
I wandered with bowed head and footstep slow,
A stranger in the well-remembered place,
Where Time has left not one familiar face
I knew long years ago.

By marsh-lands golden with bog asphodel,
I saw the fitful plover wheel and scream;
The soft winds swayed the foxglove's purple bell;
The iris trembled by the whispering stream;
Gazing on these blue hills which know not change,
All the dead years seemed fallen dim and strange,
Unreal as a dream.

Unchanged as in my dreams lay the fair land,
The laughter-loving lips, the eager feet,
The hands that struck warm welcome to my hand,
The hearts that at my coming higher beat,
Have long been cold in death; no glad surprise
Wakens for me in any living eyes,
That once made life so sweet.

Slowly the day drew down the golden west;
The purple shadows lengthened on the plain,
Yet I unresting through a world at rest,
Went silent with my memory and my pain;
Then, for a little space, across the years
To me, bowed down with time and worn with tears,
My friends came back again.

By many a spot where summer could not last,
In other days, for all our joy too long,
They came about me from the shadowy past,
As last I saw them, young and gay and strong;
And she, my heart, came fair as in the days
When at her coming all the radiant ways
Thrilled into happy song.

Ah me! once here, on such a summer night,
In silent bliss together, she and I
Stood watching the pale lingering fringe of light
Go slowly creeping round the northern sky.
Ah, love, if all the weary years could give
But one sweet hour of that sweet night to live
With thee—and then to die!

The old sweet fragrance fills the summer air,
The same light lingers on the northern sea,
Still, as of old, the silent land lies fair
Beneath the silent stars, the melody
Of moving waters still is on the shore,
And I am here again—but nevermore
Will she come back to me.

D. J. Robertson.

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WHAT IS BI-METALLISM?

One of the great troubles of the commercial and financial world is the growing scarcity and dearness of gold, concurrently with a growing abundance and cheapness of silver. That gold is not merely a form of money, but is also a valuable and useful commodity in itself, goes without saying. What is true of gold is true also of silver. These two metals are called 'precious' because, of all other metals, the desire to possess them in a crude form is universal. Let us put it in another way. All nations do not desire to possess pig-iron, or ingot copper, or block-tin, because all nations cannot utilise these metals in such form, however ready they may be to purchase articles made from them. But all nations above the lowest rank of savagery do desire to possess gold and silver in the state of bullion, because they can all utilise these metals in some mode of ornament or in purposes of exchange. But for obvious reasons the desire for silver is not so large and so general as the desire for gold.

From an early period in the history of civilisation, gold and silver have been used as money, and the reason they are valuable as money is because they have a high intrinsic value. Now, value is a quality which has been variously defined, but which for our purposes can best be explained as of two kinds. That is to say, there is exchange value and intrinsic value. It is a common thing to say that an article is worth just what it will bring, or sell for. In a certain sense, this is true; but the 'worth,' or value, in such cases is market or exchange value only. Take, for instance, the value in the book market of some scarce book or pamphlet for which an extravagant price will be paid by a bibliomaniac, wholly regardless of its literary merits. Books which are intellectually worthless will often attain a very high 'market value.' *Per contra*, a copy of the Bible may be obtained for sixpence.

In speaking of value, therefore, one must always understand whether market value or intrinsic worth be meant. The two do not always coincide. A thing is very often intrinsically worth a great deal more than it will sell for; and, on the other hand, a thing will often sell for a great deal more than it is intrinsically worth. No better examples of the latter can be mentioned than the extravagant prices which are sometimes paid for pieces of old china, or the extraordinary sums which were given for bulbs in the days of the Dutch tulip mania.

Now, the peculiar virtue of gold is that it combines the highest exchange value with the highest intrinsic value. It possesses qualities which no other substance has; some of these qualities adapt it for use as money, while it possesses at the same time a value independent of its worth as money—namely, its intrinsic value. That is to say, a sovereign is valuable not merely because it will exchange for twenty shillings, or purchase a pound's worth of goods, but also because it can itself, by re-melting it or otherwise, be made an article of use. The same is true only in a modified degree of silver money. A shilling can be utilised in the same way as bullion-silver can; but a shilling does not contain a shilling's-worth of the metal. This is why silver coins in this country are called only 'token-money.' Their intrinsic value is not equal to their 'face' or exchange value, and therefore you cannot at law compel a man to receive payment of a debt from you in silver if the amount be greater than forty shillings sterling. Silver beyond forty shillings is not what is termed a 'legal tender.' A creditor may take silver from you if he likes, just as he may take a cheque from you if you have a banking account; but you can no more compel him to receive payment in silver over forty shillings than you can compel him to take your cheque.*

This has been the law of England since 1816; and it is this law which makes England what

* The only other legal tender are Bank of England notes. They are a legal tender for sums above five pounds. The Bank of England itself must, however, if desired, pay gold.

is called a mono-metallic country—that is, possessing one sole standard of value. That standard, as we know, is gold. But India is also a mono-metallic country, and silver is there the sole standard, gold not being now minted at all, although gold coins, such as mohurs, circulate to some extent, and are hoarded as 'treasure.' Indeed, in all the Asiatic countries it may be said that silver is the circulating medium of exchange—that is to say, the actual form of money. Yet, in all Asiatic countries, gold is more highly prized than silver, and is more readily taken in payment of a debt, even if of Western coinage; and this fact is another illustration of the high intrinsic value of gold in all parts of the world. Strictly speaking, gold is not 'money' in Asia, but it is held more precious than official money.

Now, there are certain persons who contend that it is a great mistake on the part of any nation to have a standard of value confined to a single metal, be it gold or silver, and who further contend that the existing universal depression of trade is principally due to England and one or two other countries rejecting silver for purposes of legal money. These persons are what it is usual to call Bi-metallists, and they desire to see adopted a universal dual, or, more correctly, alternative standard.

The theory of bi-metallism is one of French origin. In 1865, certain European states formally adopted it. These states were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland; and their combination is known as the 'Latin Union.' The agreement they made among themselves was that each of them should coin both gold and silver in unrestricted quantities and of defined fineness, and that both gold and silver money should be 'legal tender' in each state for all debts. That is to say, in the Latin Union a man may pay a debt of a thousand pounds, or any amount, in silver—if he likes—instead of being confined to forty shillings-worth of silver, as with us. In practice, he does not do so, because it is inconvenient to carry and to count large sums in silver coins. The purpose of that agreement was to increase the amount of coined currency without causing an addition to the market value of one metal by concentrating the demands of mints upon one alone. It necessitated fixing a ratio of value between the two metals, and the ratio was taken by the Latin Union to be fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold. That is to say, one ounce of gold was declared by law to be 'worth' fifteen and a half ounces of silver, and *vice versâ*.

It would take too long and too much technicality to follow the operations of the Latin Union; but it is necessary to explain that one branch of the agreement had to be departed from after the close of the Franco-German war. The Germans demanded payment of the whole of the two hundred millions of the war indemnity *in gold*, and they then adopted for themselves a gold standard. This is what is meant by saying that Germany demonetised silver; she became mono-metallic, like England. The effect of this action on the part of Germany was to cause an extra demand for gold for mint purposes, and at the same time to throw upon the markets of the world a vast quantity of silver which was no longer wanted for coinage. Consequently, the price of silver measured in gold fell so considerably that the Latin Union could no longer maintain the ratio of fifteen-and-a-half to one, which they had established. They therefore agreed among themselves not to coin any more silver—or to coin only such small quantities as were needed for the convenience of the people—while, however, they retained the principle of silver money being 'legal tender' as well as gold.

Some years later, the United States government resumed specie payments—that is to say, they called in the 'greenbacks,' or notes for small amounts which were issued during the war, when coin was scarce, and began to pay all their debts in gold. In order to do this, they had to purchase and mint a large quantity of that metal. Between 1873 and 1883, it is estimated that no less than two hundred millions sterling worth of gold were taken up for coinage over and above the normal consumption in that way. Thus, the United States required one hundred millions; Germany, eighty-four millions; and Italy, sixteen millions. This meant an average extra demand on the ten years of twenty millions annually.

We must bear these figures in mind in endeavouring to see how gold has become scarce, and, as it is termed, 'appreciated in value.' Besides the coinage for these and the other states which have to put a certain quantity of gold through the mints every year in order to keep up their normal currency, there is the large demand for the metal for employment in the arts and manufactures. M. de Levaleye estimated a few years ago that the amount of gold thus used is about ten millions sterling annually; but in a former article we took fifteen millions sterling as the figure. The latter we believe to be nearer the mark, and it is the fact that the use of gold for purposes other than coinage is annually increasing.

A thing may increase in market value—which, as we have said, is different from intrinsic value—in two ways—namely, by reason of enlarged demand, or by reason of diminished supply. Both forces have operated in the case of gold; for, while the demand has increased in the manner just shown, the supply has been steadily falling off. In 1852, after the discoveries in California and Australia, the production of gold was to the value of thirty-six and a half millions sterling; but now, it is only about half that amount. The decrease in yield is shown in a very interesting manner by comparing successive periods of five years. Thus:

Period.	Total Production.	Annual Average.
1852-56.....	£150,000,000	£30,000,000
1857-61.....	123,200,000	24,600,000
1862-66.....	114,000,000	22,750,000
1867-71.....	109,000,000	21,753,000
1871-75.....	77,000,000	19,200,000

Between 1875 and 1882 the average remained a little over nineteen millions annually; but in 1883 the production was only about eighteen and a quarter millions; and in 1884 it was rather under eighteen millions sterling. At the close of last year, Mr Samuel Smith, M.P.—a leading bi-metallist—said that the present production could not be estimated at much over sixteen millions annually. If our estimate is

correct, that fifteen millions annually are used in the arts and manufactures, it will be seen what a narrow margin is now left for coinage.

This is bad enough from a bi-metallist point of view; but worse remains. Silver has been all the time increasing in amount of production. We have not the figures for precisely the same periods as for gold, but the following will suffice to show the growth in the yield of silver:

Period.	Total Production.	Annual Average.
1852-62.....	£90,760,000	£9,076,000
1863-73.....	124,530,000	12,453,000
1874-80.....	110,400,000	15,771,428
1881.....	...	18,800,000
1882.....	...	20,500,000
1883.....	...	21,400,000
1884.....	...	21,400,000

The broad inference from these figures is that the production of silver has about doubled within the last twenty years. The increase is mainly, if not entirely, from the development of the mines in the western States of America; and an American authority estimates that the production will probably double itself again within the next twenty years.

Now, the curious fact is, that while the world at once and greedily absorbs the annual production of gold, it is in present circumstances unable to utilise all the silver. This metal is actually decreasing in employment in the arts; and indeed, it is within the observation of every one that silver-plate is no longer the highly coveted possession which it once was in middle-class families. One meets now with 'solid-silver' appliances comparatively seldom in general use, electro-plate having taken their place. Its disuse as money has been already mentioned.

The result is remarkable. In 1848, the metallic money, current or hoarded in the world, was estimated at one thousand millions sterling, of which four hundred millions were gold, and six hundred millions were silver. In 1870, the metallic money was estimated at fourteen hundred millions, of which seven hundred and fifty millions were gold, and six hundred and fifty millions were silver. At present, the metallic money of the world is estimated at about fifteen hundred and seventy millions sterling, of which about eight hundred millions are gold, and seven hundred and twenty millions are silver. It is to be remembered also that a very small proportion of the gold which is withdrawn for manufactures and ornaments ever finds its way back into the circulating arena, because the labour expended on the finished ornament gives it a higher value than can be obtained out of the melting-pot. In this connection another interesting point may be noticed, which is, that it has been ascertained that out of every three thousand sovereigns coined, one sovereign represents the annual loss by friction; and in half-sovereigns the annual loss in the same way is one in eighteen hundred. It may not be generally known that our gold coins circulate very much in some parts of the East and in South America, and are only returned to this country when they have lost in weight by friction. This loss reduces the intrinsic value; but when sent to London, they are exchangeable at face value, if not excessively abraded.

The effect of this change in the actual production and employment of gold and silver is to materially alter their relative values. The value of silver measured in gold has fallen so enormously, that instead of the ratio being, as was fixed by the Latin Union, fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold, the actual ratio in the markets of the world is now only about twenty parts of silver to one of gold. It is estimated that a sovereign will now purchase as much as thirty shillings would do fifteen years ago; and this is what is meant by saying that the appreciation of gold is the cause of the depreciation of prices of commodities. But all this time silver has remained the legal standard of value of India, and a rupee is still worth two shillings in that country. That is to say, a rupee has still the purchasable power of two shillings in India; but in England it is worth only about one shilling and sevenpence. Therefore, upon every pound which the Indian remits to this country he must lose twenty per cent., or about four shillings, for exchange. This is a very serious loss not only on merchants—many of whom, however, can to some extent counteract it by sending home goods instead of money, goods which they buy for silver in Calcutta and sell for gold in London—but also on the government, which has to send home something like fifteen millions sterling, gold value, every year, to meet the interest on the public debts, and the like.

The position, then, is this—that the supply of gold-money is now too small for the world's needs, and that all commerce and international intercourse is being hampered by the restriction of the medium of exchange. At present, the sole practical medium is gold; and gold-money, as Mr Goschen has remarked, has three functions to perform: it has to supply the pocket and till-money of the people; it has to remain in the vaults of bankers as security for the notes issued against it; and it has to serve in settling the balances between nations. The larger the amount of trade which is being done, the larger must these balances necessarily be—although not in direct proportion—and the more gold must be required to adjust them. By analogy of reasoning, the less gold there is in the form of circulating money, the more must the trade be restricted. If the restriction does not operate on volume, it must operate on prices, and this in effect is what has happened.

The subject of concern, then, in the circles of finance throughout the world is how to rehabilitate silver, as it is termed—that is, how to replace it in the position which it is claimed the metal should occupy as money. If the supply of gold is too small for the world, then the only alternative is to utilise silver more largely, and to give it an official value in relation to gold. That value cannot now be placed in the ratio of fifteen-and-a-half to one; but it is thought that common agreement among the nations might enable the ratio to be fixed at something like seventeen to one.

The object of the bi-metallists is to bring about an arrangement between all the nations of Europe and the United States of the same principle and effect as that adopted by the Latin Union, which we have described. That is to say, they seek to have the free concurrent

coinage of both gold and silver in a fixed ratio of value, and to have both metals everywhere decreed unlimited legal tender. The effect of this would be, they claim, to provide a supply of metallic coinage amply sufficient for the world's present and increasing requirements, while it would prevent those violent fluctuations in exchange which do so much to disturb our trade with the silver-using countries of the East and of South America (where the Mexican silver dollar is the standard). Unless this be done, they assert, gold will become the sole currency of the world, and will have to perform the work of two metals. The effects of the consequent depreciation of silver upon India will be ruinous, and the effects of the consequent appreciation of gold will be to reduce the value of property in all commodities in this country still further. The final result, say some, must be panic and revolution.

The arguments *pro* and *con.* involve technicalities not quite suitable for our pages. It may be mentioned, however, that those opposed to bi-metallism say that there is no reason to conclude that the supply of gold has *permanently* fallen off; that fresh discoveries may be made any day; that the effects of the fluctuations of exchange on trade are exaggerated, and do not, in practice, prevent free commerical intercourse between countries of quite different currencies; and that the diminishing use of silver in the arts is an argument against its use as money. If silver becomes comparatively valueless as a commodity, how, it is asked, can the ratio of value as money between it and gold be maintained? The metal would be placed in the anomalous position of having two values—one at the mints, and another in the markets—and the consequence would be that the market value would rule, and people would refuse to take the silver money. This is the case at present in the United States, where the government is compelled by law to buy for coinage some five hundred thousand pounds-worth of silver every month, which silver money lies dead in the treasury because the people don't want it.

On the other hand, it may be contended that the very fact of silver being legalised by all the great nations of the world would impart to it a value which might re-create a demand for it for other employment. It may be possible, too, to arrange not a permanent but an adjustable ratio, to be altered from time to time by joint agreement among the nations, according as the relative values of the metals are affected by supply and demand.

Be this as it may, it would seem that all the nations concerned, including even Germany, who acknowledges having made a mistake in demonetising silver, are more or less in favour of bi-metallism, and that all wait for the concurrence of England. In the United States, the present efforts of the government are directed towards repealing the law which compels them to coin a certain amount of silver—not that they do not want a dual currency, but simply because they cannot work it as long as England persists in adhering to the gold standard. Thus it would appear that in the great silver question England is, rightly or wrongly, not as yet prepared to come to a decision. In England, moreover, counsels are very much divided among experts, while the general public gives almost no attention to the question whatever. It is in the hope of stimulating the interest of our readers in a great, almost a vital matter, that we place this article before them.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE was great excitement in the District Court at Westmoreland one sunny morning, a few days later, for the new judge was to sit and hear an appeal, West Indian fashion, from a magistrate's decision in the case of Delgado *versus* Dupuy. The little courthouse in the low parochial buildings of Westmoreland was crowded with an eager throng of excited negroes. Much buzzing and humming of voices filled the room, for it was noised abroad among the blacks that Mistah Hawtorn, being a brown man born, was likely to curry favour with the buckras—as brown men will—by giving unjust decisions in their favour against the black men; and this was a very important case for the agricultural negroes, as it affected a question of paying wages for work performed in the Pimento Valley cane-pieces.

Rosina Fleming was there among the crowd; and as Louis Delgado, the appellant in the case, came into court, he paused for a moment to whisper hurriedly a few words to her. 'De med'cine hab effeck like I tell you, Missy Rosina?' he asked in an undertone.

Rosina laughed and showed her white teeth. 'Yes, Mistah Delgado, him hab effeck, sah, same like you tell me. Isaac Pourtalès, him lub me well for true, nowadays.'

'Him gwine to marry you, missy?'

Rosina shook her head. 'No; him can't done dat,' she answered carelessly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. 'Him got anudder wife already.'

'Ha! Him got wife ober in Barbadoes?' Delgado muttered. 'Him doan't nebber tell me dat.—Well, Missy Rosy, I want you bring Isaac Pourtalès to me hut dis one day. I want Isaac to help me. De cup ob de Dupuys is full dis day; an' if de new judge gib decision wrongfully agin me, de Lard will arise soon in all him glory, like him tell de prophets, an' make de victory for him own people.'

'But not hurt de missy?' Rosina inquired anxiously.

'Yah, yah! You is too chupid, Miss Rosy, I tellin' you. You tink de Lard gwine to turn aside in de day ob vengeance for your missy? De Dupuys is de Lard's enemy, le-ady, an' he will destroy dem utterly, men and women.'

Before Rosina could find time to reply, there was a sudden stir in the body of the court, and Edward Hawthorn, entering from the private door behind, took his seat upon the judge's bench in hushed silence.

'Delgado *versus* Dupuy, an appeal from a magistrate's order, referred to this court as being under twenty shillings in value.—Who heard the case in the first instance?' Edward inquired.

'Mr Dupuy of Orange Grove and Mr Henley,' Tom Dupuy, the defendant, answered quietly.

Edward's forehead puckered up a little. 'You are the defendant, I believe, Mr Thomas Dupuy?' he said to the young planter with a curious look.

Tom Dupuy nodded acquiescence.

'And the case was heard in the first instance by Mr Theodore Dupuy of Orange Grove, who, if I am rightly informed, happens to be your own uncle?'

'Rightly informed!' Tom Dupuy sneered half angrily—'rightly informed, indeed! Why, you know he is, of course, as well as I do. Didn't we both call upon you together the other day? I should say, considering what sort of interview we had, you can't already have quite forgotten it!'

Edward winced a little, but answered nothing. He merely allowed the plaintiff to be put in the box, and proceeded to listen carefully to his rambling evidence. It wasn't very easy, even for the sharp, half-Jewish brown barrister who was counsel for the plaintiff, to get anything very clear or definite out of Louis Delgado with his vague rhetoric. Still, by dint of patient listening, Edward Hawthorn was enabled at last to make out the pith and kernel of the old African's excited story. He worked, it seemed, at times on Orange Grove estate, and at times, alternately, at Pimento Valley. The wages on both estates, as frequently happens in such cases, were habitually far in arrears; and Delgado claimed for many days, on which, he asserted, he had been working at Tom Dupuy's cane-pieces; while Tom Dupuy had entered a plea of never indebted on the ground that no entry appeared in his own book-keeper's account for those dates of Delgado's presence. Mr Theodore Dupuy had heard the case, and he and a brother-magistrate had at once decided it against Delgado. 'But, I know, sah,' Delgado said vehemently, looking up to the new judge with a certain defiant air, as of a man who comes prepared for injustice, 'I know I work dem days at Pimento Valley, becase I keep book meself, an' put down in him in me own hand all de days I work anywhere.'

'Can you produce the book?' Edward inquired of the excited negro.

'It isn't any use,' Tom Dupuy interrupted angrily. 'I've seen the book myself, and you can't read it. It's all kept in some heathenish African language or other.'

'I must request you, Mr Dupuy, not to interrupt,' Edward Hawthorn said in his sternest voice. 'Please to remember, I beg of you, that this room is a court of justice.'

'Not much justice here for white men, I expect,' Tom Dupuy muttered to himself in a half-audible undertone. 'The niggers'll have it all their own way in future, of course, now they've got one of themselves to sit upon the bench for them.'

'Produce the book,' Edward said, turning to Delgado, and restraining his natural anger with some difficulty.

'It doan't no good, sah,' the African answered, with a sigh of despondency, pulling out a greasy account-book from his open bosom, and turning over the pages slowly in moody silence. 'It me own book, dat I hab for me own reference, an' I keep him all in me own handwriting.'

Edward held out his hand commandingly, and took the greasy small volume that the African passed over to him, with some little amusement and surprise. He didn't expect, of course, that he would be able to read it, but he thought at least he ought to see what sort of accounts the man kept; they would at anyrate be interesting, as throwing light upon negro ideas and modes of reckoning. He opened the book the negro gave him and turned it over hastily with a languid curiosity. In a second, a curious change came visibly over his startled face, and he uttered sharply a little sudden cry of unaffected surprise and astonishment. 'Why,' he said in a strangely altered voice, turning once more to the dogged African, who stood there staring at him in stolid indifference, 'what on earth is the meaning of this? This is Arabic!'

Rosina Fleming, looking eagerly from in front at the curious characters, saw at once they were the same in type as the writing in the obeah book Delgado had showed her the evening she went to consult him at his hut about Isaac Pourtalès.

Delgado glanced back at the young judge with a face full of rising distrust and latent incredulity. 'You doan't can read it, sah?' he asked suspiciously. 'It African talk. You doan't can read it?'

'Certainly, I can,' Edward answered with a smile. 'It's very beautifully and clearly written, and the entries are in good and accurate Arabic.' And he read a word or two of the entries aloud, in proof of his ability to decipher at sight the mysterious characters.

Delgado in turn gave a sudden start; and drawing himself up to his full height, with newborn pride and dignity, he burst forth at once into a few sentences in some strange foreign tongue, deep and guttural, addressed apparently, as Tom Dupuy thought, to the new judge in passionate entreaty. But in reality the African was asking Edward Hawthorn, earnestly and in the utmost astonishment, whether it was a fact that he could really and truly speak Arabic.

Edward answered him back in a few words, rapidly spoken, in the fluent colloquial Egyptian dialect which he had learned in London from his Mohammedan teacher, Sheik Abdullah. It was but a short sentence, but it was quite enough to convince Delgado that he did positively understand the entries in the account-book. 'De Lard be praise!' the African shouted aloud excitedly. 'De new judge, him can read de book I keep for me own reckonin'! De Lard be praise! Him gwine to delibber me!'

'Did ever you see such a farce in your life?' whispered Tom Dupuy to his uncle Theodore. 'I don't believe the fellow understands a single word of it; and I'm sure the gibberish they were talking to one another can't possibly be part of any kind of human language even in Africa. And yet, after all, I don't know! The fellow's a nigger himself, and perhaps he may really have learned from his own people some of their confounded African lingoes. But who on earth would ever have believed, Uncle Theodore, we'd have lived to hear such trash as that talked openly from the very bench in a Queen's court in the island of Trinidad!'

Edward coloured up again at the few words

which he caught accidentally of this ugly monologue; but he only said to the eager African: 'I cannot speak with you here in Arabic, Delgado; here we must use English only.'

'Certainly,' Tom Dupuy suggested aloud—colonial courts are even laxer than English ones. 'We mustn't forget, of course, Mr Hawthorn, as you said just now, that this room is a court of justice.'

The young judge turned over the book to conceal his chagrin, and examined it carefully. 'What are the dates in dispute?' he asked, turning to the counsel.

Delgado and Tom Dupuy in one breath gave a full list of them. Counsel handed up a little written slip with the various doubtful days entered carefully upon it in ordinary English numbers. Edward ticked them off one by one in Delgado's note-book, quietly to himself, smiling as he did so at the quaint Arabic translations of the Grove of Oranges and the Valley of Pimento. Every one of Delgado's dates was quite accurately and carefully entered in his own account-book.

When they came to examine Tom Dupuy and his Scotch book-keeper, their account of the whole transaction was far less definite, clear, and consistent. Tom Dupuy, with a certain airy lordly indifference, admitted that his payments were often in arrears, and that his modes of book-keeping were often somewhat rough and ready. He didn't pretend to keep an account personally of every man's labour on his whole estate, he said; he was a gentleman himself, and he left that sort of thing, of course, to his book-keeper's memory. The book-keeper didn't remember that Louis Delgado had worked at Pimento Valley on those particular disputed mornings; though, to be sure, one naturally couldn't be quite certain about it. But if you were going to begin taking a nigger's word on such a matter against a white man's, why, what possible security against false charges could you give in future to the white planter?

'How often do you post up the entries in that book?' Delgado's counsel asked the Scotch book-keeper in cross-examination.

The book-keeper was quite as airy and easy as his master in this matter. 'Well, whiles I do it at the time,' he answered quietly, 'and whiles I do it a wee bit later.'

'An' I put him down ebbery evening, de minute I home, sah, in dis note-book,' Delgado shouted eagerly with a fierce gesticulation.

'You must be quiet, please,' Edward said, turning to him. 'You mustn't interrupt the witness or your counsel.'

'Did Delgado work at Pimento Valley yesterday?' the brown barrister asked, looking up from the books which Tom Dupuy had been forced to produce and hand in, in evidence.

The book-keeper hesitated and smiled a sinister smile. 'He did,' he answered after a moment's brief internal conflict.

'How is it, then, that the day's work isn't entered here already?' the brown barrister went on pitilessly.

The book-keeper shuffled with an uneasy shuffle. 'Ah, well, I should have entered it on Saturday evening,' he answered evasively.

Edward turned to Delgado's note-book. The last day's work was entered properly in an evidently fresh ink, that of the previous two days looking proportionately blacker and older. There could be very little doubt, indeed, which of the two posted his books daily with the greater care and accuracy.

He heard the case out patiently and temperately, in spite of Delgado's occasional wild outbursts and Tom Dupuy's constant sneers, and at the end he proceeded to deliver judgment as calmly as he was able, without prejudice. It was a pity that the first case he heard should have been one which common justice compelled him to give against Tom Dupuy, but there was no helping it. 'The court enters judgment for the plaintiff,' he said in a loud clear voice. 'Delgado's books, though unfortunately kept only in Arabic for his own reference, have been carefully and neatly posted.—Yours, Mr Dupuy, I regret to say, are careless, inadequate, and inaccurate; and I am also sorry to see that the case was heard in the first instance by one of your own near relations, which circumstance, it would have been far wiser, as well as more seemly, to have avoided.'

Tom Dupuy grew red and pale by turns as he listened in blank surprise and dismay to this amazing and unprecedented judgment. A black man's word taken in evidence in open court against a white gentleman's! It was too appalling! 'Well, well, Uncle Theodore,' he said bitterly, rising to go, 'I expected as much, though it's hard to believe it. I knew we should never get decent justice in this court any longer!'

But Delgado stood there, dazed and motionless, gazing with mute wonder at the pale face of the new judge, and debating within himself whether it could be really true or not that he had gained his case against the powerful Dupuy faction. Not that he understood for a moment the exact meaning of the legal words, 'judgment for the plaintiff;' but he saw at once on Tom Dupuy's face that the white man was positively livid with anger and had been severely reprimanded. 'De Lard be praise!' he ejaculated at last. 'De judge is righteous judge, an' him lub de black man!'

Edward would have given a great deal just then if Delgado in the moment of his triumph had not used those awkward words, 'him lub de black man!' But there was no use brooding over it now; so, as the court was clearing he merely signed with his finger to Delgado, and whispered hastily in his ear: 'Come to me this evening in my own room; I want to hear from you how and where you learned Arabic.'

CHAPTER XXI.

When Edward made his way, wearied and anxious, into his own room behind the court-house, Delgado was waiting for him there, and as the judge entered, he rose quickly and uttered a few words of customary salutation in excellent Arabic. Edward Hawthorn observed at once that a strange change seemed to have come over the ragged old negro. He had lost his slouching, half-savage manner, and stood more erect, or bowed in self-respecting obeisance, with a certain obvious consciousness of personal dignity which at once reminded him of Sheik Abdullah. He

noticed, too, that while the man's English was the mere broken Creole language he had learned from the other negroes around him, his Arabic was the pure colloquial classical Arabic of the Cairo ulemas. It was astonishing what a difference this change of tongue made in the tattered old black field-labourer: when he spoke English, he was the mere ordinary plantation negro; when he spoke Arabic, he was the decently educated and perfectly courteous African Moslem.

'You have quite surprised me, Delgado,' Edward said, still in colloquial Arabic. 'I had no idea there were any Africans in Trinidad who understood the language of the Koran. How did you ever come to learn it?'

The old African bowed graciously, and expanded his hands with a friendly gesture. 'Effendi,' he answered, 'Allah is not wholly without his true followers in any country. Is it not written in your own book that when Elijah, the forerunner of the Prophet, cried in the cave, saying: "I alone am left of the worshippers of Allah," the Lord answered and said unto him in his mercy: "I have left me seven thousand souls in Israel which have not bowed the knee to Baal?" Even so, Allah has his followers left even here among the infidels in Trinidad.'

'Then you are still a Mussulman?' Edward cried in surprise.

The old African rose again from the seat into which Edward had politely motioned him, and folding both his hands reverently in front of him, answered in a profoundly solemn voice: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.'

'But I thought—I understood—I was told that you were a teacher and preacher up yonder in the Methodist chapel.'

Delgado shrugged his shoulders with African expressiveness. 'What can I do?' he said, throwing open his hands sideways. 'They have brought me here all the way from the Gold Coast. There is no mosque here, no ulema, no other Moslems. What can I do? I have to do as the other negroes do.—But see!' and he drew something carefully from the folds of his dirty cotton shirt: 'I have brought a Book with me. I have kept it sacredly all these years. Have you seen it? Do you know it?'

Edward opened the soiled and dog-eared but carefully treasured volume that the negro handed him. He knew it at once. It was a copy of the Koran. He turned the pages over lightly till he came to the famous chapter of the Seven Treasures; then he began to read aloud a few verses in a clear, easy, Arabic intonation.

Delgado started when he heard the young judge actually reading the sacred volume. 'So you, too, are a Moslem!' he cried excitedly.

Edward smiled. 'No,' he answered; 'I am no Mussulman. But I have learned Arabic, and I have read the Koran.'

'Mussulman or Christian,' Delgado answered fervently, throwing up his head, 'you are a servant of Allah. You have given judgment to-day like Daniel the Hebrew or like Othman Calif, the successor of the Prophet. When the great and terrible day of the Lord arrives, Allah will surely not forget the least among his servants.'

Edward did not understand the hidden meaning of that seemingly conventional pious tag, so he merely answered: 'But you haven't yet told me, remnant of the faithful, how you ever came to learn Arabic.'

Thus encouraged, Delgado loosed the strings of his tongue, and poured forth rapidly with African volubility the whole marvellous story of his life. The son of a petty chieftain on the Guinea coast, he had been sent in his boyhood by his father, a Mohammedan convert, to the native schools for the negroes at Cairo, where he had remained till he was over seventeen years old, and had then returned to his father's principality. There, he had gone out to fight in some small war between two neighbouring negro chieftains, the events of which war he insisted on detailing to Edward at great length; and having been taken prisoner by the hostile party, he had at last been sold in the bad old days, when a contraband 'ebony-trade' still existed, to a Cuban slaver. The slaver had been captured off Sombrero Rock by an English cruiser, and all the negroes landed at Trinidad. That was the sum and substance of the strangely romantic story told by the old African to the young English barrister in the Westmoreland courthouse. Couched in his childish and ignorant negro English, it would no doubt have sounded ludicrous and puerile; but poured forth in classical Arabic almost as pure and fluent as Sheik Abdullah's own, it was brimful of pathos, eloquence, interest, and weirdness. Yet strange and almost incredible as it seemed to Edward's mind, the old African himself apparently regarded it as the most natural and simple concatenation of events that could easily happen to anybody anywhere.

'And how is it,' Edward asked at last, in profound astonishment, lapsing once more into English, 'that you have never tried to get back to Africa?'

Delgado smiled an ugly smile, that showed all his teeth, not pleasantly, but like the teeth of a bulldog snarling. 'Do you tink, sah,' he said sarcastically, 'dat dem fightin' Dupuy is gwine to help a poor black naygur to go back to him own country? Ole-time folk has proverb: "Mongoose no help cane-rat find de way back to him burrow."'

Edward could hardly believe the sudden transformation. In a single moment, with the change of language, the educated African had vanished utterly, and the plantation negro stood once more undisguised before him. And yet, Edward thought curiously to himself, which, after all, was the truest and most genuine of those two contrasted but united personalities—the free Mussulman, or the cowed and hopeless Trinidad field-labourer? Strange, too, that while this born African could play as he liked at fetichism or Christianity, could do obeah or sing psalms from his English hymn-book, the profoundly penetrating and absorbing creed of Islam was the only one that had sunk deep into the very inmost marrow of his negro nature. About that fact, Edward could not for a moment have the faintest hesitation. Delgado—Coromantyn or West Indian—was an undoubting Mussulman. Christianity was but a cloak with which he covered himself outwardly, to himself and others;

obeah was but an art that he practised in secret for unlawful profit: Islam, the faith most profoundly and intimately adapted to the negro idiosyncrasy, was the creed that had burnt itself into his very being, in spite of all changes of outer circumstance. Not that Delgado believed his Bible the less: with the frank inconsistency of early minds, he held the two incompatible beliefs without the faintest tinge of conscious hypocrisy; just as many of ourselves, though Christian enough in all externals, hold lingering relics of pagan superstitions about horseshoes, and crooked sixpences, and unlucky days, and the mystic virtues of a cornelian amulet. Every morning he spelt over religiously a chapter in the New Testament; and every night, in the gloom of his hut, he read to himself in hushed awe a few versicles of the holy Koran.

When story and comment were fully finished, the old African rose to go. As he opened the door, Edward held out his hand for the negro to shake. Delgado, now once more the plantation labourer, hesitated for a second, fearing to take it; then at last, drawing himself up to his full height, and instinctively clutching at his loose cotton trousers, as though they had been the flowing white robes of his old half-forgotten Egyptian school-days, he compromised the matter by making a profound salaam, and crying in his clear Arabic gutturals: 'May the blessing of Allah, the All-wise, the merciful, rest for ever on the effendi, his servant, who has delivered a just judgment!'

In another moment, he had glided through the door; and Edward, hardly yet able to realise the strangeness of the situation, was left alone with his own astonishment.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

In the following paper we propose to discard entirely the word mind as an expression of the faculty of reflection, since it is frequently misapplied or misunderstood, and its employment is vague and unsatisfactory. We prefer using a term denoting the receptivity of ideas through an organic medium by an immaterial force having the power of acting on the ingestion of ideas, and diffusing its action through the corresponding media of the nervous system: this we shall call the intellectual force, and its action is the sequence of conscious or unconscious cerebration. It is not our purpose to enter upon a consideration of the higher relations of intellectual action with so-called spiritual forces, as this would necessarily tend to the contemplation of an extra element than that more particularly implied in the attributes of instinct and reason; for by these words, in their ordinary acceptation, we recognise two separate faculties, independent, yet coexistent, and capable of harmonious co-operation, but not necessarily co-ordinate nor coexistent, since the one we contend to be the natural property of all animated beings; while the other is in part the result of transmitted intelligence, education, and enlightenment, conveyed from a higher to a lower power.

Instinct, as the more universally diffused and common endowment, is to be found throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom; and to deny its existence in one class of creation and grant it in another is illogical and contrary to the recognised and established plan of creation; it is rather a general inheritance; in some forms of life the chief or sole guide to voluntary action; while in other or higher forms, partially overlaid, and in a measure superseded, by the faculty of reason. Yet we should be, we think, altogether wrong in supposing it non-existent, because, through the cultivation and development of reasoning power, it is less easily discerned, and less fully exercised in man, than in the lower animals; for, by inquiry in the lives of uncivilised humanity, we shall find undoubted proofs of instinct in the ordinary passages of savage life, as in the choice of food; the selection of certain herbs for medicinal purposes; the capacity of tracking a path from one point to another in great distances; the avoidance of poisonous articles of diet; casual injuries; and, above all, the clinging to life which is common to all mankind. And even in civilised beings, we may discern evident traces of the same property underlying the more ostensible gift of reason, and instinctive, though otherwise unaccountable, motives leading to definite conclusions. These may take the forms of likes or dislikes towards outer objects; impulses, frequently and truly termed unreasonable, because they arise apart from reason, and are purely instinctive; hence actions that are simply the outcomes of instinct, not reconcilable to the written laws of reason or the mandates of civilisation.

In some rare instances of humanity run wild, only a few of which have been recorded, where, by some accident, a human offspring has grown up as a denizen of the forest and the companion of wild beasts, the gift of instinct serves the same purpose it fulfils in the rest of the creation; and when first brought into contact with civilisation, these outcasts have apparently evinced few, or none, of the actual attributes of reason, though these have become perceptible later on through human companionship and attention. But even centuries of cultivation and the highest hereditary advantages fail utterly to eliminate or destroy the inherent property of instinct in man; for not only, as above stated, is it displayed in the common shrinking from death and the avoidance of injury and suffering, but it manifests itself in countless other instances in daily life. Let us regard the union of sexes as one: how frequently is the choice of a partner in life made through nothing less than a blind instinct, often apart from any reasoning process, so much so, that the fact has passed into a proverb that 'Love is blind.' And in the common affairs of life, it is often possible to trace an independent course of action pursued without reference to a reasoning faculty, rather by a blind adherence to an unseen hidden principle, which is

undoubtedly instinct guiding rather than reason. And this obedience to an unknown faculty has doubtless, in the history of the world, played important parts; especially when, in prehistoric times, man was essentially a predatory animal. On his instinctive love of fighting for personal aggrandisement, and his instinctive love of the chase for providing food and clothing, his very existence in a great measure depended. Indeed, the motives which influence and direct men's lives are only, after all, the attributes of instinct, as we commonly observe portrayed in civilised society; thus, in one, the instinct of commercial enterprise pushes towards speculation; in another, the instinct of self-preservation induces precautions of benefit to the community; again, the instinct of need prompts measures for procuring supplies of food and clothing. On all hands, human instinct is an active agent and irrepressible.

And further, we may find the instinct of an unseen yet overruling power dominant in one form or another among the whole human race; even where, degraded by numberless superstitions, it exists among the dusky tribes of Africa, the Red American Indians, or in the countless mythological legends of nations long passed away, the instinctive belief in a God holds universal sway. In the common affairs of life, too, the teaching of instinct is displayed, as in presentiments, which, like impulses, have frequently no rational basis, but by the observance of which, our lives are not uncommonly modified in their effects and made subservient to the unseen. It is indeed possible, were the chapters of human lives actually recorded, it would be found in how many important instances and numberless occasions the exercise of instinct prevails above that of reason. It is, however, to be noted, that in proportion as the exercise of intellectual force is stimulated by education and strengthened by practice, instinctive action becomes more and more influenced by reason; and just as particular muscles, by long use, increase in bulk, so the repeated receptivity of ideas by the higher organism of the brain leads to the reflective powers being increased; and, as a natural consequence, the actions thus performed betoken the connection of ideas from which they spring, and are consequently attributed to reason.

Reason may thus be regarded, in the abstract, as the result of ideas received by the sensory ganglia, and transmitted by them to the higher organs of perception, reflected thence on the motory system by which the actions of animal life are governed, the repeated discharge of these functions constituting processes of thought or reflection.

Admitting this to be a rough outline of reasoning with its outcome action, we have a familiar example of this process displayed by members of the animal kingdom that are habitually brought into the society and companionship of man. Daily usage supplies experience, which, by the receptivity of ideas, constitutes a reasoning faculty, such as is constantly manifested in the actions of various animals, and which as much overrules mere instinct in them as it does in the higher animal man. For example, in my dog the predatory instinct is very strongly marked; but it daily passes and frequently enters butchers' shops, sniffing under the carcases and joints for any scraps of meat, however small, yet never attempting to take advantage of a piece that is offered for sale. We have also frequently noticed, when driving on our rounds in a country practice, the horse would voluntarily slacken its speed as it approached the house of a patient, and scarcely require a check to draw up at the door. Why some human beings should betray a jealous disapproval of the recognition of reason in animals, seems to us utterly unaccountable. It is surely no insult to the Creator of all things if we grant the attribute of reasoning powers to His creatures; while it savours strongly of narrow and limited views of His beneficence to deny it.

It is the object of this paper to claim recognition and respect for the reasoning faculties of animals, particularly the class of domestic animals that are brought into daily intercourse with man. In them, more especially, we note habits of thought and traits of intelligence, apart from and above the mere prompting of instinct, that entitle them to our best consideration. But in the dog, as the friend of man, we shall naturally find the examples most ready to hand, not only of emotions akin to those of his master, but sentiments of honour, love, watchfulness, trust, duty, and obedience, courage, forbearance, self-denial, overcoming the mere instinct of hunger; also sensitiveness, shame, and jealousy, with self-devotion surpassing even the fear of death. In the horse, too, we find obedience, trust, eagerness to please, and affection. Even in cattle, we may notice attachment to home and persons, courage, patience, and docility.

We do not here propose to enter on a list of the attributes of reason to be observed in all animals; it is needless to relate the numberless authenticated instances recorded of elephants, tamed deer, gazelles, monkeys, and birds. To the thoughtful observer, proofs of intelligence and reflection, with experience, judgment, and conscientiousness are readily found, and even in the wild animals, as the rat, the fox, lions, and tigers, remarkable facts are recorded, which evidence powers of reflection and the exercise of judgment and reason. A lion, for instance, has been seen to drive away a cow from the herd, not rending it at once, but urging it by menaces, so as to secure its prey in a more convenient spot. Tigers watch in the jungle for the passing post-carriers, recognising their approach by the jingling sound of their ornaments, and knowing from experience that the wearers will afford them the necessary meal. The stories of foxes are legion; their cunning in eluding pursuit, and their prompt recognition of such chance advantages as the occasion may afford, evince a reasoning power beyond the mere impulse of instinct. Again, in rats, who has not witnessed countless proofs of intelligence, denoting forethought, prudence, and care, not only in their search for food, avoidance of snares, and concealment, but also exemplified in their mutual intercourse? A regimental officer once stationed at Aden described to the writer the skill of a party of rats in purloining every day the bread placed on the dinner-table. The servant who laid the table

could not account for the disappearance of the several portions of bread placed ready beside the napkin and glasses, till, after watching some time, a small party of rats was seen to enter the room, and while some of them held the lower border of the table-cloth, another rapidly ascended, and mounting the table, dislodged the pieces of bread, which, falling off, were speedily appropriated by those below. The beaver has been often cited as exhibiting an almost human aptitude in the construction of dams and the formation of its lodge, and this appears more as the result of deductive reasoning, taught, no doubt, by experience, and transmitted by hereditary descent. In birds, the Corvidæ afford striking instances of the exercise of judgment and reflection, especially in the habits of rooks and ravens; we might add also magpies. But space prevents us from enlarging on this point.

The common wild bee constructs its nest in a mossy bank, and the comb is formed of rude circular cells arranged in a small group. The hive-bee, whose thickly peopled home affords but a limited space, constructs its comb of closely packed hexagonal cells, an arrangement which gives the greatest room for each cell in a circumscribed area. It accidentally occurred to the writer, many years since, to put aside a large box of pills closely packed, and left, without being opened, through the summer. When at last examined, it was found that the pills had become closely impacted together, and each individual pill was compressed in the form of a hexagon, remarkably resembling in outline the waxen cells of the hive-bee. The conduct of ants, in their communications by signalling to each other, evinces something more than blind instinct; otherwise, how can we explain the deliberate action which results from information conveyed by signals, and the plan of operations conducted on a scale beyond all relation to the size of the insignificant insects by which they are performed?

Mankind is too apt to monopolise the claim to reason, and allows to the lower animal world the gift of instinct as a kind of compromise; whereas, it has been abundantly shown that he shares also in the gift of instinct, and they likewise have a fair claim to the exercise of reason. There is nothing inconsistent in this view with the great plan of creation, for all classes of animals partake of the elements of the human frame in their general physical construction adapted to particular requirements, as anatomists have shown that man in his development from the ovum passes through the several grades of the animal kingdom by different homologies to the perfect human frame. And though in him reason assumes its highest condition, yet in the various types of his race there are as widely differing degrees of reasoning power, from the tree-dwelling tribes of Central India and the Lilliputian inhabitants of the forests of Borneo, to the highly educated and more amply endowed members of European and transatlantic society; and as, in the human race, reason exercises a paramount and prevailing sway, under which all other forces are subject, so instinct remains behind, still an element of humanity, though less conspicuous in the higher culture of civilisation than in the primitive savage, and more evident still in the lower animal world; though even here subjected to reasoning power, according, in a manner, to the amount of education and enlightenment received by these at the hand of man. Instinct belongs no more to the brute beast than to man, and reason is the heritage of both.

THE WILL OF MRS ANNE BOWDEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'Tipsy!' I muttered to myself with a scornful glance, and a strong feeling of disgust, as I hurriedly passed him by. Such would be, I suppose, the almost invariable exclamation of a young man whom circumstances combined with taste to keep in the path of strictest temperance, on seeing an elderly and prosperous-looking gentleman lurching unevenly along a street in the City between four and five o'clock one damp February afternoon. 'Tipsy!' I said, and passed on; yet, though so sad a spectacle had neither pleasure nor interest for me, I turned, after I had gone a few steps, to look once more at the supposed inebriate. That one glance showed me that my hasty judgment of his condition had been as unjust as it was uncharitable. That look of pain and distress, those starting eyes, the heavy beads of perspiration on the brow, were due not to intoxication, but to illness. As I looked at him, he stumbled, tottered on a step or two, and would have fallen, had I not, in two hasty strides, reached his side and caught him in my arms. A large envelope, apparently containing some heavy document, fell from his nerveless hand at the moment of his collapse. I picked it up, and hastily thrust it into the pocket of my overcoat, still supporting my helpless burden. The act was instinctive, almost unconscious, and no sooner done than forgotten; and the next moment my mind was wholly occupied with an appeal to one of the many young men who were hurrying by, as I myself had been, to catch the train at Broad Street, to expend a few minutes in calling a cab for me and the unfortunate man who had so suddenly become my charge.

I drove him to the nearest hospital, and left him there, stating in a few words the little I knew of his sudden attack, and the chance which had thrown him on my protection.

'It is apoplexy,' said the house-surgeon, in whose care I left him. 'Doubtless, he is some speculator who has risked too much in a shaky Company, and whose head has given way under the shock of losing his money. We have cases like that here pretty often, especially in times of long-continued depression of trade. Will you wait and see if he has on him a visiting card or anything bearing his name and address?'

I declined to stay longer than was necessary, for I had promised to spend that evening with my fellow-clerk Atherton, and did not want to be late for my engagement with the lad, for whom I had a sort of elder-brotherly affection. But I promised to call at the hospital next day and inquire for my protégé; and departed, the richer by what I suppose would be regarded as a virtuous action, and the poorer by the eighteenpence I had paid for the cab-fare.

It now seems to me to have been despicably, ludicrously selfish to have thought so little of the fate of the man I had left in such dangerous plight at the hospital, and so much of that expenditure of eighteenpence. I hope that I am not naturally a miser, yet I fear some niggardly instincts were dawning in me at that time, as, indeed, is almost inevitable in a young man who, having passed his early years under the shadow of that most wearing of sorrows—debt, is desirous of not merely living within, but effecting some savings from, an income of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. I recall now that I determined to do without tobacco for a week; and with this resolution in my mind, I hurried to the Broad Street station, *en route* for Atherton's lodgings in Camden Town.

I could not have told at that time what attracted me so strongly to Gerald Atherton, any more than Olivia could have explained the prophetic fascination which drew her to Viola. But there was an atmosphere of youth and freshness about the boy—he was the youngest of all the clerks in our office, a bright-eyed lad, not yet eighteen—that had a refreshing influence on me. I was not old myself—just twenty-four—but eight years' life in a City office, coming after a boyhood which had had many of the anxieties of middle age, made me feel almost patriarchal compared with my joyous and inexperienced junior. There was, too, a similarity in the circumstances of our lives which tended to friendship.

'Only, you know, Langham,' said the boy one day, early in our acquaintance, when we were speaking on the subject, 'my responsibilities are greater than yours; I have May to look after. A sister is a great anxiety, and when she happens to be your twin-sister, you feel that you are in a special way bound to take care of her.'

'Where is your sister now?' I asked.

'Not far away. She is companion to an old lady at Hampstead. That's why I live in Camden Town, because it is comparatively near; and I can go occasionally to see May, and even sometimes have a visit from her at my lodgings.'

'Companion to an old lady!' I repeated. 'That's a dreary life for a young girl.'

'May doesn't seem to dislike it; and Mrs Bowden treats her very kindly. The plague of her life is the continual espionage of the old lady's relations—or rather her dead husband's relations; she seems to have none of her own—who are quite convinced that my poor little sister's courtesy to her employer—she hasn't it in her to be uncivil to a boa-constrictor, the little darling!—is inspired by mercenary motives. That annoys her; but as we are two young people alone in the world, without a penny except what we earn, we must put up with disagreeables—May, with the suspicions of those greedy waiters on dead men's shoes; and I, with getting the blame of everybody else's blunders as well as my own. Really, the undeserved or only half-deserved scoldings I get, sometimes irritate me fearfully—and then at times I feel I'd do anything for a good game at cricket. I don't think I could bear it all, if you didn't stand by me, Langham.'

'Who wouldn't stand by a manly boy like you, Gerald!' I protested, laughing.

'Boy, my friend!' cried Gerald with one of those bright merry glances, accompanied with an upward toss of the head, which always came upon me with the effect of a sunbeam—'boy, indeed! I am a City man, sir, and demand to be spoken to with respect!'

'Moreover,' I went on, 'the circumstances of your early life are so similar to those of my own childhood, that I felt interested in you as soon as I knew them. My widowed mother, like yours, wore out her life in a long struggle with poverty, and died just when I was about to cease being a burden to her. The only difference is that my mother was doubly overweighted by having to pay off debts of my father's youth, contracted before he ever met her.'

'Did not your father's family take the responsibility even of those?'

'No,' I replied. 'My grandfather, after bringing up his son to no profession, and encouraging him in extravagance, cast him off on his marriage with a penniless girl, and left him to sink or swim as best he could. I imagine that my father cannot have been possessed of much moral courage, or he would not have submitted to live on the earnings of my mother's music-teaching. But he had never been accustomed to work, and his health was bad. He died when I was three years old. Then my mother made an appeal to my grandfather to do something for me, if not for her, or at least take the responsibility of those few hundred pounds of debt which he could have paid without feeling himself a whit poorer, but which formed a millstone round her neck. But the rich Liverpool merchant, who was ready to subscribe lavishly to ostentatious charities, refused to help his daughter-in-law by a penny, and refused in *such* a letter! My mother never showed it to me, but I found it in her desk after her death. I keep it still, and to this day my blood boils if I read its insulting words.'

'And did your grandfather never soften?'

'He gave no sign of it; and on his death, he left all he possessed to my aunt, my father's half-sister.'

'And she?'

'I confess,' said I, 'that she did make some advances towards me, but they came at an unlucky moment. My mother had just died; and from the letters I found after her death, I had learned for the first time with what cruelty she had been treated. Besides, I had lately obtained my first situation, and was disposed to be aggressively independent. So I declined my aunt's invitation to visit her with a rudeness which no one would be guilty of but an inexperienced boy at the age when he is most desirous of being thought a man.'

'I suppose that was the end of it all?'

'Not quite. Six months later, after I had come to London, I received another letter from my aunt, in which she stated that she had intended to adopt me and make me her heir, if I had not so insolently rejected her friendly overtures; but that I need no longer hope for anything from her, as she was about to be married shortly. And she added—rather vindictively, I thought—that as her future husband was considerably younger than herself, he would

probably survive her and inherit all her property. I fancy she thought to excite in me an avaricious regret for my previous coldness; but in truth my only idea was that in making her become the wife of a man much her junior, spite and loneliness were combining to lead her into a great folly; for, as she was considerably older than my father, she must by that time have been quite a middle-aged woman, and I suspected the youthful husband of fortune-hunting. That was the last I ever heard of my only surviving relative. I don't know what name she bore after her marriage, nor even if she still lives. I stand quite alone.'

'Poor old man!' said the boy affectionately. 'Rich as you are—from my point of view, for your salary is twice as large as mine—I am better off than you. I don't stand alone; I have May.'

'I should think a sister was only an additional anxiety,' I replied.

'True; but still there's a selfish comfort in the thought that somebody cares for you. At least, I like it. I'm a sentimental sort of animal, who likes being petted—not a calm, self-contained creature like you.'

I doubt if I deserved Atherton's epithets. I felt very lonely at times, and the boy's affection—for he was sincerely attached to me, and had a refreshing un-English readiness to display his attachment—was charming. I told him more of my history and feelings than I had ever before confided to any one; for he was as sympathetic as a woman, while possessing a discretion reputed to be rare among feminine creatures.

In truth I was greatly attached to Gerald, and I was quite distressed this afternoon at the thought of being late for my engagement with him. It was his birthday, and we were to take tea together at his lodgings, and then go to the theatre, and I feared that my delay might interfere with our plans.

But it was another and more cheerful accident than that of being late that was to prevent our occupying the pit at the Lyceum that night. I had expected to see Gerald's face looking for me from the window of his sitting-room, as I approached the little street with the long name—Mount Edgcumbe Terrace—where he resided; but I was surprised, and for the moment bewildered, to find *two* faces gazing with interest at my approaching figure—two faces so alike in feature and colouring, that though a moment's reflection convinced me that they must belong to Gerald Atherton and his twin-sister, I could not have said which of them was my friend's. Each had the same bright, laughing, dark-blue eyes, the same short, curling, dark-brown hair, the same contour and expression, and at this moment the same merry and mischievous smile. I thought I had never in my life seen a prettier sight than these two joyous, youthful figures standing side by side.

'Confess, Langham, that you didn't know which was who, when you saw us just now,' cried Gerald as I entered the room.

I admitted that I had been puzzled for the moment; 'though,' I added, 'I am sure that a longer glimpse would have enabled me to distinguish Miss Atherton from you.'

'Yes,' returned Gerald, 'I know that my poor little sister is only a plain-looking likeness of my bewitching self, that could not deceive any one for more than a moment.'

Miss Atherton made a little *moue* of protest at her brother as she said: 'Mr Langham only means that the stool on which I was standing, to make me look as tall as you, was so shaky, that I shouldn't have been able to keep on it a minute longer.'

Then I tried again to utter a complimentary remark, which Gerald again appropriated, whereupon we all laughed and were friends at once.

I had known nothing of the effect of a woman's presence in the house since I had been old enough to appreciate it; it was therefore a revelation to me to note how May Atherton glorified that dingy parlour in Camden Town. As she moved to and fro, making the tea-table in some nameless way a thousand times more attractive than the landlady knew how to do, my eyes followed her with a persistence which would have been embarrassing to her had she been troubled with the least degree of self-consciousness; but of all the women I have ever known, May Atherton was the most completely free from vanity and all the faults that accompany it. At present her thoughts were occupied solely with the pleasure of being in her brother's society, and the desire to make things brighter for him and his friend, whom, for Gerald's sake, she accepted as her friend also.

'I really feel as if I knew you quite well, Mr Langham,' she said, 'for Gerald has spoken to me often of you; and I am so glad to feel that my boy has a good thoughtful friend, older than himself, to advise and help him.'

The motherly air with which May uttered the last words sat prettily if strangely on her extreme youth, and indeed between the pair of children there were a hundred touches of reciprocal tenderness and protection, which were very pleasant to look at, though they made me feel very lonely and a little envious. Not that I had any cause to feel neglected; for Gerald and his sister united in making much of me—he for my own sake, she for her brother's sake. Only for your brother's sake, were you so kind to me then, sweet May; afterwards, it was, I hope, for a more personal reason!

I could spend much time in describing that happy evening; but perhaps, repeated to less sympathetic ears, the wit might not seem so witty nor the wisdom so wise as they did to us. At last, however, May said with a sigh that she must go home; and Gerald proposed that I as well as he should escort her to the door of the 'ogress's castle.'

'But you must not call Mrs Bowden an ogress,' protested May, laying a hand upon her brother's shoulder; 'she is very kind to me. Was it not thoughtful of her to let me come and spend this evening with you, because I had mentioned a week ago that it was our birthday? She is always so much interested in what I say of you—and she likes to hear about you too, Mr Langham,' added the girl, turning to me.

'About me!' I repeated. 'How does she know of my existence?'

'Oh, I have mentioned your name often, in speaking of Gerald and his friends, and she frequently questions me about you. I suppose

she likes you for Gerald's sake, and Gerald for mine.'

'Don't deceive yourself, mademoiselle,' interrupted the irrepressible Gerald. 'Her liking for you is the mere anticipation of the passion that will fill her when she sees me. She cares for you only as Olivia did for Viola before she saw Sebastian.'

How had the boy hit upon that comparison? I had conversely been thinking for three hours past that my liking for Sebastian had been the mere anticipation of my love for Viola!

At her brother's words, May laughed and shook her head. 'Don't *you* deceive yourself, dear. There is no rival to "dear Henry" in Mrs Bowden's heart.'

'Who is "dear Henry?"' I asked.

'The late Mr Bowden, and the one vexation of my life.'

'How can that be, if he is dead?'

'Alas! he has left innumerable relatives, who haunt his widow and sing his praises. They profess to be actuated only by exceptional devotion to his memory and by affection for his widow; and I suppose it is only the natural perversity of my soul that reminds me of the fact that Mrs Bowden is very rich and has no relatives of her own. Perhaps it is their strong and very plainly displayed jealousy of my supposed influence over my employer that makes me think so uncharitably of them.'

'And does Mrs Bowden believe in their professions?'

'I don't know; but she is a very shrewd old lady; and I suspect her of finding some pleasure in giving each of "dear Henry's" relatives in turn the impression that he or she is to be her heir, and then dashing their hopes to the ground. To-day, she has delighted her husband's brother, and will doubtless drive all the other relatives to despair, by giving him Mr Bowden's favourite seal, a thing she cherishes greatly. This is supposed to be almost equivalent to making a will in his favour. I suppose it's malicious,' said May with one of her brightest smiles, 'but I can't help getting some fun out of it too. You see, she has expressly stated that she has no intention of dividing her property; one individual is to inherit all, so the anxiety of each is intense, though concealed. I really think the only relief they all have from their dissimulated hatred of each other is their open hatred of me.'

'Poor little girl! How can even the most prejudiced of fortune-hunters hate you? It is hard to bear,' said Gerald tenderly, taking his sister's hand in his.

But the shade which had for a moment darkened her face vanished as she saw it reflected in his. 'That is only a little trouble, dear,' she said gently, 'so little, that if I had any harder ones, I should not notice it; and by way of compensation, I am sure that Mrs Bowden herself really loves and trusts me.'

We were very merry as we walked up to the old house in Well Walk, Hampstead, where Miss Atherton lived. A pretty, picturesque place it seemed in the dim spring moonlight; and May grew quite animated in telling me of the quaint relics of past centuries which survived beside the modern comfort of its furnishing. The path between the garden door and that of the house had been covered with glass and made into a conservatory, where even at this early time of the year flowers and rare ferns spread their leaves. Gerald and I watched May pass within the door, feeling—at least I did—like Moore's unfortunate Peri to whom the doors of heaven were shut. At the inner door she turned and waved her hand, sending a smile of farewell down the flowery vista. Then she disappeared, and suddenly the night grew darker.

I had all this time—so selfish a thing is pleasure!—forgotten the unfortunate gentleman whose sudden illness I had witnessed; but as Gerald and I were walking down Haverstock Hill, after parting with May, the thought of him suddenly came to my mind, and at the same moment I recollected the packet I had picked up and put in my pocket. I narrated the incident of the afternoon to my friend, and went back with him to his rooms to examine the thickly-filled envelope which had come into my possession. There was on it neither address nor other superscription; one side was soiled by falling in the mud of the street; on the other was a large seal in red wax, on which I deciphered, in old English characters, the letters H. L. B., below a mailed hand holding a dagger, and above the motto, 'What I hold, I hold fast.'

I determined to take the packet to the hospital next day, when I should go to inquire for the invalid, and either give it to him, or, if his condition rendered him incapable of taking care of it, intrust it to the house-surgeon. It was not permitted to me to fulfil my intention. When, after my day's work, I went to the hospital, I found that the patient in whom I was interested had been removed.

'We found out his name and address from some letters in his pocket,' said the house-surgeon, 'and sent a message to his family. His son came immediately and removed him.'

'What is the name?' I asked.

'I forget. Collins or Cotton, or something like that; but I can't speak with any certainty. He was a solicitor, I remember.'

'Is not his name on the hospital books?'

'No. He was here so short a time, that it was never entered.'

'How very unfortunate!' I exclaimed.

'Why? Was it of importance that you should see him?' asked the house-surgeon, an easy-going and careless youth, who had evidently felt hitherto that my interrogatories were tiresome and unnecessary, but was now roused to attention by the fervour of my tone.

'It may be of considerable importance to him. He dropped a packet, apparently containing documents, when he fell yesterday. I picked it up, and forgot to deliver it to you when I left him in your charge. It may be essential to him to regain immediate possession of it.'

The young doctor was sufficiently interested now, but he could do nothing; he had no certain recollection of anything connected with his patient. I was forced to content myself with leaving with him my name, Richard Langham, and the address of Messrs Hamley and Green, in whose employ I was, that he might refer to me if any inquiry was made about the packet.

I doubted not that I should within a few

days be relieved of the charge of it; but days and weeks passed into months, and that sealed envelope remained in my possession, and lay like an undeserved burden on my conscience.

THE OLD PRIORY GARDEN.

THE whispering May wind stirs the hawthorn and lilac in the old priory garden, and brings great gushes of delicious scent past the window, and fills the room with sweetness. All the last month the weather has been fitful and changeable—rain and storm, sunshine and cloud, dust and east winds; but after two days of soaking downpour and wild west wind, the morning of the last day of May has dawned in the full glorious beauty of late spring. Thrushes and blackbirds vie with each other in song, sweet and shrill, clear and inspiring; a modest siskin whistles its little monotonous roulade; now and then, a few notes of the shy linnet are heard; a robin is feeding its brood close by; swallows and martins are darting about in all directions; in the apple blossoms are hundreds of bees, making a dense dreamy music; while their compatriot the humble-bee booms along with his big velvety body shining and gleaming in the sun.

What a splendid creature! See, it settles close at hand. Turn it over with a grass bent. With a surprised buzz, it rights itself. Again and yet again it turns over, seemingly staring to see the cause of its overthrow. Draw the bent lightly across its back—two legs are instantly raised to brush off the unwelcome touch. A second time the same; a third, and the bent is fairly clutched by all the gummy legs, and retained under its body. It crawls up a stick, and with angry bustle, goes booming off.

One does not realise summer is so close upon us, when May is such a capricious maiden, till a morning like this wakes one up to the conviction that in twenty-four more days the sun will have reached its altitude, and soon will begin the shortening days again. The garden here is quaint, and quite unlike the generality of town gardens. From the square of paved court rises one step, and then a stretch of grass, an oval flower-bed each side, a path up the centre; sloping grass banks supported with large stones, where huge bunches of primroses spring from the niches. Along the sides are rockeries with hardy trailing plants—stonecrop, periwinkle both major and minor, white and blue, with variegated foliage; sweet woodruff, violets, and a mass of ferns, whose delicate light silver green fronds are daily uncurling into beauty. The wallflowers are in full bloom. Later on, the germander speedwell will open its bright evanescent flowers, that, though only a wild plant, makes such splendid masses of colour when cultivated, with the silver-foil in bunches near it.

Up a short flight of stone steps, with ferns on each side, under an ivy-covered archway, and on another plat of grass, with a long flower-bed, with trellis-work at the back, covered with the red and yellow honeysuckle, and a huge mass of climbing roses, the rare delicate 'maiden blush,' which in a fortnight will be heavy with bloom. More rockeries and ferns, lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots under the syringa bushes, and sweet-brier. In another corner are tall irises and great white lilies, with here and there a bunch of orange tiger lily. Southernwood, lavender, and rosemary, variegated balm in profusion. Soon the fragrant pinks, and their aristocratic relations the carnations, will be in bloom; and the rich velvety pansies, that are now so large and perfect, will dwindle as the sun gains more power, and the strawberries begin to crimson on the sunny south beds; and the geraniums and verbenas and purple heliotropes take the place of auriculas and the narcissus.

Round the square of vegetable garden is a wide path, with beds sloping to the walls, one of which is of good brick, with plum, cherry, and other fruit-trees trained along it. The other is the real old stone wall belonging to the 'antient' priory, that formerly stood close by. At one time, this wall was covered with a dense mass of ivy, in which colonies of sparrows built their nests, reared their young, and flourished mightily. Snails, slugs, and wood-lice swarmed, and beetles in endless variety. One wild day in a wet February, part of the old wall came down, breaking up the trees, and cutting up the borders and turf. It was patched up again; and just as the spinach was fit to cut and lettuce planted out, there was a soaking rain one night, and in the morning the old wall was again prostrate over all our spring plantings. Such a wreck it was, and disturbed our equilibrium for days. It was soon set straight as regards the stonework; but it was weeks before the place looked itself again; and that crumbling old wall was watched with suspicion all summer. Then outdoor life coming to an end, we ceased to think on the subject.

October following was mild and balmy for the first few days; then the wind shifted suddenly to the east, and four or five nights of sharp frost came, that turned all the foliage into a golden glory, a steady downpour of a week culminating with a tremendous wind-storm. It blew and whistled and stormed till every leaf was swept away into space, going no one knew whither, howling and whistling round the chimney-stacks till night was made terrible. During the worst of the storm, in the early morning, down came the old wall again from end to end, cutting up turf, breaking down the fruit-trees, and overwhelming the shrubs and rockeries in a general wreck. For many weeks did the state of chaos continue; wretched drenched fowl made themselves at home in the flower-beds, and forlorn-looking ducks wandered across, and feasted on the host of slugs and fat snails and beetles that the pouring rain had tempted out of the nooks and crevices of the stones and mass of ivy. It was built up at last; but little or nothing could be done to repair the ravages done to the garden till the end of March, except making a general clearance of the rubbish, and one of the quaintest of shady corners seemed lost for ever.

But after a few fine balmy days and a spell of sunshine, curious things happened under the

rebuilt wall: stray snowdrops appeared in places where none had been heretofore; a bunch of pure white crocuses unfolded their blossoms to the sun in one place; two or three stray 'stars of Bethlehem' in another. Later on, a single stem shot up of yellow Lent lilies; bunches of tormentilla with double yellow blooms, and clover with deep red-brown leaves and big snowy balls of flowers; the mouse-ear, hawkweed, and trailing moneywort. Down amongst the remains of the common turf came a thick growth of parsley-piert with its close fine-edged leaves, and cuckoo-pint with delicate pinky-white flowers. On the wall between the new mortar and old stones came little fibres of crimson-tipped moss, stonecrop (*Sedum*), sandwort, pellitory of the wall, and in one place a single plant of flax, with its pale-blue flowers and long spear-like leaves; without mentioning the more common chickweed, groundsel, wild feverfew and plantain, yellow wallflowers, and many different sorts of grass and mosses. There is no doubt most of these plants had come from seeds brought to the nests in the ivy by the birds, and had lain there in the dry rubble for years, some, perhaps, for generations, simply because there was not moisture enough to cause the seeds to sprout and germinate. 'If a grain of wheat fall to the ground and *live*, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit,' which seems enigmatical till pondered over and thought out. How often have the gray-cowled monks strolled round this old garden, marking how this tree promised a bounteous crop of cherries, luscious morrellas, that, when 'cunninglie steeped in spirits with due proportion of mace, cloves, cinnamon, and sugar,' makes a liqueur fit for the drink of princes; or noting how the gnarled old apple-trees—then young and in full bearing—were covered with garlands of pink-and-white blossoms, that promised later in the autumn a rich harvest of golden fruit: ladies'-fingers, Ribstone pippins, codlings, golden russets, Elenham orange, with sourings for winter keeping; also the frail blooms of the pear-trees, jargonelle, Marie Louise, baking pears of enormous size, with the rich, juicy 'bishop's thumbs' and brown burées.

Now, a young lay-brother will come to pick dainty bits of herbs for flavouring the soups and stews, with their accompaniment of esculent vegetables, for, in those old palmy days, seldom did their genial faces have 'anchorite' written on them. Go to the extreme end of the garden, and turn round; what a delightful view meets the gaze! Down in the hollow lies the sleepy little town, with its quaint gabled houses, and nearly imbedded in a wealth of lime-trees. Far away, when the wind is high and the atmosphere clear, are seen ranges of fertile hills for miles, or the distance is wrapped in a soft purple haze that is still more lovely; and over all this, the deep blue sky with fleecy white clouds, and the blessed sunshine pouring down over all the wealth of buds and blossoms, singing birds, and busy humming bees.

I came across, the other day, an account of what a naturalist found in a square of back-yard nearly uncultivated. Why, such a place as this old priory garden would give him pleasure and profit for months, nay, years, for not a tenth part of all the natural lovelinesses has been exhausted yet. Some other time, perhaps, I shall tell something more of what I find here as the years glide onward.

A POSSIBLE LEGAL REFORM.

Counsel and solicitors have never been so friendly as brother professionals should be, and never will be until 'amalgamation' is an accomplished fact. They have many causes of difference—some real, many fancied. In all of them, jealousy is a great factor; for, whatever may be thought to the contrary, each branch of the legal profession *is* jealous of the privileges of the other. The barrister wants personal relations with his client, which would mean very great loss to the solicitor; and the solicitor wants to be allowed a right of audience before the Supreme Court, which would certainly rob the barrister of half his fees. Hence, there is a straining between the two limbs of the law, which causes many hard things to be said of both.

One of the most real grievances of solicitors is in the matter of fees. Two solicitors brief counsel to appear in two cases. Both cases come on for hearing at the same time in different courts. Obviously, the chosen advocate cannot attend to both, and so one is left to the tender mercies of a half-fledged junior, whose well-meant efforts often result in the loss of his client's case. That such should be the fact is inevitable, so long as the public will persist in preferring the possible services and slight attention of an 'eminent' counsel, obtained at a fancy price, to the certain attention and careful study bestowed upon his case by a less eminent, but often equally able, counsel at a fair price. But the real ground of complaint is that when a case is thus murdered through its conductor's inability to attend to it, that conductor still retains his fee. He has never, in fact, the smallest idea of disgorging a fee, even when paid on a brief upon which he has never appeared. Why should he? It was not his fault that he could not do the work he was retained for; he *has* given valuable time to getting up the case (though he certainly need not have done so, as it turned out); and—strongest argument of all—he does not lose custom by thus publicly fattening on the unearned increment. So he has continued to 'unearn' it; and the solicitor—whose interests are of course his client's—has continued to writhe under the open injustice thus sanctioned by the etiquette of that most honourable of professions, the Bar of England.

But at last a ray of hope has found its way into the long-suffering solicitor's breast. The chink through which the welcome ray has come has been pierced by a certain Mr Norton, a solicitor. It happened in this wise: Mr Norton briefed and feed 'an eminent leading counsel' in a certain case; but the retained one failed to appear upon the trial. Mr Norton felt hurt; but, being a practical man, an idea struck him. He wrote to the eminent one, pointing out that it would not be altogether an iniquitous proceeding if his fees were returned. The eminent one made courteous reply that 'he would be happy to return the fees if he could find any

precedent for doing so.' This would have 'stumped' most solicitors; but Mr Norton rose to the occasion. He at once laid the whole matter before the Attorney-general; and that luminary expressed his 'views and usage' to be 'to return so much of the brief fee as exceeds the amount which would have been proper if the brief had been simply a case for opinion.' This means the return in such cases of by far the greater portion of the fees; and such return will, if it become a 'precedent,' be most acceptable not only to solicitors, but to the public at large. In this particular case, the counsel referred to, having found a precedent, and being unable to eat his own words, at once sent Mr Norton a 'cheque for the difference;' and Mr Norton has certainly done well to make the matter public. All barristers now have a sound precedent for doing an act of justice; and it is to be hoped that they, as a body, will not neglect to follow it. So the profession will escape a certain amount of ill repute which has long tarnished, in the eyes at least of envious persons, its very honourable 'scutcheon.

DEAD FLOWERS.

By Alexander Anderson.

Those simple daisies which you view,
Last year, when summer winds did wave,
And clouds were white with sunshine, grew
Upon the Ettrick Shepherd's grave.

But not of him they speak, nor draw
My thoughts back to that early time
When, rapt in that one dream, he saw
The shadows lift from fairy clime.

Nor yet of Ettrick, as it goes
To join the Yarrow's haunting tone,
That each may murmur as it flows
A music something like his own.

Nor even of Saint Mary's Lake,
Amid those hills from which he drew
The legendary Past, to wake
Its far-off melodies anew.

No; not of these I think, though each
Is rich in spells of magic song;
These daisies touch a chord to which
All sadder thoughts of death belong.

And so I turn, and for a space
Within the sacred Past I stand,
To feel the sunshine of a face,
The kindly pressure of a hand.

All just the same as when she* gave
These dead flowers as a welcome thing.
Alas! and now upon her grave
The grass is thinking of the spring.

It seems but yesterday since then—
How slow, yet swift, the days have sped—
And here, beside the streets of men,
She slumbers with the holy dead.

She should have lain among the hills,
In some old churchyard, where each sound
Is of the wind, the tinkling rills,
And cry of lonely things around;

Or where old ballads grew to life,
Far back within the shadowy years,
That sang of rugged Border strife,
Or passions born of love and tears.

For loyal to their old-world chords,
She felt her heart in unison
With all their rich but simple words,
That took new music from her own.

True woman of the faithful heart,
And kindly as the summer air;
A nature such as could impart
Its genial presence everywhere.

In her the friend was friend indeed;
A larger sense of sympathy,
That overstepped the pales of creed,
Drew her to all in charity.

And now this death that waits for each,
An unseen shade by all, has come;
The Scottish music of her speech
So sweet, is now for ever dumb.

So pass the leal ones of this earth,
To leave with us a holier claim;
To touch us with their spirit-birth,
And whisper they are still the same.

These simple flowers of withered hue,
Last year, when summer winds did wave,
Were plucked by her because they grew
Upon the Ettrick Shepherd's grave.

This year, when summer pours her light,
And daisies are to beauty blown,
Some hands will pluck their blossoms white,
Because they grow upon her own.

* Jean Logan Watson, author of *Bygone Days in our Village*, *Round the Grange Farm*, and other books full of quaint simplicity and freshness, and breathing on every page the delightful personality of the writer. Her sudden death was deeply felt by a large circle of friends, and has left a blank that can never be filled up. She died 7th October 1885, and sleeps in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh.—A. A.

EASTER SUNDAY.

It is not perhaps generally known that Easter Sunday falls this year on the latest possible date on which it can fall—April 25. It is only once in every century that Easter falls on so late a date as this; the last year on which it did so was in 1734, and the next occasion will be in 1943. The earliest date for Easter is March 22, and this has occurred once only in this century—in 1818; and it may safely be said that none now living will see the next similar occurrence, for it will not take place until the year 2000. In fixing Easter, the general rule is, that Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the full moon on or next after 21st March.

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ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 121.—Vol. III. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886. Price 1½d.

FINANCE WITHOUT FUNDS:

OR, HOW TO FLOAT A COMPANY.

Amongst the many social and legal anomalies for which England has long been celebrated throughout the civilised world, there are none more extraordinary than the rules and customs which have reference to all sorts of gambling and obtaining money by chance or by hazard. An example of this was given a short time ago in a French paper, in which a correspondent relates how he saw a constable take into custody three or four men who were quietly laying wagers amongst themselves and comparing notes on one of the great races. This happened a few yards from the Strand, under the colonnade of the Lyceum Theatre. Half an hour afterwards—so the writer states—he was passing the door of a large house close by where the above capture had been made, and saw the same constable keeping order amongst a number of cabs and vehicles waiting for their owners, whilst on the steps and at the door were a number of gentlemen talking and comparing notes. He asked the policeman what the place was, and whether any public meeting was going on. Considering what he had previously seen, he was more than a little surprised when the guardian of the law informed him that 'This is the Victoria Club, the great betting club; and these gents are making up their books—the Two Thousand stakes will be run to-morrow.' The writer goes on to say, that however excellent English law may be as a whole, it is evidently not the same for all classes of men, and that the social morals of the poor seem to be better looked after than those of the rich.

But if the anecdote here related astonished the foreigner, how much more amazed would he be at the rules and regulations, written and unwritten, of what may be called the art of making money by speculation, or gambling. All, or most of us, would regard with horror—supposing a similar thing were possible—the introduction of such an establishment as that of Monte Carlo into England, and yet we tolerate and even encourage that which creates far more wretchedness and ruins many more families than even the gaming-tables. Every day, in almost every paper we take up, we see the most plausible and seductive advertisements, persuading all sorts and conditions of men to apply for shares in this or that Joint-stock Company, with assurances—in which truth is at least economised—of a sure and certain fortune to be made in a few weeks. There are comparatively few of us who have the opportunities of knowing the enormous amount of harm done in this country by these continued and continual temptations, or who can estimate the misery that has been caused in our midst by them.

Twenty years ago, when the Overend and Gurney failure spread such ruin amongst the upper and middle classes, this system, of trying to make money without labour, received a shock which for a time crushed it. But in the last decade, it has again sprung into existence, and has now reached a point at which it cannot be allowed to remain, and when steps must be taken, if not to suppress, at least to regulate and place under proper control what threatens to become an evil of no small magnitude.

Let any one who doubts this, take the trouble, for even one or two weeks, to note the number of Joint-stock Companies which are advertised, the amount of capital they require, and above all, the inducements of gain which they hold out to the unwary. Recently, in one week, there were registered nine new Joint-stock Companies, of which seven came forth in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, offering to all who would join them the most magnificent return for money invested. The aggregate capital of these Companies amounts to no less than *two millions one hundred thousand pounds*, which a confiding public is asked to subscribe, and this at a time when money is exceptionally scarce, and when the general aspect of public affairs both at home and abroad is very much the reverse of assuring.

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Nor need it be thought that this number of enterprises was exceptionally large, for, on the contrary, the average weekly advertisements of similar concerns is much greater both as to actual number and capital. But even of the former total, who is there who could deem it possible or probable that such an amount would be subscribed even on the limited liability system? How is it, then, that men waste their time and money in proposing what common-sense, to say nothing of business experience, must tell them can only end in disappointment? In the answer to the question is contained the whole history of Joint-stock Company 'promoting' as at present practised. That some of these enterprises are *bond fide*, and may give those who join them a fair return for their money, is no doubt true; but these are decidedly the exception to the rule. The real working of the vast majority of these proposed Companies is known to but a comparative few outside the circle in which financial schemes, often of great magnitude, are worked without funds.

There exists in the city of London a somewhat numerous class of men, who were formerly called 'Promoters of Companies,' but who have of late years assumed the more sounding title of Financial Agents. Let us suppose that to one of these gentlemen there occurs the happy thought of starting a 'Fiji Islands Tramway Company.' He loses no time in putting his scheme into shape; and the following may be taken as a fair example of how he carries out his intentions. His first work is to get together a Board of Directors; and this, supposing he has had a fair business experience, is not so difficult as might at first be supposed.

Together with the Financial Agent, another class of men has been called into existence by the great extension of the Joint-stock Company system. The gentlemen who help with their names the floating of such enterprises form a distinct class of themselves, and are termed 'guinea-pigs,' most probably from the fact of each ordinary director receiving a guinea for each meeting he attends. In order to be considered of any value as Director of a Company, a guinea-pig ought to have a handle to his name. A Lord, a Baronet, or even a Knight is looked upon as unexceptionable, and may almost command his own price; for it is not to be supposed that a director is to work for nothing. His value, like most other things, varies with the quality of the article. A peer who has a seat in the Upper House will probably not allow his name to appear on a prospectus under three hundred to four hundred pounds a year, besides some fifty or a hundred fully paid-up shares. And he is worth the money. The Financial Agents are well aware that when a peer of the realm is secured and heads the list of directors, the most difficult part of their task is accomplished. What remains will follow as a matter of course.

The next step is to write, or to get some one to write—for the promoter has generally a soul above literary composition—that portion of the prospectus beginning: 'The object for which this Company is formed,' and so on. This is quickly accomplished. There are certain gentlemen who describe themselves as connected with the press whose speciality is to compose these prospectuses. The charge for such a document varies from two to five guineas, and they are cheap even at the latter price. There is perhaps no kind of writing which requires more care or skill than this. In the case of the 'Fiji Tramway Company,' the writer must make it appear that no undertaking so purely philanthropical, or so sure to cause so much prosperity to Fiji, has ever been proposed either by government or by private enterprise; while at the same time he must, as it were, allow to escape from his pen the fact that a Tramway Company in the Fiji islands is certain to be exceedingly lucrative to all concerned. To repeat the old French joke, he must not lie in what he writes, but he must economise the truth. The prospectus written, and the officials, such as secretary, solicitors, bankers, &c., chosen, an expensive step comes next—namely, very long advertisements in the leading daily papers and elsewhere. But here also modern enterprise comes to the help of the promoter, and sees him over the difficulty, which to an outsider might seem almost insurmountable.

There are in London a number of advertising agents whose special business it is to undertake jobs of this kind on credit, their conditions being that they are to be paid out of the first moneys received from applicants for shares. If the applications are not sufficient, the promoter stands the loss; but it more frequently happens that the advertising agent receives something like fifty per cent. or more on what he has disbursed. It is in some respects risky, but it generally pays; and when it does so, the advertising agent makes an uncommonly good thing of it; and from one point of view, he deserves to do so. Without his aid, the Company would have probably proved a fiasco.

Once the prospectus is published, and applicants for shares commence to send in their one pound apiece, the promoter begins to recoup himself. Presently, the allotment of shares begins, and the simple-minded public have to pay one pound on each share. The prospectus distinctly affirms that a tramway in the Fiji islands is sure to be remunerative, and what true-born Briton would dispute a statement which a peer of the realm, a baronet, an M.P., and sundry military officers of high rank tacitly confirm by lending their names to it? There are 150,000 shares in the Company, of which not more than 10,000 have been applied for. But this is better than nothing. Even if a few thousand pounds are received from the would-be shareholders, the promoter is not to be pitied. With a matter of three to four thousand pounds, he can satisfy all claims, even to paying directors' fees for the few times they have sat at the Board. The whole affair is then allowed to die a natural death; unless, indeed, as sometimes happens, some disappointed creditor petitions the Court that the Company shall be wound up. By some mysterious means, the promoter or his nominee is named liquidator; a solicitor, who, as a matter of course, does not get the berth for nothing, takes the matter in hand; and so long as there is any money left to divide, all those concerned work together, and once more matters are made pleasant all round.

And what happens when the money comes to an end? Why, what would you have? The liquidation of a Joint-stock Company can no more go on when there are no more funds, than a human body can live when the breath has left it. The business must then sink into oblivion, and for the present at least the Fiji islanders will have to do without their tramway.

And what about the unfortunates who were rash enough to apply for shares in the Company? Well, they must, like the rest of the world, be content to suffer for their own acts. No one persuaded them to apply for shares; they have lost their money; and no doubt some of them will be ruined. But what of that? If any one is to gain in a business of this kind, some one must lose. And how about the prospectus which induced them to part with their money? Many who have never been behind the scenes in the Company promoting business will doubtless think this sketch overdrawn. But let such persons inquire amongst those who know the real meaning of Finance without Funds. Some who read this paper will say there are in London Companies and Companies, and it may be that many, even that the great majority of these are blameless as to their representations and statements. It may be so; but what of the others?

In the year 1884, there were registered in London no fewer than 1541 Companies, with a capital amongst them of £138,491,428, and even this was a great falling-off from the number of previous years. In 1882, the registered capital of the Companies that had sprung up was £250,000,000; and in 1883 it amounted to £167,000,000. Of these, who shall say how many were *bonâ fide*, and how many were, in plain English, mere financial swindles—swindles of a far more objectionable kind, and infinitely more dangerous to the public at large, than many offences which have been classed as such, and for which those who have perpetrated them are now undergoing penal servitude?

And what of the numerous individuals who have been reduced to poverty, who have been, owing to their credulity, forced into the Bankruptcy Court, and condemned for the rest of their days to a miserable struggle for existence? It is very certain that neither Monte Carlo, nor Homburg when its gambling-tables were in existence, ever did, or ever will, work one-tenth part of the moral and social evil that what may be called commercial swindlers have in England during the last twenty years. And the evil is still on the increase.

The figures quoted above speak for themselves, and require little or no comment. Is it possible that in two consecutive years, 1883-84—both of which were noted as being exceptionally dull as regards commercial enterprise—such an enormous sum as upwards of four hundred and twenty millions could have found any legitimate source of employment by means of new Joint-stock Companies? Were it possible to work out such a problem, it would be a good thing if a far too confiding public could be authentically informed how much of the four hundred millions was subscribed for such Companies as the 'Fiji Islands Tramway Company (Limited).' Still more instructive would it be to know how many individuals who play at the game of amateur finance were ruined by the means they expected should make their fortune.

In England, we have the greatest possible objection to state interference in private affairs. As a rule, we are right. But are there not exceptions to this as to every rule? Is it not part of a government's duty to protect the foolish and unwary from being made the dupes of men who trade upon the credulity of others, and who bring ruin to countless numbers? It is not the idle or depraved of society who are the victims of these spurious concerns. Unlike those of the gaming-tables, the Joint-stock Company swindles generally entrap and ruin men who try to increase their income by legitimate means. The following is a case which has come under the present writer's personal knowledge.

A gentleman who had served nearly thirty years in the Indian Civil Service, came home with his well-earned income of one thousand a year and a few thousands at his banker's. His children were grown up and well settled in life. He had no expensive habits; and beyond an occasional game at whist, limited to sixpenny points, and perhaps half-a-crown on the rubber, he never staked money in playing or betting. He took chambers in the West End, was a member of the Oriental and other clubs, and settled down apparently to pass a comfortable uneventful life, until summoned to go over to the majority. For a time all went quietly and well with him; but, like most Englishmen, he found it hard to live without work, and time was very heavy on his hands. While in this frame of mind, he, very unfortunately for him, as it turned out, met an old Indian friend, a retired military officer, who believed himself to be making a fortune in Joint-stock Companies. As was to be expected, this old friend took him into the City and introduced him to some so-called City men, individuals whose right to such a title would certainly be repudiated by members of the Stock Exchange, or by those engaged in any legitimate City business. By these new acquaintances he was at once marked down as a new, and therefore a very valuable addition to the numerous body of 'guinea-pigs,' who are so useful to the fraternity. It was soon ascertained that, in addition to a comfortable pension, he had by him a by no means despicable sum in ready-money. Very few days after these introductions, he was asked by a Financial Agent if he would accept a seat at the Board of a Company that was about to be floated. The terms to be, two hundred pounds a year paid him as a director, and fifty fully paid-up shares of ten pounds each.

He agreed willingly enough; and a day or two later, his name appeared in all the leading London papers in which the new Company was advertised. From that day the Anglo-Indian may be said to have entered on a new career. In six months he had become director in as many Companies. He went daily to the City, where he remained till the tide of busy men turned westward, and then went home with the comfortable conviction that he had made money and gained valuable information on financial matters. His clubs were now rarely honoured with his presence; and when he did visit any old Indian friend, his conversation was almost

exclusively on the subject of this or that Company, of how much Mr A. had made, or Mr B. had lost, by such and such speculations, and of the good things in store for those who knew how to work the financial oracles. In short, he became, as too many retired Anglo-Indian Civil and Military servants do when they come home, helplessly insane on a subject of which he knew little or nothing, of which he had no experience, and in which he was the victim of designing knaves, who made a tool of him.

Matters went on pleasantly enough for a time; but at last a very decided change for the worse came. One by one the Companies of which he was a director collapsed; and when they were wound up, our friend found, to his dismay, that he had to book up the full value of the shares for which he had never paid. This pretty nearly cleared away the ready-money he had at his banker's; but there was still worse behind.

Promoters of Companies and others whose business it is to finance without funds, have a friendly way of helping each other when pecuniary difficulties arise. Whether they want money to push on some new scheme, or whether only a much milder sum is required for daily expenses, they rarely refuse to put their names to stamped paper for each other. 'Help me, and I'll help thee,' is held to be one of the standing articles of their social creed. And when a fairly well-to-do 'guinea-pig' becomes more or less intimate with these gentlemen, he is generally asked to join one or more of them in raising money by means of bills. Sometimes these useful substitutes for capital may be paid at maturity; but more often they are not met, and are replaced by similar documents. There are, however, occasions on which renewal of financial obligations is no longer possible, and when those who draw, or those who accept, have to book up without delay. Such was the lot of our friend whose short financial career is here briefly described. His name being no longer regarded as valuable, he was called on to find the funds for which he had made himself answerable. For a very short time his pension for three or four years was, so to speak, anticipated. He had given bills which he had not the ready-money to meet, and had to resort to loan offices, West End money-lenders, and other sources of raising money, which, together with the premiums he had to pay insurance offices, seeing that he could not get money without policies on his life, very soon utterly ruined him. He was, of course, made a bankrupt, and four-fifths of his pension was awarded to his creditors. To live on two hundred pounds a year is by no means an easy task to one who has never known the want of money; he dragged on a miserable existence for a couple of years, and then died from what might almost be called a broken heart.

The sketch here given is a true one, and may serve to show how it is that many men who dabble in amateur finance disappear from their usual haunts and come to irretrievable grief. Englishmen, no matter to what class they belong, must, as a rule, have something to do. Unlike any other people, except their American cousins, they are sooner tired and weary of idleness than of any amount of physical or mental labour. And this is particularly the case with Anglo-Indians, who, after, perhaps, a quarter of a century of hard work in the East, come home to enjoy their hard-earned pensions. For a short time—for a few months—they are content to do nothing; but after they have renewed old friendships, and revisited the scenes of their early life, and settled down to what must be a comparatively monotonous life, they find there is something wanting, and that employment or occupation is almost necessary to their very existence. The ways in which this want may be supplied are various. To some, politics and literature fill up, or help to fill up, the gap; racing and betting, hunting, shooting, and other sports are followed by their respective votaries amongst those who have more leisure than they know what to do with. But 'going into the City' has the double fascination that it combines pleasure with occupation and imaginary profit. Unfortunately, the unpleasant awakening too often follows the pleasant dream.

Another curious fact regarding Joint-stock Company speculation is that what may be called the fashion, which changes, so to speak, as often as that of a lady's bonnet, and which does not admit of more than one kind of enterprise being popular at the same time. Thus, during all last year and a great portion of 1884, little found favour with the share-taking public save Companies for the extension of the electric light. This fancy seems to be for the present at least played out, and for the year, gold mines appear to be popular.

As matters now stand, the man who steals a few shillings is summarily dealt with, and rarely escapes the punishment due to his crime. But the Company promoter or Financial Agent who deliberately plans to ruin hundreds, and who, so soon as the harvest of one bogus Company is reaped, hastens to sow the seed of another, is allowed to go on with impunity, obtaining by falsehood and misrepresentation infinitely more than many others can by the legitimate use of capital; and defrauding their victims of what in many cases has cost a lifetime of long and patient toil.

One thing seems very certain; and the more any impartial person looks into the subject, the more convinced he must be that some supervision ought to be exercised with reference to all Joint-stock Company prospectuses which are published, and which increase in number every day. It is very true that fools are, like the poor, always with us; but this ought not to deter the authorities from taking care of those who cannot take care of themselves. We have already admitted that there are Companies and Companies—that there are some undertakings offered to the public which are perfectly honest and legitimate; whilst others are got up for the express purpose of swindling the many, and of putting money into the pockets of the few. If, then, supervision were enforced, and no Company allowed to be advertised until it had undergone investigation by competent persons, would it not be all the better for such concerns as are certified to be sound? If it were possible to obtain a reliable return of those who have been beggared by these swindles during the

last ten or fifteen years, there would soon be a public outcry in favour of this supervision of proposed Companies; and a very great evil, the greatest financial evil of the present day, would be quickly and surely remedied.

That the whole system must ere long undergo revision, and that it must be sooner or later put under proper control, is what no one who has had opportunity of witnessing the working behind the curtains can doubt. Promoters and Financial Agents have had a good time of it for the last twenty years, and it will be only fair if they are now obliged to retire on their laurels; and their calling, so far as dishonesty be concerned, become a thing of the past. Finance without funds has had its day, and for the general public, that day has been allowed to continue too long. The anomaly of protecting people from the wiles of the gaming-tables, and yet leaving them to be the victims of plausible schemers, who entice them to a very much more dangerous (because a more hidden) ruin, is too palpably wrong for any honest person to defend; and it behoves the authorities to put a stop to what has become one of the greatest social evils of the day.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXII.

THREE or four months rolled rapidly away, and the Hawthorns began to feel themselves settling down quietly to their new, strange, and anomalous position in the island of Trinidad. In spite of her father's prohibition, Nora often came around to visit them; and though Mr Dupuy fought hard against her continuing 'that undesirable acquaintance,' he soon found that Nora, too, had a will of her own, and that she was not to be restrained from anything on which she had once set her mind, by such very simple and easy means as mere prohibition. 'The girl's a Dupuy to the backbone,' her cousin Tom said to her father more than once, in evident admiration. 'Though she does take up with a lot of coloured trash—which, of course, is very unladylike—when once she sets her heart upon a thing sir, she does it too, and no mistake about it either.'

Dr Whitaker was another not infrequent visitor at the Hawthorns' bungalow. He had picked up, as he desired, a gratuitous practice among the poorer negroes; and though it often sorely tried his patience and enthusiasm, he found in it at least some relief and respite from the perpetual annoyance and degradation of his uncongenial home-life with his father and Miss Euphemia. His botany, too, gave him another anodyne—something to do to take his mind off the endless incongruity of his settled position. He had decided within himself, almost from the very first day of landing, to undertake a Flora of Trinidad—a new work on all the flowering-plants in the rich vegetation of that most luxuriant among tropical islands; and in every minute of leisure time that he could spare from the thankless care of his poor negro patients, he was hard at work among the tangled woods and jungle undergrowth, or else in his own little study at home, in his father's house, collecting, arranging, and comparing the materials for this his great work on the exquisite flowers of his native country. The faithful violin afforded him his third great resource and alleviation. Though Miss Euphemia and her lively friends were scarcely of a sort to appreciate the young doctor's touching and delicate execution, he practised by himself for an hour or two in his own rooms every evening; and as he did so, he felt that the strings seemed ever to re-echo with one sweet and oft-recurring name—the name of Nora. To be sure, he was a brown man, but even brown men are more or less human. How could he ever dream of falling in love with one of Miss Euphemia's like-minded companions?

He met Nora from time to time in the Hawthorns' drawing-room; there was no other place under the circumstances of Trinidad where he was at all likely ever to meet her. Nora was more frankly kind to him now than formerly; she felt that to be cool or indifferent towards him before Edward and Marian might seem remotely like an indirect slight upon their own position. One afternoon he met her there accidentally, and she asked him, with polite interest, how his work on the flowers of Trinidad was getting on.

The young doctor cast down his eyes and answered timidly that he had collected an immense number of specimens, and was arranging them slowly in systematic order.

'And your music, Dr Whitaker?'

The mulatto stammered for a moment. 'Miss Dupuy,' he said with a slight hesitation, 'I have—I have published the little piece—the Hurricane Symphony, you know—that I showed you once on board the *Severn*. I have published it in London. If you will allow me—I—I will present you, as I promised, with a copy of the music.'

'Thank you,' Nora said. 'How very good of you. Will you send it to me to Orange Grove, or—will you leave it here some day with Mrs Hawthorn?'

The mulatto felt his face grow hot and burning as he answered with as much carelessness as he could readily command: 'I have a copy here with me—it's with my hat in the piazza. If you will permit me, Mrs Hawthorn, I'll just step out and fetch it. I brought it with me, Miss Dupuy, thinking it just possible I might happen to meet you here this morning.' He didn't add that he had brought it out with him day after day for the last fortnight, in the vain hope of chancing to meet her; and had carried it back again with a heavy heart night after night, when he had failed to see her in that one solitary possible meeting-place.

Nora took the piece that he handed her, fresh and white from the press of a famous London firm of music-sellers, and glanced hastily at the top of the title-page for the promised dedication. There was none visible anywhere. The title-page ran simply: 'Op. 14. Hurricane Symphony. Souvenir des Indes. By W. Clarkson Whitaker.'

'But, Dr Whitaker,' Nora said, pouting a little in her pretty fashion, 'this isn't fair, you know. You promised to dedicate the piece to me. I was quite looking forward to seeing my name in

big letters, printed in real type, on the top of the title-page!'

The mulatto doctor's heart beat fast that moment with a very unwonted and irregular pulsation. Then she really wished him to dedicate it to her! Why on earth had he been so timorous as to strike out her name at the last moment on the fair copy he had sent to London for publication? 'I thought, Miss Dupuy,' he answered slowly, 'our positions were so very different in Trinidad, that when I came here and felt how things actually stood, I—I judged it better not to put your name in conjunction with mine on the same title-page.'

'Then you did quite wrong!' Nora retorted warmly; 'and I'm very angry with you—I am really, I assure you. You ought to have kept your promise when you gave it me. I wanted to see my own name in print, and on a piece of music too. I expect, now, I've lost the chance of seeing myself in black and white for ever and ever.'

The mulatto smiled a smile of genuine pleasure. 'It's easily remedied, Miss Dupuy,' he answered quickly. 'If you really mean it, I shall dedicate my very next composition to you. You're extremely kind to take such a friendly interest in my poor music.'

'I hope I'm not overdoing it,' Nora thought to herself. 'But the poor fellow really has so much to put up with, that one can't help behaving a little kindly to him, when one happens to get the opportunity.'

When Dr Whitaker rose to leave, he shook hands with Nora very warmly, and said as he did so: 'Good-bye, Miss Dupuy. I shan't forget next time that the dedication is to be fairly printed in good earnest.'

'Mind you don't, Dr Whitaker,' Nora responded gaily. 'Good-bye. I suppose I shan't see you again, as usual, for another week of Sundays!'

The mulatto smiled once more, a satisfied smile, as he answered quickly: 'O yes, Miss Dupuy. We shall meet on Monday next. Of course, you're going to the governor's ball at Banana Garden!'

Nora started. 'The governor's ball!' she repeated—'the governor's ball! O yes, of course I'm going there, Dr Whitaker.—But are you invited?'

She said it thoughtlessly, on the spur of the moment, for it had never occurred to her that the brown doctor would have an invitation also; but the tone of surprise in which she spoke cut the poor young mulatto to the very quick in that moment of triumph. He drew himself up proudly as he answered in a hasty tone: 'O yes; even I am invited to Banana Garden, Miss Dupuy. The governor of the colony at least can recognise no distinction of class or colour in his official capacity.'

Nora's face flushed crimson. 'I shall hope to see you there,' she answered quickly. 'I'm glad you're going.—Marian, dear, we shall be quite a party. I only wish I was going with you, instead of being trotted off in that odiously correct style by old Mrs Pereira.'

Dr Whitaker said no more, but raised his hat upon the piazza steps, jumped upon his horse, and took his way along the dusty road that led from the Hawthorns' cottage to the residence of the Honourable Robert Whitaker. As he reached the house, Miss Euphemia was laughing loudly in the drawing-room with her bosom friend, Miss Seraphina M'Culloch. 'Wilberforce!' Miss Euphemia cried, the moment her brother made his appearance on the outer piazza, 'jest you come straight in here, I tellin' you. Here's Pheenie come around to hab a talk wit you. You is too unsocial altogedder. You always want to go an' bury yourself in your own study. O my, O my! Young men dat come from England, dey hasn't got no conversation at all for to talk wit de ladies.'

Dr Whitaker was not in the humour just that moment to indulge in pleasantries with Miss Seraphina M'Culloch, a brown young lady of buxom figure and remarkably free-and-easy conversation; so he sighed impatiently as he answered with a hasty wave of his hand: 'No, Euphemia; I can't come in and see your friend just this minute. I must go into my own room to make up some medicines—some very urgent medicines—wanted immediately—for some of my poor sick patients.' Heaven help his soul for that transparent little prevarication, for all the medicine had been sent out in charge of a ragged negro boy more than two hours ago; and it was Dr Whitaker's own heart that was sick and ill at ease, beyond the power of any medicine ever to remedy.

Miss Euphemia pouted her already sufficiently protruding lips. 'Always dem stoopid niggers,' she answered contemptuously. 'How on eart a man like you, Wilberforce, dat has always been brought up respectable an' proper, in a decent fam'ly, can bear to go an' trow away his time in attendin' to a parcel of low nigger people, is more dan I can ever understan'.—Can you, Seraphina?'

Miss Seraphina responded immediately, that, in her opinion, niggers was a disgraceful set of dat low, disreputable people, dat how a man like Dr Wilberforce Whitaker could so much demean hisself as ever to touch dem, really surpassed her limited comprehension.

Dr Whitaker strode angrily away into his own room, muttering to himself as he went, that one couldn't blame the white people for looking down upon the browns, when the browns themselves, in their foolish travesty of white prejudice, looked down so much upon their brother blacks beneath them. In a minute more, he reappeared with a face of puzzled bewilderment at the drawing-room door, and cried to his sister angrily: 'Euphemia, Euphemia! what have you done, I'd like to know, with all those specimens I brought in this morning, and left, when I went out, upon my study table?'

'Wilberforce,' Miss Euphemia answered with stately dignity, rising to confront him, 'I tink I can't stand dis mess an' rubbish dat you make about de house a minute longer.—Pheenie! I tell you how dat man treat de fam'ly. Every day, he goes out into de woods an' he cuts bush—common bush, all sort of weed an' trash an' rubbish; an' he brings dem home, an' puts dem in de study, so dat de house don't never tidy, however much you try for to tidy him. Well, dis mornin' I say to myself: "I don't goin' to stand dis lumber-room in a respectable fam'ly any longer." So I take de bush dat Wilberforce

bring in; I carry him out to de kitchen altogedder; I open de stove, an' I trow him in all in a lump into de very middle of de kitchen fire. Ha, ha, ha! him burn an' crackle all de same as if he was chock-full of blazin' gunpowder!'

Dr Whitaker's eyes flashed angrily as he cried in surprise: 'What! all my specimens, Euphemia! all my specimens! all the ferns and orchids and curious club-mosses I brought in from Pimento Valley Scrubs early this morning!'

Miss Euphemia tossed her head contemptuously in the air. 'Yes, Wilberforce,' she answered with a placid smile; 'every one of dem. I burn de whole nasty lot of bush an' trash togedder. An' den, when I finished, I burn de dry ones—de nasty dry tings you put in de cupboards all around de study.'

Dr Whitaker started in horror. 'My herbarium!' he cried—'my whole herbarium! You don't mean to say, Euphemia, you've actually gone and wantonly destroyed my entire collection?'

'Yes,' Miss Euphemia responded cheerfully, nodding acquiescence several times over; 'I burn de whole lot of dem—paper an' everyting. De nasty tings, dey bring in de cockroach an' de red ants into de study cupboards.'

The mulatto rushed back eagerly and hastily into his own study; he flung open the cupboard doors, and looked with a sinking heart into the vacant spaces. It was too true, all too true! Miss Euphemia had destroyed in a moment of annoyance the entire result of his years of European collection and his five months' botanical work since he had arrived in Trinidad.

The poor young man sat down distracted in his easy-chair, and flinging himself back on the padded cushions, ruefully surveyed the bare and empty shelves of his rifled cupboards. It was not so much the mere loss of the pile of specimens—five months' collection only, as well as the European herbarium he had brought with him for purposes of comparison—the one could be easily replaced in a second year; the other could be bought again almost as good as ever from a London dealer—it was the utter sense of loneliness and isolation, the feeling of being so absolutely misunderstood, the entire want of any reasonable and intelligent sympathy. He sat there idly for many minutes, staring with blank resignation at the empty cases, and whistling to himself a low plaintive tune, as he gazed and gazed at the bare walls in helpless despondency. At last, his eye fell casually upon his beloved violin. He rose up, slowly and mournfully, and took the precious instrument with reverent care from its silk-lined case. Drawing his bow across the familiar strings, he let the music come forth as it would; and the particular music that happened to frame itself upon the trembling catgut on the humour of the moment was his own luckless Hurricane Symphony. For half an hour he sat there still, varying that well-known theme with unstudied impromptus, and playing more for the sake of forgetting everything earthly, than of producing any very particular musical effect. By-and-by, when his hand had warmed to its work, and he was beginning really to feel what it was he was playing, the door opened suddenly, and a bland voice interrupted his solitude with an easy flow of colloquial English.

'Wilberforce, my dear son,' the voice said in its most sonorous accents, 'dere is company come; you will excuse my interruptin' you. De ladies an' gentlemen dat we expec' to dinner has begun to arrive. Dey is waitin' to be introduced to de inheritor of de tree names most intimately connected wit de great revolution which I have had de pleasure an' honour of bringin' about for my enslaved bredderin'. De ladies especially is most anxious to make your acquaintance. He, he, he! de ladies is most anxious. An', my dear son, whatever you do, don't go on playin' any longer dat loogoobrious melancholy fiddle-toon. If you *must* play someting, play us someting lively—*Pretty little yaller Gal*, or someting of dat sort!'

Dr Whitaker almost flung down his beloved violin in his shame and disgrace at this untimely interruption. 'Father,' he said, as kindly as he was able, 'I am not well to-night—I am indisposed—I am suffering somewhat—you must excuse me, please; I'm afraid I shan't be able to meet your friends at dinner this evening.' And taking down his soft hat from the peg in the piazza, he crushed it despairingly upon his aching head, and stalked out, alone and sick at heart, into the dusty, dreary, cactus-bordered lanes of that transformed and desolate Trinidad.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PROVERBS.

The object of the writer of this paper has been to collect and compare a few of the most familiar English and French proverbs or sayings; and to bring together a few of those sayings which exist as such in both languages, expressing the same idea, or nearly so, in each. To begin with a few similes.

We English seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our 'As dumb as a mouse;' the French have preferred a glass, for they say, 'As dumb as a glass.' We say, 'As deaf as a post;' the French, 'As deaf as a pot.' 'As dull as ditch-water,' Gallicised becomes, 'As sad as a nightcap.' 'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,' is changed into, 'Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it.' Instead of, 'Biting off one's nose to spite one's face,' a similarly useless experiment is illustrated by 'Spitting in the air that it may fall on one's nose.' The self-evident impossibility in the words, 'You can't get blood out of a stone,' is represented by, 'One could not comb a thing that has no hair.' (This last also 'goes without saying,' which, as literally translated from the French, now forms a proverb in our own language.) In the proverb, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but a hundred can't make him drink,' our neighbours have not inappropriately selected an 'ass' as the illustrative animal. 'When you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does,' every Englishman will tell you; though few perhaps could say why Rome was chosen as an example; and whether it is more necessary, when in Rome, to follow the general lead, than in anywhere else, is to us a matter of doubt. To the Frenchman, the idea is sufficiently well expressed, however, by impressing upon you

the necessity of 'howling with the wolves.' 'Easy come, easy go,' though terse and to the point, is in itself scarcely so intelligible as the somewhat longer sentence, 'That which comes with the flood, returns with the ebb.' That 'a burnt child dreads the fire' is perfectly true, as every one will admit: our neighbours go farther than this, and, in choosing a 'scalded cat' as the object of consideration, speak of it as being in fear of 'cold' water even, thus expressing the natural distrust of the cat, after having once been scalded, as extending even to 'cold' water. 'Money makes the mare to go;' and 'For money, dogs dance.'

The advisability of 'letting sleeping dogs lie' is very seldom questioned; in France the recommendation simply takes the form, 'Do not wake a sleeping cat.' In England at least, it is said that 'Birds of a feather flock together;' or, to put it less poetically, 'Those who resemble, assemble.' Naturally, 'A thief is set to catch a thief;' or, in other words, 'A good cat to a good rat;' 'A thief and a half to a thief.' Evidently one thief is not always sufficient; more are required at times. That 'Practice makes perfect' is equally true with 'It is in forging that one becomes a blacksmith.' And speaking of an 'ill wind that blows nobody good,' the fact that 'to *some one*, misfortune is good,' is equally applicable, if the phrase were not un-English. The cat seems to figure rather prominently in French proverbs. Instead of buying a 'pig in a poke,' 'a cat in a bag' is often spoken of.

That a man—or rather his clothes—should be 'stitched with gold' is about on a par with 'rolling in money.' It does not require a very powerful imagination to trace the likeness supposed to exist between a person placing his arms 'akimbo' and making or imitating a two-handled vase. The ability to utilise whatever comes to hand, aptly put, 'All is fish that comes to his net,' regarded from another point of view, resolves itself into 'Making arrows out of any wood.'

We are not aware—although, perhaps, some of our readers may be—of the origin of the advice contained in 'Tell that to the marines.' It is just possible, in times gone by, 'the marines' were a more credulous body of men than the majority of people; but be that as it may, our friends content themselves by saying, shortly, 'to some others.' The idea in 'Talk of a certain personage and he's sure to appear,' is similarly embodied in the words, 'As one speaks of the wolf, one sees his tail.' Perhaps to 'shave an egg' is almost as difficult a task as to 'skin a flint;' and 'to make with one stone two *coups*,' about as arduous as 'to kill two birds with one stone.' These illustrations might be multiplied to a much greater extent, if necessary; but the foregoing will suffice.

Of course, there are a number of English proverbs for which the French have no *real* equivalents, and *vice versâ*. By 'equivalent' is here meant the same idea expressed in a similarly pithy, terse form, so as to come under the head of proverbs in either language. As it is true of individuals, that every one looks at things from his or her point of view, so it is more or less true of all nations; and it follows that, from the two nations here spoken of having different ideas on many subjects, and different ways of looking at things, it is not always possible to 'transplant' one idea satisfactorily into another tongue. Translators are often puzzled by such obstacles. Again, as also cannot fail to happen, many proverbs are identical, or nearly so, in words in both languages. The best use of proverbs is to illustrate, sum up, or emphasise what has already been said, in a brief and concise manner; or as a convenient form in which to give advice. Advice is sometimes, like physic, very disagreeable to take, and being administered in the form of a proverb-pill, is occasionally rendered less unpalatable.

THE WILL OF MRS ANNE BOWDEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

I CALLED at the hospital twice or thrice, to see if any inquiry had been made for the mysterious and irritating parcel which I had so unwittingly appropriated on the 24th of February. I looked in the newspapers for advertisements of lost documents; I even myself advertised my possession of a sealed envelope, of which I gave as elaborate a description as so simple an object permitted. All in vain! Nobody seemed to want the packet, and it remained an unclaimed foundling on my hands.

We discussed the question of my duty in the matter in full conclave. (It was about this time that 'full conclave' began to mean, as it has now done for many years, the conference of Gerald, May, and myself.) We could come to no decision. Gerald thought I should insist on leaving the envelope at the hospital, and trusting to chance and the authorities there for its restoration to the owner; May, being of the true blood of Eve, was of opinion that I ought to open the packet, and, by study of the contents, find out what I should do; while, for my own part, I inclined to what is termed 'masterly inactivity.'

The truth is that I have an exaggerated, almost superstitious idea of the sanctity of sealing-wax. No one, in these days of gummed envelopes, seals a letter without a special intention of keeping its contents secret; and the use of the elaborately engraved stamp seems to me not more of a safeguard against idle curiosity than an appeal to the honour of any one for whose perusal the packet is not intended to leave it inviolate. This was the argument I used to my dear fellow-judges; and, strange to say, support of it came from a very unexpected quarter.

May was in the habit of narrating to Mrs Bowden the incidents of Gerald's life and mine. The harmless gossip seemed to give pleasure to the poor old lady, whose personal intercourse was limited almost wholly to what she held with greedy and self-seeking 'connections'—'not relatives,' as she frequently wrung their hearts by telling them; and we had no reason for desiring secrecy. To her, then, was repeated the story of the mysterious packet; she was much interested in it; and May reported her advice to me next time we met at Gerald's lodging. (It was strange with what frequency these meetings occurred; but it was stranger still, considering how often

I visited Atherton, that I should occasionally have missed his sister. Soon after this, I managed to get apartments in the same house, so that I had as large a share of May's society when she came to Camden Town as her brother had.) It was in these words, May said, that Mrs Bowden had given her adhesion to my opinion: 'Tell Mr Langham that it is never safe, from however good a motive, to tamper with a sealed document. Whoever does so, is liable to be accused of having forged the paper which he presents as authentic.'

'Surely not, if the document does not affect his interest in any way,' said May. 'A man commits forgery only to benefit himself; and it is quite impossible that the contents of this packet, whatever they are, can have anything to do with Mr Langham.'

'Improbable, child; not more than that; nothing is impossible.'

'Then I went on with the book I was reading to her,' said May, in repeating the conversation to me; 'but I don't think she listened. At least her eyes were twinkling all the time, though it was quite a serious book, and in the middle of one very grave passage she laughed aloud. I stopped in surprise, and then she asked me if I was sure that I had described the seal correctly. I assured her that I had given your description of it word for word, at which she laughed again, and said, "Poor George." I wonder if she meant Mr George Bowden; but I don't see what he had to do with the matter. Then she repeated her warning about breaking seals, and bade me be sure to convey it to you.'

'It is very considerate of Mrs Bowden,' I said in some bewilderment; 'but I cannot imagine why she should be so much interested in the matter. Is she at all—queer?'

'She is eccentric, certainly; but not in the least mad, if that is what you mean. She has heart-disease, I believe; but her mind is all right, indeed particularly acute.'

'Why, it's simple enough,' interposed Gerald. 'Mrs Bowden hasn't an amusement in the world except teasing her relatives, and she gets tired of that sometimes. But now chance informs her of a curious accident; and the little possibility of mystery and romance about it excites her, just because her own life happens to be free from either. It's as good as a novel to her at present; but if the *dénouement* doesn't come on quickly enough, she'll lose interest in the matter, and soon forget all about it. She cares merely for the sensation.'

But Mrs Bowden's interest in the unclaimed packet and in its unwilling possessor was curiously deep and persistent.

'She asks far more questions about you than about Gerald,' said May to me one fortunate half-hour when her brother had left me to be her escort to church. (Her employer managed very frequently to dispense with her attendance on Sundays, and thus made the day one of tenfold happiness to us.)

'Then I hope you strain your conscience, and speak well of me in your replies?'

'I say just what I think of you,' she answered very demurely.

'And that is——?' I asked.

'That you are Gerald's friend.'

'Is that all?'

'Is it not enough?'

'No—not nearly enough. Do you not like me for my own sake as well as for Gerald's? It isn't for his sake that I love you, May, and I shall not be content till you care for me for myself, independently of Gerald's friendship.'

'You want a great deal, Mr Langham,' she said, keeping her eyes turned away from me.

'Do I want too much—more than you can give me?'—Silence for a few moments.—'Answer me, May. I must know the truth, whether it is good or bad. Do I ask for more than you can give me?'

Another pause, a short one; then came the sweetest whisper I had ever heard: 'No;' and I am afraid the vicar of St Barnabas had two very inattentive listeners that evening.

What days of planning and projecting followed! We meant to be very prudent and do nothing rashly. Marriage was impossible at present; but some day, in two or three years, when my salary should reach the princely sum of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, we would form a little home, and Gerald would live with us. Meanwhile, the most rigorous economy was to be observed; every penny saved brought that little home a shade nearer.

Mrs Bowden soon found out what was meant by the tiny pearl ring on May's finger, and proved a most sympathetic confidant. 'But I don't mean to alter my will in your favour, remember,' she said to my darling in her sharp abrupt way. 'That would be too much bother; and besides, my property will fall into the hands of a good man who will not fail to provide for you.'

May thought of Mr George Bowden, and mentally doubted the accuracy of this last statement. She made no remark, but Mrs Bowden guessed the tenor of her thoughts.

'You don't agree with me, I see,' she said; 'but you 'll find out that I have said too little of his care for you.—But you must not leave me, child. I have grown to love you, and I shall not need your service long.'

'You don't feel worse, I hope, dear Mrs Bowden?'

'Worse or better, little May, as you choose to read the meaning of the words, but assuredly not far from the end. And since it is so, you will, I think, gratify a caprice of mine. I want to see your lover. Ask him to come up some evening, and let me have a few minutes' conversation with him.'

Of course I went. Gerald had occasionally gone to see his sister; but hitherto I had had no right to cross the portal of Mrs Bowden's house, and I was not without some curiosity to see the amiable ogress who was May's mistress. My first impression was a confused one of having seen her before—long ago, when she was younger and more gentle than now; but I could in nowise affix either date or place to the memory. It was vague, yet ineffaceable. Our conversation was eccentric to the point of discourtesy.

'You seem interested in my appearance,' Mrs Bowden said after a very curt greeting.

'Your face is familiar to me,' I replied; 'I think I must have seen you before.'

'No, you haven't,' she returned in a tone that forbade further assertion of the point.

After a pause, she said: 'So you are going to make an imprudent marriage, like your father.'

I fired up at this. 'If I win as good a wife as my father did, I shall consider myself guilty of no imprudence,' I said.

'You are young and foolish. Money is a good thing.'

'Yes, but only one of many good things. If I can have the others, I'll dispense with it.'

'You'll find it difficult. If your father had not been so great a fool as you, you would have been a rich man to-day.'

'In that case, I might never have met May, so I'm better as I am.—But tell me, madam, did you know my father?'

'Yes, before you were born.—Don't question me on the subject. I am tired now; go away. I'll see you again another time—perhaps—I don't know.'

I was at the door, when Mrs Bowden spoke to me again. 'You have not broken the seal of that packet, I hope?'

'No.'

'Don't do so. It will be asked for some day, and it may be for your profit that the seal is intact.—You may go now. You're a good lad, and I am pleased to think that you will be May's husband.'

I felt strangely curious about the eccentric old lady, and hoped that she would again command in her imperious fashion that I should visit her. But it was not to be. Little more than a week had passed, when May came to Gerald's rooms, weeping, and with all her little possessions. Mrs Bowden had been found dead in her bed that morning; and before noon, Mr George Bowden, in his self-assumed capacity of executor, had turned my poor little sweetheart out of the house.

I said some harsh things about this greedy and self-seeking man, and gave expression to some unkindly wishes about his inheritance of his sister-in-law's property; but I did not guess what a strangely complete punishment his rapacity was to receive.

Ten days had passed since Mrs Bowden's death. May was domiciled in my apartments, which I had vacated for her, and was trying to obtain daily teaching. I was accompanying my hurried dinner at a City restaurant by a yet more hurried study of the *Daily Telegraph*, when my eye was caught by the following advertisement: 'Lost, on the 24th of February, by a gentleman since deceased, a sealed envelope containing the Will of Mrs Anne Bowden, of Well Walk, Hampstead. Any one bringing the same, or giving information by which it may be recovered, to Messrs Godding and Son, Solicitors, Bedford Row, E.C., will be rewarded.'

For a moment I perceived nothing more than that the will of May's Mrs Bowden was missing; but immediately the conviction rushed upon me that this which was advertised for was *my* packet, the mysterious envelope, the possession of which had for four months—it was now June—been so irritating to me. Could it be possible that the two documents were the same? and that Mrs Bowden had been aware all the time that it was in my hands, yet had made no effort to regain possession of it, or to restore it to her solicitor, who had originally been destined to keep it till it was wanted? It seemed wholly unlikely; but the eccentricity of the dead lady's character made it not impossible; and if so strange a coincidence really had happened, her oft repeated advice that I should not break the seal received a new importance. I could not delay investigating the matter. Instead of returning to the office of Messrs Hamley and Green, I rushed off to my lodging in Camden Town, took the packet from the desk in which it had been reposing so long, and hurried off to Bedford Row.

Mr Godding was engaged when I reached his office, and I was put into an anteroom to wait; but this was separated from the solicitor's private room only by a not wholly closed door, and the voices of him and his client were raised to such loud altercation that I could not avoid hearing their words.

'I tell you that you are making an unnecessary fuss about this matter,' said one. 'I have every reason to believe that my sister-in-law meant to leave her property to me; and in advertising for this missing will and postponing my entrance into my inheritance, you are simply wasting time, and, I have no doubt, lining your pockets with my money.'

'Your last suggestion is too absurd to be annoying, sir,' replied the other, evidently the lawyer. 'Mrs Bowden did not, you admit, definitely state that you were to be her heir; she merely told you on the 24th of last February that she had signed a will and intrusted it to my father, who, as you know, was on that day seized with the illness which terminated in his death. You say that she "gave you to understand" that this will was in your favour. That is a phrase which may mean much or little. May I ask what, in this case, it does mean?'

'It means that she gave me the seal—my brother's seal—with which she had stamped the envelope containing the will, and said to me: "I wish you to keep this as a means of verifying any document brought forward after my death as my will. It will be genuine only if the impression of this seal is stamped upon the envelope in red wax." You see she was very accurate in her phrases. This is the seal, attached to my watchchain; I have never let it go out of my possession for a moment, night or day, since it was given to me; and I consider Mrs Bowden's words to be conclusive evidence that I am her heir.'

'No evidence at all, Mr Bowden, not even strong presumption. As, however, this will is lost, my duty is plain—to make all possible search for it; and if, after all needful expenditure of time and trouble' ('And my money,' came a growl from Mr Bowden), 'it cannot be found, to try to obtain a decree dividing the estate between the nearest relatives of the deceased lady.'

'Well, that's me,' cried Mr Bowden with ungrammatical emphasis.

'Wait a moment. You are not a relative at all, only a connection by marriage. The first step would be to look for heirs of Mrs Bowden's own family; and only failing the discovery of these could the property be divided between the next of kin of the late Mr Bowden, who

are—not you alone—but you and your two sisters.'

Thereupon, the unhappy would-be inheritor gave vent to a despairing ejaculation.

Mr Godding was beginning to expound the law of the question, and the faint and expensive possibilities of obtaining a result favourable to his client's wishes by appeals to various courts; while Mr Bowden soothed his ruffled nerves by a muttered indulgence in promiscuous profanity, when it struck me that it was in my power to end the scene by announcing my presence and my errand. I had listened first with surprise, then with interest, lastly with amusement, and these emotions had prevented my realising the influence I probably had over the discussion that was going on within. Now, however, without waiting till Mr Godding should think himself at leisure to receive me, I entered the room. I easily guessed that the hot and irascible-looking little man with the bald head was Mr George Bowden; while the quiet, young-looking gentleman, sitting in true legal attitude with his elbows leaning on the arms of his chair, and the tips of his fingers lightly pressed together, was the solicitor, Mr Godding. Each looked up in annoyance at my unexpected intrusion, but annoyance gave way to surprise and satisfaction as I said: 'I bring what I believe to be the will of Mrs Anne Bowden.'

The sight of an elderly man excited, hopeful, and impatient, is interesting and unusual. I had ample opportunity for observing the spectacle as exemplified in Mr Bowden during the next few minutes. Passing by his outstretched hand, I gave the packet to Mr Godding, who examined the outside of it in leisurely fashion, while his client gazed at him with staring eyes, standing first on one leg, then on the other, and exhibiting a feverish anxiety that would not have disgraced a schoolboy.

'Yes, this seal seems to correspond with that said to be on Mrs Bowden's will,' said the solicitor at last. 'But as you have the seal with you, Mr Bowden, perhaps you will be so kind as to let us have an impression of it.' And he lighted a taper, and pushed wax and paper towards the little gentleman, whose trembling fingers could scarcely detach the seal from his chain. The impression made proved to be identical with that on the envelope—the old English letters H. L. B., the mailed hand grasping the dagger, the motto, 'What I hold, I hold fast,' were unmistakably the same. Then, in reply to Mr Godding's questions, I briefly stated how it had come into my possession.

'You are sure that it was on the 24th of February that you picked it up?'

'Quite sure,' I replied, for I recalled that it was the birthday of Gerald and May, and the day on which I had first seen my darling.

'Your account of the manner of finding it exactly tallies with what we know of the way in which it was lost. My father, having Mrs Bowden's newly signed will in his possession, went to his stockbroker's, where he heard some news about an investment in which he was interested, that affected him greatly. That evening, I received a message stating that he was at the London Hospital, and on going there, found him just recovering consciousness after an apoplectic fit. I was told that he had been brought there by a young man, who had seen him taken ill in the street.—This tends, I think, Mr Bowden, to prove the identity of this document brought by—you have not mentioned your name, sir—Langham, you say—by Mr Langham with the will we are in search of.'

'My dear Mr Godding, nobody but yourself ever doubted that,' cried the impatient Bowden. 'Pray, make haste and open the will.'

'Patience, Mr Bowden. For the sake of expectant legatees, who may have less reason to be satisfied with the provisions of the will than you expect to be, it may be well to set down every proof of its authenticity.—So, Mr Langham, I must ask you a few questions about yourself, in order to satisfy inquirers that the will has been found by a truthful and honest man.'

Thus thwarted, Mr Bowden tried to expedite the settlement of affairs by repeating my answers to Mr Godding's questions, with critical comments.

'Richard Langham, age twenty-four, clerk with Messrs Hamley and Green—good firm, Hamley and Green—must get them to raise your salary—took the late Mr Godding to the hospital—very Christian action—brought the packet to the hospital next day; found the patient removed, and could get no definite information about him; was told his name was Collins or Cotton—Cotton very like Godding; kept the packet unopened, that its authenticity might not be questioned if the owner was found—quite right—always best to restrain curiosity—besetting sin of youth; brought the packet here on seeing your advertisement—very sensible and honest. And now, Mr Godding, for any sake, open the will!'

The little man's voice rose to a scream of entreaty as he uttered the last adjuration; but when the will was opened, there never were three men more surprised at its provisions than were the solicitor, Mr George Bowden, and myself.

Mr Godding looked over the will with that professional glance which takes in immediately all that is of moment in a document, avoiding the arabesques of legal phraseology, and then turning to me, asked: 'What was your father's name?'

I began to share Mr Bowden's impatience. It was quite incredible that there was any necessity for stating my long-dead father's name in order to identify me as the finder of Mrs Bowden's will. Nevertheless, I hid my irritation, and answered quietly: 'Richard Langham, like my own.'

'And your mother's maiden name?'

'Marion Trench.'

'Had your father any near relatives?'

'A step-sister, Anne, about ten years older than himself.'

'What became of her?'

'I don't know. About eight years ago, she married, and I have heard nothing of her since.'

'You don't know the name of her husband?'

'No.'

'Well, it was Henry Leigh Bowden.'

'What!' The exclamation came not from me, but from Mr Bowden, who began to suspect something sinister to his interests in the catechism I was undergoing.

'Yes, Henry Leigh Bowden,' repeated the lawyer. 'The deceased Mrs Bowden, whose will you have been the means of restoring, was your aunt; and it is to you that she has left the bulk of her property.'

It was the howl of a wild beast, rather than any human cry, that came from George Bowden's lips as he heard these words. 'It's a lie!' he cried, rushing forward, and snatching the will from Mr Godding's hands—'a lie, a cheat, a plot, a swindle! The two of you are in league to keep me out of my rights. The will is in my favour; it must be.'

But he was wrong. There, in as plain English as the law can use, was the bequest by Mrs Bowden of all she might die possessed of to 'her nephew, Richard Langham, son of her brother Richard Langham, who in the year 1850 married Marion Trench, and died at Lowborough in the year 1855.' Mrs Bowden had made sure of the important dates in my father's history, that there might be no difficulty in identifying her legatee.

Once assured that his eyes were not playing him false, Mr Bowden began to swear that the will was a forgery, of which I had been guilty in order to secure Mrs Bowden's money for myself. In vain I protested my entire ignorance of the relationship between the dead lady and myself.

'I don't believe you are related; it's all a fabrication. If you put these names in the will, of course you knew what to reply to Mr Godding's questions.'

'But,' I exclaimed, 'I couldn't forge the impression of a seal which you had in your possession all the time.'

'Hang the seal!' cried the little man. 'What's a seal? A seal isn't evidence. I swear that the thing's a forgery, and I'll contest it in every court in the kingdom.'

'But if you do,' interposed Mr Godding, 'and though you should prove your case, you would not profit in the least. If this will is a forgery, we must assume that Mrs Bowden died intestate, for any disposition of her property she may have had drawn up would now, in all probability, be destroyed. In that case, all she possessed will descend to Mr Langham, as her next of kin.'

Mr Bowden glared from one to the other of us with the fiendish impotence of a caged hyena. 'You're both in the plot,' he snarled; 'but I'll fight it out. I'll have justice, though it should cost me my last penny; and I won't grudge it, if only I see you both doing penal servitude before I die. I hope I shall!' With this benevolent aspiration on his lips, Mr Bowden departed, leaving me alone with the lawyer, and too bewildered by the occurrences of the last half-hour to be elated by my sudden good fortune.

'Do you think he will carry out his threat?' I asked.

'It is most unlikely. Twenty-four hours' reflection will convince Mr Bowden how unwise it would be for him to spend his own money without the hope of getting anybody else's. You may rely on being undisturbed in your good fortune.—And now, let me say how glad I am to make the acquaintance of the man for whose kindness to my poor father I have always felt grateful, and express my hope that I may enjoy the privilege of your friendship.' Before my dull brain could furnish any reply to Mr Godding's words, he spoke again: 'By-the-bye, there is in the will, not a charge, but merely a recommendation that you should make some adequate provision for a Miss May Atherton, whom Mrs Bowden describes as her "beloved companion and adopted child." I hope you have no objection to doing so?'

I blushed like a school-girl as I explained how I had already proposed to provide for Miss Atherton; and I think I may truthfully say that she has hitherto—and several years have passed since my aunt's death—been satisfied with her share in Mrs Bowden's property.

We live in the house at Hampstead, and often speak of the strange woman who dwelt there before us, and to whom we owe the comforts of our life.

'Her heart was kinder and her conscience more acute than she would avow,' May declares. 'When she learned your history from me, Dick, she determined to atone to you for what your parents had suffered, and at the same time punish the Bowden family for their unscrupulous fortune-hunting. I have no doubt she found a grim pleasure in knowing, as she must have done, that her will was in your hands, ready to descend like a thunderbolt on the heirs-expectant; and I think it was this knowledge that made her so earnest in her insistence that you should not open the envelope which contained it.'

'I think,' adds Gerald, who, though he has lately taken a wife and a house of his own, is still emphatically one of us—'I think the old lady must have got a great deal of satisfaction out of the anticipation of her brother-in-law's disappointment. How she would have enjoyed being present at that interview in Godding's office! Well, let who will grumble, we three have no cause to grieve over the contents of that wandering document—the Will of Mrs Anne Bowden.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEAR the village of Burgbrohl, on the Rhine, there is a cavity in the ground which has for a long time yielded a copious supply of carbonic acid gas. Apparatus has recently been erected close to this borehole by which the gas can be compressed to the liquid state, and one hundred and ten gallons of gas are so compressed into a pint and three-quarters of liquid every minute. Iron bottles holding about eight times that quantity are used for purposes of storage and transport.

It is reported that the Cowles Electric Smelting and Aluminium Company, whose works are at Cleveland, Ohio, have declared their ability to produce the valuable white metal known as aluminium at the price of half-a-crown a pound. If this report be true, we may look for a revolution in many branches of trade, for the metal is not alone useful as it is, but is almost more important by reason of the valuable alloys it forms with copper, &c. The Company reduce it from the ore by means of a modification of the electric furnace invented some years ago by the late Sir W. Siemens. It is probable that

aluminium bronze will replace steel for many purposes where great tensile strength is required. The expense saved by substituting for steel, which has to be welded and built up coil by coil, a metal for heavy ordnance which can be simply cast and run into moulds, would be enormous.

The discovery of petroleum wells on the west coast of the Red Sea is both interesting and full of promise for a country such as Egypt, whose finances have for so long been in a deplorable condition. The yield of oil is at present but insignificant when compared with the enormous quantities which gush forth at Baku, and with the amount tapped from the American wells. But there is every indication that the yield will increase to a great deal more than two tons a day, the present output. There is little doubt that petroleum will form the fuel of the future for our steamships; and a station so near the great international highway of Suez where that fuel can be readily obtained, cannot fail to become a place of great importance. Already the oil is being used by certain ships instead of coal.

Once again has truth outrun fiction, for the camera in the hands of MM. Henry of Paris has accomplished a feat which no romance-writer would have dared to imagine. Most persons know by sight that beautiful group of stars called the Pleiades, and most people know, too, that this group attracted the attention of star-gazers in very early times. It is mentioned in the book of Job, and profane authors have also weaved many a pretty legend concerning this group of distant suns. In November last, the Messrs Henry photographed the Pleiades; and the picture showed the presence of a nebula of spiral form which no human eye had before seen. Another photograph taken in America showed the same appearance, though the largest telescopes in the Paris Observatory gave no evidence to corroborate the photographic appearances. But at the observatory of Pultova, where a gigantic instrument, possessing an object-glass thirty inches in diameter, has lately been erected, the nebula has been detected by the eye of M. Struve.

Professor Gerlach has devised a means whereby the embryo growth in a bird's egg may be watched. The end of the egg has a round hole cut in it; and by means of a kind of putty made of gum-arabic and wool, a pane of glass is inserted in the opening. This pane consists of a small watchglass, which is further secured in its place by cementing the outside of the joint with a suitable varnish. The egg so treated is put into an incubator in the horizontal position, and it can be removed and turned up for examination when required.

A new kind of refrigerator has been devised, and is on sale in New York. The principle on which it acts is old enough, but the application of that principle is simple and interesting. An iron pipe two feet long and three and a half inches in diameter is filled with liquefied ammonia. To a stopcock at one end of this pipe is fitted a smaller pipe, which ultimately forms a coil within a cylinder about ten inches high and as many in diameter. This cylinder is made of wood and lined with hair-felt. The action of the apparatus is as follows: When the stopcock is turned on, the liquid ammonia rushes out in the form of gas, and absorbs so much heat that the temperature of surrounding bodies is immediately lowered. Any vessel placed within the coil inside the box can actually be lowered in temperature to sixty degrees of frost in a few minutes.

Mr Price Edwards's paper on 'The Experiments with Lighthouse Illuminants at the South Foreland,' recently read before the Society of Arts, London, was full of interest. In these experiments, the relative advantages of electricity, gas, and oil were put to careful test, temporary lighthouses having been erected for comparative trials of each. In the result, it was shown that in clear weather each illuminant was actually more brilliant than necessary. In dull and foggy weather the electric light penetrated further into the murky atmosphere than either gas or oil. But this extra penetration—amounting to two hundred or three hundred feet—is not of any practical importance to navigation. The final conclusion of the Examining Committee was: 'That for ordinary necessities of light-house illumination, mineral oil is the most suitable and economical illuminant; and that for salient headlands, important landfalls, and places where a powerful light is required, electricity offers the greatest advantages.'

It may be noted as a matter of interest in the above-mentioned trials that the electric arc-lights employed were furnished with a novel kind of carbon rods, called the Berlin core carbons, and furnished by Messrs Siemens. These rods were fully an inch and a half in diameter, and were provided with a core of plumbago, or graphite, running through the centre. They were found to burn with exceptional steadiness, a result due to the superior conducting power of the central core.

According to Mr J. C. Clifford, who lately delivered a lecture before the Balloon Society of London, the art of dentistry in America is far in advance of the practice of the Old World. The dentists there are specialists. One will devote himself to extracting teeth, another to filing them, another to making artificial teeth, and so on. The lecturer also stated that these clever dentists had found out that if necessary, they could take a tooth out, cut off the diseased end, replace it, and it would grow firm again in a few days. Transplanting was also successfully carried on.

An interesting discussion has lately arisen concerning the deterioration of pictures by exposure to light and from other causes. There seems to be no doubt that in the case of water-colour pictures this deterioration is an undeniable fact. In oil-colours, the pigments being used in greater masses, and each particle of colour being inwrapped as it were in a protecting globule of oil, there is no perceptible change except a gradual darkening, due most probably to the oil and varnish. The number of organic substances upon which light will exert a bleaching action is far greater than is commonly supposed, and pigments of organic origin should always be regarded with suspicion. Luckily for our artists, there are pigments at their disposal which are permanent in character, and these alone should be used if they wish their works to remain 'a joy for ever' as well as 'things of beauty.'

It seems a great pity that the art of producing pictures in far more permanent pigments, that of drawing in pastels or coloured chalks, should have been almost lost sight of, or at least relegated to the itinerant artist who decorates our pavements with impossible landscapes. In the middle of the last century, this art flourished in France; and works by its votaries, as fresh now as the day they were executed, are much sought after. In France, a Society has been formed for the revival of pastel-work, and its influence has been felt in London, where an excellent Exhibition of Coloured Chalk Drawings has lately been opened. We may hope that these efforts will lead to a revival of a lost art, which has other advantages besides permanence to recommend it.

In framing a picture covered with glass, be it a water-colour, a photograph, or an engraving, there is one precaution which should always be adopted, but is too often neglected—the glass should fit the frame exactly, and should be cemented to the wood inside by a slip of thick paper. This should be glued all round the frame; and if done properly, will exclude all dust, dirt, and undesirable vapours. The backboards, too, should be well papered, so that the picture may rest in a dust-proof and air-tight receptacle.

Our recent annexation of Burmah has had the effect of calling attention to the manners and customs of a very interesting people. Among the latest things noted is the fact that the Burmese and their neighbours the Shans are very expert blacksmiths, although the apparatus used is of a very crude description. The bellows employed for the forge curiously suggests in its construction a double cylinder steam-engine. The cylinders are represented by two bamboo trunks four inches in diameter, and about five feet long, standing upright on the ground. At their lower ends, a tube runs from each to the charcoal fire in which the iron to be wrought is heated. Piston rods also made of bamboo, and packed with bunches of feathers, are fitted within the cylinders. These, when forced downwards, cause the compressed air to be urged to the fire through the smaller tubes. A boy perched on a high seat works the bellows by depressing each piston rod alternately. The Burmese have also a primitive method of turning out brass and bronze castings. The article to be made is first of all modelled in clay; it is then covered with a layer of beeswax of the same thickness that it is desired the finished casting to be. An outer skin of clay two inches in thickness is laid above the wax. Funnel-shaped holes at frequent intervals in this outer crust afford a passage for the molten metal; and there are also straw-holes to let out the imprisoned air. As the hot metal melts out the wax, it occupies its place, solidifies, and forms a hollow casting.

In the metropolitan police district, there occurred last year three hundred and seventy-three cases of rabies in dogs, and twenty-six deaths from hydrophobia in man. This alarming and sudden increase in a most terrible disease led to stringent police regulations. All dogs, unless led by a string, had to be muzzled, and all stray dogs were destroyed. Although this order met with great opposition from lovers of dogs, who possibly forgot that a modern wire muzzle cannot be half so distressing to its wearer as a respirator is to a human being, its wisdom is seen in a return lately issued, which shows how rabies has decreased since it was put in force. In January last, the cases of rabies had fallen to twenty-seven, and there was only one death. In February, fourteen cases only were recorded, and there were no deaths. It is reported that our government, being fully alive to the importance of M. Pasteur's discoveries with regard to the cause and prevention of hydrophobia, has appointed a Commission of eminent pathologists and physicians to inquire into the matter and to report thereon.

Mr Shirley Hibberd's paper on the Protection of British Wild-flowers, recently read before the Horticultural Club, London, calls attention to the possible extinction of many of our wild plants. Many of these are in great demand for political as well as horticultural purposes, and the lecturer made special mention of the modest primrose. He petitioned all those who truly love the country to abstain from purchasing wild plants from travelling hucksters, whose baskets represent the half-way house for a plant on the road to extinction. He also strongly deprecated the practice of offering prizes for wild-flowers at flower-shows, as being another cause which must help extinction.

Sir Joseph Fayrer, in a recent lecture delivered in London on Cholera, said that contagion by personal intercourse was a theory of the disease which was no longer tenable. The British and Indian governments, who were in possession of well-ascertained facts concerning this subject, had discontinued all quarantine measures, and relied solely upon sanitary laws. In perfect sanitation resided the sole means of preventing the disease; and every individual should be scrupulously careful in his living and clothing as the best means of prevention. Care in diet, avoidance of all depressing influences, precautions against chills, violent alternations of temperature, impure water, unripe fruit, were the main considerations for those who wished to be safe from cholera. In addition to these precautions, the dwellers in every town and village in the country should do their best to secure good ventilation, perfect drainage, and should avoid overcrowding. Many of these safeguards are unfortunately beyond the scope of individual effort, especially in our crowded cities; but much good could be done if public bodies would only do their duty.

One of the London vestry clerks has proposed a comprehensive scheme for getting rid of and utilising the contents of the London dustbins. On the banks of the Thames between Tilbury and Southend there is an expanse of useless, marshy land which only waits the process of reclamation. The proposal is to convey the refuse of London to this land and to turn it into profitable terra-firma. It is calculated that the metropolis pays at present one hundred and twenty thousand pounds annually for the removal of dust and road-sweepings, which go to the farmers and brickmakers. If the new scheme could be carried out at the same or less cost, Londoners would be glad to adopt it. At present, householders are entirely at the mercy of the contractor, who undertakes to remove the dust regularly, but does not do so.

In a recent article in the *Century* magazine,

there are some interesting particulars concerning the cultivation of wheat and rye. The former is one of the oldest of cultivated plants, and figured in prehistoric times, for remains of wheat-seeds have been found in the ruined habitations of the lake-dwellers. Compared with wheat, rye is of modern origin, and although for many centuries the two plants have been cultivated side by side, the first plants appearing to be true hybrids between them bore seeds this year in the United States. Although it may be possible that wheat and rye have been crossed in former times, there seems to be no record of such a circumstance.

Archæological interest just now centres at Assouan on the Nile, which our readers will remember is the site of the first cataract, and may be regarded as the place where Lower Egypt ends and Upper Egypt begins. General Grenfell has discovered in the Libyan Desert, opposite Assouan, an ancient necropolis. Several of the tombs already opened date apparently from the twelfth dynasty, which would be about 3000 B.C. But many tombs are of far later date. Our soldiers are busily engaged in the work of discovery under General Grenfell, and their labours are likely to lead to important results, for the necropolis is a very extensive one.

Professor Newton, late keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, has just concluded a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on the unexhibited Greek and Roman sculptures in the national collection. Let us quote some of his concluding words: 'Here are a number of sculptures which have been buried in a cellar since the year 1852, which are defaced and begrimed with dirt, and utterly useless to anybody, for in their present position they cannot be seen unless by the light of a lantern.' Might we suggest to the trustees of the Museum that if they cannot find better accommodation for these treasures—which have been purchased with grants of public money—they might be handed over to our provincial museums, where they would once more see the light of day and be appreciated by art students? Enterprising curators might try the experiment of asking for them.

The success of some experiments in the neighbourhood of Moscow having for their object the artificial reproduction and culture of trout, has negatived the formerly accepted theory that the propagation of that fish in Central Russia was an impossibility. It was thought that the trout could only live in streams which were both cold and rapid. But this view is incorrect, for trout have now been reared in ponds, the water of which have a summer heat as high as fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. There are many pieces of water in Central Russia which fulfil this condition, and pisciculture will no doubt now assume the position of an important industry, as it has in many other countries.

All visitors to the New Forest are familiar with the very ugly monument which marks the place where the Red King met his death. The inscription on that monument tells how Sir Walter Tyrrell's arrow glanced from a tree and slew Rufus, whose body was conveyed by one Purkess, a charcoal-burner, to Winchester Cathedral, where it was buried. Until fifteen years ago the body of the king rested in a tomb in front of the altar; but it was removed on the score of convenience. It is satisfactory to note that the marble sarcophagus is now to be replaced in its old position of honour, hard by the memorials which cover the dust of Saxon and Danish monarchs.

The Silvertown Submarine Cable Company are at present engaged in surveying a route for the prolongation of one of their cables in the South Atlantic, and their sounding ship the *Buccaneer* is employed in the work. With an enlightened regard for science which cannot be too highly extolled, Mr Buchanan of the *Challenger* expedition, who has charge of the soundings, has permission from the Company to make soundings and observations for scientific purposes. He is to make use of the ship on its return voyage in any way that may seem good to him for purely scientific work. If other Cable Companies will imitate this public-spirited conduct, we shall gain a knowledge of the depths of the sea which would be perhaps unattainable in any other way.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SHOT-FIRING IN COAL-MINES.

With regard to the invention attributed to Mr Miles Settle, in our article last month on 'Shot-firing in Coal-mines,' we are informed that Mr James Macnab, 39 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London, claims to have had the priority with a patent for the same or a similar object. We cannot enter into the technicalities of the question, but think it right at the same time to make this announcement.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE FROM CANADA TO ENGLAND.

The commencement of a railway which will run northwards, from the heart of the Canadian Dominion to Hudson Bay, again raises the question of a shipping route by way of Hudson Bay and Strait to England. Dr Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey, when the matter was being discussed some years ago, said that the proposed route by rail from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, thence by steamer to England, would be twelve hundred and ninety-one miles shorter than the Montreal route, and about seventeen hundred miles as compared with the New York route.

Fort Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River, has been finally chosen as the terminus of the proposed railway from Winnipeg. The mouth of the Nelson is reported to be open all winter for twenty or twenty-five miles up, owing to the tide. Its average width for that distance up is about three miles. At Seal Island, twenty-five miles up, there is a capital harbour, and water enough for any ocean steamer.

Hudson Bay forms the central basin for the drainage of the northern portion of North America; and of the many rivers which flow into it from all sides, about thirty are of considerable size. The Albany and the Churchill are the longest on the western side; but the Nelson, with a course of only about four hundred miles, carries the largest body of water down to the sea, and may be ascended by small

steamers for about seventy or eighty miles. Before the navigation of the bay was understood, it was usual to take two seasons for a voyage from England; and the captain who was fortunate enough to return the same year was awarded a prize of fifty pounds. Since 1884, the Canadian government has received Reports from observers stationed along the coasts of the strait and on the islands as to the navigable nature of the bay and strait. Lieutenant Gordon, in 1884 and 1885, seemed to be of opinion that the bay and strait would in ordinary seasons, so far as ice and weather considerations are concerned, be practicable for North-west trade by tolerably well-built vessels for four months. The bay is reported as navigable at all times, as it never completely freezes over; nor does the strait, the ice met with there being floe-ice from Fox's Channel.

The Report of the Select Committee of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly in charge of this question, in 1885, was to the effect that ports on the shores of the bay are open on an average from four and a half to five months in each year to ordinary vessels, and that both bay and strait seemed to be singularly free from obstruction to navigation in the shape of shoals or reefs, and during the period of open water from storms and fogs.

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No longer ago than 1883, an amusing case, illustrative of this feeling, occurred in the neighbourhood of Sunderland. A party of officers had been away at Hull attending a departmental examination. On their return journey in the train, they met with a seafaring man, who, not knowing the profession of his fellow-passengers, entered into a long conversation on the comparatively easy methods by which he—the sailor—evaded detection. Growing eloquent on this theme, he further explained the *modus operandi* of his proceedings, and informed the officers that he had in his chest an ingeniously concealed receptacle for the very purpose of smuggling, and that he then had in it several pounds of foreign tobacco. Great was his consternation to find, on his arrival at Sunderland, that his fellow-passengers were Customs' officers, who at once seized the man's chest and confiscated the tobacco found therein, for the possession of which the loquacious seaman was subsequently fined. The moral of the story rests in the fact, that no sooner was the affair made known, than the local press went ablaze with denunciations of the unfortunate officers who had prevented the country's pockets being pilfered of the amount of duty leviable on the quantity of tobacco found. The incident is one which proves that among a certain class of people the smuggler is a hero still. With the audience in a police court the smuggler is no end of a favourite. Only a few months ago, a case occurred at Whitby where a couple of fishermen were charged with smuggling about forty-four pounds of tobacco, the highest penalty for which being £42 with alternative imprisonment. The Bench, however, let the prisoners off with the mitigated fine of £30, and yet, on the announcement of the merciful decision, 'there were,' says the police-court reporter,

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'expressions of disapprobation in the crowded court.'

In contradistinction to the sympathising feeling which in the olden time and at the present day was and is extended to the smuggler, it is satisfactory to find that his nefarious transactions do not always shield him from ridicule. Not long ago, a friend of mine was crossing from the continent to one of the eastern English ports, and on the voyage was applied to by another passenger as to how he—the passenger—could most successfully evade paying the duty on two or three boxes of cigars which he had in his possession. My friend, who knew something of Custom House strictness, and had, besides, a conscientious respect for the laws of his country, advised his fellow-voyager either to throw the cigars overboard, or to 'declare' and pay duty upon them when he landed. This, it subsequently transpired, the passenger did not do, but rolled up the cigars in some soiled linen and placed the lot in a portmanteau. When it came to declaring baggage at the landing-stage or railway station, the smuggler, like many of his class, grew timid, and left his portmanteau in the hands of the Customs' officials without owning it as his property. My friend declares that the scared look of the gentleman-smuggler as he hid back in the railway carriage while a Customs' boatman walked up and down the platform with the unlucky portmanteau, and calling out stentoriously, 'Claim your luggage! claim your luggage!' was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. The unfortunate passenger of course lost his portmanteau, clothes, and cigars.

In order to present to the reader the unromantic aspect of present-day smuggling in a comparative light, the writer is induced to quote one or two cases mentioned by Mr Chester. By perusing these selected instances, and comparing them with the methods adopted in our own day, it will be seen that smuggling in former times was surrounded with an adventurous atmosphere which certainly does not obtain in a matter-of-fact age like the present. One of the cases quoted by Mr Chester is a characteristic one. It occurred at the time when duties were levied on laces, silks, gloves, &c. These were mostly French manufactures, and, consequently, Dover and other southern ports were the most convenient localities in which the smuggling fraternity exercised their calling. At that time, well-horsed spring vans were used to convey the goods from Dover to London, and at intervals on the journey, particular houses were used as storage places for the booty until it could be safely conveyed to the metropolis. 'On one occasion,' says Mr Chester, 'the Customs' officers at Dover were sent on a fool's errand. A van loaded with silk and lace left the town at night; and to insure it a successful journey, an accomplice informed the officers of its departure, the venture being suspected. Forthwith they went in pursuit in a post-chaise. The parties in the van, after going about four miles, drew into a side-road, extinguished the lights, and remained quiet. The officers soon rushed by in hot haste; and when they had passed, the smugglers betook themselves in another direction, and got safely off with their booty.'

At a time when goods were subjected to *ad valorem* duties, there were no end of tricks practised by which an importer, whose goods were seized, obtained his own importations for the veriest trifle, and thus made a handsome profit by his cleverness. Mr Chester relates an instance of an importer, more shrewd than honest, who imported into Folkestone a case of gloves on which he declined to pay duty. The goods, of course, were seized. Into London, the same gentleman imported a similar case with a like result. When the goods were offered for sale at the two places, it was found that the Folkestone case contained all right-hand gloves, while those in London were all left-hand gloves. Being considered valueless, they were knocked down to the buyer for a mere trifle. It is needless to add that the buyer in each case was the importer, who paired the gloves and pocketed a respectable profit by the transaction.

Another instance from the same authority illustrates the stratagems which were resorted to for the purpose of evading Customs' duties on watches, when such imports were in vogue. A foreigner, it appears, had made up his mind to realise a small fortune at the expense of his comfort; so, taking a passage from Holland, he secreted a large number of watches round his body in leathern receptacles. The weight was so great that the unfortunate smuggler was unable to lie down. He had calculated on a voyage of twenty-four hours, but, being a foreigner, he little knew the density or the stopping powers of a Thames fog. The fog detained the ship for another twenty-four hours; and when the vessel arrived in London, the strain on the smuggler's system had been so enormous that he was completely exhausted; his courage oozed out with his strength; and at last he gave himself up to the Customs' officials, who had had a watchful eye on his suspiciously distressed-looking features.

Since the so-called 'good old days' of the novelist, smuggling has lost much of its attractiveness. The abolition of duty on watches, silks, lace, gloves, &c., has done a great deal to lessen an illicit traffic, and wholesale attempts at smuggling are now of comparatively rare occurrence. Of course, now and again a case crops up in which the old spirit seems to have revived; but such cases are comparatively few. Yet, though petty smuggling is, in the main, the special offence with which Customs' officers have now to deal, wholesale smuggling has not yet become a thing of the past. In 1881, a daring attempt to defraud the revenue took place in London. The writer happened to be stationed there at the time, and can well remember the excitement caused in official circles by the discovery, and can recollect the crowds of officers who used daily to visit the quayage front of the Custom House, where lay a pair of marine boilers in which five tons of tobacco had been conveyed to this country from Rotterdam. The history of the attempted fraud is an interesting one. An anonymous writer, it appears, had been giving continuous hints to the officials in London that extensive smuggling was being carried on between Rotterdam and England. Such anonymous communications being far from uncommon in Lower Thames Street, but little attention was paid to

them, till at last the writer grew so persistent in his efforts, and gave such plausible and detailed information, that a detective officer was sent to Rotterdam to watch the ingenious proceedings.

Taking advantage of the information given by the informer, the officer occupied a room from which a view of a large boiler-foundry was obtainable. Keeping strict watch, he saw large quantities of tobacco being packed, by means of hydraulic pressure, into a couple of marine boilers, which, when the packing was completed, were placed on board a steamer for conveyance, if I remember aright, to Newcastle. Unfortunately, however, for the parties concerned in the smuggling transaction, a telegram arrived before the boilers. These were not seized at Newcastle, but were allowed to be placed on the railway and reach King's Cross, London, without interference, the authorities wishing to take the principal participators red-handed. At King's Cross they duly arrived, and remained unclaimed for several days. At last, one was taken to a railway arch at Stepney, where it was watched day and night until the smugglers came to claim it, when they were of course arrested. The other boiler, which had remained at King's Cross, was —through a telegraphic error, which caused the police to relax their watchfulness—removed from that locality without their knowledge. But the conveyance on which it was removed broke down under the heavy weight, and through this unlooked-for casualty, it was at last secured. The smugglers were mulcted in a fine of nearly five thousand pounds, and being unable to pay it, were sent to jail. The writer remembers well inspecting the boilers when they were lying at the Custom House, and to those who had the opportunity of seeing them, their construction gave ample evidence that smuggling as a science was not yet entirely extinct. The boilers were simply 'dummies.' The iron used in their construction was too thin to resist steam-pressure, and they had evidently been made for the express purpose of conveying tobacco to this country. It is not at all improbable, either, that the 'dummy' boilers had made more than one trip to England, and had put a good many pounds sterling in the pockets of their ingenious but dishonest designers.

Another famous instance of present-day smuggling was brought to light in the Queen's Bench division in 1883. From the evidence then given, it appeared that the smugglers had inaugurated a systematic method of conveying tobacco from Rotterdam, and that, by no means content with the old-fashioned practice of having a single buyer and seller, they had regularly appointed agents, whom they stationed at different ports in the United Kingdom. On the arrival of the tobacco, the agent or agents communicated by telegraph with the principals in the affair, and by means of an arranged cipher, gave information as to when the goods arrived and when they had passed the Customs' officers undetected. The principal was an Irishman, who carried on business as a tobacco merchant. He had a brother who traded in flax-seed. It occurred to the former that importations of tobacco which had evaded the duty would be much more profitable than duty-paid importations, and what more natural than that his brother's barrels of flax-seed would form a not easily detected mode of conveyance? The course adopted then was this: a large quantity of flax-seed was purchased at Rotterdam, and also a quantity of tobacco. Sixty pounds-weight of the tobacco was rammed firmly down into the bottom of a cask, which was then filled up with flax-seed; and the casks so filled were shipped to this country, and reported and entered as containing flax-seed only. On one occasion, four hundred casks containing tobacco stowed in this way escaped detection; and in April 1882, fourteen hundred pounds of tobacco were smuggled into the country in twenty-five casks, each containing half a hundredweight of tobacco. Later on in the same month, two thousand pounds of tobacco followed their predecessors, and further consignments occurred in May.

At last the crisis came. Somebody, in smuggling parlance, 'split;' the officers boarded a ship from Rotterdam, opened the casks, and the nefarious consignment was at last laid bare. Despite the discovery, the Attorney-general, who conducted the case for the Crown, had no little difficulty in bringing the guilt home to the proper parties. The concealed tobacco had all been addressed to fictitious consignees, but the evidence of an accomplice exposed such a state of affairs that the defendant consented to a verdict being entered against him for over six thousand pounds, being treble the value of the goods, of which penalty, however, only one-third was eventually enforced.

But this was by no means the end of the history of one of the most daring attempts in the annals of modern smuggling. Some few months later, an action was brought against a tenant farmer in Ireland to recover £1731, 12s. 6d., being treble the value of nearly two thousand pounds of tobacco found on his premises. The discovery, as in most cases of the sort, was brought about by information. A police constable, 'from information received,' reported his suspicions to his superiors. A search was then instituted among the outhouses of the defendant's premises. In the first story of one of the outhouses were a piggery and carthouse, the loft being reached by a ladder. One of the constables mounted the ladder, and peering through a chink in the locked door, perceived a bag lying on the floor with tobacco protruding from it. The door having been forced, fourteen bags of tobacco were found, with flax-seed scattered over them, the latter naturally suggesting the quarter from which the tobacco was obtained. The farmer when questioned denied all knowledge of the tobacco, asserting that he had let the loft at a weekly rental to a man whom he did not know. Evidence, however, was stronger than assertion. It was proved that the farmer, subsequent to the flax-seed seizure mentioned above, frequently brought bags and bales of cake and leaf-tobacco to the tobacco merchant's premises about six o'clock in the morning, and that it was spun during the night. The jury were inclined to think that the farmer was not so innocent as he pretended to be, and found a verdict for the Crown in the full amount claimed.

We have now, perhaps, given sufficient instances of wholesale smuggling to warrant the opinion that illicit traffic in dutiable articles is

not yet confined to the sailor or fireman who eke out a scanty wage by bringing a couple or three pounds of tobacco or a few bottles of spirits to dispose of at the end of a short continental voyage. We will, then, before bringing this paper to a conclusion, give a brief description of the methods of concealment now pursued in petty smuggling cases. One system, now happily on the wane, is known as that of 'Coopering,' and the method is as follows. For some years past, a number of Dutch vessels had taken up positions along the eastern coast just outside the 'three-mile limit.' Their object was to provide tobacco, spirits, and even obscene pictures to the fishermen who frequent the locality. The tobacco was of the vilest description; and the fiery, so-called brandy viler still. The fishermen, thinking that the Customs' officers did not suspect, grew bold in their transactions, and bought tobacco and spirits right and left from the Dutch 'Coopers.' Suspicion was aroused, however, and a raid was made on the fishing-boats. Only a small quantity of dutiable articles was discovered; but, as it subsequently transpired that a fishing coble had slipped off to give warning of the raid to the vessels that were still coming in, and that suspicious parcels and stone bottles of foreign manufacture were thrown by many of these craft into the sea in full view of the people on the shore, the quantity discovered was by no means a criterion of the extent of the illicit traffic. It has been calculated that during the fishing season five hundred pounds of smuggled tobacco per week were consumed by the fishing population of a small port on the eastern coast, and that in a seaport fishing-town in the same district, of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand inhabitants, the revenue was defrauded to the extent of from four thousand to five thousand pounds per annum.

The smuggler's present methods of concealment, notwithstanding frequent detections, give evidence that if not so inventive as his more courageous predecessors, he still retains their faculty of hiding his contraband goods in places where they will probably be least suspected. A case occurred at Hull, in December 1883, which proves that perseverance at least is still an attribute possessed by the smuggler. On the arrival of a steamer at that port, the officers discovered in the donkey-engine boiler twenty-one pounds of tobacco. To effect the seizure, the officers were compelled to unscrew the manhole lid of the boiler; and on a consulting engineer being called to give evidence, he stated that it must have taken at least a couple of hours to stow the tobacco away. Another case of a similar nature occurred at Sunderland some time ago, when an engineer on board a steamer had a large tin made exactly to fit the manhole of a water-tank. The watertight tin was packed with tobacco and sunk in the tank, so that the smuggler had to strip to get at it. With amusing candour, the prisoner explained, when brought before the magistrates, that 'of course it was no use putting the can where the officers would easily find it.' False-bottomed drawers and chests were formerly a favourite hiding-place for contraband goods; but the trick is now too well known to be safe.

Another method much in vogue in the old days of smuggling, but seldom practised now, was to conceal tobacco in loaves of bread specially baked for the purpose. This particular trick has not been lost sight of altogether. At Hull, in March 1884, on a Customs' officer rummaging the firemen's quarters on board a steamer, he found two loaves of bread baked in the German fashion. Taking them in his hand, he suspected the weight as being excessive, and cutting one in two with his knife, found four pounds of tobacco inside. The packages had been firmly tied together, and a thin crust baked over them.

An ingenious place of concealment was discovered by the officers at Hull in January 1883, when, on boarding a vessel from the continent, they found seventeen boxes of cigars concealed in the hollow of the port and starboard rails which surmounted the bulwarks. Underneath firewood, buried in ballast, hidden in chain lockers, beneath oilcloths, in the stuffing of sofa-pillows, behind cabin panels, in the empty interior of an innocent-looking cabin clock, in these and a thousand other places have the officers, from time to time, discovered the contraband of the smuggler; while it is known that the ropes apparently constituting the upper rigging of small craft have occasionally consisted of tobacco twisted into a resemblance of cordage!

From what we have written, it would appear that though smuggling on an extensive scale belongs more to past than to present days, yet the same spirit still exists among people, otherwise honest enough, whose education and social position ought to free them from thieving propensities. It is almost against human nature to expect that revenue frauds will ever be thoroughly eradicated while the present high duties on special commodities are maintained. The duty on tobacco, for instance, amounting to five times its value, makes it one of the greatest temptations to seamen. Most strenuous efforts on the part of the Customs' authorities and shipowners have been made to eradicate the traffic, yet every now and then a successful detection—which represents three or four successful evasions—occurs, which shows that the spirit of smuggling is difficult to conquer.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE governor's dance was the great event of the Trinidad season—the occasion to which every girl in the whole island looked forward for months with the intensest interest. And it was also a great event to Dr Whitaker; for it was the one time and place, except the Hawthorns' drawing-room, where he could now meet Nora Dupuy on momentary terms of seeming equality. In the eye of the law, even in Trinidad, white men, black men, and brown men are all equal; and under the governor's roof, as became the representative of law and order in the little island, there were no invidious distinctions of

persons between European and negro. Every well-to-do inhabitant, irrespective of cuticular peculiarities, was duly bidden to the governor's table: ebony and ivory mingled freely together once in a moon at the governor's At Homes and dances. And Dr Whitaker had made up his mind that on that one solitary possible occasion he would venture on his sole despairing appeal to Nora Dupuy, and stand or fall by her final answer.

It was not without serious misgivings that the mulatto doctor had at last decided upon thus tempting Providence. He was weary of the terrible disillusion that had come upon him on his return to the home of his fathers; weary of the painfully vulgar and narrow world into which he had been cast by unrelenting circumstances. He could not live any longer in Trinidad. Let him fight it out as he would for the sake of his youthful ideals, the battle had clearly gone against him, and there was nothing left for him now but to give it up in despair and fly to England. He had talked the matter over with Edward Hawthorn—not, indeed, the question of proposing to Nora Dupuy, for that he held too sacred for any other ear, but the question of remaining in the island and fighting down the unconquerable prejudice—and even Edward had counselled him to go; for he felt how vastly different were the circumstances of the struggle in his own case and in those of the poor young mulatto doctor. He himself had only to fight against the social prejudices of men his real inferiors in intellect and culture and moral standing. Dr Whitaker had to face as well the utterly uncongenial brown society into which he had been rudely pitchforked by fate, like a gentleman into the midst of a pot-house company. It was best for them all that Dr Whitaker should take himself away to a more fitting environment; and Edward had himself warmly advised him to return once more to free England.

The governor's dance was given, not at Government House in the Plains, but at Banana Garden, the country bungalow, perched high up on a solitary summit of the Westmoreland mountains. The big ballroom was very crowded; and Nora Dupuy, in a pale, maize-coloured evening dress, was universally recognised by black, brown, and white alike as the belle of the evening. She danced almost every round with one partner after another; and it was not till almost half the evening had passed away that Dr Whitaker got the desired chance of even addressing her. The chance came at last just before the fifth waltz, a dance that Nora had purposely left vacant, in case she should happen to pick up in the earlier part of the evening an exceptionally agreeable and promising partner. She was sitting down to rest for a moment beside her chaperon of the night, on a bench placed just outside the window in the tropical garden, when the young mulatto, looking every inch a gentleman in his evening dress—the first time Nora had ever seen him so attired—strolled anxiously up to her, with ill-affected carelessness, and bowed a timid bow to his former travelling companion. Pure opposition to Mr Dupuy, and affection for the two Hawthorns, had made Nora exceptionally gracious just that moment to all brown people; and, on purpose to scandalise her 'absurdly punctilious' chaperon, she returned the doctor's hesitating salute with a pleasant smile of perfect cordiality. 'Dr Whitaker!' she cried, leaning over towards him in a kindly way, which made the poor mulatto's heart flutter terribly; 'so here you are, as you promised! I'm so glad you've come this evening.—And have you brought Miss Whitaker with you?'

The mulatto hesitated and stammered. She could not possibly have asked him a more *mal à propos* question. The poor young man looked about him feebly, and then answered in a low voice: 'Yes; my father and sister are here somewhere.'

'Nora, my dear,' her chaperon said in a tone of subdued feminine thunder, 'I didn't know you had the pleasure of Miss Whitaker's acquaintance.'

'Neither have I, Mrs Pereira; but perhaps Dr Whitaker will be good enough to introduce me.—Not now, thank you, Dr Whitaker; I don't want you to run away this minute and fetch your sister. Some other time will do as well. It's so seldom, you know, we have the chance of a good talk now, together.'

Dr Whitaker smiled and stammered. It was possible, of course, to accept Nora's reluctance in either of two senses: she might be anxious that he should stop and talk to her; or she might merely wish indefinitely to postpone the pleasure of making Miss Euphemia's personal acquaintance; but she flooded him so with the light of her eyes as she spoke, that he chose to put the most flattering of the two alternative interpretations upon her ambiguous sentence.

'You are very good to say so,' he answered, still timidly; and Nora noticed how very different was his manner of speaking now from the self-confident Dr Whitaker of the old *Severn* days. Trinidad had clearly crushed all the confidence as well as all the enthusiasm clean out of him. 'You are very good, indeed, Miss Dupuy; I wish the opportunities for our meeting occurred oftener.'

He stood talking beside her for a minute or two longer, uttering the mere polite commonplaces of ballroom conversation—the heat of the evening, the shortcomings of the band, the beauty of the flowers—when suddenly Nora gave a little jump and seized her programme with singular discomposure. Dr Whitaker looked up at once, and divined by instinct the cause of her hasty movement. Tom Dupuy, just fresh from the cane-cutting, was looking about for her down the long corridor at the opposite end of the inner garden. 'Where's my cousin? Have you seen my cousin?' he was asking everybody; for the seat where Nora was sitting with Mrs Pereira stood under the shade of a big papaw tree, and so it was impossible for him to discern her face, though she could see his features quite distinctly.

'I won't dance with that horrid man, my cousin Tom!' Nora said in her most decided voice. 'I'm quite sure he's coming here this minute on purpose to ask me.'

'Is your programme full?' Dr Whitaker inquired with a palpitating heart.

'No; not quite,' she answered, and handed it to him encouragingly. There was just one dance still left vacant—the next waltz. 'I'm too tired to dance it out,' Nora cried pettishly. 'The horrid man! I hope he won't see me.'

'He's coming this way, dear,' Mrs Pereira put in with placid composure. 'You'll have to sit it out with him, now; there's no help for it.'

'Sit it out with him!—sit it out with Tom Dupuy! O no, Mrs Pereira; I wouldn't do it for a thousand guineas.'

'What will you do, then?' Dr Whitaker asked tremulously, still holding the programme and pencil in his undecided hand. Dare he—dare he ask her to dance just once with him?

'What shall I do?—Why, nothing simpler. Have an engagement already, of course, Dr Whitaker.'

She looked at him significantly. Tom Dupuy was just coming up. If Dr Whitaker meant to ask her, there was no time to be lost. His knees gave way beneath him, but he faltered out at last in some feeble fashion: 'Then, Miss Dupuy, may I—may I—may I have the pleasure?'

To Mrs Pereira's immense dismay, Nora immediately smiled and nodded. 'I can't dance it with you,' she said with a hasty gesture—she shrank, naturally, from that open confession of faith before the whole assembled company—'but if you'll allow me, I'll sit it out with you here in the garden. You may put your name down for it, if you like. Quickly, please—write it quickly; here's Tom Dupuy just coming.'

The mulatto had hardly scratched his own name with shaky pencilled letters on the little card, when Tom Dupuy swaggered up in his awkward, loutish, confident manner, and with a contemptuous nod of condescending half-recognition to the overjoyed mulatto, asked, in his insular West Indian drawl, whether Nora could spare him a couple of dances.

'Your canes seem to have delayed you too late, Tom Dupuy,' Nora answered coldly. 'Dr Whitaker has just asked me for my last vacancy. You should come earlier to a dance, you know, if you want to find a good partner.'

Tom Dupuy stared hard at her face in puzzled astonishment. 'Your last vacancy!' he cried incredulously. 'Dr Whitaker! No more dances to spare, Nora! No, no, I say; this won't do, you know! You've done this on purpose.—Let me have a squint at your programme, will you?'

'If you don't choose to take my word for the facts,' Nora answered haughtily, 'you can see the names and numbers of my engagements for yourself on my programme.—Dr Whitaker, have the kindness to hand my cousin my programme, if you please.—Thank you.'

Tom Dupuy took the programme ungraciously, and glanced down it with an angry eye. He read every name out aloud till he came to number eleven, 'Dr Whitaker.' As he reached that name, his lip curled with an ugly suddenness, and he handed the bit of cardboard back coldly to his defiant cousin. 'Very well, Miss Nora,' he answered with a sneer. 'You're quite at liberty, of course, to choose your own company however it pleases you. I see your programme's quite full; but your list of names is rather comprehensive than select, I fancy.—The last name was written down as I was coming towards you. This is a plot to insult me.—Dr Whitaker, we shall settle this little difference elsewhere, probably—with the proper weapon—a horsewhip. Though your ancestors, to be sure, were better accustomed, I believe, sir, to a good raw cowhide. —Good-evening, Miss Nora.—Good-evening, Dr Whitaker.'

The mulatto's eyes flashed fire, but he replied with a low and stately bow, in suppressed accents: 'I shall be ready to answer you in this matter whenever you wish, Mr Dupuy—and with your own weapon. Good-evening.' And he held out his arm quietly to Nora.

Nora rose and took the mulatto's proffered arm at once with a sweeping air of utter indifference. 'Shall we take a turn round the gardens, Dr Whitaker?' she asked calmly, reassuring herself at the same time with a rapid glance that nobody except poor frightened Mrs Pereira had overheard this short altercation.—'How lovely the moon looks to-night! What an exquisite undertone of green in the long shadows of those columns in the portico!'

'Undertone of green!' Tom Dupuy exclaimed aloud in vulgar derision (he was too much of a clod to see that his cue in the scene was fairly past, and that dignity demanded of him now to keep perfectly silent). 'Undertone of green, indeed, with her precious nigger!—Mrs Pereira, this is your fault! A pretty sort of chaperon *you* make, upon my word, to let her go and engage herself to sit out a dance with a common mulatto!—Where's Uncle Theodore? Where is he, I tell you? I shall run and fetch him this very minute. I always said that in the end that girl Nora would go and marry a woolly-headed brown man.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

Nora and the mulatto walked across the garden in unbroken silence, past the fountain in the centre of the courtyard; past the corridor by the open supper-room; past the hanging lanterns on the outer shrubbery; and down the big flight of stone steps to the gravelled Italian terrace that overlooked the deep tropical gully. When they reached the foot of the staircase, Nora said in as unconcerned a tone as she could muster up: 'Let us walk down here, away from the house, Dr Whitaker. Tom may perhaps send papa out to look for me, and I'd rather not meet him till the next dance is well over. Please take me along the terrace.'

Dr Whitaker turned with her silently along the path, and uttered not a word till they reached the marble seat at the end of the creeper-covered balustrade. Then he sat down moodily beside her, and said in what seemed a perfectly unruffled voice: 'Miss Dupuy, I am not altogether sorry that this little incident has turned out just as it has happened. It enables you to judge for yourself the sort of insult that men of my colour are liable to meet with here in Trinidad.'

Nora fingered her fan nervously. 'Tom Dupuy's always an unendurably rude fellow,' she said, with affected carelessness. 'He's rude

by nature, you know, that's the fact of it. He's rude to me. He's rude to everybody. He's a boor, Dr Whitaker; a boor at heart. You mustn't take any notice of what he says to you.'

'Yes; he *is* a boor, Miss Dupuy—and I shall venture to say so, although he's your own cousin—but in what other country in the world would such a boor venture to believe himself able to look down upon other men, his equals in everything except an accident of colour?'

'Oh, Dr Whitaker, you make too much altogether of his rudeness. It isn't personal to you; it's part of his nature.'

'Miss Dupuy,' the young mulatto burst out suddenly, after a moment's pause and internal struggle, 'I'm not sorry for it, as I said before; for it gives me the opportunity of saying something to you that I have long been waiting to tell you.'

'Well?'—frigidly.

'Well, it is this: I mean at once to leave Trinidad.'

Nora started. It was not quite what she was expecting. 'To leave Trinidad, Dr Whitaker? And where to go? Back to England?'

'Yes, back to England.—Miss Dupuy, for heaven's sake, listen to me for a moment. This dance won't be very long. As soon as it's over, I must take you back to the ballroom. I have only these few short minutes to speak to you. I have been waiting long for them—looking forward to them; hoping for them; dreading them; foreseeing them. Don't disappoint me of my one chance of a hearing. Sit here and hear me out: I beg of you—I implore you.'

Nora's fingers trembled terribly, and she felt half inclined to rise at once and go back to Mrs Pereira; but she could not find it in her heart utterly to refuse that pleading tone of profound emotion, even though it came from only a brown man. 'Well, Dr Whitaker,' she answered tremulously, 'say on whatever you have to say to me.'

'I'm going to England, Miss Dupuy,' the poor young mulatto went on in broken accents; 'I can stand no longer the shame and misery of my own surroundings in this island. You know what they are. Picture them to yourself for a moment. Forget you are a white woman, a member of this old proud unforgiving aristocracy—"for they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong:" forget it for once, and try to think how it would feel to you, after your English up-bringing, with your tastes and ideas and habits and sentiments, to be suddenly set down in the midst of a society like that of the ignorant coloured class here in Trinidad. On the one side, contempt and contumely from the most boorish and unlettered whites; on the other side, utter uncongeniality with one's own poor miserable people. Picture it to yourself—how absolutely unendurable!'

Nora bethought her silently of Tom Dupuy from both points of view, and answered in a low tone: 'Dr Whitaker, I recognise the truth of what you say. I—I am sorry for you; I sympathise with you.'

It was a great deal for a daughter of the old slave-owning oligarchy to say—how much, people in England can hardly realise; and Dr Whitaker accepted it gratefully. 'It's very kind of you, Miss Dupuy,' he went on again, the tears rising quickly to his eyes, 'very, very kind of you. But the struggle is over; I can't stand it any longer; I mean at once to return to England.'

'You will do wisely, I think,' Nora answered, looking at him steadily.

'I will do wisely,' he repeated in a wandering tone. 'Yes, I will do wisely. But, Miss Dupuy, strange to say, there is one thing that still binds me down to Trinidad.—Oh, for heaven's sake, listen to me, and don't condemn me unheard.—No, no, I beg of you, don't rise yet! I will be brief. Hear me out, I implore of you, I implore of you! I am only a mulatto, I know; but mulattoes have a heart as well as white men—better than some, I do honestly believe. Miss Dupuy, from the very first moment I saw you, I—I loved you! yes, I *will* say it—I loved you!—I loved you!'

Nora rose, and stood erect before him, proud but tremulous, in her girlish beauty. 'Dr Whitaker,' she said, in a very calm tone, 'I knew it; I saw it. From the first moment you ever spoke to me, I knew it perfectly.'

He drew a long breath to still the violent throbbing of his heart. 'You knew it,' he said, almost joyously—'you knew it! And you did not repel me! Oh, Miss Dupuy, for one of your blood and birth, that was indeed a great condescension!'

Nora hesitated. 'I liked you, Dr Whitaker,' she answered slowly—'I liked you, and I was sorry for you.'

'Thank you, thank you. Whatever else you say, for that one word I thank you earnestly. But oh, what more can I say to you? I love you; I have always loved you. I shall always love you in future. Take me or reject me, I shall always love you. And yet, how can I ask you? But in England—in England, Miss Dupuy, the barrier would be less absolute.—Yes, yes; I know how hopeless it is: but this once—this once only! I *must* ask you! Oh, for pity's sake, in England—far away from it all—in London—where nobody thinks of these things! Why, I know a Hindu barrister—— But there! it's not a matter for reasoning; it lies between heart and heart! Oh, Miss Dupuy, tell me—tell me, tell me, is there—is there any chance for me?'

Nora's heart relented within her. 'Dr Whitaker,' she said slowly and remorsefully, 'you can't tell how much I feel for you. I can see at once what a dreadful position you are placed in. I can see, of course, how impossible it is for you ever to think of marrying any—any lady of your own colour—at least as they are brought up here in Trinidad. I can see that you could only fall in love with—with a white lady, a person fitted by education and manners to be a companion to you. I know how clever you are, and I think I can see how good you are too. I know how far all your tastes and ideas are above those of the people you must mix with here, or, for that matter, above Tom Dupuy's—or my own either. I see it all; I know it all. And indeed, I like you—I admire you, and I like you. I don't want you to think me unkind and unappreciative.—Dr Whitaker,

I feel truly flattered that you should speak so to me this evening—but'—— And she hesitated. The young mulatto felt that that 'but' was the very deathblow to his last faint hope and aspiration. 'But—— Well, you know these things are something more than a mere matter of liking and admiring. Let us still be friends, Dr Whitaker—let us still be friends.—And there's the band striking up the next waltz. Will you kindly take me back to the ballroom? I—I am engaged to dance it with Captain Castello.'

'One second, Miss Dupuy—for God's sake, one second! Is that final? Is that irrevocable?'

'Final, Dr Whitaker—quite final. I like you; I admire you; but I can never, never—never accept you!'

The mulatto uttered a little low sharp piercing cry. 'Ah!' he exclaimed in an accent of terrible despair, 'then it is all over—all, all over!' Next instant he had drawn himself together with an effort again, and offering Nora his arm with constrained calmness, he began to lead her back towards the crowded ballroom. As he neared the steps, he paused once more for a second, and almost whispered in her ear in a hollow voice: 'Thank you, thank you for ever for at least your sympathy!'

MAN-LIKE APES—AND MAN.

Man-like, or in scientific parlance, Anthropoid Apes, are distinguished from others of the monkey tribe on account of their greater size and their greater resemblance to the human species. Within the last quarter of a century, they have, owing to the growing prominence of the doctrine of evolution, been raised to a much higher place than before as subjects of study for the naturalist, the scientist, the philosopher. From being little other than mere curiosities in animal life, they have become important objects of psychological inquiry, and have taken their place as factors not to be overlooked in the elevated regions of speculative thought. This is due almost solely to the change that has passed over our methods of studying animal life. We have ceased to regard the lower creatures as little better than pieces of living mechanism, and have come to view them as vital steps in the great ladder of progression which connects the higher with the lower orders of organic existence. Hence it is not now a matter of wonder that a whole volume of the 'International Scientific Series' should be devoted to the study of Man-like Apes. The volume, *Anthropoid Apes* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.), is from the pen of Professor Hartmann of Berlin, and forms the fifty-third of the above valuable series of works.

On account, says the author, of their external bodily characteristics, of their anatomical structure, and their highly developed intelligence, Anthropoids not only stand first among apes, but they take a still higher place, approximating to the human species. Their fossil remains carry us into a far-back period of prehistoric time; and even within historic times, we have them mentioned as early as 500 B.C. They were then known to the Carthaginians, who call them '*gorillai*,' and describe them as hairy silvan creatures who replied to the attacks of the seafarers by throwing stones at them.

The gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-utan, and the gibbon, are the chief of the animals included under the title Anthropoid Apes. They differ from each other and among themselves in external form according to the age and sex, the difference between the sexes being most strongly marked in the gorilla, and least apparent in the gibbon. 'When a young male gorilla is compared with an aged animal of the same species, we are almost tempted to believe that we have to do with two entirely different creatures.' Into the distinguishing physiological peculiarities of the external form of these creatures, we cannot of course enter here, and must refer to the full and elaborate investigations placed on record by Professor Hartmann.

Among the Anthropoids, the gorilla, the 'prototype of the species,' deserves our notice first. The aged male gorilla, in the full strength of his bodily development, is a creature of terrible aspect. This animal, when standing upright, is more than six feet in height. The hinder part of the head is broader below than above, and the projecting arches above the eyes give a peculiar prominence to this part of the skull. 'The dark eyes glow between the lids with a ferocious expression.' The neck is very powerful, almost like that of a bull, and the shoulders are remarkable for their breadth. The arms are very long, and of enormous strength; but the legs short and feeble in proportion. The gorilla inhabits the forests of West Africa, and is sometimes seen in large numbers on the sea-coast, probably driven thither from the interior by a scarcity of food. The gorilla, moreover, lives in a society consisting of male and female, with their young of varying ages, and the family group inhabits the recesses of the forest. According to one observer, they frequent the same sleeping-place not more than three or four times consecutively, and usually spend the night wherever they happen to be when night comes on. The male gorilla chooses a suitable tree, not very high, and by twisting and bending the branches, constructs a kind of rude bed or nest for his family. He himself spends the night under the tree, and thus protects the female and their young from the nocturnal attacks of leopards, which are always ready to devour all species of apes. In the daytime, the gorillas roam through the forest in search of the favourite leaves or fruits which form their food.

In walking, gorillas place the backs of their closed fingers on the ground, or more rarely support themselves on the flat palm, while the bent soles of the feet are also in contact with the ground. Their gait is tottering;

the movement of the body, which is never in an upright position as in man, but bent forward, rolls to some extent from one side to another. They are skilful climbers, and when ranging from tree to tree, will go to their very tops. The gorilla is regarded as a dreadful and very dangerous animal by the negroes who inhabit the same country; though Professor Hartmann considers that Du Chaillu's descriptions are greatly exaggerated 'for the benefit of his readers.' When the animal is scared by man, he generally takes to flight screaming, and he only assumes the defensive if wounded or driven into a corner. At such times his size, strength, and dexterity combine to render him a formidable enemy. 'He sends forth a kind of howl or furious yelp, stands up on his hind-legs like an enraged bear, advances with clumsy gait in this position and attacks his enemy. At the same time the hair on his head and the nape of his neck stands erect, his teeth are displayed, and his eyes flash with savage fury. He beats his massive breast with his fists, or beats the air with them. Koppenfels says that if no further provocation is given, and his opponent gradually retreats before the animal's rage has reached its highest point, he does not return to the attack. In other cases he parries the blow directed against him with the skill of a practised fighter; and, as is also done by the bear, he grasps his opponent by the arm and crunches it, or else throws the man down and rends him with his terrible canine teeth.'

Enough of this silvan monster in his wild state. Let us turn to him in captivity; and we can only take one out of several individuals described. The one referred to was caught young, and gradually accustomed to a mixed diet preparatory to his being brought from Africa to Europe. While still with his first possessors, he was allowed to run about as he chose, being only watched as little children are watched. He clung to human companionship; showed no trace of mischievous, malicious, or savage qualities, but was sometimes self-willed. He expressed the ideas which occurred to him by different sounds, one of which was the characteristic tone of importunate petition, while other sounds expressed fright or horror, and in rare instances a sullen and defiant growl might be heard. In moments of exuberant satisfaction, he would raise himself on his hind-legs, rub his breast with both fists, or, after quite a human fashion, clap his hands together—this an action which no one had taught him. His dexterity in eating was particularly remarkable. He took up a cup or glass with instinctive care, clasped the vessel with both hands, and set it down again so softly and carefully that the narrator cannot remember his breaking a single article of household goods. 'His behaviour at meal-times was quiet and mannerly; he only took as much as he could hold with his thumb, fore, and middle finger, and looked on with indifference when any of the different forms of food heaped up before him were taken away. If, however, nothing was given him, he growled impatiently, looked narrowly at all the dishes from his place at table, and accompanied every plate carried off by the negro boys with an angry snarl, or a short resentful cough, and sometimes he sought to seize the arm of the passer-by, in order to express his displeasure more plainly by a bite or a blow. He drank by suction, stooping over the vessel, without even putting his hands into it or upsetting it, and in the case of smaller vessels, he carried them to his mouth.' He was clever in manifesting his wishes, and often expressed them in an urgent and caressing manner. Child-like, he took a special pleasure in making a noise by beating on hollow articles, and he seldom omitted an opportunity of drumming on casks, dishes, or tin trays, whenever he passed by them. After being brought to Berlin, however, he did not live long, dying of a 'galloping consumption.'

The second species of anthropoid apes is the chimpanzee. The full-grown animal of this species is smaller than the adult gorilla. An aged male chimpanzee has broad, rather rounded shoulders, a powerful chest, long muscular arms reaching to the knees, and a long hand, which seems to be very slender in comparison with that of the gorilla. Like the latter animal, he is a denizen of forests, and subsists on wild fruits of various kinds. He lives either in separate families or in small groups of families. Where he inhabits the forest regions of Central Africa, his habits are more arboreal than those of the gorilla; elsewhere, as on the south-west coast, he seems to live more upon the ground. His gait is weak and vacillating, and he can stand erect but a short time. These animals send forth loud cries; and the horrible wails, the furious shrieks and howls that may be heard morning and evening, and often in the night, make these creatures truly hateful to travellers. When chimpanzees are attacked, they strike the ground with their hands, but they do not, as the gorilla does, beat their breasts with their fists. As for the penthouses which Du Chaillu asserts these animals build, Professor Hartmann is somewhat doubtful regarding them. An illustration of this structure, as given by Du Chaillu, has been imitated in London, but this, in Hartmann's opinion, has been embellished. 'Koppenfels believes that the so-called penthouse is only the family nest, under which the male places himself; while Reichenfels thinks it possible that some parasitic growth, perhaps a *Loranthus*, gave rise to the belief that such a penthouse is erected.'

A mule chimpanzee, which was kept in the Berlin Aquarium in 1876, was remarkable for his excessive liveliness, and was on particularly friendly terms with a little two-year-old boy, the son of Dr Hermes, the director of the aquarium. 'When the child entered the room, the chimpanzee ran to meet him, embraced and kissed him, seized his hand and drew him to the sofa, that they might play together. The child was often rough with his playfellow, pulling him by the mouth, pinching his ears, or lying on him, yet the chimpanzee was never known to lose his temper. He behaved very differently to boys between six and ten years old. When a number of schoolboys visited the office, he ran towards them, went from one to the other, shook one of them, bit the leg of another, seized the jacket of

a third with the right hand, jumped up, and with the left gave him a sound box on the ear. In short, he played the wildest pranks. It seemed as if he were infected with the joyous excitement of youth, which induced him to riot with the troop of schoolboys.'

One day when Dr Hermes gave his nine-year-old son a slight tap on the head for some blunder in his arithmetic, the chimpanzee, who was also sitting at the table, thought it his duty likewise to show his displeasure, and gave the boy a sound box on the ear. If, again, Dr Hermes pointed out to him that some one was staring or mocking at him, and said: 'Do not put up with it,' the creature cried, 'Oh! oh!' and rushed at the person in question in order to strike or bite him, or express his displeasure in some other way. When he saw the director was writing, he often seized a pen, dipped it in the inkstand, and scrawled upon the paper. 'He displayed a special talent for cleaning the window-panes of the aquarium. It was amusing to see him squeezing up the cloth, moistening the pane with his lips, and then rubbing it hard, passing quickly from one place to another.'

Of a female chimpanzee, Massica by name, kept in the Dresden Zoological Gardens, some extraordinary things are told. She was a remarkable creature, not only in her external habits, but in her disposition. 'At one moment she would sit still with a brooding air, only occasionally darting a mischievous, flashing glance at the spectators; at another she took pleasure in feats of strength, or she roamed to and fro in her spacious inclosure like an angry beast of prey.' She would sometimes rattle the bars of her cage with a violence that made the spectators uneasy; at other times would claw at people who entered the vestibule of her cage, and try to tear their clothes. She was fond of playing with old hats, which she set upon her head, and if the top was quite torn off, she drew it down upon her neck.

But Massica was frequently ungovernable. She hardly obeyed any one except Schöpf, the director of the gardens; and when in good-humour she would sit on his knee and put her muscular arms round his neck with a caressing gesture. But, in spite of this, he was never quite secure from her roguish tricks. She was able to use a spoon, though somewhat awkwardly; and she could pour from larger vessels into smaller ones without spilling the liquor. If she was left alone for any time, she tried to open the lock of her cage; and she once succeeded in doing so, but on that occasion she stole the key. It was kept hanging on the wall; and she, observing it, took it down, hid it in her armpit, and crept quietly back to her cage. When the occasion served her purpose, with the key she easily opened the lock, and walked out. She also knew how to use a gimlet, to wring out wet clothes, and to blow her nose with a handkerchief. If allowed to do so, she would draw off the keeper's boots, then scramble with them up to some place out of reach, and, when he asked for them, throw them at his head. She, like the clever gorilla before described, died of consumption. When her illness began, she became apathetic, and looked about with a vacant, unobservant stare. Just before her death, she put her arms round Schöpf's neck when he came to visit her, looked at him placidly, kissed him three times, stretched out her hands to him, and died. 'The last moments of Anthropoids,' remarks our author, 'have their tragic side!'

Did space permit, we might give many other details of a similar character as to the habits of the orang-utan, the gibbon, and others of the larger apes, both in their wild state and in captivity; but the above are sufficient to illustrate the family to which they belong. A much more interesting matter remains to be considered, namely, what is called the 'anthropomorphism' of these creatures, that is, their relation physically to the highest of all the mammalia, man.

Professor Hartmann observes that Huxley's statement, that the lowest apes are further removed from the highest apes than the latter are from men, is, according to his experience, still perfectly valid. 'It cannot be denied that the highest order of the animal world is closely connected with the highest created being.' But it does not follow therefrom that man is descended from apes, or is simply an improved kind of ape. There is, we fear, still prevailing among large sections of intelligent persons the belief that Darwin's theory was intended to prove that the monkey was the progenitor of man. Of course no one who reads Darwin's works for himself would ever go away with such a misconception of the whole question. What Darwin's hypothesis suggested was, not that man was descended from the monkey, but that both man and the monkey may be descendants of a common progenitor, a common type, now extinct, and of which no indisputable traces have yet been found. From this common type, or ground-form, so to speak, the process of development may, according to Darwin, have resulted in two distinct branches or offshoots—the one branch of development ending in the monkey tribe, the other branch ending in man. It is, in the absence of any certain traces of the extinct common type or progenitor, not a subject on which to dogmatise, but is a theory or hypothesis which, in the opinion of Darwin and many other scientists after him, best accounts for the morphological development of man viewed merely from the physical side.

Professor Hartmann admits that his investigations have not brought the problem any nearer to a solution. A baby gorilla is much nearer in physical constitution to a human baby, than the full-grown gorilla is to the mature man; thus indicating that the process of development within the lifetime of an Anthropoid is not in the direction of improvement or further approximation to the human type, but is in the direction of retrogression, or further removal from the human type. 'A great chasm,' he says, 'between Man and Anthropoids is constituted, as I believe, by the fact that the human race is capable of education, and is able to acquire the highest mental culture, while the most intelligent Anthropoid can only receive a certain mechanical training. And even to this training a limit is set by the surly temper displayed by Anthropoids as they get older.' So that it would seem as if the development of the Anthropoids morally, if we may so use the word here, is, like their physical development, not one of progress or improvement *in the individual*. These larger

apes, therefore, with all their striking resemblances to the human form, are not moving nearer towards Man, but merely remain Man-like.

SPIRITED AWAY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It was about eight o'clock on a certain November evening in the year 188–, that I found myself one of a number of passengers disgorged from a train on the platform of the St Pancras Station. I was just turned nineteen years of age, and this was the first time I had set foot in London. My journey had been a long and tedious one, and I was thoroughly chilled and worn out when I stepped out of the carriage. I had started from home at six in the morning for a twelve miles' walk to the nearest station, and after that, had spent hour after hour, first in one third-class carriage, and then in another, for my home was in a remote district many miles from any main line to the metropolis. I may just add that I had but lately recovered from a long illness, having outgrown my strength—or so my friends averred—and to that fact some portion of the weariness I now felt was no doubt attributable.

However, here I was at last, really and truly, in London—in the great city. It was the consummation of the dreams of my youth, as it is of the dreams of so many hundreds of ambitious, country-bred lads. I had no luggage to detain me, the sole article I had brought with me being a small handbag containing a few necessaries: my portmanteau was to follow in the course of a couple of days. As I was making my way towards the exit, I caught sight of the refreshment room. I had had nothing to eat since morning but a few biscuits, and now the pangs of hunger began to make themselves felt. I pushed open the swing-doors of the restaurant, and going up to the counter, I asked for a cup of coffee and a couple of sandwiches. While I was being served, I counted over again the small amount of money in my purse and asked myself whether I could afford to take a cab to my destination. Why not walk? The night was young, and the street in which my friend lived, being in the heart of London, could not be more than two or, at the most, three miles away. Besides, there seemed a spice of adventure, something that would serve me to talk about in time to come, in finding my way, utter stranger as I was, alone and by night through the streets of London—those streets about which I had read so much, and had so often pictured in my thoughts. I decided that I would walk.

Here it becomes needful to mention that my destination was the lodgings of a certain friend, whose name, for the purposes of this narrative, shall be Gascoigne. I call him my friend, and such he was, although he was four years older than myself. We were both natives of the same small country town; his parents and mine were old friends; and owing to the similarity of our tastes and pursuits, he and I had been much thrown together up to the date of his leaving home to push his fortunes in London. We had kept up an unbroken correspondence after his departure; and now that my father had lighted on evil days, and it became imperative that I should turn out into the world, Gascoigne had at once come to the rescue. I must leave home, he wrote, and take up my quarters with him till he should succeed in finding some situation that would be likely to suit me, which he had little doubt about being able to do in the course of a few weeks at the most. And thus it fell out that here I was in London.

Outside the station, I found a policeman, from whom I inquired my nearest way to the Strand, in a street off which thoroughfare Gascoigne's rooms were situated. The night was damp and raw, with a sort of thin, wet mist in the atmosphere, which blurred the lamps and the lights in the shops a little way off, and made the pavement greasy and unpleasant to walk on. But little recked I about the weather. I was pacing London streets, and to me, for the time being, that was all-sufficient. The coffee had warmed me; the fatigue I had felt previously was forgotten as I walked on and on in a sort of waking dream. More than once I had to ask my way, and more than once I wandered from the direct road; but at length, after about an hour's walking, I found the street I was in search of, and two minutes later I knocked at the door of No. 16. My summons was responded to by a middle-aged woman—Gascoigne's landlady, as I afterwards found—who, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that my friend had been called out of town two days previously on important business, and was not expected home till the morrow. I turned from the door with a sinking heart, feeling more lost and lonely than I had ever felt before. I was in the heart of the great Babylon, and knew not a single soul out of all the teeming thousands around me. Presently, I found myself in the Strand again, and there I came to a halt for a little while, gazing on a scene so fresh and strange to me. The glare, the uproar, the interminable tangle of vehicles, the hundreds of human beings, young and old, rich and poor, passing ceaselessly to and fro, winding in and out without touching each other, like midges dancing in the sun—all these affected my spirits like a tonic, and in a very little while put all morbid fancies to flight. What if I were alone in London without a creature anywhere that I knew—there were thousands of others in a similar plight. Gascoigne would be back on the morrow, and for this one night I must make shift with a bed at some decent coffee-house or inexpensive hotel. It was too early yet to think of turning in; it would be time enough an hour hence to set about finding quarters for the night.

I wandered on, heedless whither my footsteps might lead me, my weariness all but forgotten in the novelty of the scenes which met my country-bred eyes at every turn. As the clocks were striking ten, I found myself on one of the

bridges, gazing over the parapet at the black-flowing river as it washed and swirled through the arches under my feet. A thick fog was slowly creeping up, and even while I was gazing at the fringe of lamps on some other bridge, its dark mantle closed round them, and shut them in as completely as though they had never been. A few minutes later, the fog had reached the spot where I was standing, and had caught me in a damp, sickly embrace, which in a very little while sufficed to chill me to the marrow, and blotted out as completely as with a wet sponge all the seething world around me.

When I began to move again after my halt, I realised for the first time how thoroughly weary and dead-beat I was, and that I must no longer delay seeking out a lodging for the night. The fog was thickening fast, and it was impossible to see more than three or four yards in any direction. In my bewilderment, instead of turning back towards the Strand side of the bridge, as my intention was, I seem to have unwittingly crossed to the Surrey side, seeing that, a few minutes later, I found myself in a maze of narrow, tortuous streets, in which gin palaces and fried-fish shops seemed to be the chief places of entertainment.

I wandered on, turning from one thoroughfare into another, feeling in that thick, black fog more utterly lost and bewildered, even in the streets of London, than I should have done if set down at midnight in the heart of Salisbury Plain with nothing but the stars to guide me on my way. In the district in which I now found myself there seemed to be no small hotels where a stranger might find cheap but decent accommodation for the night—nothing but flaring taverns and low coffee-shops. Three or four of these latter I passed which, even dead-beat as I was, I could not summon up courage to enter—they looked too unsavoury and repulsive to a youth of countrified tastes like myself. At length I came to one which seemed more promising than any I had yet seen—cleaner and neater in every way, as far as I could judge by peering through the window. It was merely a coffee-shop, with some cups and saucers and a few muffins, teacakes, and other comestibles in the window; but what had more attraction for me than anything else was the welcome legend, 'Good Beds,' painted in black letters on the lamp over the door. I hesitated no longer, but pushed open the swing-doors and entered.

My first glance round showed me that the place was one much frequented by foreigners; and when the *cafetier* himself came down the room to inquire my pleasure, I saw at once that, whatever else his nationality might be, he was certainly not an Englishman. My wants were simple—a chop and some coffee. I put the question of bed aside for the present, till I should have seen more of the place and its frequenters. The *cafetier* answered me with much politeness, but in very broken English, that my requirements should be at once attended to, and that, meanwhile—with a comprehensive wave of his hand—the newspapers, English and foreign, were at the service of monsieur. He did not look much like a coffee-house keeper, with his long grizzled hair, his high bald forehead, his dark deep-set eyes, in each of which glowed a spark of vivid fire, and his thin white hands; there seemed about him too much of the air of a man of breeding and education for such an occupation.

He was still addressing himself to me, when there was a sudden irruption into the room of a little black-eyed, short-haired, bullet-headed waiter, French or Swiss most probably, in a black jacket and short white apron, who, dancing up to me, took possession of me at once, divined my wants in a moment, and pirouetted off to fetch me my coffee, pending the cooking of my chop, leaving his master extinguished, so to speak, both morally and physically. 'Ah, Jean will attend to monsieur,' said the latter, putting his hands to his sides and straightening his long thin back. 'Jean, he is a good fellow, and will make monsieur comfortable.' And with that he lounged slowly away to a small counter at the upper end of the room, behind which he seated himself, and became at once immersed in the perusal of some foreign journal.

I was still looking at him, sitting with my arms folded over the table, when my eyelids closed unconsciously, and I dropped asleep as I sat—but only for a few moments, for Jean was quickly at my side with the coffee and a roll, flicking some imaginary crumbs off the table with his *serviette* as a polite way of arousing me. A draught of coffee imparted new life to me for a time, and I could afford to look round with some degree of curiosity. In all, there were about a dozen people in the place. Two or three customers got up and went away, while others came in and took their places. Others there were who seemed habitual frequenters of the place, and sat playing draughts or dominoes, smoking their cigarettes, and sipping at their coffee or chocolate between times. Only one here and there was English; the rest of them were unmistakable foreigners, of various types and nationalities, but all readily recognisable as such even to my untutored eyes. Nimble-handed Jean was equal to the requirements of each and all.

Seated at one of the narrow tables on the opposite side of the room, and facing the door, was a man who took my attention more than any one there, the *cafetier* excepted. He was a full-cheeked, heavy-browed man, not tall, but strongly built, and with something of that added corpulence which so often comes with middle age. He had close-cropped iron-gray hair, which stood out like a stiff stubble in every direction; but his moustache and imperial were jet black, and therefore presumably dyed. He had a rather thick aquiline nose, and he wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles; but once or twice I caught a glance from his eyes, which were steel-gray in colour, so keen and piercing, that his assumption of artificial aid for them seemed somewhat of a mockery. He was dressed in a tightly buttoned black frock-coat, and wore a wisp of black ribbon round his neck, tied in a formal little bow under his turn-down collar. His trousers were dark gray in colour, and his feet were incased in a pair of broad-toed varnished boots. His rather large plump hands were white and shapely, and his filbert nails were carefully trimmed. He looked so superior to the general run of the other frequenters of the

coffee-shop whom I had hitherto seen, that he had an air of being altogether out of place. He neither spoke to nor was addressed by any one except Jean, who served him with his chocolate, but seemed immersed in the contents first of one foreign newspaper and then of another, several of which were spread on the table in front of him. Still, notwithstanding his seeming indifference to everything that was going on around him, an impression somehow got possession of me that not a man entered or left the place without being keenly scrutinised from behind those gold-rimmed spectacles, while more than once I had an uneasy consciousness that I was the object who was being photographed by that coldly penetrative gaze.

As soon as I had finished my chop, Jean came to clear the table, upon which I took the opportunity of saying to him: 'I shall require a bed here to-night. I suppose you can find room for me?'

He stared at me for a moment or two in open-eyed astonishment. Then he said: 'Monsieur is mistaken. We have no beds for strangers here.'

'Then why have you the announcement of "Good Beds" painted up on the lamp outside?' I demanded a little hotly.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. 'Ah, that is a mistake—all at once a mistake,' he answered with his strong French accent. 'The Englishman who had this place before Monsieur Karavich, used to let out beds; but Monsieur Karavich, who has been here but two months, does not. No.'

At this juncture M. Karavich himself appeared on the scene. He had come to ascertain what the discussion was about. He put a question to Jean in French, and the latter answered him volubly in the same language.

'Jean is right, monsieur,' said the *cafetier* to me in his broken English, which I had some difficulty in comprehending, and with an air of polite deprecation. 'We do not let out beds to strangers. The lamp shall be altered to-morrow. I am sorry—truly sorry, monsieur.'

'So am I sorry,' I answered stoutly. 'I am an utter stranger in London, never having set foot in it till three hours ago, and I know no more where I am than the man in the moon. Besides, think of the fog! What am I, a stranger, to do if turned out into the midst of it? You can surely find me a bed somewhere. I don't care how humble it is—and it's only for one night. Put your head outside the door, monsieur, and see for yourself whether on such a night you would turn even a dog into the streets.'

The *cafetier* spoke to Jean in some language with which I had no acquaintance. Jean replied volubly as usual. Then the *cafetier* spoke again, but this time his voice had an imperative tone in it such as I had not noticed before. Jean turned pale, and replied, not in words, but by turning out the palms of his hands and spreading wide his fingers. It was an answer replete with significance. Turning to me, the *cafetier* said, in his slow, hesitating tones: 'I will find monsieur a bed. He is a stranger and an Englishman and claims my hospitality: that is enough for Fedor Karavich.'

I did not fail to thank him. He smiled faintly, made me a little bow, and went slowly back to his counter. When I turned my eyes on Jean, he was scowling at me most unmistakably. What could I possibly have done to annoy the sprightly little man?

The stranger with the gold spectacles pushed away his newspapers and rose to go. Jean helped him on with his fur-lined overcoat, and as he did so, a quick whisper passed between the two. Then Jean left him. The stranger put on his hat, and coming down a pace or two till he stood close by the end of my table, he proceeded to leisurely button up his coat. I happened to look up, and our eyes met. The stranger smiled, and said in a soft, pleasant voice, in which there was the faintest perceptible trace of a foreign accent: 'Pardon, but I think I heard monsieur say just now that he was a stranger in London. Is that not so?'

'Quite a stranger,' I replied. 'I only arrived here three hours ago, and was never in London before.'

I was glad to have some one to speak to, were it only this pleasant-voiced foreigner; it seemed in some measure to take off the edge of my loneliness.

'Again pardon,' said the other; 'but monsieur would naturally find the fog outside rather bewildering? Ah, your English climate! He would be puzzled, for instance, to find his way from this house to Charing Cross, or even to the nearest bridge; is it not so?'

'Faith, you're right there,' I answered with a laugh. 'I have not the slightest idea of the locality of this house, nor even on which side the river it is situated. But daylight will solve my difficulties in that respect.'

'Ah, that daylight is a great tell-tale,' answered the stranger with the ghost of a shrug. 'Bon soir, monsieur; I hope you will sleep well, and have pleasant dreams.'

Again the same inscrutable smile flitted across his face. Raising his hat slightly, he pushed open the swing-doors, and passed out into the fog and darkness.

It was growing late by this time. Besides myself, there were only two customers now left in the place, who seemed still as intent on their game of dominoes as they had been when I went in. Summoning Jean, I asked to be shown to my room.

I think the bedroom into which I was presently inducted was the very smallest in which it was ever my lot to sleep, while the bed itself was so short, that a tall lanky fellow such as I was might well wonder how his length of limb was to be packed away in so small a compass. On turning down the bedclothes, the sheets and pillow-cases, to my countrified eyes, accustomed to the snowiest of linen, looked far too dingy to be at all inviting. It seemed to me that they had not been changed for a considerable period; but be that as it may, I had no inclination to trust myself into too close contact with their dubious purity. I was tired enough to sleep anywhere, and had there been anything in the shape of an easy-chair in the room, I would have made that my couch for the night. What I did was to take off my collar, boots, and coat, lie down on the bed, turn up the counterpane over me on both sides, and lay my coat over that. Thousands in London that night had a far worse bed than mine. Leaving the

end of candle which Jean had given me to burn itself out, three minutes later I was in a sound dreamless sleep.

FORTUNE.

By a deplorable limitation of the meaning of the word, it has come about that the idea suggested to most minds by the expression 'fortune' or 'a fortunate man' is the accumulation of wealth. It would seem, therefore, that, in the popular estimation, no man is fortunate who is not in the possession of riches. A little thought, above all a little experience of life, will soon convince us that this is not the case; and so far is it from being true, that wealth will be found to be but a small and solitary factor in those various accidents or providences of our lives from which we derive our happiness. The sordid wooer in the ballad, who asked, 'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?' knew of no fortune beside that of riches. The pretty and witty maid knew better. 'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said; and let in a flood of unaccustomed light upon the benighted mind of her baffled suitor, to whom it had never occurred that fortune might consist in beauty and the qualities that win love and admiration.

It is doubtful whether a man who, by a stroke or two of the pen, can flutter the innocent dovecots of the Exchange, is, by virtue of that power, any happier than the humble farmer whose year's income may be straitened by one night's rain. Far in advance of wealth, in estimating what meed of fortune has fallen to any man's lot, should be placed health, upon the state of which our welfare so largely depends, and the preservation of which is so nearly contingent upon the method of life we adopt. Riches without health do not bring with them the capacity for their enjoyment; and yet how many of us waste the latter in the pursuit of the former! The merchant who rises early and toils till a late hour at his desk in the sunless city office for the sake of amassing money, has generally advanced far beyond middle age before his object is attained, and finds then that he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. Leisure has become a weariness to him; the pursuits for which he once coveted it have lost their attraction for him; the studies he once desired opportunities to follow up, have lost their interest; he has no longer the robust health and bodily strength demanded for the sports and pastimes which once seemed to him to make life worth living. Without the accustomed occupation, the day is a blank; he must still journey to the office, still add sovereign to sovereign, and take what comfort is possible from the reflection that another may perhaps spend them, and that they may serve to keep in ease and idleness one who never worked for them—a poor and second-hand solace, indeed, for no man yet ever started life with the intention of acquiring wealth for the sole benefit of his successor. The proper image of such a man, wearing out his days in the dull monotonous round of business, is the ass in the great hollow wheel of the water-well in Carisbrooke Castle, which walks for ever up-hill, but which never advances, and never rises, and the end of whose labour is to draw water that others may drink it.

With numerically unimportant exceptions, we have all to toil for our living; and it is probable that that man is most truly described as fortunate who at the outset in life has chosen work in which he can take pleasure. To labour during the best hours of the day in hatred or contempt of the task, for the sake of the few hours of leisure that are thereby earned, will in the long-run weaken the moral fibre and lower the vitality; and those hours of leisure will probably be wasted when won. But he who has been fortunate enough to find work for his hands to do which will bring him food and shelter, and in which at the same time his soul can rejoice, will lay aside his task with a spirit fresh for a new study, a new enterprise, or with a zest for innocent and healthy enjoyment.

The artist who labours to create forms, hues, and ideas of beauty; the author who enriches the world with fresh treasures of thought; the physician whose aim and whose reward is to relieve suffering; the carpenter to whom his craft is a pride and a triumph; the labourer in the field who loves the soil he tills, and delights to watch from season to season the checkered success of his operations: these, and such as these, are the truly fortunate men, into whose annual money-winnings we have no need to inquire before pronouncing them happy. Here, again, our lot is to a large extent in our own hands; for though we have not all the professions and occupations of life offered to our choice, yet some selection is open to us, and it behoves us to choose both wisely and boldly, and it is an instance where boldness is often wisdom. Even where the choice presented to us is so narrow as seemingly to preclude all chance of satisfying our aspirations, there is but little work in the world which we cannot ennoble by our method of performing it and by the spirit in which we undertake it. The ideal life which presents us with the spectacle of the Master washing the feet of his disciples and kneading the common clay of the ground, teaches us how to invest with dignity the meanest labour of our hands. From the examples of Chaucer, whose pen 'moved over bills of lading,' and of Burns, whose feet trod deep into the miry furrows behind the plough he guided, we may learn that while a humble toil cannot degrade the man, a man may infinitely ennoble the toil. Let us but once recognise that it is necessary and right that any piece of work should be done, and that it has fallen to our lot to do it, and a genuine pleasure may be derived from its thorough performance. 'The manly part,' says Emerson, 'is to do with might and main what you can do.' Indifference as to the excellence of the work turned out, hurried or perfunctory or slovenly execution, will result in lethargy and self-dissatisfaction; while a right pride in a piece of good work well done will leave the nerves braced and not relaxed, and the faculties developed instead of diminished.

Fortunate, again, beyond the power of mishap to depress, is the man who is endowed with such elasticity of spirit that he can shake off the anxieties and wearinesses of the mind in the mere delight of existence; to whom the fresh breath of morning as he rises, the sense of bodily strength as he steps forth into the open air, the

consciousness of vigour as he performs his mid-day toil, the assurance of sound sleep as he lays his head on the pillow at night, can bring oblivion of the losses or the disappointments of yesterday. And, once more, a measure of this good fortune is within the reach of most of us. The temper that broods over trouble, that cries over spilt milk, and forebodes unrealised ills, is one easy indeed to yield to, but one which can be put to rout with a little fortitude and resolve; and, that once achieved, the energies necessary for the retrieval of our position will quickly reassert themselves.

Highly favoured, too, of fortune is the man who has been born with an ear and a heart for Music, with an eye and a heart for Art and Nature, and with a brain and a heart for Poetry; for veritably in these are to be found the most inexhaustible riches, the most enduring delights, the most exalting pleasures. But it would be unavailing to attempt to capitulate the various gifts that birth or accident confers which are worthy to be regarded as good fortune. A moment's reflection is all that is needed to prove that opulence is but a small and single item among the infinite number of such gifts; and the sordid tendency of the mind, and the liability of words to become restricted in their meaning and debased in their application, is evinced in the narrowed signification of opulence ascribed by common usage to the word 'fortune.' We live in a money-grasping age, and it is well to call to mind from time to time that guineas are not the only counters with which the game of life is played and won or lost, and that our banker is not, after all, the best judge of our fortune.

THE IVORY TRADE.

There is no doubt in the world but that American trade is being admirably served by American consuls in every part of the world. The Reports which these gentlemen send are not only written in an interesting manner, but embrace nearly every subject that can be of service to the industrial occupations of any country. Among recent Reports is one by Mr Consul Webster on ivory so far as it relates to the Sheffield cutlery trade; and as his Report embraces nearly every matter connected with this trade—though some of his figures are not very new—the facts cannot fail to be of interest to this country also. From the Report, it appears that in 1880 there were imported 13,435 cwt. of ivory from the following countries; British East Indies sent us 2972 cwt.; west coast of Africa, 2310 cwt.; Egypt, 2003 cwt.; British possessions in South Africa, 1114 cwt.; the native states, east coast of Africa, 1099 cwt.; Aden, 693 cwt.; France, 612 cwt.; Holland, 431 cwt.; Malta, 411 cwt.; Portuguese possessions, West Africa, 361 cwt.; British possessions, West Africa, 162 cwt.; and all other countries, 1267 cwt.

Malta is the port of shipment to England of ivory that finds its way to Tripoli and other points on the north coast of Africa. To Holland, ivory is brought from her possessions on the coast of Africa. France receives but little except what has been purchased in England, portions of which are sometimes returned. The Bombay, Siam, and Zanzibar ivory is bought for the making of piano keys, carvings, and other expensive articles of luxury. All ivory from the east coast of Africa, except the Cape, comes through Zanzibar, and pays a royalty to the sultan. This is known to the trade by a mark—a rude figure of an elephant—that is put upon it after the payment of this royalty. Mr Webster calls attention to the fact that this mark is often erased from tusks that are to be sent to the United States from the English sales, and suggests that this is done to prevent identification, and evade the extra duty chargeable on all 'goods the produce of countries east of the Cape of Good Hope, when imported from places west of the Cape of Good Hope.' It will be news to most of us in this country that the United States thus tries to prohibit, where possible, the purchase of raw material through the European markets.

Mammoth tusks of ivory occasionally come to this country from Siberia; but as these have been lying exposed for centuries, and probably for many thousands of years, and often buried in ice, the 'nature' has gone out of them, and they are not fit for the cutler's use. The teeth of the walrus and hippopotamus are used in considerable quantity, and being of suitable size, are used whole for making expensive carved handles. Ivory of the best quality comes from the west coast of Africa, under the names of Cameroon, Angola, and Gaboon ivory. This is brought down from the interior, and retains a larger proportion of the 'fat' or gelatine, from the fact, probably, that it is more recently from the animal. In this state it is called 'green' ivory. It is more translucent, and not so white as the Egyptian and other kinds, called 'white' ivory, that have been lying a longer time and in a more sandy region, and exposed to the heat of the sun until the animal matter has disappeared. The excellence of the 'green' ivory consists in its greater toughness and in its growing whiter by age, instead of yellow, as is the case with the whiter varieties. Yet buyers of cutlery, through ignorance of these qualities, usually prefer the whiter kinds, which on that account are more in demand for the Sheffield trade, and have more than doubled in price since 1879. The sales of ivory occur every three months at London and Liverpool, and sales are also held to a limited extent and at irregular intervals at Rotterdam. At Liverpool, only ivory of the best quality, and from the west coast of Africa, is offered. Buyers from Germany and France and agents of American consumers attend these sales; and it is estimated that about one quarter of the whole amount goes to Sheffield, another quarter to London, and the other half to Germany, France, and the United States.

Turning from the sources and sale of ivory, we next have some very interesting facts relating to its manufacture. The experienced eye is quick to discern the value of a lot of ivory, when—which is essential—it is guided by a knowledge of the country from which it comes. It is also said that the electric light is beginning to be used to test the soundness of the tusks. There is just now great anxiety as to the future supply of ivory. The stocks in public warehouses are

smaller than for many years past, and the rapid increase in prices is causing great anxiety to manufacturers. At a recent sale at Liverpool, the best African ivory sold by the ton at over twelve shillings and sixpence per pound. This will explain the fact that the principal factor in the value of the best table cutlery is the handle. When the ivory comes into the hands of the cutler, much skill is required to make the most of the precious material, and every scrap is turned to account. After cutting out the scales of all sizes for pocket-knives, and the solid handles for table cutlery, the small pieces are usually sold to the button-makers, or maybe made into 'pearls.' These latter are the small pieces of ivory, pearl, or horn inserted into the handles of tea and coffee pots as non-conductors of heat, and are so called because they were originally made of pearl. The fine sawdust is sold for fertilising purposes, for the manufacture of gelatine, and for making a fine white sizing used in the manufacture of lace curtains and other fabrics. The refuse still remaining goes to the makers of ivory black. The proportion of this residuum is about fifteen pounds to the hundredweight, and sells at from sixteen to twenty pounds per ton. Many efforts have been made to devise some method for the solidification of ivory dust, but as yet without success. Great skill is required in the cutting of ivory, as of wood, to bring out the beauty of the grain. The saw of the cutter occasionally reveals a rifle-ball that has been lodged in the tusk, and that has been completely covered over by subsequent growth. About one-third the length of the tusk, where it enters the head of the elephant, is hollow. This hollow, when the tusk is in place upon the live animal, is filled with a soft pulp or core, which supplies the growth of the tusk. A ball lodged in this core will in time be imbedded in the solid ivory. This hollow portion is cut off and sold separately, except the thinnest portion, as bangle ivory, and is in great demand for bangles or ornamental rings for the ankles and arms of Indian and African women. That portion of the tusk towards the point is usually more solid and of finer grain. This is cut off and sold by itself at high prices under the name of billiard-ball points. Small teeth of from ten to fifteen pounds-weight are called in the trade 'scrivelloes.' The points of these small tusks are used in their natural state for making handles for expensive carving sets and for other articles of luxury. The large proportion of very small tusks which are now brought to market annually is a sure indication of the increasing number of elephants that die young. To show to what size these tusks might attain, the American consul states that there was in a Sheffield showroom an African elephant's tusk nine feet long, twenty-one inches in girth, and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. The value of the tusk was one hundred and thirty pounds, and it is said that an animal large enough and strong enough to carry such a pair would attract far more attention than Jumbo did. In the nine years which ended with 1881, there were 5286 tons of ivory imported into Great Britain, and as the number of tusks is known, the average weight of pairs of tusks can be ascertained. It is a little under forty pounds each pair. At this rate, these imports represent 296,016 pairs, and consequently the same number of elephants have either died long ago, or have been recently slaughtered, to supply the demands of luxury in nine years alone. 'At this rate of destruction,' says Mr Webster, 'it will be seen how rapidly this noble animal must disappear, and how surely ivory will become a thing of the past. There are, doubtless, large quantities of ivory still remaining in the interior of the African continent; but with the rapid advance of civilised man, and the temptation of increasing high prices, these will soon be discovered and exhausted.'

SPOKEN IN ANGER.

'Twas but a little word in anger spoken,
While proud eyes flashed through bitter burning tears;
But oh, I felt that fatal word had broken
The cord of love that bound our hearts for years.
Thy tortured face, that long wild look of sorrow,
Like some pale ghost, must haunt me while I live;
And yet, how bright, how full of joy the morrow,
Had I but breathed one simple word—'Forgive!'

I did not hear thy tender voice appealing,
Nor marked thy anguish when I cried, 'Depart!'
Too blind to see thy pitying glance, revealing
The generous promptings of thy noble heart.
How could I know that faithful heart was yearning,
Though crushed and wounded to its inmost core,
To take me back, like weary bird returning
In fear and trembling, when the storm is o'er!

'Remember, love, that it may be for ever;
To see my face no more by night or day.
Be calm, rash heart, think well before we sever;
Recall the angry word, and bid me stay.'
Dead silence fell; the song-birds hushed their singing.
'Enough,' I proudly cried; 'I choose my fate.'
While ever through my maddened brain kept ringing
The death-knell of my love—too late, too late!

'Forgive, forgive!' I wailed, the wild tears streaming,
As, 'mid the moaning trees, I stood alone;
'Love, let thy kisses wake me from my dreaming.'
Thy pleading voice, thy tortured face, was gone.
That angry word, I may recall it never;
For o'er thy narrow grave, rank weeds have grown.
'Remember, love, that it may be for ever.'
Ah, words prophetic! love, had I but known!

My locks are gray, my eyes are dim with weeping,
The face once loved by thee, no longer fair;
Beneath the daisies, thou art calmly sleeping:
There, a lone woman often kneels in prayer.
Ah, sweetheart mine, thou art so lowly lying,
Thou canst not hear the tearful voice above,
That with the night-wind evermore is sighing:
'I spoke in anger! oh, forgive me, love!'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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COTTAGE IDEAS.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Passing by the kitchen-door, I heard Louisa, the maid, chanting to a child on her knee:

Feyther stole th' Paason's sheep;
A merry Christmas we shall keep;
We shall have both mutton and beef—
But we won't say nothing about it.

To rightly understand this rhyme, you must sing it with long-drawn emphasis on each word, lengthening it into at least two syllables; the first a sort of hexameter, the second a pentameter of sound:

Fey-ther sto-ole th' Paa-son's sheep.

The last line is to come off more trippingly, like an 'aside.' This old sing-song had doubtless been handed down from the times when the labourers really did steal sheep, a crime happily extinct with cheap bread. Louisa was one of the rare old sort—hard-working, and always ready; never complaining, but satisfied with any food there chanced to be; sensible and sturdy; a woman who could be thoroughly depended on. Her boxes were full of good dresses, of a solid, unassuming kind, such as would wear well—a perfect wardrobe. Her purse was always well supplied with money; she had money saved up, and she sent money to her parents: yet her wages, until late years, had been small. In doing her duty to others, she did good to herself. A duchess would have been glad to have her in her household. She had been in farm-house service from girlhood, and had doubtless learned much from good housewives; farmers' wives are the best of all teachers; and the girls, for their own sakes, had much better be under them than wasting so much time learning useless knowledge at compulsory schools.

Freckles said, when he came in,
He never would enter a tawny skin,

was another of her rhymes. Freckles come in with summer, but never appear on a dark skin, so that the freckled should rejoice in these signs of fairness.

Your father, the elderberry,
Was not such a gooseberry
As to send in his bilberry
Before it was dewberry.

Some children are liable to an unpleasant complaint at night; for this, there is a certain remedy. A mouse is baked in the oven to a 'scrump,' then pounded to powder, and this powder administered. Many ladies still have faith in this curious medicine; it reminds one of the powdered mummy, once the great cure of human ills. Country-places have not always got romantic names—Wapse's Farm, for instance, and Hog's Pudding Farm. Wapse is the provincial for wasp.

Country girls are not all so shrewd as Louisa; we heard of two—this was some time since—who, being in service in London, paid ten shillings each to Madame Rachel for a bath to be made beautiful for ever. Half a sovereign out of their few coins! On the other hand, town servants are well dressed and have plenty of finery, but seldom have any reserve of good clothing, such as Louisa possessed. All who know the country, regret the change that has been gradually coming over the servants and the class from which they are supplied. 'Gawd help the pore missis as gets hold of *you!*' exclaimed a cottage-woman to her daughter, whose goings-on had not been as they should be: 'God help the poor mistress who has to put up with you!' A remark that would be most emphatically echoed by many a farmer's wife and country resident. 'Don't you stop, if her hollers at 'ee,' said another cottage-mother to her girl, just departing for service—that is, don't stop if you don't like it; don't stop if your mistress finds the least fault. 'Come along home, if you don't like it.' Home to what? In this instance, it was a most wretched hovel, literally built in a ditch; no convenience, no sanitation; and the father a drunkard, who

scarcely brought enough money indoors to supply bread.

You would imagine that a mother in such a position would impress upon her children the necessity of endeavouring to do something. For the sake of that spirit of independence in which they seem to take so much pride, one would suppose they would desire to see their children able to support themselves. But it is just the reverse; the poorer folk are, the less they seem to care to try to do something. 'You come home if you don't like it;' and stay about the hovel in slatternly idleness, tails bedraggled and torn, thin boots out at the toes and down at the heels, half-starved on potatoes and weak tea—stay till you fall into disgrace, and lose the only thing you possess in the world—your birthright—your character. Strange advice it was for a mother to give.

Nor is the feeling confined to the slatternly section, but often exhibited by very respectable cottagers indeed.

'My mother never would go out to service—she *wouldn't* go,' said a servant to her mistress, one day talking confidentially.

'Then what did she do?' asked the mistress, knowing they were very poor people.

'Oh, she stopped at home.'

'But how did she live?'

'Oh, her father had to keep her. If she wouldn't go out, of course he had to somehow.'

This mother would not let her daughter go to one place because there was a draw-well on the premises; and her father objected to her going to another because the way to the house lay down a long and lonely lane. The girl herself, however, had sense enough to keep in a situation; but it was distinctly against the feeling at her home; yet they were almost the poorest family in the place. They were very respectable, and thought well of in every way, belonging to the best class of cottagers.

Unprofitable sentiments! injurious sentiments—self-destroying; but I always maintain that sentiment is stronger than fact, and even than self-interest. I see clearly how foolish these feelings are, and how they operate to the disadvantage of those whom they influence. Yet I confess that were I in the same position, I should be just as foolish. If I lived in a cottage of three rooms, and earned my bread by dint of arm and hand under the sun of summer and the frost of winter; if I lived on hard fare, and, most powerful of all, if I had no hope for the future, no improvement to look forward to, I should feel just the same. I would rather my children shared my crust, than fed on roast-beef in a stranger's hall. Perhaps the sentiment in my case might have a different origin, but in effect it would be similar. I should prefer to see my family about me—the one only pleasure I should have—the poorer and the more unhappy, the less I should care to part with them. This may be foolish, but I expect it is human nature.

English folk don't 'cotton' to their poverty at all; they don't eat humble-pie with a relish; they resent being poor and despised. Foreign folk seem to take to it quite naturally; an Englishman, somehow or other, always feels that he is wronged. He is injured; he has not got his rights. To me, it seems the most curious thing possible that well-to-do people should expect the poor to be delighted with their condition. I hope they never will be—an evil day that—if it ever came—for the Anglo-Saxon race. There always seemed to me to be something peculiarly repulsive in the doctrine of the old Catechism, once so studiously worked into the minds of the villagers by dint of constant repetition, teaching them to be satisfied 'To do their duty in the station to which it had pleased God to call them'—that is, to hedge and ditch and wash greasy plates all their lives, according as they were male or female, handmaids or man-jacks. To touch hats and forelocks, to bob courtesies (not out of courtesy as equals, but in sign of low degree). To be lowly of spirit before clay clad in broadcloth—a species of idolatry—to beat down and destroy those inward feelings of independence natural to all. Anything more opposed to that onward movement in which the hopes of the human race are bound up, it would be impossible to conceive.

One girl prided herself very much upon belonging to a sort of club or insurance—if she died, her mother would receive ten pounds. Ten pounds, ten golden sovereigns, was to her such a magnificent sum, that she really appeared to wish herself dead, in order that it might be received. She harped and talked and brooded on it constantly. If she caught cold, it didn't matter, she would say, her mother would have ten pounds. It seemed a curious reversal of ideas, but it is a fact that poor folk in course of time come to think less of death than money. Another girl was describing to her mistress how she met the carter's ghost in the rickyard; the wagon-wheel went over him; but he continued to haunt the old scene, and they met him as commonly as the sparrows.

'Did you ever speak to him?'

'Oh no. You mustn't speak to them; if you speak to them, they'll fly at you.'

In winter, the men were allowed to grub up the roots of timber that had been thrown, and take the wood home for their own use; this kept them in fuel the winter through without buying any. 'But they don't get *paid* for that work.' She considered it quite a hardship that they were not paid for taking a present. Cottage people do look at things in such a curious crooked light! A mother grumbled because the vicar had not been to see her child, who was ill. Now, she was not a church-goer, and cared nothing

for the Church or its doctrines—that was not it—she grumbled so terribly because 'it was his place to come.'

A lady went to live in a village for health's sake, and having heard so much of the poverty of the farmer's man, and how badly his family were off, thought that she should find plenty who would be glad to pick up extra shillings by doing little things for her. First, she wanted a stout boy to help to draw her Bath-chair, while the footman pushed behind, it being a hilly country. Instead of having to choose between half-a-dozen applicants, as she expected, the difficulty was to discover anybody who would even take such a job into consideration. The lads did not care about it; their fathers did not care about it; and their mothers did not want them to do it. At one cottage there were three lads at home doing nothing; but the mother thought they were too delicate for such work. In the end, a boy was found, but not for some time. Nobody was eager for any extra shilling to be earned in that way. The next thing was somebody to fetch a yoke or two of spring-water daily. This man did not care for it, and the other did not care for it; and even one who had a small piece of ground and kept a donkey and water-butt on wheels for the very purpose, shook his head. He always fetched water for folk in the summer when it was dry, never fetched none at that time of year—he could not do it. After a time, a small shopkeeper managed the yoke of water from the spring for her—*his* boy could carry it; the labourers could not. He was comparatively well to do, yet he was not above an extra shilling.

This is one of the most curious traits in the character of cottage folk—they do not care for small sums; they do not care to pick up sixpences. They seem to be *afraid of obliging people*—as if to do so, even to their own advantage, would be against their personal honour and dignity. In London, the least trifle is snapped up immediately, and there is a great crush and press for permission to earn a penny, and that not in very dignified ways. In the country, it is quite different. Large fortunes have been made out of matches; now your true country cottager would despise such a miserable fraction of a penny as is represented by a match. I heard a little girl singing—

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,

It is these that make oceans and mountains; it is pennies that make millionaires. But this the country-man cannot see. Not him alone either; the dislike to little profits is a national characteristic, well marked in the farmer, and indeed in all classes. I, too, must be humble, and acknowledge that I have frequently detected the same folly in myself, so let it not be supposed for an instant that I set up as a censor; I do but delineate. Work for the cottager must be work to please him; and to please him, it must be the regular sort to which he is accustomed, which he did beside his father as a boy, which *his* father did, and *his* father before him; the same old plough or grub-axe, the same milking, the same identical mowing, if possible in the same field. He does not care for any newfangled jobs: he does not recognise them, they have no *locus standi*—they are not established. Yet he is most anxious for work, and works well, and is indeed the best labourer in the world. But it is the national character. To understand a nation, you must go to the cottager.

The well-to-do are educated, they have travelled, if not in their ideas they are more or less cosmopolitan. In the cottager, the character stands out in the coarsest relief; in the cottager, you get to 'bed-rock,' as the Americans say; there's the foundation. Character runs upwards, not downwards. It is not the nature of the aristocrat that permeates the cottager, but the nature of the cottager that permeates the aristocrat. The best of us are polished cottagers. Scratch deep enough, and you come to that; so that *to* know a people, go to the cottage, and not to the mansion. The labouring man cannot quickly alter his ways. Can the manufacturer? All alike try to go in the same old groove, till disaster visits their persistence. It is English human nature.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXV.

They had reached the top of the stone steps, when two voices were borne upon them from the two ends of the corridor opposite. The first was Mr Dupuy's. 'Where is she?' it said. —'Mrs Pereira, where's Nora? You don't mean to say this is true that Tom tells me—that you've actually gone and let her sit out a dance with that conceited nigger fellow, Dr Whitaker? Upon my word, my dear madam, what this island is coming to nowadays is really more than I can imagine.'

The second voice was a louder and blander one. 'My son, my son,' it said, in somewhat thick accents, 'my dear son, Wilberforce Clarkson Whitaker! Where is he? Is he in de garden? I want to introduce him to de governor's lady. De governor's lady has been graciously pleased to express an interes in de inheritor of de tree names most closely bound up wit de great social revolution, in which I have had de honour to be de chief actor, for de benefit of millions of my fellow-subjecks.—Walkin' in de garden, is he, wit de daughter of my respected friend, de Honourable Teodore Dupuy of Orange Garden? Ha, ha! Dat's de way wit de young dogs—dat's de way wit dem! Always off walkin' in de garden wit de pretty ladies. Ha, he, ha! I doan't blame dem!'

Dr Whitaker, his face on fire and his ears tingling, pushed on rapidly down the very centre of the garden, taking no heed of either voice in outward seeming, but going straight on, with Nora on his arm, till he reached the open window-doors that led directly into the big ballroom. There, seething in soul, but outwardly calm and polite, he handed over his partner with a conventional smile to Captain Castello, and turning on his heel, strode away bitterly across the ballroom to the outer doorway. Not a few people noticed him as he strode off in his angry

dignity, for Tom Dupuy had already been blustering—with his usual taste—in the corridors and refreshment room about his valiant threat of soundly horsewhipping the woolly-headed mulatto. In the vestibule, the doctor paused and asked for his dust-coat. A negro servant, in red livery, grinning with delight at what he thought the brown man's discomfiture, held it up for him to put his arms into. Dr Whitaker noticed the fellow's malevolent grin, and making an ineffectual effort to push his left arm down the right arm sleeve, seized the coat angrily in his hand, doubled it up in a loose fold over his elbow, and then, changing his mind, as an angry man will do, flung it down again with a hasty gesture upon the hall table. 'Never mind the coat,' he said fiercely. 'Bring round my horse! Do you hear, fellow? My horse, my horse! This minute, I tell you!'

The red-liveried servant called to an invisible negro outside, who soon returned with the doctor's mountain pony.

'Better take de coat, sah,' the man in livery said with a sarcastic guffaw. 'Him help to proteck your back an' sides from Mistah Dupuy, him horsewhip!'

Dr Whitaker leapt upon his horse, and turned to the man with a face livid and distorted with irrepressible anger. 'You black scoundrel, you!' he cried passionately, using the words of reproach that even a mulatto will hurl in his wrath at his still darker brother, 'do you think I'm running away from Tom Dupuy's miserable horsewhip? I'm not afraid of a hundred fighting Dupuys and all their horsewhips.—You black image, you! how dare you speak to me? How dare you?—how dare you?' And he cut out at him viciously in impotent rage with the little riding-whip he held in his fingers.

The negro laughed again, a loud hoarse laugh, and flung both his hands up with open fingers in African derision. Dr Whitaker dug his spurless heel deep into his horse's side, sitting there wildly in his evening dress, and turned his head in mad despair out towards the outer darkness. The moon was still shining brightly overhead, but by contrast with the lights in the gaily illuminated ballroom, the path beneath the bamboo clumps in the shrubbery looked very gloomy, dark, and sombre.

Two or three of the younger men, anxious to see whether Tom Dupuy would get up 'a scene' then and there, crowded out hastily to the doorway, to watch the nigger fellow ride away for his life for fear of a horsewhipping. As they stood in the doorway, peering into the darkness after the retreating upright figure, there came all at once, with appalling suddenness, a solitary vivid flash of lightning, such as one never sees outside the tropics, illuminating with its awful light the whole length of the gardens and the gully beneath them. At the same second, a terrific clap of thunder seemed to burst, like innumerable volleys of the heaviest artillery, right above the roof of the governor's bungalow. It was ghastly in its suddenness and in its strength. No one could say where the lightning struck, for it seemed to have struck on every side at once: all that they saw was a single sheet of all-pervading fire, in whose midst the mulatto and his horse stood silhouetted out in solid black, a statuesque group of living sculpture, against the brilliant fiery background. The horse was rearing, erect on his hind-legs; and Dr Whitaker was reining him in and patting his neck soothingly with hand half lifted. So instantaneous was the flash, indeed, that no motion or change of any sort was visible in the figures. The horse looked like a horse of bronze, poised in the air on solid metal legs, and merely simulating the action of rearing.

For a minute or two, not a soul spoke a word, or broke in any way the deathless silence that succeeded that awful and unexpected outburst. The band had ceased playing as if by instinct, and every person in the whole ballroom stood still and looked one at another with mute amazement. Then, by a common impulse, they pressed all out slowly together, and gazed forth with wondering eyes upon the serene moonlight. The stars were shining brightly overhead: the clap had broken from an absolutely clear sky. Only to northward, on the very summits of the highest mountains, a gathering of deep black clouds rolled slowly onward, and threatened to pass across the intervening valley. Through the profound silence, the ring of Dr Whitaker's horse's hoofs could be heard distinctly down below upon the solid floor of the mountain pathway.

'Who has left already?' the governor asked anxiously of the negro servants.

'Dr Whitaker, your Excellency, sah,' the man in red livery answered, grinning respectfully.

'Call him back!' the governor said in a tone of command. 'There's an awful thunderstorm coming. No man will ever get down alive to the bottom of the valley until it's over.'

'It doan't no use, sah,' the negro answered. 'His horse's canterin' down de hillside de same as if him starin' mad, sah!' And as he spoke, Dr Whitaker's white shirt-front gleamed for a second in the moonlight far below, at a turn of the path beside the threatening gully.

Almost before any one could start to recall him, the rain and thunder were upon them with tropical violence. The clouds had drifted rapidly across the sky; the light of the moon was completely effaced; black darkness reigned over the mountains; not a star, not a tree, not an object of any sort could now be discerned through the pitchy atmosphere. Rain! it was hardly rain, but rather a continuous torrent outpoured as from some vast aërial fountain. Every minute or two, a terrific flash lighted up momentarily the gloomy darkness; and almost simultaneously, loud peals of thunder bellowed and re-echoed from peak to peak. The dance was interrupted for the time at least, and everybody crowded out silently to the veranda and the corridors, where the lightning and the rain could be more easily seen, mingling with the thunder in one hideous din, and forming torrents that rushed down the dry gullies in roaring cataracts to the plains below.

And Dr Whitaker? On he rode, the lightning terrifying his little mountain pony at every flash, the rain beating down upon him mercilessly with equatorial fierceness, the darkness stretching in front of him and below him, save when, every now and then, the awful forks of flame illumined for a second the gulfs and precipices

that yawned beneath in profoundest gloom. Yet still he rode on, erect and heedless, his hat now lost, bareheaded to the pitiless storm, cold without, and fiery hot at heart within. He cared for nothing now—for nothing—for nothing. Nora had put the final coping-stone on that grim growth of black despair within his soul, that palace of nethermost darkness which alone he was henceforth to inhabit. Nay, in the heat and bitterness of the moment, had he not even sealed his own doom? Had he not sunk down actually to the level of those who despised and contemned him? Had he not been guilty of contemptuous insolence to his own colour, in the words he had flung so wildly at the head of the negro in livery? What did it matter now whatever happened to him? All, all was lost; and he rode on recklessly, madly, despairingly, down that wild and precipitous mountain pathway, he knew not and he cared not whither.

It was a narrow track, a mere thread of bridle-path, dangerous enough even in the best of seasons, hung half-way up the steep hillside, with the peak rising sheer above on one hand, and the precipice yawning black beneath on the other. Stones and creepers cumbered the ground; pebbles and earth, washed down at once by the violence of the storm, blocked and obliterated the track in many places; here, a headlong torrent tore across it with resistless vehemence; there, a little chasm marked the spot where a small landslip had rendered it impassable. The horse floundered and reared and backed up again and again in startled terror; Dr Whitaker, too reckless at last even to pat and encourage him, let him go whatever way his fancy led him among the deep brake of cactuses and tree ferns. And still the rain descended in vast sheets and flakes of water, and still the lightning flashed and quivered among the ravines and gullies of those torn and crumpled mountain-sides. The mulatto took no notice any longer; he only sang aloud in a wild, defiant, half-crazy voice the grooming notes of his own terrible Hurricane Symphony.

So they went, on and down, on and down, on and down always, through fire and water, the horse plunging and kicking and backing; the rider flinging his arms carelessly around him, till they reached the bend in the road beside Louis Delgado's mud cottage. The old African was sitting cross-legged by himself at the door of his hut, watching the rain grimly by the intermittent light of the frequent flashes. Suddenly, a vivider flash than any burst in upon him with a fearful clap; and by its light, he saw a great gap in the midst of the path, twenty yards wide, close by the cottage; and at its upper end, a horse and rider, trembling on the very brink of the freshly cut abyss. Next instant, the flash was gone, and when the next came, Louis Delgado saw nothing but the gap itself and the wild torrent that had so instantly cut it. The old man smiled an awful smile of gratified malevolence. 'Ha, ha!' he said to himself aloud, hugging his withered old breast in malicious joy; 'I guess dat buckra lyin' dead by now, down, down, down, at de bottom ob de gully. Ha, ha; ha, ha, ha; him lyin' dead at de bottom ob de gully; an' it one buckra de less left alive to bodder us here in de island ob Trinidad.' He had not seen the mulatto's face; but he took him at once to be a white man because, in spite of rain and spattered mud, his white shirt-front still showed out distinctly in the red glare of the vivid lightning.

UNPOPULAR RELATIONSHIPS.

Historians for the most part recount only the great events of the world; though, by brief anecdotes and familiar illustrations, they sometimes glance at the manners and morals of a particular period. But, in reality, human happiness depends far more on harmonious social relations than on changes of dynasties or the aggrandisement of empires; and a philosophical consideration of the weaknesses of human nature in connection with home-life may be as profitable to us as poring over a description of those striking events which apparently led to the rise and fall of nations. We say apparently, for the causes of most things which happen are a good deal more remote than we may fancy them.

We see how individual characters and interests and public events act and react on one another; but our reason is very apt to play at cross-purposes and mistake cause for effect. One thing, however, is certain, that the family life of a nation is the greatest of all factors in its ill or well being. A happy well-ordered home is, as a rule, the nest in which wise men and good women are most likely to be reared. Yet the ideal patriarchal life is not certain to be realised, even by those most fitted to lead it. The happiest of married couples do not always live to see their children grown up, much less to behold their children's children to the third and fourth generation. Undoubtedly, the loss of a wise and loving mother is one of the greatest misfortunes which can befall a family. This truth is in all its bearings so much a truism that it is needless to dilate on it. What we are about to consider is the prejudice which so often prevails against Step-mothers.

Let us picture to ourselves a middle-class household, with perhaps four or five children of tender age, suddenly deprived of a mother's care. Happy is it in one respect for the father, that his business avocations are imperative, and so in some measure distract him from his grief; but they at the same time prevent his supervision of home affairs, even if he be one of those effeminate men—happily few—who love to meddle in domestic matters. With the best of servants, and even with some female relative to 'manage' for him, the chances are very great that many things go wrong—that children are either spoiled or neglected, and that daily incidents so remind him of his loss, that his sorrow even after a long interval remains unassuaged. Surely, under such circumstances to marry again is often the wisest thing a widower can do. As he has had experience of married life, it is presumable that he

knows the qualities in a woman which will make him happy, and is less likely to make an imprudent marriage than a young bachelor is. In point of fact, second wives are often very admirable women, and second marriages very happy ones.

Yet it cannot be denied that the step-mother is, as a rule, looked on with suspicion by the relatives of the children who pass into her care. It seems to be of no account that hitherto she has been noted for good sense and kindness of heart—it is taken for granted that she cannot exercise these qualities in reference to the little creatures intrusted to her charge. The cruel thing is that children are often absolutely set against their father's wife by foolish people, who think they thus do homage to the memory of the dead.

'Ah,' sighs perhaps an aunt; 'of course, my dear, you must call her "mother" if your father wishes it; but you must not expect her to love you as darling mamma did.'

'But, auntie,' the child may respond, ready with tears at the mention of the dead—'but, auntie, she says she loves us, and kisses us as if she did.'

Upon which the auntie moans again, and with an expressive shake of the head, ejaculates: 'I hope she does'—in a tone that implies, 'I don't believe it.'

Children are wonderfully quick at interpreting tones, looks, and gestures.

Children are by no means all little angels, whatever certain poets may have written in laudation of them. Ingrained characteristics show themselves very early; and when the fire of rebellion to authority is kindled in their young hearts—smoulder as it may—it makes the task of governing them terribly difficult. How much wiser and kinder would it be if friends and relatives played the part of cheerful peacemakers, instead of grave-faced watchers and doubters! How really sensible it would be to teach the children that they ought to be grateful to her who comes to console their father, and to take upon herself the dead mother's duties. In a multitude of cases, this truth ought to be emphatically inculcated; for we suppose there are few women whose ideal of happiness is marrying a widower with children.

When the second marriage takes place comparatively late in life, and when children are grown up, the trials are of a different sort. Sons already away from home, and making for themselves careers in the world; and daughters of twenty years old, likely to marry within the next few years, have often but little feeling for the loneliness of their father's declining years. Of course, elderly men sometimes do foolish things, as well as young ones; but even if the second marriage be in every respect a suitable one, the children are in too many instances jealous of the step-mother, and inclined to carp at all she does. Really, a great deal of this ill-feeling is a bad habit of thought, the result of a popular prejudice which falls in with the weak side of human nature.

But if we demur against the prevailing idea of step-mothers, what shall we say against the yet more absurd notions which abound concerning Mothers-in-law! Unjustly and, one may say, stupidly satirised as they are by pen and pencil in the comic papers, they still, as a rule, maintain the even tenor of their way, far more often as a beneficent influence than anything else. Represented as a synonym for everything that is meddling and mischief-making, we confess that in a pretty long experience we have seen but few very nearly approaching this type. But we have known many a mother who has taken the husband of a daughter to her heart as if he were indeed a son, he requiting her affection with reverential regard. Nor is this at all an unnatural thing to happen between right-minded sensible people.

The mother of grown-up sons and daughters is not generally the vulgar, ill-favoured shrew that caricaturists love to paint her; on the contrary, she is often a woman in the prime of life, very probably an influence in society, and with the wisdom that ought to come with experience of the world. She has not forgotten her own youth, and she sympathises with the young more than they quite believe. Whether it be the daughter's husband or the son's wife that has to be considered, so long as the choice be tolerably prudent, she is sure to rejoice at the prospect of happiness, and be grateful that the perils of unwise likings are over. If, unhappily, the choice has not been prudent, and yet she is unable to avert its consequences, the mother is in many cases the one to be peacemaker and make the best of everything. If it be a son's wife who needs culture, she tries to give it; if it be a daughter's husband of small means, she eke out income by personal sacrifices; or if she herself be too poor to do this, we have known her to help with the needle, or in some other efficient manner, when she cannot do so with the purse.

Suppose the mother-in-law does sometimes suggest or advise, is this to be considered an unpardonable offence? In point of fact, her error is often on the other side, and through a dread of seeming to interfere, she refrains from speaking the wise word in due season. Carlyle says somewhere that 'experience teaches like no other,' but takes terribly high 'school-wages' in the process. Most of us can remember occasions when we might have been spared some of the 'school-wages,' if we would have accepted, as a loving gift to profit by, the experience of our elders. How often in illness does the mother-in-law aid in nursing her grandchildren; how often, in some inevitable absence of the parents, does she prove their most trustworthy guardian!

We are afraid, however, that it is mainly when she is a widow and poor, that the mother-in-law becomes the butt of inconsiderate satirists, who fail to see the pathetic side of her position. Yet, to the honour of human nature, it may be said that there are multitudes of households in which the wife or husband's mother, wholly dependent on her children, is treated with the respect and affection proper to the circumstances, and without

any associations that can recall the paltry witticisms of the comic writers. We wonder if young mothers, with their children still around them, speculate on the swiftly passing years which will change the scene! In a single decade, what alterations may there not be in the domestic circle, and how naturally may it come to pass that the daughter-in-law of to-day shall become the mother-in-law of the future.

There is another unpopular personage for whom we desire to say a good word; not that, as a rule, she is immaculate, or even as nearly so as we should like to see her—we mean the Lodging-house Keeper. She, too, has long been a favourite theme of the caricaturist, and no doubt her vocation leads up to many humorous incidents. What a life it is, if we think of it seriously for a moment! Homely but shrewd women who let lodgings often acquire a surprising knowledge of character; and indeed, if they do not, they are likely to be wofully deceived. It is as great a mistake to suppose that all tenants are true and just in their dealings, as that all landladies are grasping and untrustworthy. Imagine a small furnished house being let to a middle-aged couple for three years at a low rent, mainly because there were no children to add to the wear and tear of furniture. But events proved that there were little grandchildren who paid lengthened visits, on which occasions a perambulator was ruthlessly wheeled about the new dining-room carpet, and similar reckless destruction of property went on in many other ways. This is a true story, and we do not much wonder that the landlady lost temper, and not being able to turn out her tenants, tried to recoup herself by all legitimate methods—especially as she was wholly dependent on her house for the means of existence.

It ought to be remembered that people do not let lodgings for pleasure; receiving inmates is always more or less a matter of business, and there should be justice and the doing as you would be done by on both sides. Sometimes the lodging-house keeper is a decayed gentlewoman, but more generally she belongs to a class socially inferior to that of her tenants. In either case, a little kindly consideration for the feelings and interests of the householder will often be amply requited. The decayed gentlewoman will keenly appreciate a manner of speaking and bargaining which seems to recognise her true position; and the ordinary lodging-house keeper is quick to distinguish 'real gentlefolks' from 'stuck-up people,' by signs which the latter rarely comprehend.

People of position resorting to the seaside for a few weeks never expect the luxuries and elegances they enjoy at home; but as they generally pay liberally for the accommodation they receive, they do require ordinary comforts. It would be greatly to the interest of all parties if lodging-house keepers would bear this in mind. Not only should bedding be faultless in point of purity, but as men do exist of six feet high and upwards, provision should be made to receive a tall inmate who could sleep without doubling himself up like a carpenter's rule. White curtains are decidedly countrified and clean-looking; but unless there are also shutters to the bedroom windows, woe betide the light sleeper who is wakened by the early dawn. Lodging-house pillows should be more ample, and blankets more numerous than they generally are; easy-chairs should deserve their name; footstools should be discoverable; and windows and blinds should be easily manageable. The lodging-house cooking is also often capable of improvement, though, if people are content with what is called 'good plain cooking,' they frequently have little reason to complain; especially is this the case when the lodging-house keepers are retired servants who have lived in good families.

In return for the essential comforts described, the tenant would generally be willing to dispense with the ancestral portraits which so often decorate the walls of furnished lodgings. Staring likenesses, no doubt they are, of departed worthies; but they always seem to stare at the tenant with something like reproach at his presence; and if, as is often the case, they are veritable daubs, they become at last absolutely irritating. Also most people would rather have space for their own odds and ends, than see tables and shelves occupied by heirlooms in the shape of cracked vases incapable of holding water for flowers, but filled with dusty feathers, paper roses, or dried seaweed. Not that we despise simple ornaments; happily, many very common things are very pretty, and quite capable of pleasing the most artistic eye; it is incongruity which really offends.

But with all their shortcomings, we do not believe that, as a class, lodging-house keepers deserve the hard things which comic writers, for the sake of a joke, have said of them. Many a lodging-house keeper has a pathetic past, and a present that is a severe struggle for existence; and sometimes their worth is so appreciated that they make influential friends of their tenants. It is pleasant to hear a landlady say that she has little need to advertise; she lets her rooms on the recommendation of people who have occupied them, and often has the same family over and over again. Where this is the case, we may be pretty sure that at parting there are none of the mean squabbles about cracked china or a chipped chair-back which leave a sting of ill-feeling behind. On the contrary, there is perhaps the recollection of kind assiduity in illness, or of little services beyond the bond on one side; and on the other a pleasant consciousness that such services have been recognised.

It is possible that the tenant sometimes forgets his duties as well as the landlady hers. It is as grasping to overreach on one side as on the other. Not long ago an inquiry for lodgings was made in a popular district—they were to be perfect in a sanitary point of view, and with householders where valuable property would be safe—but because the would-be tenant would often be away, the fair applicant hoped to obtain them for an 'infinitesimal' rent. We believe she has not yet quite succeeded in her search. There are certainly unprincipled as well as inconsiderate lodgers, besides untrustworthy landladies. We fear there are quite as many people who, convalescent after infectious diseases, take apartments in the country or at the seaside without apprising the householders of their condition; as there are lodging-house keepers who receive fresh tenants

after having housed fever patients without having taken due precautions against the propagation of disease. In short, lodgers and tenants belong to the same human nature that is corrupted by evil influences, and falls but too often, each individual under his own special temptations.

SPIRITED AWAY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

I AWOKE suddenly and with a start, having, while in the act of stretching myself, brought my foot into violent contact with one of the rails of the bed. The pain arising from the blow was so acute as to put sleep out of question for a time, so I sat up in bed and stared about me; not that there was anything to be seen, not even the outlines of the window. Everything was intensely still; some hours had probably elapsed since my coming to bed, and no doubt the inmates of the house had retired long ago. The neighbourhood was a quiet one, apparently some distance removed from any main thoroughfare, as not even the noise of a passing cab or vehicle of any kind broke the silence—nothing, in fact, save the footsteps of some belated pedestrian, or, it might be, those of a policeman going his rounds.

When my foot became somewhat easier, I lay down again; but my brain was in full activity by this time, and I fell to musing over what I had seen of London during my after-dark ramble, and to building castles in the future. I was as wide awake as ever I had been in my life. As I lay thus, the black silence was broken by the faint creaking of a door, apparently that of the room next my own. Was it merely one of those unaccountable noises with which all watchers during the night season are more or less familiar, or was it caused by human agency? It was probably the *cafetier* or Jean stealing quietly up-stairs to bed. I had no means of even guessing the time, and instead of being asleep for hours, as I had imagined, it might not yet be much past midnight. Burglars would hardly care to visit so poor a domicile; still, it was just as well I had shot the bolt of my door before getting into bed. But, hush! what was that? Footsteps passing my door, and then softly ascending the upper flight of stairs. Some one was certainly moving about the house. But for what purpose? And now, there was the sound of more footsteps following the first. Dead silence for a few moments, and then footsteps again, but so hushed and stealthy, that it was only by holding in my breath and listening with all my might, that I could hear them at all.

What could be the meaning of proceedings so mysterious? While I was still puzzling over this question and debating with myself whether my wisest plan would not be to go to sleep and trouble myself no further in the matter, the door of some room overhead seemed suddenly to be burst open, followed immediately by a heavy trampling of feet, then a loud, sharp, inarticulate cry, a pistol-shot, the sound as it were of a brief struggle, and then nothing but the low stern tones of some one who seemed to be giving orders or instructions, and after that, a minute later, silence again the most profound. But I was out of bed by this time; and groping my way to the door, I pushed back the bolt and turned the handle, expecting, of course, that the door would open without difficulty; but it refused to yield to my efforts, and a moment or two sufficed to convince me that it was fastened from the outside. I pulled at it with all my strength, and then made out that it was held merely by a rope, which, yielding slightly to my efforts, left a space of a couple of inches between the door and the jamb. Planting one foot firmly against the wall, and pulling open the door with one hand as far as I could, I felt in my pocket with the other hand, found my knife, and opened it with my teeth; then, pushing the long sharp blade through the space between the door and the jamb, I cut through the rope that held me prisoner. A moment later, I had bounded up the stairs and had burst into one of the upper rooms, guided by a narrow fringe of light which shone from under the door. The sight that met my gaze was a strange one. The room was of considerable size; and seated on the edge of the bed, and only partially dressed, but bound and gagged, was the *cafetier*, while no great distance away stood a group of five men, in one of whom I at once recognised the stranger with the gold spectacles, although he wore no spectacles now; while another was Jean the waiter. The other three men I had never to my knowledge seen before. In the middle of the floor a revolver lay unheeded.

The eyes of all present turned on me like lightning, as I burst into the room. There was a moment or two of dead silence, then the stranger, whom for the future I will call M. Legros, in order to distinguish him from the others—although he was certainly not a Frenchman—strode towards me with a frown, and demanded by what right I had intruded there.

'By the right which every man has to intrude when he hears a cry for help and believes there's villainy afloat.'

'Ah, bah! you talk like a child,' he answered. 'There is no villainy afloat here, young sir—of that you may rest assured. We are neither thieves nor assassins. What we are in nowise concerns you. Since you have chosen to intrude here, where your presence was certainly not required, you have only left one course open to me. You must take the consequences of your folly.'

He spoke a few words rapidly to the three strangers in a language unknown to me, and before I knew what was about to happen, I found myself seized, gagged, bound, and strapped down to a chair, as helpless as a new-born babe.

'I am somewhat grieved to have to treat you thus,' said M. Legros to me as soon as I had in some measure recovered my breath; 'but your own rashness has put it out of my power to do otherwise. I may, however, tell you this for your comfort: no harm shall befall you, provided you obey implicitly the orders that may be imposed upon you. But should you make the slightest effort to escape before the time comes when I shall be prepared to bid you adieu, or should you endeavour to attract the attention of any one, you may rest assured that that moment will be the last of your life. I pray you to take my words in all seriousness. We are here to

do a certain thing, and not a dozen lives will be allowed to stand in the way of our doing it.'

His tones were low, but very stern; his keen steel-gray eyes seemed to pierce me through. I never saw a face on which determination and strength of will were more clearly impressed. He was evidently a man who, whether for good or ill, would keep his word.

I glanced at Karavich. He was deathly pale, but his eyes glowed in their cavernous orbits with a sort of gloomy fire, and there was nothing of dismay or craven fear in the deep-seated gaze he bent now and again on his captors. Who and what was he? What was his crime? What had he done that he should be thus seized and gagged in the middle of the night in his own house and in the heart of London? Then, too, who and what were Legros and his confederates? I almost forgot my own predicament for a little while in asking myself these and similar questions.

Legros and the others were talking in tones that were scarcely raised above a whisper. When thus conversing among themselves both then and afterwards, they employed a language with which I had no acquaintance. It may have been Russian, or Polish, or Hungarian. I have little doubt it was one of the three, but which one I did not know then, and I do not know to this day. Suddenly, Legros, after glancing at his watch, held up a warning finger, and silence at once fell on the group. They all stood as if listening for some expected sound. A minute later it came—the slow, heavy tramp of some one passing down the street. Could it be the night policeman going his rounds? Just as the man, whoever he might be, was passing, Legros glanced at the window, and my eyes involuntarily followed the direction of his. The window was shaded with heavy curtains, now closely drawn; the room was dimly lighted by a single candle only; from the street, even if the night had been a clear one, the house must have seemed wrapped in darkness. The silence in the room remained unbroken till the last faint echoes of the footsteps outside had died away.

As if this were a signal that had been waited for, all now became activity. Jean fetched my coat, boots, and other articles from my bedroom; the bonds that fastened me were unloosed, and I was told to at once complete my toilet. A similar process took place with regard to Karavich; but whereas, when he was fully dressed, his arms were at once strapped down again, in my case, by Legros' orders, the bonds were dispensed with. Both of us, however, were still gagged. Presently, a noise of wheels was faintly audible, which momentarily grew louder and more distinct. A long dark cloak, the collar of which effectually muffled the lower part of his face, was hastily thrown over Karavich's shoulders, while a wide-brimmed soft felt hat was placed on his head. This done, he was conducted by two of the men from the room, and I heard all three descend the stairs. By this time, the vehicle, whatever it might be, the noise of which we had heard, had drawn up opposite the house. Half a minute later, we heard it drive away, and presently all sound of it was lost in the distance.

Had Karavich been forced away in it? And if so, why, and whither was he being taken? But scarcely had I time to formulate these queries in my mind, before the noise of approaching wheels became audible for the second time. A cloak, similar to that in which the *captive* had been enveloped, was now thrown over my shoulders, and the collar turned up round my face. After a few whispered words of warning from Legros, I was told to follow him down-stairs as noiselessly as possible, which I proceeded to do, the fourth man bringing up the rear. By this time the second vehicle had drawn up opposite the door. The lower part of the house and the shop were in utter darkness. Legros took me by the hand and guided me the way I was to go. Some one—Jean, I take it to have been—stood by the outer door, and opened it silently as we drew near; and so, without a word, we three passed out into the street. The fog had thinned somewhat, but not to any great extent. The light of a lamp on the opposite side of the street showed like a faint blurred point of flame seen from afar. A vehicle, which by that dim light had all the appearance of an ordinary London four-wheeled cab, with a man seated on the box, was drawn up close to the kerb. So much I was enabled to see, but no more. I was hurried at once into the vehicle; Legros and the other man got in after me; the door was shut without noise; the windows were drawn up; Jean, whom we left behind, said something to the driver; and a moment later, we were being driven rapidly away.

I was utterly at a loss to know the time; but judging by the solitude of the streets and the infrequency with which we encountered any other vehicles, it must have been still very early in the morning. Even if the night had been a perfectly clear one, there was nothing in our appearance to attract the notice of the most suspicious of policemen. A cab containing two or three occupants at an early hour in the morning in London streets, is too common an object to call for a second glance from any one who may encounter it.

We were a silent party. None of us spoke after we entered the vehicle. My companions lay back with folded arms and their hats drawn over their brows. Whether they were asleep or awake, it was impossible for me to determine. My thoughts had ample time to busy themselves with any number of perplexing problems before our drive came to an end, which it did, as nearly as I could judge, in about an hour's time. We had got off the paved streets some time before this, and were now driving over an ordinary macadamised road. Suddenly we drew up, and the same moment my two companions became on the alert.

'Pardon me,' said M. Legros as he drew a silk muffler from one of his pockets, 'but it is necessary that I should blindfold you for a few minutes.' Then he added: 'Do implicitly as you are told; have confidence in me, and no harm shall befall you.'

Some one outside had apparently opened a pair of gates by this time; we went through, passed forward a little way farther at a walking pace, and then came to a final stand. Before this, the deft fingers of M. Legros had effectually bandaged my eyes. The carriage-door was now

opened, and one of my companions giving me his hand, helped me to alight, and then led me forward. There was an ascent of three or four steps, and then I felt that I had passed out of the cold night-air into the warmer atmosphere of a house. A minute later, my eyes were unbandaged, and, better still, the gag was removed from my mouth.

I found myself in a large and elegantly furnished room, lighted by a lamp on the centre table, and by candles in the girandoles over the chimney-piece. A wood-fire burned cheerfully in the grate. Standing with his back to it, and watching my look of amazement with an amused, cynical smile, was M. Legros. We were alone.

'I hope you feel none the worse for your little journey?' he said. 'We shall have a longer one to take presently, so I think the best thing we can do is to make due preparation for it.'

'Another journey!' I stammered. 'Where to, this time?'

'That you will learn when the proper time arrives,' he answered dryly.

'And Karavich—will he accompany us?' I asked.

'Ah, bah! why trouble yourself about Karavich?' he demanded, with a contraction of his brows. 'He is nothing to you, nor you to him.' Then a moment later he added, almost as if speaking to himself: 'But yes; *ce cher* Karavich will accompany us certainly. We cannot afford to leave *him* behind.'

At this juncture, a servant appeared with a tray containing a cold chicken together with other comestibles. This was supplemented by a second tray on which were coffee, wines, and liqueurs. 'Come,' said Legros with a smile, as he sat down on a chair which the man had placed for him, 'let us make ourselves what you English call jolly.'

'Jolly!' I ejaculated with a miserable attempt at a laugh. 'I'm likely to feel jolly under such circumstances as these!'

'Why not?' he demanded blandly. 'Ah, *mon enfant*, when you have lived as long as I have, you will have learnt that the truest philosophy is to enjoy the present while you can, and leave the future to take care of itself. Sit, and let me assist you to a wing of this fowl; or what say you to this mayonnaise? It looks as if it might tempt an anchorite.'

'I am not hungry; I cannot eat.'

'Foolish boy! Remember you have a long cold journey before you. Try, at least, a couple of these caviare sandwiches.'

I shook my head. 'I will take a cup of coffee, nothing more.'

M. Legros pulled the ends of his moustache, but made no further attempt to persuade me; so, while I sat and sipped my coffee, he went on with his supper—if supper it could be called. He was a quick eater, and in a few minutes he rose and pushed back his chair.

After the servant left the room, except for the opening or shutting of a distant door once or twice, no sounds from without were audible. I neither heard nor saw anything either of Karavich or the others. But scarcely had M. Legros risen from the table, when once more we heard the noise of wheels—the noise as of some heavy vehicle, which, after being driven slowly up to the house, came to a halt. In the hush which followed, one could hear the pawing of the horses on the gravel and the champing of their bits. I noticed that my companion was listening as intently as I was. 'I must ask you to remain here till I rejoin you,' he said presently. 'I shall not be more than a few minutes away;' and with that he smiled, nodded, and left the room.

I had plenty of food for thought during his absence; but those readers who have followed me thus far will scarcely need to be enlightened as to the tenor of my reflections. They were anything but comforting. Scant time was, however, afforded me for perplexed broodings. Presently, a distant door seemed to open, and then came the half-hushed sound of the footsteps of several people advancing along the corridor into which the door of my room opened, then passing the door itself, and then being gradually lost in the distance. The men, whoever they might be, walked slowly and carefully and as though they were carrying some heavy burden. A few moments later, I could distinguish the voices of several people talking in low tones outside the house. My curiosity overmastered my prudence. The room had two windows, both of them having venetian blinds, now closely shut, and, in addition, long heavy curtains that reached the ground. Crossing quickly to one of the windows, I stepped behind the curtain, and then cautiously raising one of the laths of the blind a little way, I peered through the crevice. The sight which met my eyes was one that might well make the blood of a braver man than I profess to be run cold. The fog had cleared away, and by the aid of the starlight, I could just make out what seemed to me the outlines of a hearse, with a pair of horses, standing a few yards away in the courtyard or space of ground which fronted the house. While I was still staring at this grim apparition, a couple of men carrying lighted lanterns appeared on the scene; then I saw clearly that the object I had been gazing at was indeed a hearse, but denuded of its plumes. But scarcely had I time to note this, when a procession of some half-dozen men appeared, walking two and two, and carrying on their shoulders something long, black, and heavy. For one moment I was puzzled, and then the dread certainty flashed upon me that the burden they bent under was a coffin, but not an empty one. When they came within the dim circle of light given out by the lanterns, it became plainly visible. I could bear no more. I let the blind drop, and turned away with a cold sick dread at my heart, such as I had never felt before. Had a murder just been perpetrated under that silent roof, and if so——? A dozen ghastly questions surged through my brain, not one of which I was able to answer. A few minutes later I heard, through my half-dazed senses, the hearse move away a little distance, and a second vehicle drive up and take its place. Then in came M. Legros in his overcoat and hat.

'All is in readiness for the second stage of our journey,' he said as he rubbed his chilled hands for a few moments over the fire.

I did not answer him. He looked sharply at me, and as he did so, a cold, dangerous glitter came into his eyes. His gaze travelled to the window, and then back to my face, and then he muttered something under his breath that sounded like a malediction. He was still bending over the grate; but when next his eyes met mine, all trace of annoyance had vanished.

'You look as white, my friend, as if you had just seen a ghost,' he remarked with that inscrutable smile of his. 'You have gone too long without food. However, there's no time now. Here, drink this,' he added; and with that he crossed to the table and poured out a small glass of some sort of liqueur. I took it mechanically and drank it. Then Legros handed me the fur-lined cloak and my hat, and then he said: 'Once more, and I hope for the last time.' With that he produced the silk muffler and bandaged my eyes; then taking me by the hand, he led me from the room.

HOW TO PROVE A WILL.

IN ENGLAND.

A GREAT change has come over the procedure in proving wills and obtaining administration in England within the last thirty years. Formerly it was a mysterious, difficult, and expensive process, which few people understood; and he who had to undertake such duties was glad to place himself in the hands of a proctor, and, it may be added, was usually glad to get out of them again. The proceeding is now much more simple and intelligible, and when the property is small, is very inexpensive.

Probate, Administration, and the 'Death Duties,' as the taxes levied on inheritances have been appropriately named, are no doubt amongst the gloomiest of topics falling to be discussed in the columns of a popular journal. There are very few people of adult years, however, who have not been forced to make acquaintance with these matters in some form or other and at some time or other; and a brief account of the subject, and of the best and cheapest method of proceeding, may not be without value when the pinch of action arrives. To the poor, the knowledge that a legal title to the little properties left by their relatives can be obtained for a few shillings, and with next to no trouble, would seem to be especially desirable. To richer folk, the subject may recommend itself in another fashion. Constituted as men are, it is very certain that the distribution of property amongst survivors forms a not inconsiderable item of the alleviations provided by Mother Nature for the pain of inevitable losses by death, although the generality of us would undoubtedly refuse to indorse the remarkably frank declaration of a hard-hearted modern poet:

> Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
> The unexpected death of some old lady
> Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
> Who've made 'us youth' wait too, too long already.

Up to a little more than a quarter of a century ago, the business connected with the proof and custody of wills and the granting of administration in England, was conducted by officers appointed by the archbishops and bishops of the Established Church. In every city which was the seat of a bishop's see, a court existed, called the Diocesan Court, presided over nominally by the archbishop or bishop, but really by a proctor or barrister, who was the representative or 'official principal' of the ecclesiastical dignitary; with a limited number of proctors—that is, ecclesiastical lawyers—who possessed the exclusive privilege of proving wills, and whose posts were very lucrative and much coveted. Besides these Diocesan Courts, a multitude of smaller courts were scattered up and down the country, variously called Archidiaconal, Prebendal, Peculiar, or Manorial Courts, all having the power of making grants of probate or administration in their respective localities, and whose operations frequently resulted in confusion, uncertainty, and needless expense. An investigation into the origin of these small courts discloses in almost all cases curious and interesting features of those times when the authority of the Church penetrated deeply into every portion of society, and into nearly every transaction of life.

All these courts, large and small, were swept away in 1857. After several abortive attempts by successive governments, and in the teeth of great opposition from the interests affected, a measure was carried through parliament, mainly by the energy of Lord Westbury, abolishing the entire system, and creating a court new to English jurisprudence, the Court of Probate. The antique fabric embracing the Prerogative, Diocesan, and Peculiar Courts, with their vicars-general, ordinaries, advocates, surrogates, and apparitors, vanished like a dream before this drastic ordinance. The exclusive privileges of the proctors were put an end to, and all kinds of testamentary business thrown open to the legal profession. It was a rather costly process. Large compensations had to be paid to the superseded functionaries, as is not unusual in such cases; but the extinction of an effete system, and the substitution of a tribunal and a procedure adequate to the requirements of the times, were imperatively called for.

The Court of Probate thus constituted is not only a court for hearing and determining causes connected with contested wills and disputes among next of kin as to the right to property, but possesses also effective administrative machinery for the granting of probate and letters of administration. A principal Registry at Somerset House in London, and thirty-nine District Registries distributed over England and Wales, are attached to the court, and from these registries the grants of probate and administration with which most people are familiar issue.

Did the reader ever prove a will? The phrase has a rather formidable sound, but the proceeding is a sufficiently tame and prosaic affair. A will is ordinarily 'proved' in the following manner: The executor named in the will takes it to a solicitor, and furnishes him with particulars of the name, residence, and date of death of the testator; his (the executor's) own name, residence, business, and relationship to the deceased; with an account of the nature and value of the property. This information is embodied in two affidavits—printed forms with

blanks left for the details—which the executor signs, and is sworn to. The will and affidavits are then lodged by the solicitor either in the principal probate registry in London or in one of the district registries, according to the locality in which the testator resided. The documents being in proper order, a form on parchment is filled up in the probate registry, reciting the particulars contained in the affidavits; and to this form is attached a copy of the will, likewise written on parchment. The two together constitute 'the probate;' and when this is signed by the registrar and sealed with the seal of the court, the will is said to be 'proved.' The original will is forthwith enrolled and indexed in the books of the registry, where it can be perused by any person on payment of a fee of one shilling.

In proving a will, the executor may now either employ a solicitor to prepare the affidavits and take all trouble off his hands, as mentioned above, or he may apply personally at the registry for probate. Facilities for so doing are provided by law, and the grant is obtained at a lower charge than would have to be paid if the services of a professional man were engaged. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The executor himself lodges the will in the probate registry, and furnishes to the officers there the particulars already enumerated as to the testator, himself, and the property. The necessary affidavits are prepared in the registry, and there signed and sworn to by the executor, who must at the same time pay the registry charges and the probate duty. In case the attestation clause to the will is wanting, or is not in the form required by law—circumstances which frequently occur—a further affidavit is prepared; and one of the witnesses to the signing of the will must attend at the registry and be sworn to such affidavit. In a few days afterwards, the probate of the will is issued to the executor, who can then proceed to deal with the property.

When a deceased person has made no will, but has left money, furniture, shares, or other property not being land or houses, the law steps in, and in effect makes a will for him, by dividing such property amongst his nearest kindred in certain proportions, which are pretty generally known. The instrument authorising a particular person to make the division is called Letters of Administration. If the deceased has left a widow, she is the person entitled to administer; if no widow, then the children; and if no children, then the relative nearest in blood. The widow or relative applying for administration attends at the probate registry in the same way and furnishes the same particulars as an executor who applies for probate of a will, with this addition, that the applicant for administration must enter into bond, and provide two persons of full age, who are willing to become his or her sureties for the faithful distribution of the property. Whether the estate of a deceased person be large or small in amount, the executor or administrator has the option of applying personally at a probate registry for the grant, and in every case by so doing he effects a considerable saving of expense.

The fiscal legislation of the last few years has been very favourable and indulgent to persons administering small estates. At the present time, if a man dies without a will leaving personal property not exceeding a hundred pounds, his widow or children can apply to the probate registry of the district—or if residing more than three miles from such a registry, to the registrar of the County Court of the district—for letters of administration; and the grant will cost only from five to thirteen shillings, according to the value of the property. The children of a widow are entitled to the same privilege.

Again, when a man or woman dies a little better off, either with or without a will, if the whole personal estate does not exceed three hundred pounds, application can be made to the probate registry of the district—or if there be no registry near, to the Inland Revenue office of the nearest town—for a grant of probate or administration. All the necessary papers will be prepared at one or other of these offices; and the grant will be issued on payment of thirty shillings for duty and fifteen shillings for fees. In case the property does not exceed one hundred pounds, on payment of fifteen shillings for fees only. In none of these instances will the property be liable to legacy or other additional duty. The deceased's debts, however, are not allowed to be deducted in order to bring the property under these amounts, and the privilege is restricted to the cases of persons who have died since the 1st of June 1881. Those who remember how costly was the process of proving a will or obtaining administration in the old ecclesiastical courts, however small the property might be, and those who more recently have had to pay their solicitor's bill for the same services, will be aware that the substitution of this low tariff is a boon of a substantial character to all interested in the transfer of small estates at death.

While recent legislation has been thus favourable to the poorer classes, and has lessened the expense of obtaining grants in all cases where application is made in person at the probate registry, it has also introduced a much needed reform in the mode of levying the probate duty. The debts owing by any person at death can now be deducted from the amount of the personal property, leaving probate duty to be paid on the remainder only. Formerly, duty was required to be paid on the gross amount of the personal assets without any deduction whatever for debts. It is true that after debts were actually paid, application might be made to the Inland Revenue authorities for a return of the duty or a portion of the duty in respect of them; but difficulty and delay were sometimes experienced in obtaining such returns of duty, and frequent hardships were inflicted. Thus, where the property of a deceased person was nominally under a large amount, and the debts were almost as large, there was obviously no fund out of which probate duty could be paid. The executor was consequently out of pocket, often for a considerable time, and a disinclination to undertake such responsibilities was the natural result.

IN SCOTLAND.

The Scottish law applicable to wills has had an ecclesiastical history as well as that of England. The clergy were permitted to exercise jurisdiction in regard to divorce and succession

because they were supposed to be 'just persons,' as also because they knew the art of writing better than most other ancient judges. Modern probate law does not differ materially in the two ends of the island, except in nomenclature. The chief distinction is that in Scotland a will does not require any 'probate' or proving; it proves itself, if it be signed before witnesses; and if it be holograph—that is, in the handwriting of the testator—its authenticity or validity is assumed, so long as not impugned. The Scottish analogue of English probate is obtaining confirmation of the executor. If the executor be named in the will, he takes it to a lawyer: the lawyer makes up an inventory of the estate of the deceased. This inventory is stamped at a revenue office by a stamp corresponding in cost to the amount of the estate. The stamped inventory, after being sworn to before a justice of the peace, is presented to the sheriff-clerk of the county in which the deceased had his ordinary domicile. The sheriff-clerk, in the interests of the revenue, satisfies himself that the stamp is correct as to pecuniary amount, and then grants confirmation under the seal of the court. That confirmation is equivalent to a judicial warrant to collect every debt and realise every asset specified in the inventory. If there be no will, or no executor named in the will, the sheriff appoints an executor, or executors, according to a recognised order, those equally near in blood, or having an equal interest in the estate, being appointed jointly; a proceeding which corresponds to the granting of letters of administration by the English Probate Court.

Scotland, of course, as well as England, enjoys the benefit of the statutory provisions applicable to estates under three hundred pounds. The persons entitled to succeed, or one of them, can do all that is necessary to transfer the estate from the dead to the living without the intervention of a lawyer or the burden of his bill of costs. He can go to the sheriff-clerk of the county of the domicile, give the requisite information; and the sheriff-clerk will do all that is necessary towards the giving of confirmation, for a fee that is regulated by the amount of the estate, but which is a merely nominal fee compared with what would fall to be charged by a regular professional man.

The courts of Scotland, as a rule, decline to interfere with the administration of the estates of deceased foreigners, among whom Englishmen are included. It is a necessary condition to a Scotch court confirming an executor or appointing one that the domicile of the deceased shall have been in Scotland. Some of the English courts are guided by much more expansive ideas of their duty, and will take charge of the estate of any man, if it be large enough to promise remuneration to Chancery and Probate practitioners. Within the last few years, the English Court of Chancery extended its long arm to administer the estates of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, formerly M.P. for Perthshire; and for years the officials of Chancery directed the management of his large Scotch heritable properties of Keir and Pollok, of course with such copious intelligence as Chancery persons have in regard to every property out of which money can be extracted, but perhaps not at a rate of remuneration quite so moderate as would have sufficed, had the greed of English lawyers and the benevolence of English judges permitted the estates of this eminent patriotic Scotchman to be administered according to the law of his own country. A similar stroke of usurpation was more recently attempted in regard to the estate of Orr Ewing. Less than the hundredth part of that estate, which exceeded in value a quarter of a million, had been left to a young man resident in London. This young man was under twenty-one, and therefore an English 'infant,' unable to take care of himself. Some officious person, calling himself a 'next friend' of this infant, attempted to have all this large estate transferred from Scotland to the Court of Chancery; and the Court of Chancery very kindly did what it could to gratify the zeal of this 'next friend' for the interest of the infant—and perhaps of some lawyers—of not very tender years. But this usurpation was resisted by the Scotch beneficiaries and by the Scotch courts. The House of Lords decided distinctly that the English Courts acted according to their precedents when they made this usurpation of jurisdiction over Scotch estates; and they decided also, but a good deal less distinctly, that the Scotch courts did not exceed their jurisdiction in resisting this usurpation. The courts of law in London and Edinburgh are thus in conflict; and the claims of each have so far obtained the sanction of the supreme tribunal of the country, that hereafter, unless the legislature interfere, no large Scotch succession can be considered safe from the purely benevolent but somewhat expensive supervision of the English Court of Chancery.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

A TRUE STORY.

THOUGH it is nearly twenty years ago since the events related below occurred, yet the impression left upon my mind has never faded or lost the vividness of its outlines; and though there is nothing really inexplicable about it, yet the dash of mystery connected with it has always marked it in my memory as an incident of an unusual order.

We were driving on our way northwards from the gloomy and savage neighbourhood of Cape Horn, homeward-bound in Her Majesty's frigate the dear old *Bruisewater*, now, alas, long since consigned to the shipbreaker. The fact of our being homeward-bound should have made all hearts light and all faces bright among our five hundred souls; but for all that, there was a general air of gloom in the ship, which was not to be accounted for save by one theory only—that of superstition. For things had not gone well with us since we had hoisted our homeward-bound pendant. True, we had sailed out of Valparaiso Bay with the said pendant streaming away, and with all our 'chummy ships' playing *Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot?* as we passed by them; and we had received and returned cheer upon cheer as we made our way to the open sea; while from the midshipmen's berth had rolled up in a rich volume of sound, every

night for more than a week before, the old strain, so well known and so lovingly cherished in Her Majesty's service:

> And when we arrive at Plymouth Docks,
> The pretty little girls come round in flocks,
> And one to the other they do say:
> 'Oh, here comes Jack with his three years' pay;
> For I see he's homeward-bou-on-ound,
> For I see he's homeward-bound.'

But still, as I say, things had not gone well with us. We had speedily left the warmth of tropical weather, and had gradually found it colder and colder each morning as we made our way down south towards the dreaded Cape of Storms. That was natural, and we were prepared for it; but no sooner had we got to the latitude of the Cape itself, than the wind had shifted, and we had it day after day, night after night, a hard gale right in our teeth. Bitter cold it was too, with tearing storms of snow and hail—heavy thundering seas sweeping us fore and aft, bursting in upon our weather-bow, and covering us with spray, that froze ere it fell upon our decks. Up aloft, everything frozen hard—running rigging as stiff and unmanageable as a steel hawser; blocks jammed with ice and snow; canvas as unyielding as a board; men up aloft for an hour or more trying to take a reef in the fore-topsail, and then so stiffened with cold themselves, as to be unable to come down without assistance: while below, the close, musty, damp, dark ship was the picture of discomfort, her decks, main and lower, always wet, often with an inch or two of ice-cold water washing about on them; soaking clothes hung up all over the place, in the wild hope that they might eventually get dry; ports and scuttles tight shut, to keep out the seas that thundered ceaselessly at them as the ship plunged and wallowed in the angry element; no fires allowed anywhere except at the cook's galley, which was always fully occupied; and no warmth to be obtained anywhere except in your hammock, and even this, in most cases, what with faulty stowage and leaky decks, was wet through.

Day after day, night after night, this state of things kept on, until there gradually crept in among the men—started, no doubt, by the older hands, always and deeply imbued with the spirit of superstition—a sort of dim suspicion that the ship was under a ban—bewitched, in fact; that, as they said, there was a Jonah aboard; and until he went overboard, we should never weather the dreaded Cape, but were doomed to thrash continually to windward, never gaining an inch on our way. Strange as it may seem, there were many, very many, among our blue-jackets who held this belief firmly, and expressed it openly. We, of course, in the midshipmen's berth, careless and light-hearted from our extreme youth, laughed at the solemn tones of the old quartermasters, who employed their hours of midnight watch on deck in narrating to us similar instances of vessels which had been thus doomed to struggle with the storm until some unknown criminal had either confessed his crime, or had voluntarily paid the penalty of it. But, as the bad weather continued, and the ship seemed quite unable to advance upon her homeward track, some of us, too, began to allow our minds to be influenced to a certain degree by the mysterious language and ominous hints of these men, so much our elders in years, and our superiors in practical experience.

Matters had got to this pitch, and no change appeared about to take place in the aspect of the weather or the direction of the wind, when one wild and wretched forenoon at seven bells (eleven-thirty) the men were piped to muster on the main-deck for that one drop of comfort which they could look forward to in the day—the serving out of each man's 'tot' of grog. Faces which at other times wore a look of gloom, were brightening under the influence of the spirit; the ever-present growl was stilled for a while; the joke began to pass around as the blood warmed and flowed more rapidly through the veins, when a whisper—a sort of muttered suggestion, made at first with a kind of apologetic reluctance, but with growing confidence and insistence as it gained ground—passed through the throng of men that one of their number was missing. Such a whisper makes its way through a ship's company, however large, like a current of electricity, and so it was in this case; but at first the men kept it to themselves. It could not long, however, be concealed; and presently it spread to the midshipmen's berth; next, the wardroom heard it; and soon the captain himself was made aware of the suspicion. Well I remember, how, as we sat in the cold, damp, comfortless, dirty berth, discussing the matter with boyish eagerness, the sudden shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate burst upon our ears, followed by the hoarse cry of: 'Hands muster by open list!' So, then, the captain thought it important enough to make serious and official inquiry into. Then came the calling over of those five hundred names, with most of which we had been familiar for three years or more of our commission in the Pacific. But I am wrong—not quite all of those five hundred. There came a time when the name of one, a petty officer, was called; but no reply came to the call, and a dead silence reigned over the ship—a silence, I mean, as regards human speech or sound: the gale and the thundering seas never for a moment ceased *their* tumult. Then followed the grave and searching investigation into the mystery. Who had seen him last? Where was he then? In what state? How long ago was it? and so on, and so on; until at last the whole ship's company knew that one of their number had gone overboard—presumably in the morning watch; probably swept off by a peculiarly heavy sea, well remembered in that watch. But unknown, unheard, unseen—his cry for help, if such a cry he gave, utterly drowned and smothered in the ceaseless roar of the sea, the shriek of the wind. And so the men were dismissed, each to his special duty; and the paymaster was directed to see that the fatal letters D.D. (Discharged dead) were placed against the unhappy man's name in the ship's books.

And now occurred a circumstance which took the whole ship by storm, as it were, and which, mere accident and coincidence as it was, made all the old seadogs nod their heads and eye the younger men meaningly, as who would say, 'What did I tell you?' while they, on their part, were firmly impressed with the lesson in cause and effect thus so pointedly placed before them. It was close upon noon when the fact of a man being

lost was clearly established; and ere the afternoon watch was over, the sky had cleared, the storm had dropped, the wind had shifted right round, and was now blowing dead fair! There was no room for more argument—the oldsters had it all their own way; the scoffers were silenced.

The ship now, in a few hours, rounded the Cape, which before had seemed an impossible obstruction to her, and made her way unhindered to the north; but the feelings engendered by the events immediately preceding this change had taken too strong a hold upon the men to pass lightly away, and in many a long first or middle watch the subject of the disappearance of the lost shipmate and its immediate effect upon the elements was discussed with bated breath, and many an ominous shake of the head was given as the opinion was moodily expressed that 'We'd not done with him yet.' And when, a few days afterwards, on a Sunday morning during divine service, the quartermaster of the watch came creeping and tiptoeing down the ladder to report something to the commander, who at once followed him silently up the after-hatchway, but a few minutes afterwards returned and whispered mysteriously to the captain, who in his turn mounted on deck and did not come down again, we all felt that perhaps something more might be in store for us, and was even now perchance at hand. How impatiently we sat as the sermon dragged out its seemingly interminable length, and then, when at last the blessing had been given and the quick sharp voice of the first-lieutenant had issued the order, 'Boatswain's mate, pipe down!' we literally tumbled up on deck, to learn what it was that had disturbed the calm of that Sabbath forenoon. It needed but a glance. 'Icebergs!' There they were, a long array of cold, filmy, shadowy giants, looming huge in the mist with which each surrounded himself—ghostly, ghastly, clammy spectres from the very land of Death itself. Not that we thought of them then as such; no, we were glad, we youngsters; we liked them; we said they were 'jolly,' though any object less gifted with an aspect of joviality one can hardly imagine. Each, as we neared it, wrapped us in its clammy shroud of death-cold fog, and chilled us to the very marrow, and, towering far above our main-royal-mast head, seemed to threaten us with instant and appalling destruction.

So we sped on, iceberg after iceberg rising above the horizon as we held our course; and, if sources of anxiety and alarm by day, how much more so by night! Often we entered a vast bank of impenetrable fog, conscious that somewhere, in its inmost recesses, lay concealed, as if waiting for its prey, a gigantic berg, but never knowing from moment to moment when or where exactly to expect it. This was a splendid chance for the croakers. Many a great solemn head was shaken, and many a jaw wagged with gloomy forebodings over that unusual and unexpected appearance of ice in the Southern Sea. By-and-by, the wind began to freshen, and signs of another gale appeared, though this time from a quarter fairly favourable to us; and with her canvas snugged down and a bright lookout forward, the old ship began to shake her sides as she hurried away from those inhospitable seas with their spectral occupants towards the inviting warmth of the tropics and the steady blast of the trade-winds.

Anxious for a breath of fresh air before turning in to my half-sodden hammock, I went on deck to take a turn with a chum, and enjoy, as we often did together, a few anticipations of the delights of home once more. It was a wild—a very wild night. There was a small moon; but the clouds were hurrying over her face in ragged streamers, and in such constant succession, that her light was seldom visible; and when she did show it for a fleeting moment, it fell upon a black, tossing, angry sea, whose waves broke into clouds of icy foam as they fell baffled off the bow of the great ship, or tried to leap savagely over her quarter. It was a hard steady gale, the wind shrieking and humming through the rigging, and the old ship herself pounding ponderously but irresistibly at the great mountains of water before her, and creaking, groaning, and complaining as she did so, masts, yards, hull, all in one strident concert together, as if remonstrating at the labour which she was forced to undergo. In spite of the moon, the night was as black as Erebus, and from the quarter-deck on which we paced, the bow of the ship was barely visible. We were just turning our faces aft, my chum and I, in our quarter-deck walk, when a voice rang out sudden, clear, and loud forward—the voice of the starboard look-out man: 'A bright light on the starboard bow!' Instantly we, and indeed every soul on deck, turned and peered hard in that direction. Not a vestige of a light was to be seen! Then the voice of the officer of the watch was heard from the bridge, ordering the midshipman of the watch to go forward and find out if the man was dreaming, or if any one else had seen the light which he reported. No one else had seen it; but the man stuck to his text. He had seen for a second of time a bright light on the starboard bow—a *very* bright light, quite different from anything which was usually seen at sea.

'No, sir! I beg your pardon, sir! I wasn't asleep—not I, sir! broad awake as I am now, sir! and able to swear to it.'

By this time all hands were on the alert, and many officers, old and young, had tumbled up from below at the hail.

'But, my good man, if it was really a light which you saw, some one else must have noticed it too.'

'Don't know nothin' about that, sir; but I can swear to it. What I seen were'——

'A bright light on the starboard beam!' sang out the starboard waist lookout at this moment, and 'I saw it!' and 'I saw it!' echoed several voices; but before the officer of the watch could turn round towards the direction indicated, it was gone, and the starboard beam presented one uniform sheet of impenetrable blackness.

'Waist there! What was it like?'

'Somethin' of a flash-light, I should say, sir,' replied the lookout. 'Very bright and very short—gone in a moment-like.'

By this time the captain and commander were both on the bridge, and the whole ship was alive with curiosity.

'What can it be?' I asked of the old boatswain against whom I brushed in the darkness as I walked aft.

'Tis a boat,' said he; 'that's what it must be. The cap'n he allows it's a boat, and he's pretty sure to be right. Some poor souls whose vessel has foundered among the ice—whalers, most likely—took to the boats, they have. I saw that there light myself—seemed very close to the water, it did. They seen our lights, and burnt a flash-light. If they got another, they'll show that, too, presently.'

And now the voice of the commander rang out: 'Mr Sights!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the gunner.

'Clear away your two foremost guns on the maindeck, and fire blank charges at short intervals; and get some blue lights, and show them in the fore-rigging at once!'

'Ay, ay, sir.' And away went the gunner to see his orders carried out instantly.

But ere his head had disappeared down the hatchway—'A bright light on the starboard quarter!' roared out the marine sentry at the lifebuoy right aft; and once more everybody turned sharp round to find nothing to gaze at but the universal darkness.

'Hands, about ship!' was now the order; and in quick succession came from the bridge the well-known commands in the sharp, imperative voice of the lieutenant of the watch: 'Ease down the helm!'—'Helm's a lee!'—'Raise tacks and sheets!' &c. And as the splendid old ship answered her helm like a boat, and began to fill on the other tack, 'Maintopsail haul!'—for our courses were furled—'Head braces!' 'Of all, haul!' and we were on the other tack.

The ship was now brilliantly illuminated by half-a-dozen blue lights burnt in her fore and main rigging; while, as we began to move ahead once more, our bow guns blazed forth from the maindeck one after the other—a roar which we fondly imagined would be more welcome than the most delicious music to the ears of the poor storm-tossed castaways in that frail boat which we now hoped to rescue from the wrath of the raging sea. At intervals there appeared again the bright but transient flash which had first attracted our notice; and through the roar of the waves and the shriek of the wind, we at times imagined that we could hear human voices shouting no doubt for help, and all eyes were strained to the uttermost through the blackness to try and discern the first glimpse of the boat itself. The last flash had told us that we were steering directly for it, and on we sped, our blue lights hissing and flaring in our rigging, our guns ceaselessly roaring out our sympathy and our desire to save.

'Keep a sharp lookout forward there!'—'Lifeboat's crew, fall in aft!' and we prepared to lower the port quarter-boat, which was told off as a 'lifeboat'—that is, for any purposes of rescue, although the state of the sea was anything but favourable for boat-duty; but when we thought of that poor boat tossing about on the storm-vexed sea with its freight of shivering and half-drowned men, ay, and maybe a woman or two among them, and then remembered the frowning icebergs and the fearful dangers which they represented, no man hesitated, and had volunteers been called for to man the lifeboat, the whole ship's company would have come forward. Well can I remember the almost choking feeling of thankfulness in my own heart when I thought of the wild joy of these poor outcasts at the prospect of so speedy a rescue, and anticipated the delight of welcoming them on the quarter-deck of so staunch and safe a ship. But all in a moment my anticipations and my sentiments of gratitude were scattered to the winds.

'Keep her away, sir! keep her away!' came a roar from the forecastle. 'You'll be right down upon her! A large full-rigged ship right ahead of us!'

Up went our helm, and the ship's head paid off; and as we strained our eyes in the direction indicated, we could dimly make out, to our intense surprise and unspeakable wonder, the huge, shadowy, ghostly outline of an unusually large vessel. No signs of life appeared about her. The light which had first attracted our notice was now no longer to be seen. Her masts, yards, and sails were only just visible—not as a black hard shadow against the sky, but pale, spectral, as if mere vapour—barely to be discerned, yet leaving no room for doubt. There she sailed, a veritable phantom ship. All hands gazed at her in silence. The blue lights were allowed to burn out, and no fresh ones were lighted. The great guns ceased to thunder on the maindeck. The lifeboat's crew muttered uneasily among themselves, as if dreading the possibility of being ordered to board so uncanny a craft; while the older hands once more shook their heads, and said 'they knowed we 'adn't seen the last of that poor feller as fell overboard.'

But there was nothing more for us to do. Who and what the mysterious stranger hanging on our port quarter was we could not possibly ascertain on such a night, in such a gale; and at length the order was given to 'Wear ship;' and we once more turned our back on the vessel which we had been so eagerly pursuing for more than an hour. As we did so, we could see that he too altered his course; his spectral yards, with their shadowy sails, swung round, and he disappeared without a sign in the darkness of the night.

'Don't tell me,' said the boatswain, 'as that there were a real ship. Didn't that poor feller disappear suddenly just before we sighted her? Answer me that! Well, then—did we ever know what become of him, eh?—No! Very well, then! That there phantom ship was to tell us as how he was drownded, that's what that were, and nobody shan't persuade me no other than that.—How do I explain them bright lights? Answer me this: Were them lights ornery lights, such as ship shows at night?—No; of course they weren't. Corpse lights!—that's my answer; and when I says corpse-lights, I means it.'

It *may* have been an honest merchantman, outward-bound, and too intent upon making a speedy voyage to 'speak' us, but, nevertheless, the boatswain's opinion was pretty generally accepted as the correct solution of what was considered to be an ocean mystery.

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THE HERRING-FISHERY AND FISHERMEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

The herring-fishery has been prosecuted more or less by the inhabitants of this country for several hundred years, and the industry has been long recognised not only as an important factor in the food-supply of the country, but as one of the most valuable export trades in Scotland. The catching of herrings received a good deal of attention from the fishing population last century; but as the prosecution of the fishing was marked by great irregularities, the fishermen became disheartened at the repeated failures in the catch, and being unacquainted with any proper mode of curing and salting herrings that would have enabled them to take advantage of prolific seasons, the industry began to languish and decay. The government, however, incited by the success of enterprising Dutchmen engaged in the fishery, saw the prospects of developing, under enlightened auspices and unmeasured energy, a vast sphere of operations; and with the view of encouraging both fishermen and fishcurers to engage in the industry, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1750, and another in 1753, offering substantial bounties to all boats employed in the herring-fishery; which was followed up in 1809 by payment of a bounty of two shillings for every barrel of herrings cured, accompanied by an allowance of two and eightpence per barrel exported. From 1815 to 1826 the export rate was deleted; but the bounty per barrel cured was in the last-mentioned year raised to four shillings; while in the four succeeding years, a yearly reduction of one shilling took place; and in 1830, when the trade was fairly established, the government bounties were abolished.

The fostering care bestowed upon the herring-trade was fruitful of great results; and our countrymen, who had looked upon the Dutch fishery, with all its technicalities, as quite unapproachable, were gratified to find that the Scotch herring-industry was destined to take first rank both in extent and excellence of cure. What was still more satisfactory to those who had seen it in its struggling days, instead of requiring a continuance of state aid, it was soon able to repay all advances made from the revenue arising from fees paid by fishcurers for receiving the government brand certifying the contents and quality of the barrels, the annual income of which now averages nearly eight thousand pounds.

The regular prosecution of the fishing on the north and north-east coasts may be said not to have commenced till 1815; but from that date, it has been looked upon as a staple industry; and its success or failure has influenced to an enormous extent the comfort or poverty of the communities inhabiting the smaller towns scattered along the eastern shores of Scotland. In the early part of this century, the quantity of fish salted presented a very sober account; and in 1810, the grand total cured in Scotland, England, and the Isle of Man was only 90,185 barrels; while in 1851, the total for Scotland and the Isle of Man was 594,031 barrels. From 1851 till 1870, a period of inactivity prevailed, and the official statistics year after year were abundant proof that the spirit of enterprise was sadly deficient, or that the notoriously capricious herrings had betaken themselves to other waters. Whether the deficiency in the catch was attributable to lack of energy on the part of curers and fishermen, or a long-continued scarcity of fish, is a problem yet unsolved; but it remains on record that the total quantity cured in 1851 was 594,031 barrels; while in 1869 it had only increased to 675,143 barrels. In 1870, Scotland alone produced 833,160 barrels; while in the season of 1884, the total quantity cured reached the enormous figures of 1,697,000 barrels!

It will thus be seen that this great fishing, which is now the mainstay of a vast population extending round the shores of Scotland, has gone on progressing till it has reached a position entitling it to rank among the greatest industries of the country. The money value of the fishing presents a fairly intelligent view of the progress

made during the last fifty years in its prosecution; and the figures given confirm the inexhaustible riches of the sea, and prove the boundless deep to be a mine of wealth, only now beginning to receive the attention which it deserves. The value of the fishing in 1810 was about seventy thousand pounds; and though it was subject to reverses now and again, it gradually gained in dimensions until 1851, when its value was half a million sterling! In 1870, the catch yielded about nine hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred pounds; whereas in 1884 the total quantity cured represented a sum of two million one hundred and twenty-one thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds; which is equal to the rentals of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, Nairn, Inverness, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness—or the annual value of nearly a half of that of the total area of Scotland.

Along with other improvements, the increase in the number and size of the herring-boats forms an interesting feature in the trade, and is a striking proof of the immense resources at the command of the fishermen. Not only has the numerical strength of the fleet increased greatly, but the size and style of the boats have also changed immensely; and the craft measuring thirty-five feet of keel and fourteen feet of beam, used in 1830-50, have given place to handsome and substantially built vessels, averaging fifty-six feet from stem to stern, and not under eighteen and a half feet of beam, whose burden runs from twenty-five to forty registered tons. Although the demand for herrings has gone on increasing steadily, the tastes of former large consumers have shown remarkable changes, and those—especially the inhabitants of Ireland—who in the early days of the fishing were the best customers of the Scotch curers, now but very moderately recognise salt herrings as an article of food. In 1821, the exportation of salted herrings to Ireland was 125,445 barrels; to the continent, 89,524; and to places out of Europe, 79,836: whereas in 1851 the figures were, Ireland, 66,138; continent, 108,403; places out of Europe, 2367: and in 1884, Ireland, 34,000; continent, 1,149,000; places out of Europe, 960 barrels. The radical changes in the quantities of fish consumed at the different markets in the course of half a century are rather striking; but Ireland has, it is said, largely substituted bacon and other cheap food for the once much-prized fish; while the almost complete collapse of the colonial trade is directly caused by the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, who were provided by their masters with salted herrings as the leading article of fare, and who, in order to efface all recollections of their former degradation, studiously avoided touching the herring after their liberty was secured!

Although not the rule, a number of fishermen often commence fishing for herrings at various ports on the east coast early in July; but it is generally not until about the 20th of the month that the fishermen's regular engagements commence and operations are begun in earnest. At that date the fishcurers are bound to receive the fish at twenty shillings per cran—one cran being equal to a capacity of thirty-seven gallons, and reckoned to contain about eight hundred herrings—from early morning till twelve o'clock midnight; and should the weather prove favourable and the shoals abundant, a single crew of energetic men have often earned no less than one hundred pounds in the first week of the fishing, and continued the work with such success, that at the end of the season of eight weeks, a sum of five hundred pounds stood at their credit in the fishcurer's books. In recent years, the boats have largely increased at the leading ports of Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Wick, where the numbers employed during the season vary from seven or eight hundred at Fraserburgh, down to four hundred at Aberdeen—not to mention the enormous recent increase at Shetland—each boat being manned by six men and one boy. The extent of netting in use has also largely increased.

For a considerable period of the season the boats prosecute the fishing on the banks from forty to sixty miles away, gradually nearing the shore as the season advances; but in no season imitating the modest efforts of the fishermen of forty or fifty years ago, who never ventured more than ten or fifteen miles off, with the result that the fish, undisturbed in their inward course, were caught in large quantities quite close to the shore. With regard to those days, many of the old people now living on the Aberdeenshire coast have a vivid recollection of the extraordinary excitement that existed in the fishing-towns one or two generations ago when the word passed round that 'a body' of herrings had at length appeared in the bay, the indications of which were a dense flock of seagulls to be seen preying upon the finny tribe, or a large shoal of whales pursuing the fish—the manœuvres of the former attracting the fishermen to their mark, and afforded an interesting sight to those on the shore.

At this stage of its history, one of the most serious drawbacks to the prosperity of the herring-fishery was the immense shoals of dogfish which regularly visited the north-east coast during the months of July and August, to the almost complete prostration of the fishermen's efforts; for not only did those rapacious fishes greatly destroy the nets in their pursuit of food, but the herrings, which seemed to have a wholesome dread of this enemy, immediately disappeared from their usual haunts whenever the dogfish arrived upon the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see boat-loadfuls of dogfish brought in daily by the fishermen, from whom they were purchased by farmers and crofters for manuring the land, and also for the purpose of providing oil for domestic uses; as, before paraffine or candles had come within the reach of all, a great portion of the lamp-oil used by the poorer classes, on the Aberdeenshire coast at least, was extracted from dogfish. After having visited the coast bound by the German Ocean more or less regularly for sixty or seventy years, the dogfish mysteriously disappeared in 1866; and though they are still met with at intervals by fishermen at the west coast herring-fishing (Lewis and Barra) and at Shetland, they have never again returned to the east coast; a freak of nature which has puzzled the most intelligent fishcurer or fisherman to explain, but which has wielded an influence for good scarcely conceivable, since the disappearance of these pests from the adjacent seas marked the setting in of a tide of prosperity

in the trade which has never again receded. The greatly increased size and number of boats, and the competition for herrings existing in the trade, have rendered inshore fishing next to impossible; and as it is generally the case that herrings are now more abundant at sea than near the land, the anxiety to secure good takes is year by year drawing the fishermen to more distant grounds; hence, there are reasonable prospects that ere many years have elapsed, the prosecution of the fishing will have developed into the regular employment of large smacks and steam-craft able to venture great distances to sea, and, if need be, remain there till a sufficient catch has been obtained.

Having given a short sketch of the rise and progress of the Scotch herring business, some notes on the social aspect of the industry, and a general description of the present mode of catching and curing the fish, will probably prove interesting to those who have not been privileged to visit any of the great fishing-towns during the months of July and August, a time of each year when the mighty herring constitutes the sole topic of conversation.

At the harbours of the herring-towns in the end of June and beginning of July, boats are arriving from north, south, and west laden with all kinds of household goods; and uppermost are the fisher-folk's beds and blankets, upon which are lying the wives and children, who have been taken by this route to save the expense of a trip by rail, but whose condition, from the effects of stormy seas, often demonstrates the folly of the fishermen's financial policy. In addition to the fishermen and their belongings, every train brings hundreds of Highlanders from Inverness, Sutherland, Ross, and the Isles in search of employment on board the boats; and they, in conjunction with the influx of crofters (to be engaged for carting purposes), tramps, itinerant dealers, preaching representatives of various denominations, &c., soon swell the normal population by many thousands, and form as motley a crowd as can be well imagined. The fishing-towns of Aberdeenshire and more northern ports awaken, after a protracted period of somnolence, to the fact that the season of activity has arrived; and the streets which formerly looked bare and deserted, now teem with men, women, and children, all drawn together to share in the spoils of the deep. Order in such a miscellaneous population is sometimes not easily maintained, and the surging and unruly masses which on a Saturday night congregate about the leading thoroughfares tax the energies of the police to the uttermost; and if the Highlanders be on the 'war-path' from the effects of too liberal potations of their own 'mountain dew,' the question of local government has to be settled by military force—an instance of which took place at Fraserburgh in 1874, when fully a thousand Highlanders in an infuriated condition wrecked the police station, bombarded the town-house, and threatened to burn the town, and were only brought to their senses by the arrival of a detachment of soldiers from Aberdeen.

The evening of the seventh day of the week is invariably one of confusion, noise, and fight in every large fishing-town; but throughout the other nights, all frivolities are cast aside, and the single aim of the whole community is to secure as rich a harvest of herrings as possible. Under ordinary circumstances, the sight afforded by the departure from the harbour of so many craft crawling lazily along in twos, threes, and half-dozens, is very pretty; but when the prospects of a good fishing are exercising the fishermen's minds, and every one is anxious to reach the fishing-ground early, the excitement and competition among the fishermen to secure a good start, transforms the harbour channel into a scene of the wildest confusion, where the fishermen shout, threaten, and at times deal blows at each other, playing tragedy and comedy in turns, to the intense delight of those watching their movements from the piers. Should the weather be favourable, the boats keep constantly streaming from the harbour-mouth; and if a fresh breeze prevails, a very short time will suffice to fill the bay with hundreds of the handy little craft, gaily ploughing their eastward course to the fishing-ground. By-and-by the horizon for a considerable stretch will be dotted with their brown sails, still holding onwards; and only when the sea and clouds join hands, do they finally disappear in the wide waste of waters.

On leaving the harbour and getting the sails set and trimmed, the crew of the craft betake themselves to comfortable quarters among the nets and spare sails lying about the deck, where local yarns are told, and the Highlanders sing Gaelic songs, or rehearse the leading incidents of their life in the Western Isles since last 'she' was in the east coast; but as the fishing-ground is neared, the stories cease, and every one, from the skipper down to the 'scummer' boy—the lad who is employed with a small hand-net to pick any herrings out of the water that happen to fall from the nets—eagerly scans the water in hopes of descrying indications of fish. Should the wished-for appearances be discovered, so much the better; but it often happens that no certain proofs of the existence of fish are obtained, and after reaching a distance where fish are supposed to abound, the sails are lowered, and the men commence to cast the nets into the sea in the dusk of the evening. In doing this, a small portion of the sail is hoisted, and while the craft moves slowly through the water, the fishermen continue casting their nets overboard, until their fleet of say, fifty, nets, attached to one another, and extending in a direct line for a length of two thousand yards, are shot, the whole hanging perpendicularly in the water, and suspended from a rope, to which is fastened skin or metallic buoys floating on the surface of the water. When the whole of the nets belonging to the boats engaged at a large station are set, the sea for a stretch of many miles is one complete network, from which the herrings can scarcely escape; and the work falling upon the fishermen nightly in shooting and hauling their nets may be guessed from the fact that the netting used by the Scotch fishermen, if stretched in a direct line, would extend ten thousand miles, or something like three times across the Atlantic.

Having got the nets safely into the deep, the mast is lowered, the light hoisted, and everything put into its proper place for the

night; and as the craft drifts slowly along with the wind or tide, surrounded by hundreds of other fishing-boats, not a sound is heard save the occasional whistle of a steamer slowly threading its way through the floating hamlet, or the shrill cry of the expectant seabirds. On board the boats, the crews have retired to rest, with the exception of one or two left to act as the watch, but who, when their conversation runs dry, invariably seek change in the arms of Morpheus, and trust to providence to fulfil the duties which they had undertaken. Once or twice during the night the skipper causes a net or two to be pulled up; and if the prospects of a successful fishing are good, the position occupied is retained; but if no herrings are in the nets, it is not uncommon for the crew to remove to another spot, in hopes of meeting in with better luck, where the labour of shooting the nets has again to be undergone.

As the morning breaks, the crews bestir themselves, and at an early hour the work of hauling commences, which being accomplished sooner or later, according to the weight of fish secured, all canvas is set upon the craft; and as she speeds steadily through the sea, causing the wavelets rippling at the bow to sparkle brilliantly in the morning sun, the crew, all unconscious of the glorious panorama spread before them, actively engage in shaking the herrings out of the nets and otherwise preparing for discharging their catch on reaching the harbour. As the net hangs like a curtain in the water, herring in their progress get their heads into the meshes, whence they cannot retreat, and are thus held captive till the nets are hauled on board and the fish shaken into the hold. On many occasions the herrings strike so densely that almost a whole complement of nets sink to the bottom, which often entails a loss upon a single crew of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds; while at other times the craft are so deeply laden with the precious freight, that they run the harbour for a distance of perhaps forty miles, with the water occasionally playing upon their decks, and only saved from foundering by the extreme calmness of the weather. In many seasons, the fishing proves a complete blank for a protracted period; and as the whole community in the fishing-towns is entirely dependent upon the success of the industry, such occasions throw the spirits of everybody below zero, and the usual bustle and smiling faces give place to solemn countenances; and curers, coopers, and others stand in groups on the piers and at the street corners discussing the fishermen's chances and prophesying the result of next week's fishing.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

No human eye ever again beheld Wilberforce Whitaker, alive or dead. The torrent that had washed down the gap in the narrow horsepath tore away with it in the course of that evening's rain a great mass of tottering earth that had long trembled on the edge of the precipice; and when next day the governor's servants went down in awed silence to hunt among the débris for the mangled body, they found nothing but a soaked hat on the road behind, and a broken riding-whip close to the huge rent that yawned across the path by the crumbling ledge of newly fallen clay. Louis Delgado alone could tell of what had happened; and in Louis Delgado's opinion, Dr Whitaker's crushed and shapeless body must be lying below under ten thousand tons of landslip rubbish. 'I see de gentleman haltin' on de brink ob de hole,' he said a hundred times over to his gossips next day, 'and I tink I hear him call aloud someting as him go ober de tip ob de big precipice. But it doan't sound to me exackly as if him scared and shoutin'; 'pears more as if him singing to hisself a kind ob mounful miserable psalm-tune.'

In tropical countries, people are accustomed to hurricanes and thunderstorms and landslips and sudden death in every form—does not the Church service even contain that weirdly suggestive additional clause among the petitions of the litany, 'From earthquake, tempest, and violent commotion, good Lord, deliver us?'—and so nobody ever tried to dig up Wilberforce Whitaker's buried body; and if they had tried, they would never have succeeded in the attempt, for a thousand tons of broken fragments lay on top of it, and crushed it to atoms beneath them. Poor old Bobby felt the loss acutely, after his childish fashion, for nearly a fortnight, and then straightway proceeded to make love as usual to Miss Seraphina and the other ladies, and soon forgot his whole trouble in that one congenial lifelong occupation.

Nora Dupuy did not so quickly recover the shock that the mulatto's sudden and almost supernatural death had given her system. It was many weeks before she began to feel like herself again, or to trust herself in a room alone for more than a very few minutes together. Born West Indian as she was, and therefore superstitious, she almost feared that Dr Whitaker's ghost would come to plead his cause with her once more, as he himself had pleaded with her that last unhappy evening on the Italian terrace. It wasn't her fault, to be sure, that she had been the unwitting cause of his death; and yet in her own heart she felt to herself almost as if she had deliberately and intentionally killed him. That insuperable barrier of race that had stood so effectually in his way while he was still alive was partly removed now that she could no longer see him in person; and more than once, Nora found herself in her own room with tears standing in both her eyes for the poor mulatto she could never possibly or conceivably have married.

As for Tom Dupuy, he couldn't understand such delicate shades and undertones of feeling as those which came so naturally to Nora; and he had therefore a short and easy explanation of his own for his lively little cousin's altered demeanour. 'Nora was in love with that infernal nigger fellow,' he said confidently over and over again to his uncle Theodore. 'You take my word for it, she was head over ears in love with him; that's about the size of it. And that evening when she behaved so disgracefully with him on the terrace at the governor's, he proposed to her, and she accepted him, as sure as gospel.

If I hadn't threatened him with a good sound horsewhipping, and driven him away from the house in a dence of a funk, so that he went off with his tail between his legs, and broke his neck over a precipice in that terrible thunderstorm—you mark my words, Uncle Theodore—she'd have gone off, as I always said she would, and she'd have ended by marrying a woolly-headed brown man.'

Mr Theodore Dupuy, for his part, considered that even to mention the bare possibility of such a disgrace within the bosom of the family was an insult to the pure blood of the Dupuys that his nephew Tom ought to have been the last man on earth to dream of perpetrating.

Time rolled on, however, month after month, and gradually Nora began to recover something of her natural gaiety. Even deep impressions last a comparatively short time with bright young girls; and before six months more had fairly rolled by, Nora was again the same gay, light, merry, dancing little thing that she had always been, in England or in Trinidad.

One morning, about twelve months after Nora's first arrival in the island, the English mail brought a letter for her father, which he read with evident satisfaction, and then handed it contentedly to Nora across the breakfast-table. Nora recognised the crest and monogram in a moment with a faint flutter: she had seen them once before, a year ago, in England. They were Harry Noel's. But the postmark was Barbadoes. She read the letter eagerly and hastily.

'DEAR SIR'—it ran—'I have had the pleasure already of meeting some members of your family on the other side of the Atlantic'—that was an overstatement, Nora thought to herself quietly; the plural for the singular—'and as I have come out to look after some property of my father's here in Barbadoes, I propose to run across to Trinidad also, by the next steamer, and gain a little further insight into the habits and manners of the West Indies. My intention is to stop during my stay with my friend Mr Hawthorn, who—as you doubtless know—holds a district judgeship or something of the sort somewhere in Trinidad. But I think it best at the same time to inclose a letter of introduction to yourself from General Sir Henry Laboutillière, whom I daresay you remember as formerly commandant of Port-of-Spain when the Hundred and Fiftieth were in your island. I shall do myself the honour of calling upon you very shortly after my arrival, and am meanwhile, very faithfully yours, HARRY NOEL.'

The letter of introduction which accompanied this very formal note briefly set forth that Sir Walter Noel, Mr Noel's father, was an exceedingly old and intimate friend of the writer's, and that he would feel much obliged if Mr Dupuy would pay young Mr Noel any attentions in his power during his short stay in the island of Trinidad.

It would be absurd to deny that Nora felt flattered. She blushed, and blushed, and blushed again, with unmistakable pleasure. To be sure, she had refused Harry Noel; and if he were to ask her again, even now, she would refuse him a second time. But no girl on earth is wholly proof in her own heart against resolute persistence. Even if she doesn't care a pin for a man from the matrimonial point of view, yet provided only he is 'nice' and 'eligible,' she feels naturally flattered by the mere fact that he pays her attention. If the attention is marked and often renewed, the flattery is all the deeper, subtler, and more effective. But here was Harry Noel, pursuant of his threat (or should we rather say his promise?), following her up right across the Atlantic, and coming to lay siege to her heart with due formalities once more, in the very centre of her own stronghold! Yes, Nora was undeniably pleased. Of course, she didn't care for him; oh, dear, no, not the least little bit in the world, really; but still, even if you don't want to accept a lover, you know, it is at anyrate pleasant to have the opportunity of a second time cruelly rejecting him. So Nora blushed, and smiled to herself, and blushed over again, and felt by no means out of humour at Harry Noel's evident persistence.

'Well, Nora?' her father said to her, eyeing her interrogatively. 'What do you think of it?'

'I think, papa, Mr Noel's a very gentlemanly, nice young man, of a very good old English family.'

'Yes, yes, Nora: I know that, of course. I see as much from Sir Henry Laboutillière's letter of introduction. But what I mean is, we must have him here, at Orange Grove, naturally, mustn't we? It would never do, you see, to let a member of the English aristocracy'—Mr Dupuy dwelt lovingly upon these latter words with some unction, as preachers dwell with lingering cadence upon the special shibboleths of their own particular sect or persuasion—'go to stop with such people as your coloured friends over yonder at Mulberry, the Hawthorns.'

Nora was silent.

'Why don't you answer me, miss?' Mr Dupuy asked testily, after waiting for a moment in silent expectation.

'Because I will never speak to you about my own friends, papa, when you choose to talk of them in such untrue and undeserved language.'

Mr Dupuy smiled urbanely. He was in a good humour. It flattered him, too, to think that when members of the English aristocracy came out to Trinidad they should naturally select him, Theodore Dupuy, Esquire, of Orange Grove, as the proper person towards whom to look for hospitality. The fame of the fighting Dupuys was probably not unknown to the fashionable world even in London. They were recognised and talked about. So Mr Dupuy merely smiled a bland smile of utter obliviousness, and observed in the air (as men do when they are addressing nobody in particular): 'Coloured people are always coloured people, I suppose, whether they're much or little coloured; just as a dog's always a dog whether he's a great big heavy St Bernard or a little snarling snapper of a Skye terrier. But anyhow, it's quite clear to me individually that we can't let this young Mr Noel—a person of distinction, Nora, a person of distinction—go and stop at any other house in this island except here at Orange Grove, I assure you, my dear. Tom or I must certainly go

down to meet the steamer, and bring him up here bodily in the buggy, before your friend Mr Hawthorn—about whose personal complexion I prefer to say absolutely nothing, for good or for evil—has time to fasten on him and drag him away by main force to his own dwelling-place.' (Mr Dupuy avoided calling Mulberry Lodge a house on principle; for in the West Indies, it is an understood fact that only white people live in houses.)

'But, papa,' Nora cried, 'you really mustn't. I don't think you ought to bring him up here. Wouldn't it—well, you know, wouldn't it look just a little pointed, considering there's nobody else at all living in the house except you and me, you know, papa?'

'My dear,' Mr Dupuy said, not unkindly, 'a member of the English aristocracy, when he comes to Trinidad, ought to be received in the house of one of the recognised gentry of the island, and not in that—well, not in the dwelling-place of any person not belonging to the aristocracy of Trinidad. *Noblesse oblige*, Nora; *noblesse oblige*, remember. Besides, when you consider the relation in which you already stand to your cousin Tom, my dear—why, an engaged young lady, of course, an engaged young lady occupies nearly the same position in that respect as if she were already actually married.'

'But I'm not engaged, papa,' Nora answered earnestly. 'And I never will be to Tom Dupuy, if I die unmarried, either.'

'That, my dear,' Mr Dupuy responded blandly, looking at her with parental fondness, 'is a question on which I venture to think myself far better qualified to form an opinion than a mere girl of barely twenty. Tom and I have arranged between us, as I have often already pointed out to you, that the family estates ought on all accounts to be reunited in your persons. As soon as you are twenty-two, my dear, we propose that you should marry. Meanwhile, it can only arouse unseemly differences within the family to discuss the details of the question prematurely. I have made up my mind, and will not go back upon it. A Dupuy never does. As to this young Mr Noel who's coming from Barbadoes, I shall go down myself to the next steamer, and look out to offer him our hospitality immediately on his arrival, before any coloured people—I mention no names—can seize upon the opportunity of intercepting him, and carrying him off forcibly against his will, bag and baggage, to their own dwelling-places.'

SOME RUSTIC NAMES OF FLOWERS.

Who does not love the country names of old-fashioned flowers better than those by which botanists and florists call them? By old-fashioned flowers—if forms perennially renewed can ever be called old-fashioned—are meant the flowers our oldest poets praise, and whose simple charms find a place in the songs of modern ones—flowers, the roots of which the old Flemings and the proscribed of Nantes brought with them in their enforced migration to this country, and which, like the industries they introduced, flourished into brighter bloom and strength than in the Fatherland. Some of the rustic names of these old flowers have a quaint prettiness and meaning in them, like the pet names of little children, which are at once piquant and endearing; and as some are local, others little known, and others, again, nearly obsolete, and likely to be wholly so in another generation or two, one is interested in endeavouring to preserve them.

The 'Falfalaries' (checkered snake's head) of old Shropshire people are properly spoken of by their children's children as 'Fritillaries;'* and bright-looking blushful 'Pretty Betty,' indigenous to the Kentish chalk, and familiar to many persons by this name, is now, thanks to botany and Board Schools, correctly known as 'Red Valerian.' We, however, who have known it from childhood by its homelier name, will know it by no other; for us, it will always be 'Pretty Betty,' and suggestive of the high bloom on the hypothetical maiden's cheek in honour of whom it was so named. In Chaucer's time, it was crudely called 'Setwale,' or 'Set-a-wall,' from its well-known habit of cresting old castles and other crumbling walls, and of growing above gray posterns and old garden-gates, whence, from the tender 'Good-nights' not unusual at such places, it probably got its Shropshire name of 'Kiss-at-the-wicket,' and its Surrey synonym, 'Kiss-behind-the-garden-gate.' The variegated 'Ribbon-grass' of our gardens, anciently called—but that was when the rood of Boxley flourished, and village maidens, knowing no other literature, read their saints' calendar in flowers—'Our Lady's Laces,' had become, when Parkinson wrote, 'Painted' or 'Ladies' Laces,' which makes all the difference. In many places it has the common name of 'Gardener's Garters;' but in a corner of Kent not far from the Weald, where many old-world ways and words are cherished, it has the pretty, pert, but apposite one of 'Match-me-if-you-can'—a name that prompted the examination of a dozen blades of it, only to discover that, by some exquisite diversity of arrangement of the creamy white and pale-green stripes, not one of the delicately striated leaves exactly resembled another.

'I won't have it called "London-pride,"' said the eighty-year-old proprietress of a garden, once fuller of bloom and colour and sweetness than any other we have known; but that was before sight failed its owner. 'What have we country-folk and simple flowers to do with "London-pride?" For my part, I like it best by its old Kentish name of "None-so-pretty."' If any doubt the fitness of the sobriquet, let them take the trouble to microscopically examine the minute painted and jewelled corolla of this flower, and assure themselves how truly it deserves the appellation.

No country garden is without 'Honesty,' or 'White Satin-flower' as it is sometimes called, from the silvery lustre of its large circularly shaped *saliques*, which, when dried, were used to dress up fireplaces in summer, and decorate the chimney-mantels of cottages and village inns. Our aged friend had another name for this plant also, and called it 'Money-in-both-pockets.' The curious seed-vessels, which grow in pairs, and are

* Near Weston, one of the seats of the Earl of Bradford, in Shropshire, there is a field locally called the 'Falfalarie Field,' which people annually visit for the sake of the fritillary, which abounds there, as it does in Christ Church Meadows, Oxford.

semi-transparent, show the flat disc-shaped seeds like little coins within them, an appearance which no doubt originated the name.

Reminiscent of the times to which we just now alluded, when holy names hung about the hedgerows, and the blossoming of plants recalled sacred seasons and events, the lilac in Devonshire bears the name of 'Whitsuntide Flower;' the country-people know it by no other. There *Cardamine pratensis*, Shakspeare's 'Lady-smocks,' the 'Cuckoo-flower' of old Gerarde, whose blossoms border the streams and rivulets in spring 'all silver-white,' like lengths of bleaching linen, is known as 'Milkmaids;' and in the same county the 'Foxglove' becomes 'Folk's-glove' or 'Fairy-glove;' while in Ireland, children call the drooping tubular freckled bells 'Fairy thimbles,' and are careful not to meddle with them after sunset, on pain of being pinched by the 'good-people.'

The milk-white 'Candytuft' (*Iberis amara*) grows plentifully on stony upland fields in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. Once, in the latter county, when we were gathering some of it from a field in which some women were weeding, one of them remarked to another that she should not have liked to have done so when she was a young woman; upon which we inquired its name, and was told, almost reluctantly, 'Poverty'—a most expressive name; for it loves best a poor and arid soil, and has its botanical name from its intense bitterness. Evidently, village lads and lasses had from early times an unwritten language of flowers, and this was one of its phrases.

As our readers know, 'Pansy' is a very old name for the 'Heart's-ease,' as old at least as Queen Elizabeth's time, and probably older. Spenser writes of the 'pretty paunce;' and Ophelia gives it 'for thought.' It is a plant of many names. Shakspeare twice calls it 'Love-in-idleness.' Poor, simple, pious folk, seeing its three lower petals rayed like a 'glory,' called it 'Herb of the Trinity.' The vagrant habit of the plant procured it the name of 'Kit-run-the-streets,' which appellation it has not wholly lost in country-places. Rustics also call it 'Two-faces-under-a-hood.' But it was as 'Heart's-ease' we first knew it, a name that gives sweet force to that other old-world one, 'Call-me-to-you,' which without it had been meaningless.

Of local names for flowers, one of the prettiest we know is that by which a Dorsetshire girl designated the 'Michaelmas Daisy'—a name full of unconscious poetry; she called it 'Summer's Farewell.' 'We shall not have many more nosegays this year, ma'am; I see "Summer's Farewell" is blowing;' and upon desiring to see the unknown flower, she pointed out the familiar 'Michaelmas Daisy.'

In Wiltshire, the children give the names of 'Rushlights' and 'Fairy-candles' to the 'Tripmadam' of our ancestors, the small fleshy-leaved erect stems and terminal flowers with spreading anthers of the yellow sedum (or stonecrop), frequent on old walls and housetops; and to the subtle child-fancy, we have no doubt the resemblance is sufficiently strong to set them all alight on summer nights.

The 'Danewort' or Dwarf-elder is in some districts said to be so called because the people fancy it sprung from the blood of the Danes slain in battle; and that if, upon a certain day of the year, you cut it, it bleeds. It is noteworthy that the large terminal cymes of this plant, which loves waste places, are of a purplish colour, the berries black, and that the juice of the flowering stems, like the fruit, produces a blood-like stain.

The curious corruption of 'Fritillary' to 'Fulfalarie,' with which we started, is easily understood; but who would recognise the poetically named 'Narcissus' under the homely guise of 'White Nancies,' the common name for it in Shropshire gardens? We had rather it kept its pretty rustic name of 'daffodil,' a name inwoven in many a garland of old English verse, and sweetly suggestive of woods, and nut-boughs sparkling with buds, and village children, and the fresh young joy of spring. The name daffodil is now generally applied to the species with bright yellow flowers.

Another old-world plant included in these days under the generic name of *Campanula*, and which in many parts was known as 'Country-bells,' keeps in its Kentish name of 'Canterbury-bells' a local legend; and is so called not only from the prevalence of the plant in the neighbourhood of the old sainted city, but because it was the type of 'Becket's bells,' which pilgrims to his shrine carried away with them, in token of their having been there. Another of its tribe, better known than liked, has the quaint name of 'Little-steeple-bell-flower,' a picturesque name one would not willingly blot out from floral nomenclature; though its common one of 'Rampions' is quite good enough for it, and highly characteristic of the exuberant mode in which its fleshy and at the same time fibrous roots take possession of the soil and overrun it. It is a dangerous plant to admit into gardens, where its tall tapering stem, beset with little watchet blue-bells, is occasionally seen.

In the north of England, the wild hyacinth of the south—sometimes erroneously called 'Harebell'—with its pendulous flowers underhanging each other on one side only of its drooping stem, has the curious name of 'Ring-of-bells' from a fancied resemblance (a writer in *Notes and Queries* tells us) to the bells on which King David is sometimes represented playing in old wood-engravings. In Shropshire, the fertile stems of the Horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*), which shoot up like brown pencils out of the soil before the sterile ones appear, are called 'Toadpipes' by the children; and a similar name is applied to them in many parts of Scotland. In Shropshire, also, the chalk-white flowers of the rock alyssum have the pretty trivial name of 'Summer Snow;' and the scarlet pimpernel, that trusted hydroscope of hind and shepherd—of which Lord Bacon wrote: 'There is a small flower in the stubble-fields which country-people call "Wincopipe," which if it openeth in the morning, you may be sure of a fine day'—is 'Wincopeep;' which, methinks, to use his lordship's idiom, is the more correct of the two, seeing the habit of the plant is to close its petals when a rain-cloud dulls the sky, and to open them wide in sunshine—alternations suggestive of the name 'Wink-and-peep,' which time has probably contracted. In some places it is known as 'the poor man's weather-glass.'

In the same district, that fine sour relish of

our childhood, 'Sorrel,' is simply 'Sour-dock;' and the early Purple Orchis (*O. mascula*), with its dark-green leaves plashed with brown, and spikes of richly coloured flowers springing up in cowslip-covered meadows, is hailed as 'King's Fingers.'

The cowslip has in Shropshire the common name of 'Paigle,' a name the derivation of which no one appears to understand; but its old Kentish name of 'Culver-keys' is unknown. We have lately seen the meaning of this also queried. It had its origin most probably in the common country fashion of christening flowers, in Gerarde's time, from some fancied resemblance in its drooping umbel of unopened flowers to a 'bunch of keys' hanging from a ring or girdle; just as the pendent clusters of ash-seeds are called—we presume from the same idea—'Ashen-keys;' and as a bunch of keys must belong to some one or some thing, why not to the 'culver,' or wood-pigeon? In this fanciful way we can imagine the pretty rustic name of 'Culver-key' coming about; an hypothesis wholly our own, and therefore open to correction.

It was after this fashion, Parkinson tells us, he named the 'Wild Clematis' (*C. vitalba*), 'Traveller's Joy,' because it loves to spread green bowers in hedgerows near villages and the habitations of men. But whence came the name of 'Roving Sailor?'—one of the trivial ones for the ivy-leaved Toad-flax (*Linaria cymbalaria*), the fine thread-like runners of which hang from old garden-walls—those of Hampton Court, for instance—bearing in their season little solitary blue or purple petaled flowers. No rustic would have so named it; to him, its other appellations of 'Hen-and-chickens,' or 'Mother-of-thousands,' would have been more natural. But 'Roving Sailor' savours of that other element with which the husbandman meddles not, and may have been bestowed by some maritime superannuant, whose imagination transformed the long streaming roots into cordage, and the tiny blue-jacketed flowers into sailors climbing it, while the straggling habit of the plant completed the similitude.

Traditions die hard in country villages, and faith in the specially remedial properties of plants once dedicated to holy names and anniversaries is by no means extinct amongst peasant-folk. Thus, we were gravely informed last summer by a cottager of our acquaintance, in the sweet hamlet of Harbledown, in Kent, that there was nothing for a green wound better than the leaves of our 'Saviour's Flannel' (or 'Blanket'), a startling name for the exquisitely soft, glaucous, green leaves of what some persons secularly call 'Mouse-ear,' and which—to liken nature to art—resemble in texture the finest silken plush, and retain their softness and pliability for months after they are gathered. It is often seen in borders, where its silvery leaves and pale mauve-coloured flowers render it effective.

Again, the great 'White Lily' (*Lilium candidum*), the 'Sceptre Lily' of our time, 'Our Lady's Lily' in the past, of which the old masters made such effective use in their pictures of the Virgin, is in Shropshire still known as 'Ascension Lily,' an evident misnomer. It should be, remembering the time of its blooming, the 'Lily of the Annunciation.' In the neighbourhood of the Wrekin it has another name—it is the 'Healing Lily;' and the curative virtue of the whole plant is firmly believed in.

It was a pretty custom to name the plants after the saints and holy seasons about whose anniversaries they fell a-flowering. It saved some absurdities and vulgarities in christening them, and left us names so sweet and appropriate, that, like the gillyflowers and sops-in-wine, sweetbrier, &c., of the old poets, they will never become old or inapt. Who would exchange 'Christmas Rose' for 'Black Hellebore,' or 'Lent Lily' for 'Pseudo Narcissus,' or prefer 'Anemone' to 'Easter-flower,' or 'Polygally' to 'Crosswort?' (carried on wands in the ancient perambulations of Rogation-week). 'Whitsuntide Flower' is a prettier name than 'Lilac,' and 'Michaelmas Daisy' than 'Aster Tradescanti,' the one by which it was known when Charles I. was king.

But these are not the purely rustic names of plants with which we started. One more example—a local one—and our personally formed catalogue of them is ended. Any one who has observed the regular height to which the garden fumitory grows when planted against a wall, forming a background of its soft, finely cut, bright-green leaves, which overhang each other, and the seemingly equal distances at which its clusters of yellow or rose coloured flowers depend, will at once perceive the fitness of its quaint Shropshire name of 'Ladies' Needlework Flower.' It has the richness, with some of the formality, of a flounce of old chenille embroidery, such as in other years exercised the industry and ingenuity of English ladies. This plant is said to be called fumitory (earth-smoke, *fume terre*) from the belief that it was produced without seed from vapours arising from the earth. This was an ancient and well-rooted belief as far back as 1485. In Kent it is called 'waxdolls,' from the doll-like appearance of its little flowers.

SPIRITED AWAY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

Five minutes later, when my eyes were unbandaged, I found myself being driven along a road which was apparently in the extreme suburbs of London, the houses that we passed were so scattered and far apart. Legros was by my side, and two other men were sitting opposite us; but the windows of the conveyance were drawn up, and although the night was now perfectly clear, only the vaguest outlines were discernible of anything outside, except for a moment now and again when we came within the faint circle of light radiated from an occasional street-lamp. Suddenly my heart gave a great throb, for by the momentary gleam of a lamp I saw that the conveyance in which I was travelling was a mourning-coach—a coach draped in black, and such as is never made use of except for following the dead. Could it be possible that the hearse with its dread burden was in front of us, and that we were following it to some bourn to me unknown? I sank back into my corner, and asked myself whether it was really true that I, who had left my far-off country home scarcely twenty-four hours ago, could thus suddenly, and

without any action of my own, have become a participant in some dire tragedy, of which as yet I knew neither the beginning nor the end. I was but a boy, just recovering from a long illness, and if a few tears welled from my eyes in the darkness, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at.

But it was of Karavich I was thinking more than of myself. There was little doubt left in my mind that the poor *coiffeur* had come to some foul and sudden end. But who and what was he, and what was the nature of his crime? Who were these men, who had constituted themselves at once his judges and his executioners, and to what place was the body of the murdered man being conveyed so mysteriously in the dead of night? Vain questions one and all. A sense sat heavily upon me of being in the power of an inexorable Destiny, who was leading me onward whether I willed it or no, by paths to me unknown, towards a goal I was unable to foresee.

Soon the last lamp was left behind, and we plunged forward into the blacker darkness of the country; and now our pace was increased, the horses breaking into a long swinging trot, which gradually became wearisome from its absolute monotony. As on our first journey, not a word was spoken by any one. By-and-by, from sheer fatigue I suppose, perhaps aided in part by the liqueur given me by Legros, I fell into a sort of troubled sleep, in which the real and the imaginary were strangely blended. How long this state of semi-consciousness lasted, and how many miles we travelled during the time, I had no means of judging. The abrupt stoppage of the coach, and the cessation of the monotonous grinding of the wheels, brought me back with a start to the realities of my position. Legros let down one of the windows. Day was just breaking. A dim misty light pervaded the atmosphere, through which as yet nothing was clearly visible. M. Legros and one of the others alighted and went forward, leaving me and the other man inside.

'Are we near the end of our journey?' I said to the silent figure sitting opposite me.

He started, stared at me for a moment, and then made some unintelligible reply. Presently the coach moved forward a little way, and then halted again. Then M. Legros came up, and standing on the carriage step, spoke to me through the window.

'Another stage of our journey is at an end,' he said. 'We have one more stage to travel together before we separate. You will now please to alight; but before doing this, I must ask you to give me your promise that neither by word nor gesture will you endeavour to attract the attention or rouse the suspicions of any strangers, not of our party, whom you may presently see. As I have already told you, you have only to obey my instructions implicitly, and no harm shall befall you.—Have I your word, monsieur?' There was a stern questioning look in his eyes as he finished speaking.

'I am helpless, and in your power; I can only do as you wish.'

'It is well,' he said as he stepped down and opened the carriage door.

I was glad enough to get out and be able to stretch my cramped limbs. The other man followed, and during the next few minutes he and M. Legros kept close to me, one walking on either side of me.

My first glance round showed me that we had alighted some twenty or thirty yards from a broad, sluggish-flowing river, which I at once said to myself could be none other than the Thames. A thin white mist lay on the water, through which only the faintest outlines of the opposite shore were discernible. In mid-stream, a small steamer lay moored, from the funnel of which a thin black pennon of smoke was lazily trailing. We had alighted at a kind of wharf, roughly paved and shut in by some half-dilapidated buildings, which looked unspeakably forlorn and desolate in the light of early morning. Some half-score men, dressed in guernseys and high boots, were lounging about, their hands buried deep in their pockets, looking on with a stolidity which it seemed as if nothing could rouse into animation, at the proceedings of the party of which I formed one, which were conducted without the slightest pretence at secrecy. A little way in the background stood the plumeless hearse with its two black horses.

We three men, I in the middle, walked down to the edge of the wharf. The tide was low; and it was not till we were close to the water that I perceived a couple of boats which seemed to be waiting our arrival. The first looked like an ordinary ship's boat; in it were seated some half-dozen men resting on their oars, with a cockswain in the stern. The second boat was a broad old-fashioned tub; but I could not repress a shudder when I saw the coffin which had been brought down in the hearse laid along its bottom. Two men were in this boat, one seated at the head, and the other at the foot, of the coffin.

There was barely time to note all this before, in compliance with a whispered word from Legros, who still kept by my side, I descended four or five slimy tide-washed steps, and stepped into the first boat, followed closely by my companions. As soon as we had seated ourselves, a signal was given; the men dipped their oars, and a moment later the ragged wharf and its staring denizens were left behind. And now it was I first became aware that we had the other boat with its awful freight in tow. It glided after us through the morning mist, as though the secret it held was one from which we might never more escape.

Our boat headed in a straight line from the wharf. I had undergone so many surprises during the last few hours that it was only one more added to the number to find that our destination was the steamer which was anchored out in mid-stream. Five minutes later, I found myself on board, and, at the invitation of Legros, I at once followed him below. He conducted me into a handsomely fitted up saloon, and then left me. It could not have been more than a few minutes after this when the engine gave its first palpitating throb, and the third stage of my strange journey had begun.

Whither were we bound? What would be the duration of our voyage? And what possible object could my captors have in taking me so far away from home? These were questions that put themselves to me again and again; and then I thought of the fate of poor Karavich, and my heart as I did so grew faint within me.

It was all an unfathomable mystery, and the more I strove to find some ray of light to guide me through its mazes, the more bewildered I became. In order to relieve in some measure the burden of my thoughts, I began to peer through the port-holes of the cabin, one after another; but there was little to be seen to gratify my curiosity. A dim line of desolate flats on the one hand; on the other, an equally dreary expanse of far-reaching shore, with here and there a few scattered buildings, from some of which sprung huge chimneys, which were already belching forth black volumes of smoke to the morning air. It had begun to rain by this time; but there seemed to be scarcely the faintest breath of wind; the quick soft pulsing of the engines told me that we were now making rapid progress through the water.

I had been about half an hour alone, when I was rejoined by Legros. He was all smiles and amiability. He gave me the impression of a man from whose mind some burden which had pressed heavily on it had been suddenly lifted. There was no longer that strained intense look in his eyes—that air of watchful suspicion which had been so noticeable in him earlier on, had altogether vanished. He was, if possible, more of an enigma to me under this new aspect than he had been before.

'Your eyes have a drowsy look in them, my friend,' he said pleasantly. 'First of all, you must partake of some breakfast; and after that, you shall sleep—sleep—sleep for the next dozen hours, if it so please you. This little *appartement* is set aside for your service so long as you favour us with your company.' As he spoke, he opened one of a row of three or four doors, and disclosed a tiny sleeping berth, fitted up and in every respect ready for occupation, which looked infinitely tempting to my tired eyes. I took advantage of the opportunity to perform some needful ablutions. When I re-entered the saloon, breakfast was on the table. A minute later, Legros and I were joined by two men whom I had not seen before, together with one of the men who had accompanied us inside the carriage. The two strangers were in some kind of undress uniform. Legros smilingly introduced me to them as a young English friend of his who had taken a fancy to accompany them a little way on their voyage. They replied by a few polite words in English, in which they expressed a hope that my voyage would prove a pleasant one; but polite though their words might be, I thought I detected under them a hidden ring of sarcasm. After this, the conversation became general, except as far as I was concerned, it being conducted in the same unknown language as before.

When I sat down at table, I seemed to have no appetite, but it came with the occasion, and despite the doubts and fears which beset me, I made a hearty meal. When the others rose, I retired to my berth, and in less than ten minutes was sound asleep. It was on the point of three o'clock when I awoke. On gazing out through the port-hole, nothing could be seen but a slowly heaving expanse of waters, through which we were quickly cleaving our way. A dreary drizzle of rain was still falling. On entering the saloon, I found M. Legros lounging on the couch over a novel and a cigarette. 'Ah, ha! you look better, much better,' he said with a nod and a smile. 'I advise you to do as I am doing. It's the only thing on a day like this. Here are cigarettes, and on that shelf you will find some half hundred novels in half-a-dozen languages. You can of course go on deck if you wish to do so and prefer a wet coat to a dry one.'

'Thank you,' I said. 'I will try what it's like on deck—at least for a little while. The fresh air will do me good.'

Of a truth, there was not much to keep any one long on deck. A man at the wheel, an officer on the bridge, and two seamen forward, all in oilskins, were the only living beings visible. After lighting a cigar, I found a sheltered nook under the lee of one of the boats. As far as my defective geographical knowledge allowed me to judge, we were now somewhere about the mouth of the Thames and heading towards the North Sea. On our left, mile after mile of low-lying desolate shore was dimly discernible through the thin drizzle of rain. This I concluded must be some portion of the Essex coast. On our right, the gray heaving waters stretched out into infinitude. Already the dull November afternoon was darkening to its close. From minute to minute, my spirits within me seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper; the gloom and desolation of the great waste of waters seemed but a reflex of the gloom and disquietude of my own thoughts. In a little while I flung away the end of my cigar and went below. M. Legros was no longer there; I had the saloon to myself. It was necessary to pass the time somehow, so, after making choice of a book, I stretched myself on a sofa and made a resolute attempt to read. It was a vain effort. Karavich's melancholy deep-set eyes and white face blotted out the printed words.

After a time, the steward appeared and began his preparations for dinner. He was a sandy-haired, foxy-faced man, with a retreating chin and prominent teeth. I went on, pretending to read, and taking but little or no notice of him; when presently I was startled by a low warning 'Hist!' and on glancing up, I saw that the man was regarding me with a strangely earnest look. When he perceived that he had attracted my attention, he held up a finger, as if in warning, and then said in a whisper, that was a strange jumble of broken English interlarded with French, such as I cannot attempt to reproduce: 'Do not appear to notice me, monsieur, nor speak to me aloud, for the love of heaven!'

I stared at him in astonishment, but so far obeyed his adjuration as to remain silent.

'Monsieur is an Englishman,' he began again presently, but still in a whisper so low that only with difficulty could I make out what he said; 'and his kind heart will not allow him to refuse to do a small service for one who is in great extremity. Is it not so?'

'Before I can promise, I must know what the service is that you want me to do,' I whispered back.

'It is only to post a certain letter after monsieur's arrival in London.'

I could not repress a start. 'But how soon am I likely to be back in London?' I asked with an eagerness I could not conceal.

'If all goes well, in less than twenty-four hours from now.'

Here, indeed, was joyful tidings; but I suppose I must have looked somewhat incredulous, for a moment later the man added: 'Monsieur will find that what I tell him is the truth.'

'In that case, of course, I shall be quite willing to post any letter you may intrust to my care.'

'O monsieur, thanks—a thousand thanks!' replied the man in a tone the sincerity of which I could not doubt. 'If Monsieur Karavich could do so, he would thank monsieur in person, because it is he who is the writer of the letter.'

'Monsieur Karavich!' I exclaimed aloud. 'I thought that'——

The clatter of a dozen knives on the table drowned my voice. The steward had turned as white as a sheet. 'For the love of heaven, monsieur, do not speak above a whisper,' he said after a pause and a frightened look round. 'What I am doing now is at the risk of my life—but that matters little. No; Monsieur Karavich is not dead. To avoid any dangerous questions being asked, he was brought down here as if he were a dead man in a coffin made for the purpose. Oh, but it was cunningly contrived! Of all Monsieur Karavich's friends, no one knew—there was not one to warn him.'

Before I could say anything further, he had left the cabin, but he was back again in the course of two or three minutes. 'Here is the letter, monsieur,' he said, still in a whisper. 'The thanks of ten, of twenty, of fifty thousand brave hearts would be yours, if they knew the service you have promised to do. In less than fifty hours, it will be known in every capital in Europe that Fedor Karavich is a prisoner.'

I took the letter and put it away in an inner pocket of my vest. 'No eyes but mine shall see the letter. I will post it with my own hands as soon as I reach London. But tell me—who and what *is* Monsieur Karavich?'

'One of the greatest and noblest of men, and a true patriot, if ever there was one. Monsieur Karavich is not his real name; he has twenty different names for different occasions. By birth he belongs to one of the noblest families in his native land; but his heart, his life, his fortune, have been given to the poor and oppressed. His real name is a name of terror wherever tyranny hides and trembles.'

'And what will be his fate, now that his enemies have got him in their clutches?'

'Who can tell? It is not the first time the Bear has had him in its grip. He passed ten years in Siberia when little more than a boy. *Probablement*, he will disappear—vanish utterly, and be heard of never again.'

'Is there no way of helping him? Are there no means of rescuing him?'

The man spread his hands with a gesture eloquent of despair. 'There is no hope—none,' he answered with a half-sob in his voice. There was silence for a few moments, then I noticed his strange face lighten, and coming close to me, he said in a lower whisper than before: 'And yet, monsieur, who can tell? Fedor Karavich has friends where none would expect to find them—friends secret, but devoted to the cause, even amongst the highest of the high. All that gold can do, all that powerful influence unseen and working in the dark, can do for him will be done; but after all'—— He finished with a despondent shake of the head.

'The cause, as you call it, seems to have its emissaries everywhere,' I remarked. 'Even you yourself'—— I paused. If an apparition had suddenly stood before the man, he could scarcely have looked more scared. He gave a great gasp, but did not speak.

A moment later, we heard the sound of footsteps. As M. Legros entered by one door, the steward disappeared through another. I became at once immersed in my novel.

The same party sat down to dinner that had met at breakfast. Each of them addressed a few words to me in English, and treated me with the utmost courtesy; but, as before, the chief part of the conversation was kept up in a language of which I knew nothing. When dinner was over, cigarettes and cards were introduced, and I was invited by M. Legros to form one in a rubber of whist. This, however, I declined to do, and went back to my book instead. And so a couple of hours sped quietly away.

At length I said to M. Legros: 'If you have no objection, and these gentlemen will not think it rude on my part, I will retire to my berth.'

'Do so by all means,' he answered. 'But if I were you, I would only partially undress. It is by no means unlikely that you may be called in a hurry.'

About four hours later, I was called in a hurry. A tap came to my door, and the voice of Legros said: 'Are you awake, monsieur? If so, be good enough to dress as quickly as possible.'

Five minutes later I joined him in the saloon.

'I am grieved to say that we are about to lose the pleasure of your company,' he observed in his blandest tones. 'Whatever my regrets may be, I am afraid that I can scarcely expect you to share them; but it is just possible that we may have the felicity of meeting again on some future occasion. In any case, we shall hardly fail to remember each other. Wrap this cloak around you; I trust you will accept it at my hands as a slight souvenir of our acquaintance; and put this flask of cognac in your pocket; you will find the night-air cold on the water.—And now for a few last words of caution.' His brows contracted and his face seemed to darken a little as he went on: 'For your own sake, and if you value your future welfare—nay, what do I say, if you value life itself—you will not speak one word to any living being of that which you have seen and heard during the past few hours. Should we find the authorities in London setting on foot certain inquiries, we shall feel assured that any information they may have acquired can only have emanated from you. In that case—— But I feel sure I need not say more, except that I wish you to believe that my warning is intended for your good. And now, *cher* monsieur, if you are ready.'

I followed him on deck like a man in a dream. I had not noticed till now that the screw of the

steamer had ceased to revolve and that we were scarcely moving through the water. The night was bright and starlit. 'Yonder little vessel—what you English, I believe, call a fishing-smack—will be your home for the next hour or two,' said M. Legros, pointing to a dark object some little distance away. 'It will convey you to the nearest port, from which you will readily make your way to London.' He took my hand and held it with a hearty grip. 'And now, adieu, and *bon voyage*. Then in a whisper: 'Remember my warning. In a pocket of the cloak you will find money to defray your expenses to London.'

They were his last words to me. A moment later I was being transferred in a small boat from the steamer to the smack. Even before I got aboard the latter, the steamer was under way again. We could see her lights for a little while after she herself was lost to view, then they, too, were swallowed up in the darkness.

The crew of the smack consisted of three men and a boy. They were a rough but kindly set, and did their best under the circumstances to make me comfortable. I asked them no questions, nor did they ask me any. No doubt, M. Legros had paid them well for the service they had undertaken to perform. Soon after daybreak they put me ashore at Lowestoft, and by noon I found myself in London. I at once took a cab and drove off to my friend Gascoigne's lodgings, only stopping for a moment by the way to post poor Karavich's letter. I had an impression, but it may have been groundless, that my movements were watched and followed both at Lowestoft and in London.

I had not been an hour in Gascoigne's company before I had so far disobeyed M. Legros' warning as to have told my friend everything. At my age, it could not well have been otherwise; the burden of such a secret was too heavy for my young shoulders to bear. But I had no desire to share it with any one else: once I had told the story to my friend, I felt that I could hold my tongue for ever.

Three days later, in the dusk of evening, Gascoigne and I strolled down the street to a certain house in which Karavich's note had been addressed. We found the number readily enough. The ground-floor was a baker's shop with an unmistakable English name on the sign—certainly not the name on Karavich's letter. In the window was a card inscribed: 'First and Second Floors to let Unfurnished;' and sure enough, on looking up we saw four uncurtained windows staring blankly into the dark like so many sightless eyes. We made no inquiry at the shop, but hurried away, feeling as if we had touched the verge of another mystery.

One evening, early in the following spring, I was standing gazing into a jeweller's window in Bond Street, when a passing stranger halted, apparently with the view of following my example. I was conscious of his presence, but that was all. I did not even glance at him. Suddenly a voice whispered in my ear: 'Fedor Karavich has escaped; let his enemies beware!' I turned with a start, but only to see a tall dark-clothed figure striding swiftly away.

Before these lines see the light, twelve thousand miles of ocean will intervene between me and the readers of them. Had it not been so, in all probability the strange experience embodied therein would never have been made public.

ON PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS IN THE NEW-BORN.

BY A MEMBER OF THE OPHTHALMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Among the grandest of our charitable institutions may be counted those for the care and instruction of the blind. Their utility and the benefit they confer are beyond question, and they are in the highest degree deserving of moral and material support. It is fortunate that human sympathy is seldom slow in extending itself to those, be they young or old, who have lost the priceless boon of vision and who dwell in 'eternal night.' Whilst this is the case, however, and it is a matter for thankfulness, it is well to remember that ours is peculiarly an age when prevention is held to be better than cure, and when considered in connection with cases that admit of 'no cure,' the wisdom of pursuing a course of 'prevention' is only too evident.

It is well known that a large number of the inmates of our blind institutions have been rendered fit objects for admission by preventable causes. The purpose the writer has now before him is the consideration of a class of such preventable cases, but which also embraces the largest proportion. It is peculiarly a subject on which the public need information, and by the acquirement and diffusion of which knowledge, it will be within their power to do an amount of good, and which will tend in some degree to lessen the number blinded in the manner to be now described.

The class of cases to which reference is made are those of young babies, to whom, in consequence of a serious inflammation occurring within a few days after birth, the light of the world may be taken away from them, almost, indeed, before their eyes have opened to it. The disease is principally, but by no means exclusively found among the poorer people; and as it is among them that ignorance mostly prevails, the direst results are most frequently witnessed. The affection—setting-in a few days after birth—is characterised by a discharge of matter from the eyes, and attended with redness and swelling, generally, of the eyelids. Whilst on the one hand it must be strongly urged that such a condition is a serious one, on the other it must be equally recognised that if treated sufficiently early it is amenable to remedies. No mother of a babe should, on noticing the appearances indicated, delay sending for or taking her child to a medical man. The grossest ignorance, however, prevails among mothers and those surrounding them, as to the gravity of this affection, at the time and after the births of their children. The writer in his medical practice experiences few circumstances more sad, and calculated to harrow one's feelings more keenly, than for a baby to be brought for the first medical treatment when the disease has already wrought such havoc as to render a cure an improbability, and too

often an impossibility. Such instances are of frequent occurrence in hospital practice. Dr Emrys-Jones some time ago collected statistics as to the condition of the eyes when brought for treatment at the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital; and he found six and a quarter per cent. of the eyes were hopelessly lost, in some cases both eyes, in others one only. There is, moreover, an amazing degree of careless indifference displayed, and when a case in a wretched condition is seen by a medical man for the first time at the end of one, two, or three weeks after the onset of the affection, to the question, 'What have you been doing all this time for the baby's eyes?' will come the reply: 'Why, nothing, sir;' as if a special virtue lay in a negative answer.

The importance of preventing blindness being caused by this disease will be evident, when it is asserted that a third or more of all cases in the blind schools of England have been occasioned by it. Nor, indeed, does this in any manner show its entire effects; for those who have only lost one eye through it, would, of course, be omitted from calculation, as well as those whose vision had been affected in a less degree. On the continent, the proportion would appear to be equally large. In Germany, Reinhard, from investigations at twenty-two German blind asylums, found six hundred and fifty-eight blind from this disease among a total of twenty-one hundred and sixty-five, or thirty and a half per cent. Observations among our own institutions would appear to represent as large or a larger percentage of cases. The writer has kept a record of children admitted into a teaching institution with which he is connected, and the number in his notebook is sixty-two. Of this number he excludes seven, as either not having been examined by him, or the cause of blindness not verified; but of the remaining fifty-five, in no fewer than twenty-one is this affection distinctly traceable as the cause of blindness. This gives a percentage of about thirty-nine. No words, it would appear, can be necessary to add to the telling effect of such figures.

It must be recollected, moreover, that the blind are not only shut off from the pleasures of this world, but their unhappy lot too frequently renders them a necessary burden on their more fortunate sight-possessing fellows. It is desirable that a knowledge of the dreadful results following a neglect of this disease should be impressed upon the community. The results mentioned comparatively seldom occur among the well-to-do, for the reason that the doctor is in immediate attendance, and under skilful treatment the affection is cured; but, however, by extending information on this subject, it will, it is hoped, reach the less fortunately situated. A comprehensive plan for attaining such an object was introduced to the notice of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, by Dr David M'Keown of Manchester. He proposed to utilise the poor-law and birth registration organisations. Such a plan would enable every mother of new-born infants to have read to her, and to be put in possession of, or of whoever may be in attendance, a card specifying the characters and dangers of the disease; and again, as the birth of every child has to be registered within a certain number of days, another opportunity would be afforded for giving a card with the desired information. The card, it was proposed, should run in this way: '*Instructions regarding new-born infants.*—If the child's eyelids become red and swollen, or begin to run matter within a few days after birth, it is to be taken without a day's delay to a doctor. The disease is very dangerous; and if not at once treated, may destroy the sight of both eyes.'

The Society, on the Report of its Committee on this subject, adopted, with slight modifications, the series of resolutions suggested by Dr M'Keown. The first resolution of the Society, and which chiefly concerns us here, was as follows: 'That the purulent ophthalmia of new-born infants being the cause of a vast amount of blindness, mainly because of the ignorance of the public regarding its dangerous character, and the consequent neglect to apply for timely medical aid, it is desirable to instruct those in charge of new-born children by a card' (as previously mentioned). This is to be distributed, the resolution adds, by the poor-law and birth registration organisations of the United Kingdom; and details the methods to be adopted for carrying the plan into operation. In a subsequent resolution, the aid of the medical press is solicited, and the attention of the various institutions which train or employ midwives is drawn to this very important subject.

These resolutions, as it has been said, were adopted by the Ophthalmological Society; and they were desired to be communicated to the Presidents of the Local Government Board, and of similar bodies in Scotland and Ireland. A deputation also was appointed to wait upon the Presidents of these bodies, if necessary, to urge the desirability of the plan sketched out being put into practice; and among other members of this deputation were Sir William Bowman, and the President (Mr Jonathan Hutchinson) of the Society.

It is very much to be hoped that the action of such an influential Society will have a good effect. It clearly puts the gravity of the case before the public; and any individual who can in any way spread the knowledge contained in the foregoing Report will be engaged in a really good cause.

For some time, the Society for the Prevention of Blindness has issued and circulated a leaflet entitled, 'Advice to Mothers who do not wish their Children to be Blind.' It contains sound directions as to the nature of the disease, its recognition, and hints as to what should be done whilst the doctor is being fetched, which should, however, be by no means delayed. Any one interested in the welfare of the blind, and wishing for further information as to the objects of the Society, should communicate with Dr Roth, Secretary, 48 Wimpole Street, London, W.

The object the writer has had in view in this article has been to draw attention to this affection of babies' eyes, and to enforce the urgent necessity for prompt and proper treatment. He has not inserted any directions as to remedies parents may themselves employ, because it is essentially a disease that no one but a medical man should treat, and parents should

be encouraged to apply at once for relief. For the very poor, in every town is a hospital or dispensary, to which the infant can be taken. The better-to-do should seek the services of their own doctor. Whilst saying this, however, it may be observed that cleanliness is of the greatest importance; and this should be regarded both as to the infant's surroundings and also as to the eyes, in cleansing them with *clean* tepid water frequently, of all discharge; and this requires to be done very gently. At the time of the birth of the baby, also, the eyes are the first parts that should be washed clean, and not left until the last, as is not unfrequently the case. If this were done, the disease in many cases would be prevented.

PARLIAMENTARY TITBITS.

Edmund Burke, the distinguished orator and writer, at the close of an election in 1774, in an eloquent speech, thanked his constituents for electing him as their member. He was followed by his colleague, Mr Cruger, a merchant, who, after the orator's remarks, contented himself by exclaiming: 'Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr Burke!'

Two stories are told of Lord Brougham. On being offered the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Brougham refused it, alleging that its acceptance would prevent the continuance of his parliamentary duties. 'True,' rejoined Canning; 'but you will be only one stage from the woolsack.'—'Yes,' said Brougham; 'but the horses will be off.'

The second is contained in a remark of Sydney Smith, who, seeing Brougham in a carriage on the panel of which was the letter B. surmounted by a coronet, observed: 'There goes a carriage with a B outside and a wasp inside.'

Lord Erskine had the following unique form of replying to begging letters: 'Sir,—I feel honoured by your application, and I beg to subscribe'—here the recipient had to turn over the leaf—'*myself*, your very *obedient* servant.'

Lord Palmerston's good-humour as a distinct element of his character is well known. We find it even during his last illness, when his physician was forced to mention death. 'Die, my dear doctor!' he exclaimed; '*that's* the *last* thing I shall do.'

When Shiel had learned by heart, but failed to remember, the exordium of a speech beginning with the word 'Necessity,' which he repeated three times, Sir Robert Peel continued: 'Is not *always* the mother of invention.'

Some good sayings are attributed to George Selwyn, who was called 'the receiver-general of wit and stray jokes,' and was a silent member of parliament for many years. When told that Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to stand for parliament, Selwyn replied: 'Sir Joshua is the ablest man I know on a canvas.'

Horace Walpole, when complaining one day of the existence of the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system, in the reign of George III. as had been witnessed in that of Queen Anne, remarked concerning the continuance of the Duke of Newcastle as First Lord of the Treasury after the accession of George III.: 'There is nothing new under the sun.'—'Nor under the grandson,' added Selwyn, George III. being the grandson of George II.

George III. one day alluded to Selwyn as 'that rascal George;' on which Selwyn asked: 'What does that mean?' Immediately adding: 'Oh, I forgot; it is one of the hereditary titles of the Georges.'

The Duke of Cumberland on asking Selwyn how a horse he had lately purchased answered, received the reply: 'I really don't know; I have never asked him a question.'

When it was proposed at one time to tax coals instead of iron, Sheridan objected to the proposal on the ground that 'it would be a jump from the frying-pan into the fire.'

Many other examples might be given of Sheridan's wit; we shall mention three. On meeting one day two royal dukes, one of them said that they had just been discussing whether Sheridan were a greater fool than knave. The wit, placing himself between them, quickly replied: 'Why, faith, I believe I'm between the two.' His son said that were he in parliament, he would write on his forehead, 'To let.'—'Add "unfurnished,"' suggested the father. On another occasion, when asked by his tailor for at least the interest of his bill, Sheridan replied: 'It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest.'

With this last we may compare Talleyrand's method in dealing with creditors. When asked by one when he should receive payment, the only answer given was: '*Ma foi*, how inquisitive you are!'

We shall draw this paper to a close by quoting from *The Anecdotal History of Parliament* the following:

'*An Irish Election Bill.*—The following bill was sent by an innkeeper at Trim to Sir Mark Somerville, who had given an order that all persons who voted for him in a contested election for Meath should be boarded and lodged at his expense. The bill, it is said, is still kept in a frame at the family seat.

April 16, 1826.

My Bill—

To eating 16 freeholders above-stairs for Sir Marks, at 3s. 3d. a head, is to me £2, 12s.

To eating 16 more below-stairs, and 2 priests after supper, is to me, £2, 15s. 9d.

To 6 beds in one room, and 4 in a nother at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed, at any time cheap enough, God knows, is to me, £22, 15s.

To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me, £5, 5s.

For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, £4, 12s.

To raw whisky and punch, without talking of pipes, tobacco, as well as for porter, and as well as for breaking a pot above-stairs and other glasses and delf for the first day and night, I am not sure, but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least, £79, 15s. 9d.

For shaving and cropping off the heads of

the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks, at 13d. for every head of them by my brother had a wote, is to me, £2, 12s. 1d. For a womit and a nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs.

I don't talk of the piper, or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me, £0.

THE TOTAL.			
2	12	0	0
2	15	0	9
22	15	0	0
5	5	0	0
4	12	0	0
70	15	0	9
2	13	0	1
	10	10	
		0	0

Signed
in the place of JEMMY CARS wife
his
BRYAN × GARRATY
Mark.

£110, 18s. 7d., you may say £111, 0s. 0d. So your Honour, Sir Marks, send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim, and no more at present.'

BREAD FROM THE BARK OF THE FIR-TREE.

THE present century is marked by a great social improvement in the position of the lower or working classes; the days of famine, from which they suffered so severely, have passed away, and they can now rely upon bread made wholly from corn, free from husk and chaff, and of that fine quality which a century ago was a luxury only indulged in by the upper or wealthier classes. This improvement has been brought about by a fuller cultivation of the land and by a general development of trade—great social changes which are the spirit or essence of civilisation.

In England, the white bread of the poor man is a thing of this century; whole-meal or brown-bread, barley-bread, and oatcake being their old form of food.

In the last century, when the wood-trade of the Baltic was confined to the Russian ports, the now thriving towns in the Gulf of Bothnia were poor fishing-villages, and the bread of the people was commonly made from the inner bark of the fir-tree. Their staple grain was oats and rye; but in time of scarcity, bark-bread was used; at other times, bark-meal was mixed with corn-meal, as a matter of economy. As the making of bark-bread may now be termed a lost art, we propose to give a few notes upon it, which cannot fail to be of interest to the general reader.

Until recently, the making of bark-bread from the fir-tree was common in the north of Sweden and Norway and in the north-western parts of Finland. The bark was stripped from the trees in the spring, the only time of the year it is easily removable; that of the trunk of large trees was most preferred, as it was less strong than the bark of small trees or branches. Linnæus, the great naturalist, when passing through the woods of Helsingland, in Sweden, in 1732, says: 'The common and spruce firs grow here to a very large size. The inhabitants had stripped almost every tree of its bark.' The outer or hard scaly bark was carefully removed, as the inner bark was the only part required. The bark was then dried in the sun, and stored for winter use, a season that embraces six or seven months of the year. Preparatory to grinding, the bark was rendered friable, thick, and porous by being warmed over a slow fire. It was then in part given to their swine in a granulated form, by way of economising corn, the swine by this food being rendered extremely fat. Other parts were cut up obliquely and given to their cows, goats, and sheep. When ground, this bark-meal, as it was called, was stored in barrels.

The following is an old recipe for making it into bread: 'The meal is moistened with cold water into a paste or dough, without being allowed to go into a state of fermentation, and without any yeast. Cold water is preferred to warm, the latter rendering the dough too brittle. The dough being of a soft consistence, is then well kneaded on a table. A handful is sufficient to make one cake, though no person would suppose that so small a quantity could make so large a cake as afterwards appears. This lump of dough is spread out on a flat table, not with a rolling-pin, but with the hands, and a flat trowel or shovel; a considerable quantity of flour is sprinkled over the surface, and the whole mass is extended until it becomes as thin as a skin of parchment. It is then turned by means of a very large shovel, after being previously prickled all over with an instrument made on purpose, and composed of a large handful of the wing feathers of ptarmigan, partridge, or some such birds. The other side, when turned uppermost, is subsequently pricked in the same manner. The cake is then put into the oven, only one being ever baked at a time. The attendance of a person is necessary to watch the cake, and move or lift it up occasionally, that it may not burn. Much time, indeed, is not required for the baking. When sufficiently done, the cake is hung over some kind of rail, and the two sides hang down parallel to each other. Other cakes when baked are hung near to, or over, the first. When the whole are finished, they are laid by one upon another in a large heap, until wanted.'

The dough was said to be more compact than barley, and almost as much so as rye; but the bread was noted as being rather bitter in taste.

Mr Laing, in his *Journal of a Residence in Norway*, states that he had been disposed to doubt the use of fir-bark for bread; but he found it more extensive than is generally supposed. In Norway, it is the custom to kiln-dry oats to such a degree that both the grain and the husks are made into a meal almost as fine as wheaten flour. In bad seasons, the inner bark of young Scotch pines is kiln-dried in a similar manner to the oats, and ground along with them, so as to add to the quantity of the meal. The present dilapidated state of the forests in districts which formerly supplied wood for exportation, is ascribed to the great destruction of young trees for this purpose in the year 1812. The bread baked of the oat and pine meal is said to be very good. It is made in the form of 'flat cakes, covering the bottom of a girdle or frying-pan, and as thin as a sheet of paper, being put on the girdle in nearly a fluid state.' When used at table, these cakes are made crisp by being warmed a little.

It would appear that the inner bark of the silver birch-tree is also used for grinding into bark-meal. Loudon says in his *Arboretum Britannicum:* 'In Kamtschatka, the inner bark of the birch is dried and ground, like that of the Scotch pine, in order to mix it with oatmeal, in times of scarcity. It is also said to be eaten in small pieces along with the roe of fish.' The Rev. Dr Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, says: 'In the fifteenth century, Christopher III. of Scandinavia, in a time of great scarcity, had the bark of birchwood mixed with meal for food, from which circumstance he was called "The King of Bark."'

It is quite clear that the birch is wholesome, for in the Baltic Provinces it is customary for women in the streets to sell birch-sap in pails to the cry of *birk watten* (birch-water); and we are told in the *Penny Cyclopædia* that 'during the siege of Hamburg by the Russians in 1814, almost all the birch-trees in the neighbourhood were destroyed by the Boshkirs and other barbarian soldiers in the Russian service, by being tapped for their sap.'

In the old home of bark-bread, wheat and oats are practically unknown, the shortness of the summer not admitting of the ripening of these cereals. The inhabitants are consequently confined to barley and rye, the latter being their staple food. This rye-bread is dark in colour, but very sweet and wholesome.

We have seen the bakers of Sweden drawing batches of rye-bread; and from the sweetness of it and its appearance as it lined the floor of the bakehouse, we could scarcely disabuse our minds that it was not a batch of English plum-loaf.

The making of bark-bread may now be said to be a thing of the past; but its use even so late as the first half of this century, points to a primitive age, and an intensity in the struggle for life with which we in England are wholly unacquainted.

THE STANHOPE GOLD MEDAL.

In this *Journal* for June 6, 1885, we gave our readers some account of the 'Heroes of Peace' whose gallant acts had been rewarded in the course of the previous year by the Royal Humane Society. The Stanhope Gold Medal—'the "blue ribbon" of the Society'—is awarded early in each year to the hero of the most praiseworthy instance of bravery brought to the notice of the Society during the preceding twelve months. In the beginning of this year, then, the Stanhope Medal was awarded to Alfred Collins, a young fisherman of Looe, Cornwall, for an act of bravery of such signal daring as to deserve special notice here. On a dark stormy night of December 1884, a boy named Hoskings fell overboard from the fishing lugger *Water Nymph*, then seven or eight miles south-east of the Eddystone lighthouse. The captain of the boat, Alfred Collins, immediately jumped overboard, hampered though he was by his oilskins and sea-boots, and holding on to his boat with one hand, endeavoured to clutch the boy with the other. He failed in this attempt; but clambering into the boat again, he secured the end of a line, and carrying this with him, he jumped overboard once more, and swam in the direction of the sinking lad. There was a heavy gale blowing, and the night was dark, with heavy rain. By the time Collins reached the boy, he was eighty feet from the *Water Nymph*, and already three feet under water; but Collins managed to clutch him, and the two were with great difficulty pulled on board. Such self-sacrificing heroism as this needs no commendation; but the Royal Humane Society do well to recognise it by the award of their medals. In addition to the Stanhope Medal, the Society awarded during last year fifteen silver medals, and one hundred and thirty-nine bronze ones; and to ten heroes who already wore the medal for previous acts of bravery, the clasp was given; while the minor awards, of testimonials on vellum and parchment and of money, numbered no fewer than two hundred and twenty-seven. In the cases reported to the Society during the twelve months, out of four hundred and thirty-nine persons attempted to be rescued, four hundred and six were actually saved.

AT THE MILL.

Swallows, skimming o'er the shallows,
Where, above the reeds and mallows,
May-flies hover light,
As ye course o'er flood and lea,
Twitter of my love to me—
Cometh he to-night?

Insect-mazes, softly droning
O'er the mill-stream's fitful moaning,
In your wayward flight,
Murmur o'er the bridge's cope
Lullabies to dreaming Hope—
Cometh he to-night?

Weave your flaming splendours o'er me,
Evening clouds that float before me,
Rosy, gold, and white;
Flood my soul with pearly rays,
Harbingers of halcyon days—
Cometh he to-night?

Flowers that lade the zephyr's fleetness
With the burden of your sweetness,
Cheer me, calm and bright.
Sweet as you my thoughts shall spring,
When his soft-tongued whispering
Breathes o'er me to-night.

Fickle he as swallow's glancing;
Wavering as the May-fly's dancing
In the waning light!
Flimsy as the clouds above,
Frail as petals all his love!
Where is he to-night?

He is here! my homebound swallow;
True to me as May-flies follow
Streamlets to alight.
Fair as skies in sunset hours,
Sweeter far than honeyed flowers,
Comes my love to-night!

F. H. Wood.

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COACHING-DAYS.

The old stagecoaches, having served their day and generation, are now a thing of the past, save such as are used for pleasure by societies like the Coaching Club. The relics of these bygone days are to be found in roomy inns, with their broad gates, their commodious yards, and extensive stabling, which have been rendered comparatively useless and deserted by the diversion of the traffic that maintained them. Our fathers and grandfathers can yet interest us by relating stories of their experiences in the old slow coaches with six inside, the improved fast coaches and flying machines running twelve miles per hour with four inside passengers; or the crawling, lumbering stage-wagon, which carried merchandise and the poorer passengers, and which was considered to have travelled quickly if it rolled over four miles of road per hour.

Previous to the introduction of coaches, journeys were performed on horseback or by postchaise, and goods were carried on packhorses. Stow says that the Earl of Arundel introduced coaches into England about 1580; but some give the honour to Boonen, a Dutchman, who is said to have used this class of vehicle so early as 1564. These coaches, however, were for private use, and it was not until 1625 that they were let for hire at the principal inns. In 1637, there were fifty hackney-coaches in London and Westminster, and soon after, stagecoaches came into general use. Here is a copy of an old coachbill of that date: 'York Four Dayes.—Stagecoach begins on Monday, the 18th of March 1678. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or return from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the *Black Swan* in Holborn in London, and the *Black Swan* in Cony Street in York. At both which places they may be received in a stagecoach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in Four Days (if God permit) and sets forth by Six in the Morning. And returns from York to Doncaster in a Forenoon; to Newark, in a Day and a Half; to Stamford, in Two Days; and from Stamford to London, in Two Days more.'

Nearly one hundred years after, the coaches were called 'machines,' and the fast ones, 'flying machines;' while, to continue the metaphor, one man thus advertises his coach—'Pruen's Machine will begin flying as follows: Hereford Machine, in a day and a half, twice a week, sets out from the *Redstreak-tree Inn* in Hereford, Tuesday and Thursday mornings, at 7 o'clock; and from the *Swan with Two Necks*, Lad Lane, London, every Monday and Wednesday evenings. Insides £1. Outsides, half-price. Jan. 5, 1775.'

During these palmy days, they had not the good macadamised roads that we now enjoy. In winter, the roads were often so bad that the coaches could not run, but were laid up, like ships during an arctic frost. If the roads were defined at all, it was most frequently by ditches, into which many a luckless outsider has been thrown by the numerous coach accidents of the period. In many places, there was no road boundary at all, for we read that Ralph Thoresby the antiquary lost his way between York and Doncaster; and the diarist Pepys between Newbury and Reading. A writer in 1770 thus speaks of the Lancashire roads: 'I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this awful road. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would a pestilence; for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings-down, as they will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, in summer-time.'

Besides the dangers of bad roads, the drivers did not render life, limb, and property any more secure by the furious driving which opposition coaches inspired. As in rival ocean steamers, competition led to a speed not compatible with safety. In Driffield (East Yorkshire) churchyard there is a tombstone to the memory

of the guard of a coach who was killed by the coach being overturned; and the way in which the local newspaper speaks of the accident, leads you to believe there had been racing between it and another coach. Richard Wood, of the *Reindeer* and *Ram Inns*, High Street, Doncaster, in his advertisements, says that his coaches are the best—the horses keep good time—and *no racing*.

These days were the days of highwaymen and footpads. Lady Walpole in her Letters relates how she and Lady Browne were robbed of their purses, when going to the Duchess of Montrose. 'After the thief had gone, Lady Browne was most fearful lest he should return and wreak vengeance; "for," said she, "I always prepare for such-like people, and carry an old purse filled with bad money, which I give them, and so save my good money." Her fears were groundless, however, for we reached our journey's end without further mishap.' These highwaymen were a source of great danger and trouble to coach-travellers, in spite of precautions to guard against them. A post-office notice issued in York, October 30, 1786, says with regard to the mailcoach passengers: 'Ladies and gentlemen may depend on every care and attention being paid to their safety. They will be guarded all the way by His Majesty's servants, and on dark nights, a postillion will ride on one of the leaders.' There is also a note to the effect that the guard was well armed.

During very wet weather and on low-lying roads, it was most unpleasant to drive through deep water; while, to add one misfortune to another, the trace might break or something else give way; and the mishap must be mended before we could get on to dry land. The writer has heard of the water over the axle-trees; and on one occasion it ran into the coach, and all but set afloat two old ladies who were inside. Their dismay may be easily imagined, and their supplications to the coachman to stop were quite affecting. Those on the outside were nearly as much to be pitied; for it had rained without ceasing all day—that kind of pitiless rain which comes down straight in solid stripes, like the water from a shower-bath, which in nautical language goes by the appellation of 'raining marlin-spikes with their points downwards.' The only difference between the outsiders and the old ladies being, that while they got it from below, the outsiders got it from above.

A good story has been told of four young undergraduates who had taken the four inside seats of the Oxford coach 'Defiance.' Just as the coach was about to start, a very pretty girl came up, attended by her grandfather, and asked if she could have an inside seat. As all the seats were occupied, the guard was unable to grant her request; but the young gentlemen inside vowed they would bear any amount of crushing and discomfort for her sake. The fare was paid, and she gently handed in her grandfather, saying: 'Mind you thank the young gentlemen, grandpa!' The feelings of the young gallants can be better imagined than described; but the coach drove off amid a general chorus of anger and dismay.

A gentleman-coachman gives the following incident: 'In or about November 1834, I got upon the "Albion" coach, which ran from Birkenhead to London. There was no one on the box, a most unusual thing, so I got by the side of the coachman. "I suppose you know what kind of a load we've got, sir?" said he. "No," I answered; "they look a queer lot! What are they?"—"Why," said he, "they're all jail-birds." "Where are they going?" said I.—"Why, to Botany Bay; and I wish they were there now, for they are inclined to give some trouble, and would do if they had not got 'ruffles' on; but they're pretty safe, I think." They had two turnkeys with them; and there was no one else on the coach but these worthies, their keepers, myself, coachman, and guard. I left the coach at Wolverhampton, and a lucky thing for me it was; for, before reaching Walsall, the horses shied at some sparks flying across the road from a blacksmith's shop, bolted, ran against a post, and upset the coach. No one was killed; but the coachman ultimately died of the injuries then received. During the confusion caused by the accident, and whilst another coach and coachman were being got ready to take them on, some of the convicts contrived to get files and other implements, and by these means put their handcuffs into such condition that they could slip them whenever they chose to do so. At a given signal they freed themselves, sprang upon and overpowered their keepers, guard, and coachman, handcuffed them, cut the traces, let loose the horses, and decamped. The greater number of them were, however, recaptured.'

With what ease, rapidity, and comfort we now perform our journeys, is best shown by contrast with the way in which our grandfathers thought wonders were performed. On a cold day in winter, your hands were frozen, your feet were frozen, your very mouth felt frozen; and, in fact, you felt frozen all over. Sometimes, with all this cold, you were also wet through—your hat wet through; your coat wet through; the large wrapper that was meant to keep your neck warm and dry, wet through; and you felt wet through to your very bones. Only twenty minutes was allowed for dinner; and by the time you had got your hands warm enough to be able to untie your neck-wrapper, and had got out of your greatcoat, which, being wet, clung most tenaciously to you, the time for dinner was half-gone. Before you had eaten one quarter of what you could have consumed, if your mouth had been in eating trim, and if your hands had been warm enough to handle your knife and fork, the coachman would put in his head and say: 'Now, gentlemen, if you please; the coach is ready.' After this summons, having struggled into your wet greatcoat, bound your miserable wet wrapper round your miserably cold neck, having paid your half-crown for the dinner you had the will but not the time to eat, with sixpence for the waiter, you wished your worthy host good-bye, grudging him the half-crown he had pocketed for your miserable dinner. You then again mounted your seat, to be rained and snowed on, and almost frozen to death before you reached your journey's end.

The following is from *Notes and Queries*, August 1856: 'There being persons who seriously lament the good old time of coaches, when they could travel leisurely and securely, see the country, and converse with the natives, it may be well to register some of the miseries before they are altogether effaced from the memory.

'The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

It is certainly not desirable that the good of coaches should be interred with their bones; neither is it by any means to be wished that the evil should entirely cease to live after them, so as to render us *indifferent*, and thankless, and insensible to the superior advantages of modern locomotion. (1) Although your place has been contingently secured days before, and you have risen with the lark, yet you see the ponderous vehicle arrive full, full, full; and this, not unlikely, more than once. (2) At the end of a stage, beholding the four panting, reeking, foamy animals, which have dragged you twelve miles; and the stiff, galled, scraggy relay, crawling and limping out of the yard. (3) Being politely requested, at the foot of a tremendous hill, to ease the horses, by getting out and walking. (4) An outside passenger resolving to endure no longer the pelting of the pitiless storm, takes refuge inside, to your consternation, with dripping hat, saturated cloak, and soaked umbrella. (5) Set down with a promiscuous party to a meal, bearing no resemblance to that of a good hotel save in the charge; and no time to enjoy it. (6) Closely packed in the coach, "cabined, cribbed, confined" with five companions morally or physically obnoxious, for two or three comfortless days and nights. (7) During a halt, overhearing the coarse language of the hostlers and tipplers at the roadside pothouse; and besieged by beggars exposing their mutilations. (8) Roused from your nocturnal slumber by the horn or bugle, the lashing and cracking of whip, a search for parcels under your seat, and solicitous drivers. (9) Discovering at a diverging point in your journey that the other coach you wished to take runs only every other day, or has finally stopped. (10) Clambering from the wheel to your elevated seat by various iron projections. (11) After threading the narrowest streets of an ancient town, entering the innyard by a low gateway, requiring great care to escape decapitation. (12) Seeing the luggage piled up "Olympus high," so as to occasion an alarming oscillation. (13) Having the reins and whip placed in your unpractised hands, while coachee indulges in a glass and a chat. (14) When dangling at the extremity of a seat, overcome with drowsiness. (15) Exposed to piercing draughts, owing to a refractory glass; or, *vice versâ*, being in a minority, you are compelled, for the sake of ventilation, to thrust your umbrella accidentally through a pane. (16) At various seasons, suffocated with dust and broiled by a powerful sun; or cowering under an umbrella in a drenching rain; or petrified by cold; or torn by fierce winds; or struggling through snow; or wending your way through perilous floods. (17) Perceiving that a young squire is receiving an initiatory practical lesson in the art of driving, or that a jibing horse or a race with an opposition coach is endangering your existence. (18) Losing the enjoyment or employment of much precious time, not only on the road but also from consequent fatigue. (19) Interrupted before the termination of your hurried meal by your two rough-coated, big-buttoned, many-caped friends, the coachman and guard, who hope you will remember them.'

No doubt these olden times had their delights as well as discomforts, and old coachmen still speak enthusiastically of the charm of a bright moonlight night in summer-time, in which, not marred by the beat of the horses' feet or the rumble of the wheels, you heard sounds, saw sights, and felt conscious of perfumes that are unknown to railway travellers. Yes, though many may greatly regret that steam has superseded horse-flesh, that the grimy engine-driver and stoker have displaced the coachman, that the discordant, screeching whistle is heard instead of the long mellow horn, the balance is in our favour, in spite of all the annoyances to which we are subjected by the stupidity and carelessness of railway officials, or by the red-tapeism and apparent indifference of railway directors.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the morning when Harry Noel was to arrive in Trinidad, Mr Dupuy and Edward Hawthorn both came down early to the landing-stage to await the steamer. Mr Dupuy condescended to nod in a distant manner to the young judge—he had never forgiven him that monstrous decision in the case of Delgado *versus* Dupuy—and to ask chillily whether he was expecting friends from England.

'No,' Edward Hawthorn answered with a bow as cold as Mr Dupuy's own. 'I have come down to meet an old English friend of mine, a Mr Noel, whom I knew very well at Cambridge and in London, but who's coming at present only from Barbadoes.'

Mr Dupuy astutely held his tongue. *Noblesse* did not so far impose upon him as to oblige him to confess that it was Harry Noel he, too, had come down in search of. But as soon as the steamer was well alongside, Mr Dupuy, in his stately, slow, West Indian manner, sailed ponderously down the special gangway, and asked a steward at once to point out to him which of the passengers was Mr Noel.

Harry Noel, when he received Mr Dupuy's pressing invitation, was naturally charmed at the prospect of thus being quartered under the same roof with pretty little Nora. Had he known the whole circumstances of the case, indeed, his native good feeling would, of course, have prompted him to go to the Hawthorns'; but Edward had been restrained by a certain sense of false shame from writing the whole truth about this petty local race prejudice to his friend in England; and so Harry jumped at once at the idea of being so comfortably received into the very house of which he so greatly desired to become an inmate. 'You're very good, I'm sure,' he answered in his off-hand manner to the old planter. 'Upon my word,

I never met anything in my life to equal your open-hearted West Indian hospitality. Wherever one goes, one's uniformly met with open arms. I shall be delighted, Mr Dupuy, to put up at your place—Orange Grove, I think you call it—ah, exactly—if you'll kindly permit me.—Here, you fellow, go down below, will you, and ask for my luggage.'

Edward Hawthorn was a minute or two too late. Harry came forward eagerly, in the old friendly fashion, to grasp his hand with a hard grip, but explained to him with a look, which Edward immediately understood, that Orange Grove succeeded in offering him superior attractions even to Mulberry. So the very next day found Nora and Harry Noel seated together at lunch at Mr Dupuy's well-loaded table; while Tom Dupuy, who had actually stolen an hour or two from his beloved canes, dropped in casually to take stock of this new possible rival, as he half suspected the gay young Englishman would turn out to be. From the first moment that their eyes met, Tom Dupuy conceived an immediate dislike and distrust for Harry Noel. What did he want coming here to Trinidad? Tom wondered: a fine-spoken, stuck-up, easy-going, haw-haw Londoner, of the sort that your true-born colonist hates and detests with all the force of his good-hater's nature. Harry irritated him immensely by his natural superiority: a man of Tom Dupuy's type can forgive anything in any other man except higher intelligence and better breeding. Those are qualities for which he feels a profound contempt, not unmingled with hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. So, as soon as Nora had risen from the table and the men were left alone, West Indian fashion, to their afternoon cigar and cup of coffee, Tom Dupuy began to open fire at once on Harry about his precious coloured friends the Hawthorns at Mulberry.

'So you've come across partly to see that new man at the Westmoreland District Court, have you?' he said sneeringly. 'Well, I daresay he was considered fit company for gentlemen over in England, Mr Noel—people seem to have very queer ideas about what's a gentleman and what's not, over in England—but though I didn't like to speak about it before Nora, seeing that they're friends of hers, I think I ought to warn you beforehand that you mustn't have too much to say to them if you want to get on out here in Trinidad. People here are a trifle particular about their company.'

Harry looked across curiously at the young planter, leaning back in awkward fashion with legs outstretched and half turned away from the table, as he sipped his coffee, and answered quietly, with some little surprise: 'Why, yes, Mr Dupuy, I think our English idea of what constitutes a gentleman does differ slightly in some respects from the one I find current out here in the West Indies. I knew Hawthorn intimately for several years at Cambridge and in London, and the more I knew of him the better I liked him and the more I respected him. He's a little bit too radical for me, I confess, and a little bit too learned as well; but in every other way, I can't imagine what possible objection you can bring against him.'

Tom Dupuy smiled an ugly smile, and gazed hard at Harry Noel's dark and handsome face and features. 'Well,' he said slowly, a malevolent light gleaming hastily from his heavy eyes, 'we West Indians may be prejudiced; they say we are; but still, we're not fond somehow of making too free with a pack of niggers. Now, I don't say your friend Hawthorn's exactly a nigger outside, to look at: he isn't: he's managed to hide the outer show of his colour finely. I've seen a good many regular white people, or what passed for white people'—and here he glanced significantly at the fine-spoken Londoner's dark fingers, toying easily with the amber mouthpiece of his dainty cigar-holder—'who were a good many shades darker in the skin than this fellow Hawthorn, for all they thought themselves such very grand gentlemen. Some of 'em may be coloured, and some of 'em mayn't: there's no knowing, when once you get across to England; for people there have no proper pride of race, I understand, and would marry a coloured girl, if she happened to have money, as soon as look at her. But this fellow Hawthorn, though he seems externally as white as you do—and a great deal whiter too, by Jove—is well known out here to be nothing but a coloured person, as his father and his mother were before him.'

Harry Noel puffed out a long stream of white smoke as he answered carelessly: 'Ah, I daresay he is, if what you mean is just that he's got some remote sort of negro tinge somewhere about him—though he doesn't look it; but I expect almost all the old West Indian families, you know, must have intermarried long ago, when English ladies were rare in the colonies, with pretty half-castes.'

Quite unwittingly, the young Englishman had trodden at once on the very tenderest and dearest corn of his proud and unbending West Indian entertainers. Pride of blood is the one form of pride that they thoroughly understand and sympathise with; and this remote hint of a possible (and probable) distant past when the purity of the white race was not quite so efficiently guaranteed as it is nowadays, roused both the fiery Dupuys immediately to a white-heat of indignation.

'Sir,' Mr Theodore Dupuy said stiffly, 'you evidently don't understand the way in which we regard these questions out here in the colonies, and especially in Trinidad. There is one thing which your English parliament has not taken from us, and can never take from us; and that is the pure European blood which flows unsullied in all our veins, nowhere polluted by the faintest taint of a vile African intermixture.'

'Certainly,' Mr Tom Dupuy echoed angrily, 'if you want to call us niggers, you'd better call us niggers outright, and not be afraid of it.'

'Upon my word,' Harry Noel answered with an apologetic smile, 'I hadn't the least intention, my dear sir, of seeming to hint anything against the purity of blood in West Indians generally; I only meant, that if my friend Hawthorn—who is really a very good fellow and a perfect gentleman—does happen to have a little distant infusion of negro blood in him, it doesn't seem to me to matter much to any of us nowadays. It must be awfully little—a mere nothing, you

know; just the amount one would naturally expect if his people had intermarried once with half-castes a great many generations ago. I was only standing up for my friend, you see.—Surely,' turning to Tom, who still glared at him like a wild beast aroused, 'a man ought to stand up for his friends when he hears them ill spoken of.'

'Oh, quite so,' Mr Theodore Dupuy replied, in a mollified voice. 'Of course, if Mr Hawthorn's a friend of yours, and you choose to stand by him here, in spite of his natural disabilities, on the ground that you happened to know him over in England—where, I believe, he concealed the fact of his being coloured—and you don't like now to turn your back upon him, why, naturally, that's very honourable of you, very honourable.—Tom, my dear boy, we must both admit that Mr Noel is acting very honourably. And, indeed, we can't expect people brought up wholly in England'—Mr Dupuy dwelt softly upon this fatal disqualification, as though aware that Harry must be rather ashamed of it—'to feel upon these points exactly as we do, who have a better knowledge and insight into the negro blood and the negro character.'

'Certainly not,' Tom Dupuy continued maliciously. 'People in England don't understand these things at all as we do.—Why, Mr Noel, you mayn't be aware of it, but even among the highest English aristocracy there are an awful lot of regular coloured people, out-and-out mulattoes. West Indian heiresses in the old days used to go home—brown girls, or at anyrate young women with a touch of the tar-brush—daughters of governors and so forth, on the wrong side of the house—you understand'—Mr Tom Dupuy accompanied these last words with an upward and backward jerk of his left thumb, supplemented by a peculiarly ugly grimace, intended to be facetious—'the sort of trash no decent young fellow over here would have so much as touched with a pair of tongs (in the way of marrying 'em, I mean); and when they got across to England, were snapped up at once by dukes and marquises, whose descendants, after all, though they may be lords, are really nothing better, you see, than common brown people!'

He spoke snappishly, but Harry only looked across at him in mild wonder. On the calm and unquestioning pride of a Lincolnshire Noel, remarks such as these fell flat and pointless. If a Noel had chosen to marry a kitchen-maid, according to their simple old-fashioned faith, he would have ennobled her at once, and lifted her up into his own exalted sphere of life and action. Her children after her would have been Lincolnshire Noels, the equals of any duke or marquis in the United Kingdom. So Harry only smiled benignly, and answered in his easy offhand manner: 'By Jove, I shouldn't wonder at all if that were really the case now. One reads in Thackeray, you know, so much about the wealthy West Indian heiresses, with suspiciously curly hair, who used to swarm in London in the old slavery days. But of course, Mr Dupuy, it's a well-known fact that all our good families have been awfully recruited by actresses and so forth. I believe some statistical fellow or other has written a book to show that if it weren't for the actresses, the peerage and baronetage would all have died out long ago, of pure inanition. I daresay the West Indian heiresses, with the frizzy hair, helped to fulfil the same good and useful purpose, by bringing an infusion of fresh blood every now and then into our old families.' And Harry ran his hand carelessly through his own copious curling black locks, in perfect unconsciousness of the absurdly malapropos nature of that instinctive action at that particular moment. His calm sense of utter superiority—that innate belief so difficult to shake, even on the most rational grounds, in most well-born and well-bred Englishmen—kept him even from suspecting the real drift of Tom Dupuy's reiterated innuendoes.

'You came out to Barbadoes to look after some property of your father's, I believe?' Mr Dupuy put in, anxious to turn the current of the conversation from this very dangerous and fitful channel.

'I did,' Harry Noel answered unconcernedly. 'My father's, or rather my mother's. Her people have property there. We're connected with Barbadoes, indeed. My mother's family were Barbadian planters.'

At the word, Tom Dupuy almost jumped from his seat and brought his fist down heavily upon the groaning table. 'They were?' he cried inquiringly. 'Barbadian planters? You don't mean to say, then, Mr Noel, that some of your own people were really and truly born West Indians?'

'Why on earth should he want to get so very excited about it?' Harry Noel thought to himself hastily. 'What on earth can it matter to him whether my people were Barbadian planters or Billingsgate fishmongers?'—'Yes, certainly, they were,' he went on to Tom Dupuy with a placid smile of quiet amusement. 'Though my mother was never in the island herself from the time she was a baby, I believe, still all her family were born and bred there, for some generations.—But why do you ask me? Did you know anything of her people—the Budleighs of the Wilderness?'

'No, no; I didn't know anything of them,' Tom Dupuy replied hurriedly, with a curious glance sideways at his uncle.—'But, 'pon my honour, Uncle Theodore, it's really a very singular thing, now one comes to think of it, that Mr Noel should happen to come himself, too, from a West Indian family.'

As Harry Noel happened that moment to be lifting his cup of coffee to his lips, he didn't notice that Tom Dupuy was pointing most significantly to his own knuckles, and signalling to his uncle, with eyes and fingers, to observe Harry's. And if he had, it isn't probable that a Lincolnshire Noel would even have suspected the hidden meaning of those strange and odd-looking monkey-like antics.

By-and-by, Harry rose from the table carelessly, and asked in a casual way whether Mr Dupuy would kindly excuse him; he wanted to go and pay a call which he felt he really mustn't defer beyond the second day from his arrival in Trinidad.

'You'll take a mount?' Mr Dupuy inquired hospitably. 'You know, we never dream of

walking out in these regions. All the horses in my stable are entirely at your disposal. How far did you propose going, Mr Noel? A letter of introduction you wish to deliver, I suppose, to the governor or somebody?'

Harry paused and hesitated for a second. Then he answered as politely as he was able: 'No, not exactly a letter of introduction. I feel I mustn't let the day pass without having paid my respects as early as possible to Mrs Hawthorn.'

Tom Dupuy nudged his uncle; but the elder planter had too much good manners to make any reply save to remark that one of his niggers would be ready to show Mr Noel the way to the district judge's—ah—dwelling-place at Mulberry.

As soon as Harry's back was turned, however, Mr Tom Dupuy sank back incontinently on the dining-room sofa and exploded in a loud burst of boisterous laughter.

'My dear Tom,' Mr Theodore Dupuy interposed nervously, 'what on earth are you doing? Young Noel will certainly overhear you. Upon my word, though I can't say I agree with all the young fellow's English sentiments, I really don't see that there's anything in particular to laugh at in him. He seems to me a very gentlemanly, well-bred, intelligent—— Why, goodness gracious, Tom, what has come over you so suddenly? You look for all the world as if you were positively going to kill yourself outright with laughing about nothing!'

Mr Tom Dupuy removed his handkerchief hastily from his mouth, and with an immense effort to restrain his merriment, exclaimed in a low suppressed voice: 'Why, now, Uncle Theodore, do you mean to tell me you don't see the whole joke! you don't understand the full absurdity of the situation?'

Mr Dupuy gazed back at him blankly. 'No more than I understand why on earth you are making such a confounded fool of yourself now,' he answered contemptuously.

Tom Dupuy calmed himself slowly with a terrific effort, and blurted out at last, in a mysterious undertone: 'Why, the point of it is, don't you see, Uncle Theodore, the fellow's a coloured man himself, as sure as ever you and I are standing here this minute!'

A light burst in upon Mr Dupuy's benighted understanding with extraordinary rapidity. 'He is!' he cried, clapping his hand to his forehead hurriedly in the intense excitement of a profoundly important discovery. 'He is, he is! There can't be a doubt about it! Baronet or no baronet, as sure as fate, Tom, my boy, that man's a regular brown man!'

'I knew he was,' Tom Dupuy replied exultantly, 'the very moment I first set eyes upon that ugly head of his! I was sure he was a nigger as soon as I looked at him! I suspected it at once from his eyes and his knuckles. But when he told me his mother was a Barbadian woman—why, then, I knew, as sure as fate, it was all up with him.'

'You're quite right, quite right, Tom; I haven't a doubt about it,' Mr Theodore Dupuy continued helplessly, wringing his hands before him in bewilderment and horror. 'And the worst of it is I have asked him to stop here as long as he's in Trinidad! What a terrible thing if it were to get about over the whole island that I've asked a brown man to come and stop for an indefinite period under the same roof with your cousin Nora!'

Tom Dupuy was not wanting in chivalrous magnanimity. He leaned back on the sofa and screwed his mouth up for a moment with a comical expression; then he answered slowly: 'It's a very serious thing, of course, to accuse a man offhand of being a nigger. We mustn't condemn him unheard or without evidence. We must try to find out all we can about his family. Luckily, he's given us the clue himself. He said his mother was a Barbadian woman—a Budleigh of the Wilderness. We'll track him down. I've made a mental note of it!'

Just at that moment, Nora walked quietly into the dining-room to ask the gentlemen whether they meant to go for a ride by-and-by in the cool of the evening. 'For if you do, papa,' she said in explanation, 'you know you must send for Nita to the pasture, for Mr Noel will want a horse, and you're too heavy for any but the cob, so you'll have to get up Nita for Mr Noel.'

Tom Dupuy glanced at her suspiciously. 'I suppose since your last particular friend fell over the gully that night at Banana Garden,' he said hastily, 'you'll be picking up next with a new favourite in this fine-spoken, new-fangled, haw-haw, English fellow!'

Nora looked back at him haughtily and defiantly. 'Tom Dupuy,' she answered with a curl of her lip (she always addressed him by both names together), 'you are quite mistaken—utterly mistaken. I don't feel in the least prepossessed by Mr Noel's personal appearance.'

'Why not? Why not?' Tom inquired eagerly.

'I don't know by what right you venture to cross-question me about such a matter; but as you ask me, I don't mind answering you. Mr Noel is a shade or two too dark by far ever to take my own fancy.'

Tom whistled low to himself and gave a little start. 'By Jove,' he said, half aloud and half to himself, 'that was a Dupuy that spoke that time, certainly. After all, the girl's got some proper pride still left in her. She doesn't want to marry him, *although* he's a brown man. I always thought myself, as a mere matter of taste, she positively preferred these woolly-headed mulattoes!'

JOHN HULLAH.

In 1870, when Mrs John Hullah was canvassing on behalf of Miss Garrett, M.D., then a candidate for the London School Board, several persons suggested that Mrs Hullah herself should have been proposed—'For it's a name that ought to be on the Board.' That the name of Hullah must at one time have been a household word might be gathered from Lord Wharncliffe's statement in the House of Lords, that between the end of 1841 and July 1842, fifty thousand persons were enlisted as musical students under the superintendence of Mr Hullah and his pupils. Very early in life, Mr Hullah's thoughts had been occupied with the great problem of popularising the noble and refining art of music, and

this problem it was his life's labour to deal with, bringing to the task considerable wisdom and culture, magnificent patience, and generous enthusiasm. At a time when musical culture was very limited indeed, Hullah stood forward to proclaim that this evil was readily curable, that almost any child might learn to sing on scientific principles, so as to be able to pursue the study after leaving school, and that music deserved to be dealt with systematically, instead of being treated as a mere 'relaxation from severer studies.' As showing how these ideas were promoted during a long and busy career, the *Life of John Hullah*, now published by his widow (London: Longmans), and including a few pages of autobiography, will be welcome not only to musicians but to social reformers, and all who have any respect for the pioneers of progress.

On the authority of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Mr Hullah informs us that he first saw the light in the city of Worcester, on the 27th of June 1812. In a private school, he received a remarkably good education in English literature, but apparently in nothing else; and his future career was still an open question, when it was suggested, by a musical family very intimate with the Hullahs, that John should be trained to the profession of music. Accordingly, he became a pupil of William Horsley, the celebrated glee-writer. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, Hullah himself ventured on the composition of a glee; and in 1833, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, then possessing, in his opinion, a reputation which it has never exceeded. Here, among his fellow-students, he met Miss Fanny Dickens, sister of the novelist, and shortly afterwards he appears to have become intimately acquainted with Charles Dickens himself. Mr Hullah's first marriage took place on December 20, 1838; and early in the following year, the idea of a popular method of teaching singing began to engage his attention. He went to Paris to observe the method of M. Wilhem, and soon afterwards began teaching on a small scale at the Normal School at Battersea. Through Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the sympathy of many influential persons was secured, and Hullah awoke to find himself famous. All classes from royalty downward were eager for information as to the new method. Lectures were required in all parts of the country; and owing probably to Mr Hullah's own enthusiasm, very many of his pupils became teachers.

In 1844, Hullah became Professor of Music at King's College, London, an office which he filled with acceptance for thirty years. He held similar appointments at Bedford College and Queen's College, two well-known schools for girls; and, indeed, was associated with F. D. Maurice in the founding of the latter institution.

The erection of St Martin's Hall, the scene of his most public labours, was an enterprise entered upon by him with characteristic light-heartedness. 'To the work carried out in St Martin's Hall,' says Mrs Hullah, 'is undoubtedly traceable the present all but universal study of music by every class in England; but it may certainly be said that for the chief director of that early movement, splendidly as he was supported and encouraged by his immediate friends, the results were ruinous in every way.' In this costly building he took up his residence, in order to be near the scene of his classes and concerts, and for more than fourteen years he carried on a severe struggle for the cause which lay so near his heart. In 1861, when the Hall was destroyed by fire, and 'Mr Hullah, now past his prime, stood a ruined man in the midst of a large family,' a host of influential friends—including Charles Dickens, Henry Chorley, Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, Sir Arthur Helps, and Mr (now Lord) Coleridge—rallied round him, and gave him a new start in life.

In 1861, Hullah published his Royal Institution Lectures on *The History of Modern Music*, a work which met with a cordial reception, and has since been translated into Italian by Alberto Visetti. Hullah's failure in 1865 to gain the appointment of Professor of Music at Edinburgh was apparently as crushing as any misfortune could be to so buoyant a nature. There was scarcely a spot in the world which he would have chosen for his home in preference to Edinburgh. His lectures at the Philosophical Institution and his numerous concerts had made him well known there, and gained him many warm friends, who apparently encouraged him to suppose that his election was certain. There can be no doubt that he would have been a brilliant professor and an honour to the university; for he was a man of wide culture and boundless enthusiasm for his art. That 'capacity for general appreciation,' which he pointed to in Mendelssohn, was very properly cited by a friend as the striking feature in Hullah's own character. Natural scenery, poetry, painting, and especially architecture, all found in him a thoughtful appreciation.

But admirably as he was fitted for such a professorship, perhaps the post which he received in 1872 of government Inspector of Music was even more suited to call forth his best talents and energies. His great objects were, firstly, to abolish singing by ear; and secondly, to encourage the formation of mixed choirs. He wished women to have more systematic training in choirs, so as to supersede the passionless soprano of boys and the falsetto counter-tenor of men. What he did towards the promotion of a scientific method of singing, may be judged from the fact, that during nine years, he examined sixteen thousand male and female students who expected to become teachers, and in that case would probably give their pupils the benefit of his system. His official position brought him into delicate relations with the advocates of other singing methods, but although of course we find occasional depreciatory remarks, his tone is generally very fair. Referring to the tonic sol-fa system, he went so far on one occasion as to recommend the government to refuse their sanction to 'a notation or alphabet absolutely unknown out of Great Britain, the closest acquaintance with which fails to enable its possessors to read music as it is written by musicians.' This seems at first sight inconsistent with his repeated deprecation of 'any attempt to enforce on the musical instructors in training-schools directly or indirectly the adoption of any particular method of instruction, books, or exercises whatever;' but possibly his meaning was that

the tonic sol-faists, however their course might begin, should ultimately include in it a knowledge of the old notation—a provision to which they could not possibly object.

As a composer, Hullah attained no great distinction. In 1836, *The Village Coquettes*—an opera for which Charles Dickens supplied the libretto, and Hullah the music—was very successfully produced at the St James's Theatre, where it ran for sixty nights. It was also played in Edinburgh under the management of Mr Ramsay. Charles Kingsley praised very highly Hullah's setting of *The Three Fishers*, a song which is still met with in concert programmes. Among his other songs, which, as Mrs Hullah mentions, generally reflected his sadder moods, *The Storm* and *The Sands of Dee* are probably the best known.

Mrs Hullah has wisely restricted herself to a bare outline of her husband's lifework, thus bringing her book within reach of his many pupils and admirers. Had a larger scope been permissible, a most interesting volume might have been produced consisting of reminiscences of his distinguished friends. We should have had a peep at the genial author of *Friends in Council*, for between Helps and Hullah there existed a life-long intimacy. We hear almost nothing of Mendelssohn; and of Spohr, we are simply told that 'he did not play very well.' The simple fact of a dinner with Meyerbeer is recorded; and we also hear of Samuel Rogers and Tom Moore as visitors at Mr Hullah's house. His friend Mr Chorley having reported the discovery of 'a new composer, Gounod by name,' Hullah went to Paris, and reported favourably but cautiously concerning M. Gounod's abilities. 'A great original musical genius,' he writes, 'is such a creation, that one is slow to come to any conclusion.'

Hardly one of the good stories Hullah was constantly picking up has found its way into this volume. Being gifted with elocutionary and dramatic power, he could repeat a story very effectively, and once boasted that he had correctly given a Scottish anecdote involving two distinct dialects.

In 1876, Hullah received the degree of LL.D. from the university of Edinburgh, being presented to the Chancellor by his old friend, Professor Douglas Maclagan. 'It is fitting,' said Professor Maclagan, 'that the university of Edinburgh, which alone, of the universities of Scotland, possesses a chair of Music, should show a practical acknowledgment of past musicians by recognising one of the fine arts in the person of this most adequate representative.'

In 1880, Hullah had a stroke of paralysis, which partially disabled his left leg and arm; but after a short rest, his marvellous energy forced him again into active work. Even at the age of seventy, he resented the idea of retirement; and it was not until he had accepted Mr Gladstone's offer of a Civil List pension, that he fully realised that his lifework was over. He died in the midst of his family, at Malvern wells, on the 21st of February 1884.

John Hullah devoted his whole energies to a cause in which he had a profound faith. It was doubtless to typify this devotion that he adopted the witty device and motto which appear on the title-page of Mrs Hullah's book. The ladder referred to in the motto, 'Per sealam ascendimus,' is of course the musical scale, by means of which Hullah knew he could greatly benefit his fellow-countrymen. With remarkable courage and tenacity he pursued this object, triumphing wonderfully over both apathy and obloquy. His name will probably not be permanently associated with the great work of giving to all British school children a rudimentary musical education on a thoroughly scientific basis; but the principle was fearlessly maintained by him when it had scarcely any other supporter, and all our future efforts must rest on the sound foundation which he laid.

In conclusion, we may add that it is matter of congratulation that the teaching of music in elementary schools is no longer left merely to private enterprise, but now forms a branch of the work done under the auspices of the Education Department. Government encourages musical tuition by a grant of money even to infant schools, 'if the scholars are satisfactorily taught to sing by note'—that is, 'by the standard, or any other recognised, notation.' In this way the culture and the love of music will be sure to enter more than ever into the everyday life of our homes and communities.

THE HERRING-FISHERY AND FISHERMEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

UNTIL recent years, many curious customs and superstitions prevailed among the fisher-people, and in a year of scarcity it was nothing uncommon to see in the streets of Fraserburgh, Peterhead, or any of the Moray Firth ports, a considerable procession, headed by several representative men, some on horseback, and others on foot, bearing flags and symbols of the trade. The leaders were always comically and fantastically attired; and while some had a number of herrings suspended by the tail from their hat-brims, others had their clothes stuck full of burrs; and all this demonstration was deemed to have sufficient virtue in it to cause the herrings to rise and go into the nets! Up to the time that such exhibitions were common, no class was more superstitious than fishermen, and many practical jokes were perpetrated at their expense. The seafaring classes had a pious horror of hares and swine, and contact with them was held as portending some serious disaster or evil; and if any jocular cooper or fishcurer, anxious at a dull time in the fishing-season to relieve the monotony of their daily life, surreptitiously placed a leg of either of those animals on board a boat, its discovery led to the greatest commotion among the crew, who would not on any account go to sea that night, lest some dreadful accident should befall the craft.

After a period of scarcity, the unexpected arrival of a successful craft in the early forenoon with the report that the fleet had at length met a large shoal of fish and secured heavy takes, spreads like wildfire through the town;

and the excitement manifested by all, from the largest fishcurer to the smallest fisher-boy, is intense. The piers are soon crowded with visitors, interested spectators, and those directly engaged in the trade; and the effect produced by the loud-toned dialect spoken by the local fisherwomen mingling with the distinctive pronunciation of the natives of Fife, Berwickshire, Banff, and Moray, in addition to the highly pitched Gaelic of the Highland girls, is unusually strange. As the boats round the breakwater, they are eagerly scanned by many anxious faces; and on reaching the pier, the crews of those craft that have been fortunate in securing unusually heavy takes receive, in a homely way, the congratulations of their relatives, and form the centre of attraction to all those loungers about the harbour who have nothing particular to do.

One of the first evidences of a successful fishing is the activity of the fisherwomen running hither and thither in hot haste armed with a plentiful supply of food for the bread-winners, which is soon after the boat's arrival put on board, and hastily partaken of ere the hard day's work commences. Before the meal is finished, the carters are waiting at the pier-side; and should all the herrings be shaken out of the nets, the men at once don their oilskins, and placing themselves in a convenient position to fill the baskets in the boat's hold, the work of discharging commences. The skipper stands upon the pier to haul the baskets ashore, an operation in which he is often assisted by his wife, who on many occasions takes the lion's share of the work. After working some time in the hold, the men gradually become covered with the silvery scales of the fish till their clothing assumes the appearances of a coat of mail, in which their stalwart figures and superb physique stand out in striking relief. Should the harvest of the sea be landed in larger quantities than usual, the stir both on the piers and in the curing-yards correspondingly increases; and amid a babel of tongues and uproarious good-humour, the stream of carts loaded with herrings goes on incessantly; while fishcurers, whose heads are almost turned with the pressure of business, rush to and fro issuing orders to their servants and fishermen.

On being brought into the yards, the herrings are emptied into large square wooden boxes called 'forelands,' many of which are under a roof, so that the women who gut the fish may be protected from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. To those who see them for the first time in a heavy fishing-night, the gutters count one of the sights of the trade; and their persons, as they appear clad in oilskins and besmeared with blood from head to foot, reminds one of an Indian in his war-paint fresh from battle. These women, from a life-long experience, show the greatest dexterity in their work; and the rapidity with which they seize a herring, enter the knife at its gills, remove the gut, and throw the offal into one tub and the fish into another, is one of the features of the business, and, in the eyes of a stranger, appears part of a juggler's education. In the course of an afternoon and evening, one crew of women—comprising two gutters and one packer—will have a good many rows of barrels at their credit, representing earnings of from ten to twenty shillings. On all occasions when the fishing is heavy, these women are obliged to work at any hour; and as it often happens that the boats are late in arriving, curing operations go on all night, rendering a curing-yard, if not a pretty, an interesting sight. From end to end of the premises are rows of forelands heaped with herrings, whose silvery scales glitter in the light thrown from the blazing naphtha lamps suspended overhead, the rays of which, again, play upon the surface of the water in the harbour in a way that recalls memories of historic cities by sea and lake.

Around the forelands the women ply the knife in a competitive spirit with lightning speed; and while they work, the air is often filled with the strains of popular songs and hymns, interspersed with the Gaelic music of the Highland girls, sung by these toilers to while away the midnight hours. On such a night, a fishing-town has an appearance quite unique. The lurid glare in a murky sky of the many lights burning in the yards, has a very weird effect; while the roll of carts and the shrill cries of the fisher-girls, mixed with the stentorian tones of 'the maister' issuing his orders at dead of night, give a romantic touch to the picture. Often among the gutters are to be found most respectable, educated females, who are tempted by the high remuneration paid to engage in the work, and who, when the fishing is over, assume another character, and may be seen at the Christmas balls in some of the smaller towns as the leaders of fashion. It may be noted here, that after being gutted, packed, and salted, the herrings are allowed to lie in barrels in the curing-yards for some little time. The barrels are then filled up, and otherwise completely cured; and having received the brand of the Fishery Board as a certificate of good quality, they are despatched to Germany and Russia and other centres where herrings form a staple article of food. The salting of herrings has hitherto been the chief method of curing; but recently, boracic acid has been introduced for the same purpose, though how far it will be adopted in practice, is still a question of the future.

One feature of the fishing which presents an unusually pretty and romantic sight may be seen on a dark night towards the end of August. At that time the boats are usually within a mile or two of the shore; and when the gloaming deepens and the nets are shot, the crews prepare to hoist the lights required to be exhibited by law to prevent accidents happening with passing vessels. As darkness sets in, light after light appears, till the sea for a stretch of many miles is transformed into what seems a gaily illuminated city; but instead of the din and bustle associated with such an occasion, not a sound is heard but the gentle ripple of the summer sea, as its wavelets frolic on the sandy beach, or thread their way round the rocks near the old tower. The sight is ever new, and one so pretty and so fascinating, that on every occasion when it is available, the whole community, including those who have been privileged to witness it for a lifetime, eagerly seek the points of vantage where they can best view the fairy-like scene spread out before them.

In mostly all the great herring-fishery ports, the harbours during winter have a most oppressive stillness, and often the trade done for a protracted period would comprise the arrival and sailing of a few colliers and a limited number of windbound ships. In spring, the scene changes, however; and by July, every available inch of water area is appropriated to the use of craft employed in the staple industry; and at times so great is the pressure, that many vessels are obliged to lie in the bay and wait their regular turn before being permitted to enter the harbour. In addition to our own ships, a great many German vessels have been hitherto engaged carrying herrings; but within the last two years, Norwegian steamers, which were employed in the Norwegian herring business before steam was introduced here, have greatly taken up the carrying-trade, to the serious exclusion of the British sailing schooners, which held the trade in their own hands for half a century, and considered it strictly their own. In consequence of the altered aspect of affairs, a strong feeling exists among the old-fashioned mariners, especially the local skippers, against what they consider an unjust usurpation of their exclusive right, and many an aged salt may be heard sighing for the 'good old times.' But in spite of their quarter-deck arguments, which appear as old-fashioned as their craft, steam-carrying power is fast increasing; and it is more than probable that the once smart fleet of schooners, whose employment in the herring-trade was wont to yield the year's dividend to the owners, will soon be practically a thing of the past.

The social aspect of the fishermen engaged in the herring-fishery has undergone a remarkable change within the last quarter of a century; and the noisy, hard-drinking, indigent toilers of the deep have given place to a race of sober, industrious, religiously inclined class of men, who in many instances have amassed and have at their credit in the bank large sums of money. On the north and north-east coasts, thirty or forty years ago, fishermen as a class were reckoned amongst the hardest drinkers of the population, and one curious custom then existing, but which happily disappeared many years ago, was rather a strong proof of the not very enviable character attached to the men in those days. Before finally settling the terms of an agreement with the curer, the skipper always satisfied himself that one important clause was safe, which was to the effect that the curer was bound to supply a gallon and a half of whisky weekly for the exclusive use of the crew while prosecuting the fishing.

As years rolled on, the habits of fishermen gradually improved; and when the temperance movement spread its branches over the land, no class enlisted under its banners more readily, and no section of the community was more enthusiastic or adhered more firmly to the tee-total principles than did this section of the seafaring class. In a remarkably short time the thatched hovels gave place to neat stone and lime cottages; and the fishermen, instead of spending their evenings in the public-house, preferred either to stay at home and mend the nets or join in some temperance or religious movement which often necessitated a walk of a good many miles to the chief town in the district where these meetings were usually held. The religious tone in most of the villages on the north-east coast and Moray Firth continues marked; and many of those whose conduct a generation ago was a reproach to their village, not only are now in comfortable circumstances, but take an active interest in all local affairs, and can conduct religious meetings in a way that would do credit to those regularly trained for the ministry.

Fishermen are not naturally cosmopolitan in their nature, and take comparatively little interest in matters not directly affecting themselves; but if a trawling agitation is being promulgated, or if a sudden gale deals destruction to fishermen anywhere on the coast, the villagers evince the greatest anxiety to obtain the latest information. War or rumours of war exercise a strong influence on their minds, and the weekly newspapers are anxiously looked for, and the reports on the subject keenly discussed; but stirring questions of national importance seldom or never disturb the equilibrium of village life. A local oracle is here and there met with, and though his learning may not be profound, he has sufficient ability to represent with some degree of intelligence the opinions or wishes of his fellow-villagers at any time that a question affecting their welfare is prominently before the public. Some of these oracles are vain of their learning; and many good stories are in circulation in the fishing districts indicative of their anxiety to air their learning, especially when a big word could be utilised, whether it suited the sense or not. One good example happened in Fraserburgh not many years ago on the occasion of an accidental meeting of a minister and a leading villager. During the fishing season, the minister was visiting in a part of the town where a row of small houses were built on exactly similar lines; and finding it difficult to distinguish his parishioner's house, asked a fisherman—at the moment remarking as to the similarity of the buildings—where the individual whom he wanted resided. The man drew himself up, and with the intention of impressing the minister with his erudition, proffered his services with the following remark: 'Weel, sir, I'm no a bit surprised at your difficulty, for the houses on this street are most unanimous.'

As has been already indicated, fishermen do not trouble themselves with the affairs of state, and the result is that food for conversation limits itself to incidents in their daily life, which, though at times painfully exciting, is oftenest most uneventful. During the herring-fishing season, when the men often do not see one another from Monday to Saturday, part of Sunday is invariably spent in discussing the results of the previous week's work. 'Between sermons,' three, four, and sometimes half-a-dozen fishermen congregate at a relative's or an acquaintance's lodgings, and having seated themselves, some on chairs, some on chests, and others on nets, and filled their pipes, proceed to narrate their experiences of the past few days; in the course of which, one man describes how, after sailing east-north-east, and putting Mormond Hill down, he shot his nets, and was rewarded with a good take, but got much destruction to netting in

consequence of other boats having shot over his 'fleet;' while another recounts most minutely every night's work from leaving till returning to the harbour, and explains that though they had been upon different grounds, they had failed to meet with any luck, although their neighbour Sandie, who was alongside of them, one night had got seventy crans. In this manner each skipper gives a little history of the week's labours; and the company having exhausted their store of news, take their departure to their respective homes, probably not to meet again till the following Sunday.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

'. . . And may I beg you to visit us in your private rather than in your professional capacity? Since my dear wife has been failing thus sadly, she has evinced a great dread of medical men; and were she to guess you other than an ordinary guest, I tremble for the consequences! The carriage will meet you at Blackburne Station at whatever hour you name.—Yours very truly,

Arthur Crawford.'

This is an extract from a letter that I received on the 10th of June 1870, and being but a young fellow of twenty-six, I was very much elated thereby. The great drawback to being what is called a specialist is that the generality of people—for what reason, I have never been able to discover—are afraid to employ you until you are well on in years, and consequently this Mrs Crawford for whom my services had been enlisted was my first private patient. My speciality was madness; and tiring equally of hospital-work and of idling in my own rooms, I was heartily thankful for the good luck that had befallen me. In a previous letter, Mr Crawford had given a detailed account of his wife's symptoms; and now all arrangements were completed, and I was due at his Berkshire home on the following day.

When the train steamed into the little country station, I found a carriage and pair ready to meet me. Evidently, to judge by the general get-up of the whole thing, the Crawfords were wealthy folk; and this impression was confirmed when we reached the house, which was standing in the midst of a lovely park. In true country fashion, the hall-doors were standing open, and my host met me on the threshold with outstretched hands.

'This is exceedingly kind of you,' he said genially, 'for I know you have come at your very earliest convenience.—Journey from town pleasant?—Yes? That's right.—James, take Mr Lennox's things to his room. Lunch in the morning-room, hey?—Come along, my dear sir; you must be half famished.' So saying, he preceded me down a long corridor, whence I caught distant glimpses of a beautiful garden at the back of the house, and into a snug little room where luncheon was laid. While I discussed a cold chicken, Mr Crawford went on chatting; and ere I went to my room for a wash and brush up before presenting myself to his wife, we were excellent friends. I do not think I ever met a man who so much charmed me at first sight; nay, he more than charmed, he captivated me. He was about thirty, and exceedingly handsome, with fair curly hair, and bright blue eyes. He had a bronzed complexion, and a hearty laugh, and was altogether a most attractive specimen of a young Englishman. When I had finished luncheon, his manner changed abruptly as he began speaking of his young wife.

'I did not like to enter upon the subject before you were rested,' he began courteously; 'but I am intensely anxious you should see her. For some months past she has been suffering from intense melancholia, and lately she has taken a deep distrust of those around her, more particularly of me.' He stopped abruptly and bit his lip. 'Doctor, I simply worship her,' he went on passionately. 'When I married her five years ago, she was the blithest, merriest girl in all the shire; and now, to see her like this—why, it breaks my heart!' and he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

There was an awkward pause, for in those days I was too inexperienced to be much of a hand at consolation, and then I stepped nearer to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder. 'Come, come,' I said cheerily, 'there is no need to despair like this. We must hope for the best. How does she show her distrust of you?'

He raised his head to answer me. 'By keeping the boy from me, for one thing. She will hardly let me touch him.'

'The boy? A son of yours?'

'Our only child,' he answered—'a dear little fellow of nearly four; and she betrays a terrible fear whenever I have him with me.'

'Does she eat well?'

'Hardly at all.'

'Sleep at night?'

He shook his head; and then followed a string of various professional questions. Our conversation at an end, I requested to be shown to my room, promising to be in the drawing-room for five o'clock tea, when I should be introduced to Mrs Crawford.

'As *Mr* Lennox, if you please,' suggested her husband as we crossed the hall. 'You remember that I asked you to drop the doctor, and seem an ordinary visitor?'

Of course I agreed; and then he told me he had spoken to her of me as an old college friend; and finally he left me to myself.

When I descended to the drawing-room, I found both Crawford and his wife waiting for me. He was standing by the open window playing with the climbing roses that were nodding by its sill: he was talking merrily as I entered, and looked the personification of life and good spirits. A girl was standing by the mantel-shelf with her back towards me, and I had barely time to admire the slight figure and graceful pose, before Crawford's voice rang out in hearty cordiality.

'Ah! there you are at last! Let me introduce you to my wife.—Beatrice, this is Mr John Lennox.'

She had half turned when he began speaking; but as he said my name, she gave a sudden gasp and confronted me with large startled eyes. I have seen the eyes of a snared bird and those of a hunted stag, but I have never seen such a look of piteous fear as dwelt in hers then. For one moment she seemed half mad with terror; but the next it fled as quickly as it came, and

she held out her hand in greeting. As she did so, an ugly scar on the smooth white wrist caught my eye. It looked to me like an unskilful but intentional cut from a knife, and while we were exchanging commonplaces as to my journey, &c., I was wondering as to whether she had ever attempted her own life. She was in the first flush of her womanhood; and her glorious blue eyes and coil of auburn hair would alone have sufficed to stamp her as a beautiful woman, had it not been that the curious expression of her face outweighed every other fascination. She gave me the impression of being literally consumed by a terrible dread, to the nature of which I of course as yet held no clue; and with this dread, an equally strong desire to suppress all outward indication of it. Add to this, the fact that her face was entirely colourless, and that the hand she had given me, in spite of the June sunshine, was as cold as ice, and it will be seen that my first case promised to be full of interest.

She poured out the tea silently, while her husband and I went on chatting, and she did not speak again until he proposed to ring the nursery bell.

'We have not seen Bertie all day,' he added, 'and I know you would like to show him off to Lennox.'

'He is having his tea,' she rejoined quickly. 'Show him off in the morning, Arthur; I don't think we want him now.'

'O fie! There is an unkind mamma! I wonder what Bertie would say to you? He can finish his tea here, dear. I'll fetch him.'

'No, no; I'll go.' She ran out of the room as she spoke; and Crawford turned to me with a weary-looking smile.

'You see, Lennox? I generally give way; but I am afraid of it growing upon her, if I never see the child. He is such a splendid fellow!' As he spoke, his wife returned with the boy in her arms.

'I met him in the hall,' she explained; 'he was just coming in from his walk.—No, Arthur, don't take him: he is not at all heavy.' This last to her husband, who had advanced with outstretched hands. 'Look here, Bertie, darling. Who likes cake?' She seated herself on a low chair, still keeping a jealous arm around the child, and went on talking, this time to me. 'Arthur and I quarrel over this small boy.' She laughed a little, but it sounded very mirthless. 'The last cause of dissension is his health. I think he is growing delicate and wants change, and papa doesn't agree. Does he, my beauty?'

The boy laughed as she held him yet more closely to her; and looking at his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, it seemed to me that there could not be a healthier youngster.

'I am afraid I must take papa's side,' I said. 'You must not alarm yourself unnecessarily, dear Mrs Crawford, for I think'—— I stopped abruptly, alarmed by the expression on her face. I was new at my work, be it remembered; but I think that older men than I would have been frightened. Bertie had rebelled against the detaining arm; and sliding on to the floor, had run to his father and climbed into his arms.

A fine game of romps now ensued, and the mother sat and watched them. Sitting there facing her, I, too, was watching. In my student days, I had kept a tame lizard, and by whistling to it, had been able to direct its movements at will, and now I was reminded of my whilom pet by watching Beatrice Crawford's eyes. Every motion of her husband's, as he ran round the room tossing the laughing boy in his arms, appeared to hold a fascination for her, and her gaze never left him but once. That once was when she walked swiftly to a further table and possessed herself of a paper-knife, which she handed to me, commenting on its curious make. It was of steel and sharply pointed; and I handed it back again with the remark, that it would make a nasty weapon if needed. She took it without glancing at me again; but her husband had caught her words, and now came up to us breathless and laughing, with Bertie clinging round his neck.

'Don't hold that thing, my darling,' he said tenderly. 'I hate to see such an ugly knife in your dear little hands.'

'Give it to Bertie, mamma,' cried the child, stretching dimpled hands for the coveted treasure; and his father, with an injunction to be careful, was taking it from her to give to him, when, with a muffled cry, she snatched the knife back and dashed it through the open window into the garden beyond.

'You shan't have it!—you shan't have it!' she cried excitedly, while a bright red spot burned on either cheek. 'You would'—— With marvellous self-control, she stopped dead short; and after an almost imperceptible pause, she added in her usual quiet tones: 'Pray, forgive me, Arthur; I am so afraid of Bertie hurting himself.—Go up to the nursery, dear. Mamma will come to you.'

Awe-struck at her late passion, the child went gently out of the room, and his mother following him, I was left alone with Crawford. It went to my heart to see the pained, drawn look on his face; but the scene had at all events put one thing beyond a doubt: Mrs Crawford was not merely failing in brain-power—she was mad.

A couple of days went by, and I became fairly puzzled. All the ordinary verbal tests when applied to my patient proved complete failures. Her memory was excellent, and indeed in this respect she was far better than her husband, who was constantly forgetting things. As to her judgment, it struck me as above the average, for she was a widely-read woman, and we had a stiff argument one night as to the merits of our favourite authors. She managed her own housekeeping, and capitally she did it too; and, in fact—not to exhaust the reader's patience by entering into details—the only visible outcome of her mental aberration was this extreme terror in which she lived, and for which I could find no reason. (I may remark parenthetically that the mad undoubtedly have rules of their own by which they are influenced. Experience thus teaching me that Mrs Crawford had some reason for this, to us, inexplicable dread—even though it might be but a fear of her own shadow—it became my business to solve this reason.) What baffled me most was the fact that while it was Crawford himself who primarily excited this terror, she was undeniably fond of him. Indeed, the word 'fond' is

hardly suitable, for she simply adored him. I never heard him express the slightest wish as to the household arrangements but it was instantly fulfilled; while every whim—and he was the most whimsical of men—was implicitly obeyed. In fact, at the end of a week I was precisely in the same state as when I first entered the house. But that my *amour propre* was piqued, and I felt angry at my non-success, I should have been paying a very enjoyable visit. Arthur Crawford made a capital host; and although, as I have already said, he was a very whimsical man, and was subject to unaccountable fits of depression, he and I got on excellently together.

At the end of the week, something happened which had the double effect of lowering me several inches in my own estimation, and of placing matters in a totally different light. It was an exceedingly hot night; and after we had all gone to bed, I was tempted to leave my room, and seating myself by the open window in the corridor, to indulge in an extra cigar. The fact that it was a fine moonlight night, and that while the corridor window boasted a lovely view, that of my own room looked into the stables, amply justified my choice of a seat. I had been there for perhaps an hour, when I heard the Crawfords talking in their room, which was on a level with my own. The tones were excited and eager; and fearing that Mrs Crawford might be lashing herself into a fury, and that her husband might be ignorantly increasing it, I stole down to their door and stood listening.

'Arthur, dear, give it to me. You don't want it to-night. Why not wait until the morning?'

These were the first words that I caught spoken in Mrs Crawford's usually gentle tones.

'Give it to you?—No; not I! I know a trick worth two of that. Ah, you think I don't know that you and that confounded mealy-mouthed doctor are in league against me.'

Crawford's voice, shrill and mocking, but undoubtedly his. Good heavens! was the man drunk? There was a moment's pause, and then he began again, this time more gently.

'Come, come, Beatrice. Drop this stupid joking. I only want to have a little cut at Bertie, just a little cut; and look! the knife is so bright and sharp, it cannot hurt him much.'

The wall seemed to reel around me as I leaned against it for support. In a flash of revelation that nearly blinded me, as I realised the full horror of the situation, I understood for the first time how matters actually stood. Crawford himself was the madman, and the devoted wife, whom I had been taught to look upon as insane, had known the truth all this time; and knowing it, for some inscrutable woman's reason, had shielded him, perhaps at the cost of her very life. In a moment the meaning of his many whims, his loss of memory, his fits of depression, were made clear to me; and as I thought of the martyrdom through which his girl-wife had passed, I cursed myself for the readiness with which I had been duped.

While these thoughts were rushing through my brain, I had noiselessly opened the outer door, and now stood in the dressing-room, peering into the bedroom beyond. The door between the two was standing open; but a heavy curtain hung in the aperture, and by making a little slit in it by means of my penknife, I was enabled to command a view of the interior. At the farther end of the apartment lay Bertie asleep in his cot. Standing before him, clad in a long white wrapper, and with her auburn hair flowing over her shoulders, was the young mother herself; while at some paces from her stood Crawford, still in evening dress, and balancing in his fingers a long glittering dagger, that I recognised as one that usually hung in the library below. By this time he had dropped his angry tones, and was speaking in his accustomed pleasant fashion. 'You know, dear,' he was saying, 'it really is necessary that we both drink some. Half a glassful of young and innocent blood, and we both shall keep young and happy for ever.'

'Won't my blood do?' asked the girl desperately. She stretched her bare arms towards him and forced a smile to her poor quivering lips. 'You are much fonder of me, aren't you, dear? I shall do much better.'

He laughed softly. 'No, no, my darling; not you. I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold of all the Indies.' He stopped suddenly, as if struck by his own words. 'Gold?' he repeated. 'Ah! yes, of course, I must have gold. Where did I put it now?'

He retreated a few steps, looking uneasily from side to side.

'Perhaps you left it in the library.—Ring for James. Or go to Mr Lennox, Arthur; he will help you to find it.'

He laughed again—a low monotonous laugh, to which my hospital-work had but too well accustomed me, and then he moved nearer her, still balancing the dagger in his long nervous fingers. That terrible knife! If he had only put it down for a moment, I could have rushed in and secured it before turning to him; but as matters were, cruel experience taught me that the instant he caught sight of me, he would rush to the child, to carry his dreadful purpose into effect, and that the mother in all probability would fall the victim. On the other hand, I dared not quit my post to summon assistance, and so leave Beatrice entirely at his mercy. I glanced round the dressing-room, and the window-cord caught my eye. It was new and strong. I cut it as high as I could reach, and crept back to my hole at the curtain. Crawford was growing rapidly angry.

'Give me that boy!' he cried roughly. 'Get out of the way, Beatrice, and let me have him;' and he caught her by the arm and dragged her from the cot.

'Arthur, Arthur! husband, sweetheart!' She clasped both arms around his neck, and raised imploring eyes to his; but the sight of the thin white face only moved him to greater wrath.

'It is all your fault. I have not made you strong long ago,' he exclaimed irritably. 'You never laugh now, and you can't sing, and you won't dance.'

'Dance? O yes, I can. Look, Arthur!' She drew rapidly back towards the cot, speaking in

her ordinary quiet voice. 'You shall do what you like with Bertie; I was only joking. Only we must have our dance first, you know.'

With a sudden movement, she stooped and lifted the sleeping child from the bed, talking all the time in an arch merry voice, that still retained its old power over the poor madman. He nodded approvingly as she began rocking to and fro with the boy in her arms, and he moved a chair or two, to give her more space.

'Dance, Beatrice!' and he began whistling a then fashionable valse, beating time to the air with the dagger, of which he never relinquished his hold.

'Very well,' she responded cheerily. 'Stand by the mantel-piece and give us plenty of room. Now, then, my baby boy; one, two, and off we go.'

My life has shown me instances of self-devotion in plenty; I have seen proofs of ready wit, and more of indomitable pluck; but I have never seen them so marvellously combined as on that terrible June night. Instinct taught me what she meant to do. She had persuaded her husband to stand at the end of the room farthest from the curtain that hid her one means of escape, and now she intended to hazard her only chance, dash through it, lock the door on the other side, and then go for help. Backwards and forwards, round and round, she circled, a weird enough figure in her white draperies. The little white feet were bare, and it taxed her utmost strength to hold the heavy boy in her arms; but with a sublime heroism of which I should never have believed her capable, she never once paused for breath. A miracle alone kept the child asleep; but when I saw the poor mother's lips move dumbly between the snatches of the gay valse she was humming, I felt that she was praying God he might not waken. Nearer and nearer the curtain she came; but, to my horror, I perceived that Crawford was growing uneasy and advancing slowly in the rear.

'Mrs Crawford! Quick!'

There was not a minute to be lost. I tore the curtain aside, and she rushed towards me; but ere I could fasten the heavy door, her husband was upon us. With a yell of baffled rage, he was tearing after her through the open doorway, and in another moment would have reached her with uplifted knife, when I tripped him up, and he fell headlong to the floor. He was stunned by his fall; and while I fastened his hands and feet by means of the cut window-cord, his wife went back to the inner room and rang loudly for assistance.

Ere he came to himself, Arthur Crawford was safely secured in my own room. Leaving him there under charge of the men-servants, I went back to seek Mrs Crawford. She was lying on the bedroom floor with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep. He was kissing the paling lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them.

'Poor mamma is fast asleep,' he whispered. 'And she is so cold!'

She was not dead. The long and frightful mental strain through which she had passed brought on brain-fever, and for some days we despaired of her life; but she came through it bravely; and ere the summer waned, I had the satisfaction of installing both mother and son in a seaside cottage, far enough away from her Berkshire home.

Crawford, poor fellow, only lived a few months, for a dangerous fall in the asylum grounds put a merciful termination to his confinement. During those few months, I visited him occasionally, and he always spoke most tenderly of his wife, whom he imagined to be dead.

When he died, I went to break the news to his young widow; and while staying in her pretty Devonshire cottage, I solved much that had puzzled me. Her terror at my first introduction to her had been occasioned by the fact that she had at once recognised me as Lennox the mad doctor. I had been pointed out to her in the park the season before. She dreaded Arthur's incipient madness being known to any one; for she had a blind terror of a lunatic asylum in connection with her idolised husband, and hoped that a quiet country life, free from trouble and contradiction, might in time restore him. But had he never broken out before? I asked, for it seemed to me incomprehensible that so slight a frame should be capable of such courage. Once, she said, only once, and then he had been bent on killing himself. In struggling with him for the possession of the knife, he had accidentally cut her wrist, and so occasioned the ugly scar that disfigured it. As for Bertie's presence on that fatal night, she told me he had always been accustomed to sleep in their room; and as I had refused to second her theory that the child wanted change of air, and so aid in sending him out of the house, she could devise no other means of getting rid of him.

And then I took my leave; and I have never seen Mrs Crawford from that day to this; but still, in spite of a certain pair of sweet brown eyes which make the sunshine of my home, I am forced to admit that there is no woman on earth for whom I have such a boundless admiration as for that unfortunate lady of whom I at one time thought as my First Patient.

FYVIE CASTLE.

Great are the vicissitudes of landed property in these modern times. Estates of more than local name are constantly being placed in the market, and even manors and castles of national interest are occasionally brought to the auctioneer's hammer. Old families are dying out or becoming embarrassed, and many of 'the stately homes of England'—often associated with legendary lore and the history of centuries—have to be handed over to the highest bidder. We are not here concerned with the political or economical aspect of this transference of landed property; but even the most utilitarian will admit that there is something melancholy in seeing a fine old historic mansion advertised for sale, or a family divorced from an estate with which it

may have been connected for generations. On the other hand, nothing, we should fancy, would be more tempting to the new class of rich men desirous of acquiring landed possessions than the chance of securing some old family seat, of quaint architectural design, and crowded with memories of the past. A splendid chance of this kind was offered some time ago in the proposed sale of Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, along with the adjoining estate; but no sale was effected. This castle may be said to be complete in its way. It possesses dungeons, a 'murder-hole,' and a secret, inaccessible chamber, with, of course, a dreadful threat hanging over the head of him who first enters it; a 'Green Lady' is said to occasionally walk up and down its main staircase; a 'dripping stone' is one of its curiosities; a family history is associated with each of its four towers; it figures prominently in a well-known local ballad; and Thomas the Rhymer even delivered himself of a prophecy concerning it. Yet, withal, it is a comfortable and commodious mansion, pleasantly situated, with park, lake, river, and shootings attached. What more could one wish for in a castle?

The traveller from Aberdeen to Banff by railway may catch a glimpse of Fyvie Castle to his right when he has accomplished about three-fourths of his journey. He will only see its turret-tops, however, for the castle stands in a well-wooded hollow—familiarly known in the Aberdeenshire dialect as 'the howe o' Fyvie'—encircled by low, undulating hills and stretches of highly cultivated land. The castle occupies two sides of a square, and is a high and narrow structure of the old Scotch baronial type, which would be designated plain were it not for its numerous turrets and dormer windows, surmounted with carved canopies and statuary. It has something of the appearance of a French chateau, and it has indeed been cited by John Hill Burton in his *Scot Abroad* as one of the finest specimens of how the chateau architecture of France was superimposed upon the original grim square block of a Scotch baronial mansion. The chief front is to the south, and is formed by the union of three tall towers, built by and called after three successive families who, at one time or other, have been owners of Fyvie. Of these three towers, the most noticeable is the central one, the Seton Tower, named after a member of the Seton family, to whose French upbringing and architectural tastes the general design of the building is attributed. It is curiously recessed, two semi-round twin towers being united by an arch above the fourth story. In the recess thus formed, which is rendered striking by its great height and width, is the former grand entrance, leading into a low, vaulted passage, the doorway being defended by a ponderous iron grating bolted into the massive walls. The west side, terminating in a corresponding tower at the north end, is of more modern construction, but is in perfect harmony with the front. The main architectural feature of the castle, however, is, as already hinted, its many bartisan turrets and dormer windows and high-pitched gables, the turrets being surmounted with stone figures, and the dormer windows with carved canopies. A good view of this portion of the structure is given in Billings's *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, the castle being there described (again by Hill Burton, who furnished the letterpress to Billings's engravings) as 'one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens of the rich architecture which the Scottish barons of the days of King James VI. obtained from France. Its three princely towers, with their luxuriant coronet of coned turrets, sharp gables, tall roofs and chimneys, canopied dormer windows, and rude statuary, present a sky outline at once graceful, rich, and massive, and in these qualities exceeding even the far-famed Glammis.' The interior of the building is in keeping with the exterior, and abounds in narrow passages, winding staircases, and small rooms; though there are apartments the size and elegance of which could hardly be predicated from a mere survey of the outside of the castle. For such an old place, the light and airiness of the rooms are something remarkable; while the views across the park and policies that are obtained from the windows are charming and charmingly diversified. But the main attraction is a grand stone staircase of unique design, said to be without an equal, or even a rival, in Scotland. It is best described as 'revolving in corkscrew fashion round a massive central pillar, the skill of the architect being chiefly shown in the turns and windings of the ribbed and vaulted roof, with its arches springing occasionally out of carved capitals in the walls.' The steps are of great breadth, and are so gently graduated, that it is easy to accept a tradition to the effect that the horse of one of the lairds used to ascend them.

The stone figures on the tops of the turrets, wrought in the red sandstone that lends colour to the canopies and other ornamentations, are somewhat diminutive, and, with one exception, have lost their personality, if they ever had any. This exceptional figure is said to represent Andrew Lammie, 'the trumpeter of Fyvie,' immortalised in a well-known Aberdeenshire ballad, *Mill o' Tifty's Annie*. The miller's daughter fell in love with the trumpeter, and was done to death by her family in consequence, the tragedy being completed by the pining away of the trumpeter. We quote the concluding verses of this truly pathetic ballad:

'Fyvie lands lie braid and wide,
And oh, but they be bonny!
But I wadna gie my ain true-love,
For a' the lands in Fyvie!

'But mak my bed, and lay me down,
And turn my face to Fyvie,
That I may see, before I die,
My bonny Andrew Lammie!'

They made her bed, and laid her down,
And turned her face to Fyvie;
She gave a groan, and died or morn—
She ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

The laird o' Fyvie he went hame,
And he was sad and sorry;
Says, 'The bonniest lass o' the country-side
Has died for Andrew Lammie.'

Oh, Andrew's gane to the house-top
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie;
He 's blawn his horn baith loud and shrill
O'er the lowland leas o' Fyvie.

'Mony a time hae I walked a' night,
And never yet was weary;
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my dearie.

'Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love—love decays the body;
For the love o' thee, now I maun dee;
I come, my bonny Annie!'

Mill of Tifty is still 'to the fore,' and the effigy of the trumpeter points his trumpet in its direction; and the ballad seems to have some truth in it, for the tombstone of the unfortunate Annie—her real name was Agnes Smith—was till recently in Fyvie kirkyard, being now replaced by a handsome monument; and documents show that her father was owner of the mill in 1672.

The castle as it now stands—there is supposed to have been an older castle or keep—is believed to date from about 1397, the oldest tower extant having been built by Sir Henry Preston—of the family of Preston of Craigmillar—who fought at Otterburn, and who acquired the estate from Sir James de Lindsay, 'Dominus de Crawfurd et Buchan.' From the Prestons, the estate passed by marriage into a family called Meldrum; but the family most associated with the castle is the family named after it. In 1596, Fyvie was purchased from the Meldrums by Alexander Seton, third son of George, sixth Lord Seton, and brother of the first Earl of Winton. This Alexander Seton was first created Lord Fyvie, and then Earl of Dunfermline—the former title being apparently used by the family in the north. He was a lawyer-statesman of great ability and influence, and a favourite councillor of James I.'s. He held a number of state and judicial offices, being successively President of the Court of Session and Lord Chancellor of Scotland; and he was the King's Commissioner to the Scotch parliament of 1612, which rescinded the Act of 1592 establishing the Presbyterian system of church government. The second Lord Fyvie took a prominent part, under Montrose, in the operations against the Covenanters, and afterwards lived abroad with Charles II., and shared in the honours distributed at the restoration of the Merry Monarch. The fourth and last peer fought at Killiecrankie on the royalist side, was outlawed, and died at St Germain. The estate, which had been forfeited to the Crown, was sold in 1726 to William, second Earl of Aberdeen, who settled it on his eldest son by his third wife, Lady Anne Gordon, sister of Lord Lewis Gordon—the 'Lewie Gordon' of the Jacobite ballad; and it has since descended through members of junior branches of the Gordon (Aberdeen) family. Its present proprietor is Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, son of Lady Duff-Gordon, whose pleasant *Letters from Egypt* have not yet escaped memory.

It will thus be seen that a considerable historic interest attaches to the castle that was so recently in the market. The domain of Fyvie, indeed, is said to have been a royal chase at one time; and some would even have it that in the reign of Robert the Bruce it was a royal residence, and was visited in 1296 by Edward I. on his progress through the north of Scotland. There is a 'Queen Mary Room' in the castle, and some good specimens of the furniture of Mary's period, though it is doubtful if Mary herself ever occupied the room. The great Marquis of Montrose, who certainly encamped once in the neighbourhood of the castle, is reported to have spent a night under its roof; and a century later, the Duke of Cumberland marched through the policies of Fyvie on his way to Culloden.

Turning from the historical to the legendary, we have a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer's respecting Fyvie:

Fyvns riggs and towers,
Hapless shall your mesdames be,
When ye shall hae within your methes,
Frae harryit kirk's land, stanes three—
Ane in Preston's tower;
Ane in my lady's bower;
And ane below the water-yett,
And it ye shall never get.

Two of these stones have been found in their respective places, but the third one remains true to the seer's prediction. One of the weird stones is carefully kept, and is known as the 'dripping stone,' as at times it exudes a large quantity of moisture, often sufficient to fill a large basin with water. Singular to say, nothing is known of a 'water-yett,' or of there having been one; while the alleged raid on Church property is equally a mystery; and though the hapless fate of the ladies of Fyvie is not specified, it is a curious circumstance that no heir has been born in Fyvie Castle for several generations. But whatever the prophecy may portend, it completes the charm of a castle which possesses much to delight both the lover of the picturesque and the worshipper of the past.

BIRD NOTES.

Six poplar trees, in golden green,
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear tree bloom—
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: 'What cheer?'
And he pipes for answer: 'The spring is here.'

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red:
'Summer is sweet,' the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and brown;
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
'Whither away, sweet birds?' I cry.
'Autumn is come,' they make reply.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft—
Brave bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window pane:
'Take heart; the spring will return again.'

FLORENCE TYLEE.

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CLAIMANTS TO ROYALTY.

Since the famous Tichborne trial brought 'The Claimant' so prominently before the reading public, the general use of a term which accurately described his position without seeming to prejudge his case has given it universal currency as a convenient designation in similar cases of disputed or doubtful identity. For instance, the newspapers have recently announced a 'Napoleonic Claimant,' who makes his appearance in the most unromantic manner, by presenting himself before a magistrate at a police station in Paris, and asking for money to pay his passage to England. He claimed to be the Prince Imperial, the legitimate son of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie. The announcement of his death in Zululand was a mistake: he was not killed, but captured by the Zulus. After some time, he effected his escape, and having traversed Africa from south to north, he crossed the Mediterranean and landed at Marseilles. His poverty and his dignity prevented him from presenting himself before his mother, and so he stayed and worked in Marseilles incognito for several years. But he met the Empress once: it was at Vienna, at the tomb of Maximilian. So violent was his emotion, that he swooned away. The Empress herself raised him and tended him; but when he became conscious, she had gone. He wished now to go to her, but he was penniless. Would the magistrate grant him the sum necessary; and his mother, the Empress, would repay the loan? When asked to show his papers, he produced a book in which was entered the name of Pollak, a journeyman clock-maker of Vienna. It had been lent to him to enable him to maintain his incognito.

When he found that his story was not to be credited, he accused the magistrate of yielding to pressure put upon him by the Princes Victor and Louis, whose interest it was to supplant the rightful heir. He spoke in the language of a well-educated man; and when examined with a view to determine his mental condition, he betrayed no symptom of derangement.

The methods of all Claimants have a certain similarity, though some have been more audacious and successful than others. This is perhaps the most audacious of modern instances. But there are many examples of Claimants more or less notorious in the history of past times, whose pretensions are quite as difficult to reconcile with recorded facts. In most of these historical instances the Claimants have advanced pretensions to the name and station of a deceased member of some reigning family, and much obscurity has thus been thrown around historical events, whose incidental details have been confused and complicated by the conflicting statements of contemporary or nearly contemporary records.

Perhaps the least known, but not the least curious and tragical story of a Claimant is that of the woman who, in the first year of the fourteenth century, attempted to personate the Maid of Norway, heiress to the crown of Scotland, and presumptive heiress also to that of Norway.—It had been given out that the Maid of Norway had died on her voyage to Scotland; but that, it was now alleged, was a mistake; she did not die; but she was 'sold' or betrayed by those who had charge of her, and carried away to an obscure hiding-place on the continent. She had at last found means to escape, and coming from Lübeck to Bergen—the very same port from which she had sailed for Scotland ten years before—she there presented herself to the people of Norway as the Princess Margaret. Although her father, King Eirik, was now dead, and her uncle Haken possessed the throne, her right of succession to the crowns of Norway and of Scotland had been secured by the marriage contract of Norburgh, by which her father had espoused her mother Margaret, the daughter of Alexander III., king of Scotland. The Claimant appeared old for her years, and was white-haired; but sorrow brings gray hairs more surely than age. She was a married woman; and her husband came with her

to Norway, and subsequently shared her tragic fate. King Haken himself was present at her trial in Bergen, of which, unfortunately, no record exists. But we learn from the *Iceland Annals* that she was burned to death as an impostor at Nordness, and her husband beheaded. When she was being taken through the Kongsgaard Port to the place of execution, she said: 'I remember well when I, as a child, was taken through this self-same gate to be carried into Scotland; there was then in the High Church of the Apostles an Iceland priest, Haflidi by name, who was chaplain to my father, King Eirik; and when the clergy ceased singing, Sir Haflidi began the hymn *Veni Creator*, and that hymn was sung out to the end, just as I was taken on board the ship.'

Haflidi Steinsson, the priest here mentioned, had long since gone back to Iceland, where he died parish priest of Breidabolstad; and in chronicling his death, the annalist adds that 'he was King Eirik's chaplain at the time that his daughter Margaret was taken to Scotland, as she herself afterwards bore witness when she was being carried to execution at Nordness.' Indeed, so prevalent was the belief in the personal identity of the Claimant with the daughter of King Eirik who died on the voyage to Orkney in 1290, that the place of her execution became a resort of pilgrims; and many of the priesthood having countenanced the popular belief in her martyrdom, a chapel was built on the spot where she suffered; and though uncanonised, and reprobated by the dignitaries of the church, her memory was held in reverence till the Reformation as St Maritte (Margaret), the Martyr of Nordness. In 1320, the number of pilgrimages to this irregular shrine had become so numerous that Bishop Audfinn of Bergen issued an official interdict against them, an interference which was resented by his canons, some of whom were bold enough to protest against its promulgation.

Nothing is known of the Claimant's previous history, except that the contemporary annalist states that she came to Bergen in a ship from Lübeck. Absolom Pedersen asserts that she came from Scotland, but gives no authority for the statement, and there is sufficient evidence in the records to render this highly improbable. But it is a very remarkable circumstance that Wyntoun, the popular historian of his time, gave currency in Scotland to the statement—which we must assume to have been then the popular belief—that the Maid of Norway was put to death in her own country by martyrdom. After giving circumstantial details of the sending of the Scottish embassy to Norway, consisting of Sir David of the Wemyss and Michael Scot of Balwearie, he adds, that when they arrived—

> Dead then was that Maiden fair,
> That of law suld have been heir,
> And appearèd til have been
> By the law of Norway Queen;
> But that Maiden sweet for-thi [*therefore*]
> Was put to death by martyry.

In accordance with the usage of the period, the expression of the chronicler describing the manner of her death would be universally understood to mean burning at the stake; and the evident anachronism, as well as the inherent improbability of the narrative, is accounted for by the fact that it quite accurately describes the death of the Claimant, but assigns it to the time of the death of the Princess. The reason given by Wyntoun for the 'martyrdom' is, that the Norwegians—though their law allowed—could not brook the idea of a woman succeeding to the crown; and this also may be accounted for by the fact that the woman who suffered was a pretender to the crown.

No incident in Scottish history is more pathetic than that of the untimely death of the young Princess on her voyage to Orkney; and no single event in the whole course of that history has exercised a more important influence on the destinies of the nation. In these circumstances, we cannot cease to wonder how it came to pass that there is no authentic record of its details in the contemporary or nearly contemporary chronicles of Scottish or Norwegian history. The only contemporary document in Scottish record which notices her death is the letter of the Bishop of St Andrews to Edward I., dated at Leuchars the 7th of October 1290, in which the bishop states that there was a rumour of her death; but that he had heard subsequently that she 'had recovered of her sickness, but was still weak.' It was plain, however, that the bishop did not believe the rumour of her recovery, for he concludes his letter by praying King Edward to approach the Borders with his army to prevent bloodshed, seeing that Sir Robert Bruce had come to Perth and Mar and Athole were collecting their forces. On the Norwegian side, there is a total absence of authentic contemporary record of the time and manner of the death of the Princess; and there would have been absolutely nothing known of the details of her decease, if it had not been for the appearance ten years later of the Claimant, whom Munch, the historian of Norway, following Bishop Audfinn, has no hesitation in designating 'The False Margaret.'

In his official interdict of 1320, forbidding the people 'any longer to invoke that woman with great vows and worship as if she had been one of God's martyrs,' the bishop states that he has deemed it his duty to declare the truth as to her case: 'She said, indeed, that she was the child and lawful heir of King Eirik; but when she came from Lübeck to Bergen she was gray-haired and white in the head, and was proved to be twenty years older than the time of King Eirik's marriage with Margaret of Scotland. He was then only thirteen winters old, and consequently, could not have been the father of a person of her years. And then he had no other

child than one daughter by Queen Margaret. This only child of King Eirik and Queen Margaret was on her journey to Scotland, when she died in Orkney between the hands of Bishop Narve of Bergen, and in the presence of the best men of the land, who had attended her from Norway; and the bishop and Herr Thore Hakonson and others brought back her corpse to Bergen, where her father had the coffin opened and narrowly examined the body, and himself acknowledged that it was his daughter's corpse, and buried her beside the queen her mother, in the stone wall on the north side of the choir of the cathedral church of Bergen.'

Although we owe these details of the Princess's death and burial, meagre as they are, to the bishop's anxiety to confute the pretensions of the Claimant, there can be no room for doubt as to their strict truth. And yet it was possible, ten years after the event, for a Claimant so to influence the popular belief, that, although burned to death as a traitorous impostor, she was regarded by many of the priesthood as a martyr; and by the common people was not only worshipped as a saint in the church erected to her memory on the spot where she suffered, but celebrated in songs which long continued to be handed down among them. Even to this day, the precise date of the death of the Princess Margaret remains unknown; and until quite recently, it was generally believed that she had been buried in Kirkwall Cathedral, as is indeed stated by the Danish archæologist Worsaae in his account of that edifice given in his work on *The Danes and Northmen in England*. No *History of Scotland*, until the issue of the last edition of Dr John Hill Burton's, has noticed the curious episode of the False Margaret, a knowledge of which is necessary in order to account for the fact that, in Wyntoun's time, it was the popular belief in Scotland that the Maid of Norway had suffered martyrdom at the hands of her own countrymen.

It is curious that in connection with the history of Scotland, and before the close of the fourteenth century, we find the story of another Claimant not less audacious in his pretensions, but much more fortunate in his patrons, by whom he was maintained till his death as a state pensioner, and buried in one of the churches of Stirling under the royal name and regal title to which he had laid claim. There was this strange element in his case that he was the second personator of the same dead king. Readers of English history are familiar with the incidents of the revolution which placed Henry of Lancaster on the throne, and consigned 'the good King Richard' to a perpetual prison in Pontefract Castle. But the subsequent events in the life of the imprisoned monarch, and the date and manner of his death, are shrouded in an impenetrable obscurity. One of the ablest of our Scottish historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler, has even declared, after an elaborate investigation of the whole available evidence, that this second Claimant, whose story we are about to notice, was Richard II. in reality.

It is well known that shortly after the king's imprisonment, there was a conspiracy to replace him on the throne. The conspirators attempted to attract the people to their cause by spreading abroad the rumour of his escape from Pontefract; and, as is stated by a contemporary chronicler, 'to make this the more credible, they brought into the field with them a chaplain called Father Maudelain, who so exactly resembled good King Richard in face and person, in form and speech, that every one who saw him declared that he was their former king.' The conspiracy failed; and those most deeply concerned in it, among whom was the first personator, Father Maudelain, were beheaded.

Shortly afterwards, it was given out that King Richard had died in Pontefract Castle, on or about the 14th of February 1399. Rumour, indeed, spoke freely of the suspicion, that if he were dead, he had surely been murdered by his enemies, and with the connivance of the reigning king. It was not till nearly a month after the alleged date of his death that, in order to silence the popular rumours, King Henry caused the body to be brought publicly to London 'with the face exposed,' and laid in state for two days in the church of St Paul, 'that the people might believe for certain that he was dead.' 'But,' says the old chronicler formerly quoted, 'I certainly do not believe that it was the king, but I think it was Maudelain, his chaplain,' who had been beheaded little more than a month previously.

There were many who shared this unbelief; and in 1402, the rumours that King Richard was yet alive became so persistent and circumstantial, that King Henry dealt with them by putting to death a number of persons, principally priests and friars, for spreading such treasonable reports. The cause of the revival of these rumours at this time is revealed in a document issued by King Henry, requiring the sheriffs to arrest all persons guilty of spreading the report that King Richard was alive, which had arisen from a person calling himself King Richard having appeared in Scotland in company with one William Serle, who had been groom of the robes to Richard, and had possessed himself of his signet.

As the scene thus shifts to Scotland, we naturally turn to the Scottish chronicles and records for the further elucidation of the mystery. Wyntoun and Bower—each writing of events which happened within his own lifetime—narrate the story of this second Claimant in much the same manner. He came from the out-isles of Scotland, having been discovered in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, by persons who had seen King Richard, and recognised his likeness. He was sent in charge of Lord Montgomery to Robert III. of Scotland, by whom he was well received, and assigned a pension of one hundred merks yearly. After King Robert's death, the pension was continued by the Regent Albany. The Scottish Chamberlain, in charging his accounts with these annual payments, has entered them as paid to 'King Richard of England.' Finally, we learn from an old Scottish chronicle that when he died at Stirling in 1419, his body was buried on the north side of the high-altar of the Church of the Preaching Friars, and a long Latin epitaph graven over his tomb informed the reader that 'Here lies buried King Richard of England.' Yet it has been established as clearly as any such question can now be established by evidence, that this second personator of King

Richard was an adventurer named Thomas Ward, or Thomas of Trumpington, who, with his confederate William Serle, is exempted by name from the general amnesty granted to political offenders by Henry IV. in 1403.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEANWHILE, Harry Noel himself was quite unconsciously riding round to the Hawthorns' cottage, to perform the whole social duty of man by Edward and Marian.

'So you 've come out to look after your father's estates in Barbadoes, have you, Mr Noel?' Marian inquired with a quiet smile, after the first greetings and talk about the voyage were well over.

Harry laughed. 'Well, Mrs Hawthorn,' he said confidentially, 'my father's estates there seem to have looked after themselves pretty comfortably for the last twenty years, or at least been looked after vicariously by a rascally local Scotch agent; and I've no doubt they'd have continued to look after themselves for the next twenty years without my intervention, if nothing particular had occurred otherwise to bring me out here.'

'But something particular did occur—eh, Mr Noel?'

'No, nothing occurred,' Harry Noel answered, with a distinct stress upon the significant verb. 'But I had reasons of my own which made me anxious to visit Trinidad; and I thought Barbadoes would be an excellent excuse to supply to Sir Walter for the expenses of the journey. The old gentleman jumped at it—positively jumped at it. There's nothing loosens Sir Walter's pursestrings like a devotion to business; and he declared to me on leaving, with tears in his eyes almost, that it was the first time he ever remembered to have seen me show any proper interest whatsoever in the family property.'

'And what were the reasons that made you so very anxious, then, to visit Trinidad?'

'Why, Mrs Hawthorn, how can you ask me? Wasn't I naturally desirous of seeing you and Edward once more after a year's absence?'

Marian coughed a little dry cough. 'Friendship is a very powerfully attractive magnet, isn't it, Edward?' she said with an arch smile to her husband. 'It was very good of Mr Noel to have thought of coming four thousand miles across the Atlantic just to visit you and me, dear—now, wasn't it?'

'So very good,' Edward answered, laughing, 'that I should almost be inclined myself (as a lawyer) to suspect some other underlying motive.'

'Well, she *is* a very dear little girl,' Marian went on reflectively.

'She is, certainly,' her husband echoed.

Harry laughed. 'I see you've found me out,' he answered, not altogether unpleased. 'Well, yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it, Mrs Hawthorn. I've come across on purpose to ask her; and I won't go back either, till I can take her with me. I've waited for twelve months, to make quite sure I knew my own heart and wasn't mistaken about it. Every day, her image has remained there clearer and clearer than before, and I *will* win her, or else stop here for ever.'

'When a man says that and really means it,' Marian replied encouragingly, 'I believe in the end he can always win the girl he has set his heart upon.'

'But I suppose you know,' Edward interrupted, 'that her father has already made up his mind that she's to marry a cousin of hers at Pimento Valley, a planter in the island, and has announced the fact publicly to half Trinidad?'

'Not Mr Tom Dupuy?' Harry cried in amazement.

'Yes, Tom Dupuy—the very man. Then you 've met him already?'

'He lunched with us to-day at Orange Grove!' Harry answered, puckering his brow a little. 'And her father actually wants her to marry that fellow! By Jove, what a desecration!'

'Then you don't like what you've seen so far of Mr Tom?' Marian asked with a smile.

Harry rose and leaned against the piazza pillar with his hands behind him. 'The man's a cad,' he answered briefly.

'If we were in Piccadilly again,' Edward Hawthorn said quietly, 'I should say that was probably a piece of pure class prejudice, Noel; but as we are in Trinidad, and as I happen to know Mr Tom Dupuy by two or three pieces of personal adventure, I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, I cordially agree with you.'

'Ah!' Harry Noel cried with much amusement, clapping him heartily on his broad shoulder. 'So coming to Trinidad has knocked some of that radical humbug and nonsense clean out of you, has it, Teddy? I knew it would, my dear fellow; I knew you'd get rid of it!'

'On the contrary, Mr Noel,' Marian answered with quiet dignity, 'I think it has really made us a great deal more confirmed in our own opinions than we were to begin with. We have suffered a great deal ourselves, you know, since we came to Trinidad.'

Harry flushed in the face a little. 'You needn't tell me all about it, Mrs Hawthorn,' he said uneasily. 'I've heard something about the matter already from the two Dupuys, and all I can say is, I never heard before such a foolish, ridiculous, nonsensical, cock-and-bull prejudice as the one they told me about, in the whole course of my precious existence. If it hadn't been for Nora's sake—I mean for Miss Dupuy's'—and he checked himself suddenly—'upon my word, I really think I should have knocked the fellow down in his uncle's dining-room the very first moment he began to speak about it.'

'Mr Noel,' Marian said, 'I know how absurd it must seem to you, but you can't imagine how much Edward and I have suffered about it since we've been in this island.'

'I can,' Harry answered. 'I can understand it easily. I had a specimen of it myself from those fellows at lunch this morning. I kept as calm as I could outwardly; but, by Jove, Mrs Hawthorn, it made my blood boil over within me to hear the way they spoke of your

husband.—Upon my honour, if it weren't for—for Miss Dupuy,' he added thoughtfully, 'I wouldn't stop now a single night to accept that man's hospitality after the way he spoke about you.'

'No, no; do stop,' Marian answered simply. 'We want you so much to marry Nora; and we want to save her from that horrid man her father has chosen for her.'

And then they began unburdening their hearts to Harry Noel with the long arrears of twelve months' continuous confidences. It was such a relief to get a little fresh external sympathy, to be able to talk about it all to somebody just come from England, and entirely free from the taint of West Indian prejudice. They told Harry everything, without reserve; and Harry listened, growing more and more indignant every minute, to the long story of petty slights and undeserved insults. At last he could restrain his wrath no longer. 'It's preposterous,' he cried, walking up and down the piazza angrily, by way of giving vent to his suppressed emotion; 'it's abominable! it's outrageous! it's not to be borne with! The idea of these people, these hole-and-corner nobodies, these miserable, stupid, ignorant noodles, with no more education or manners than an English ploughboy—O yes, my dear fellow, I know what they are—I've seen them in Barbadoes—setting themselves up to be better than you are—there, upon my word I've really no patience with it. I shall flog some of them soundly, some day, before I've done with them; I know I shall. I can't avoid it. But what on earth can have induced you to stop here, my dear Teddy, when you might have gone back again comfortably to England, and have mixed properly in the sort of society you're naturally fitted for?'

'*I* did,' Marian answered firmly; 'I induced him, Mr Noel. I wouldn't let him run away from these miserable people. And besides, you know, he's been able to do such a lot of good here. All the negroes love him dearly, because he's protected them from so much injustice. He's the most popular man in the island with the black people; he's been so good to them, and so useful to them, and such a help against the planters, who are always trying their hardest to oppress them. And isn't that something worth staying for, in spite of everything?'

Harry Noel paused and hesitated. 'Tastes differ, Mrs Hawthorn,' he answered more soberly. 'For my part, I can't say I feel myself very profoundly interested in the eternal nigger question; though, if a man feels it's his duty to stop and see the thing out to the bitter end, why, of course he ought in that case to stop and see it. But what does rile me is the idea that these wretched Dupuy people should venture to talk in the way they do about such a man as your husband—confound them!'

Tea interrupted his flow of indignation.

But when Harry Noel had ridden away again towards Orange Grove on Mr Dupuy's pony, Hawthorn and his wife stood looking at one another in dubious silence for a few minutes. Neither of them liked to utter the thought that had been uppermost in both their minds from the first moment they saw him in Trinidad.

At last Edward broke the ominous stillness. 'Harry Noel's awfully dark, isn't he, Marian?' he said uneasily.

'Very,' Marian answered in as unconcerned a voice as she could well summon up. 'And so extremely handsome, too, Edward,' she added after a moment's faint pause, as if to turn the current of the conversation.

Neither of them had ever observed in England how exceedingly olive-coloured Harry Noel's complexion really was—in England, to be as dark as a gipsy is of no importance; but now in Trinidad, girt round by all that curiously suspicious and genealogically inquiring society, they couldn't help noticing to themselves what a very dark skin and what curly hair he happened to have inherited.

'And his mother's a Barbadian lady,' Edward went on uncomfortably, pretending to play with a book and a paper-knife.

'She is,' Marian answered, hardly daring to look up at her husband's face in her natural confusion. 'He—he always seems so very fond of his mother, Edward, darling.'

Edward went on cutting the pages of his newly-arrived magazine in grim silence for a few minutes longer; then he said: 'I wish to goodness he could get engaged and married offhand to Nora Dupuy very soon, Marian, and then clear out at once and for ever from this detestable island as quickly as possible.'

'It would be better if he could, perhaps,' Marian answered, sighing deeply. 'Poor dear Nora! I wish she'd take him. She could never be happy with that horrid Dupuy man.'

They didn't dare to speak, one to the other, the doubt that was agitating them; but they both agreed in that half-unspoken fashion that it would be well if Harry pressed his suit soon, before any sudden thunderbolt had time to fall unexpectedly upon his head and mar his chance with poor little Nora.

As Harry Noel rode back to Orange Grove alone, along the level bridle-path, he chanced to drop his short riding-whip at a turn of the road by a broad canepiece. A tall negro was hoeing vigorously among the luxuriant rows of cane close by. The young Englishman called out to him carelessly, as he would have done to a labourer at home: 'Here you, hi, sir, come and pick up my whip, will you!'

The tall negro turned and stared at him. 'Who you callin' to come an' pick up your whip, me fren'?' he answered somewhat savagely.

Noel glanced back at the man with an angry glare. 'You!' he said, pointing with an imperious gesture to the whip on the ground. 'I called you to pick it up for me. Don't you understand English?'

'You is rude gentleman for true,' the old negro responded quietly, continuing his task of hoeing in the canepiece, without any attempt to pick up the whip for the unrecognised stranger. 'If you want de whip picked up, what for you doan't speak to naygur decently? Ole-time folk has proverb, "Please am a good dog, an' him keep doan't cost nuffin." Get down yourself, sah, an' pick up your own whip for you-self if you want him.'

Harry was just on the point of dismounting and following the old negro's advice, with some

remote idea of applying the whip immediately after to the back of his adviser, when a younger black man, stepping out hastily from behind a row of canes that had hitherto concealed him, took up the whip and handed it back to him with a respectful salutation. The old man looked on disdainfully while Harry took it; then, as the rider went on with a parting angry glance, he muttered sulkily: 'Who dat man dat you gib de whip to? An' what for you want to gib it him dere, Peter?'

The younger man answered apologetically: 'Dat Mr Noel, buckra from Englan'; him come to stop at Orange Grobe along ob de massa.'

'Buckra from Englan'!' Louis Delgado cried incredulously. 'Him doan't no buckra from Englan', I tellin' you, me brudder; him Trinidad brown man as sure as de gospel. You doan't see him is brown man, Peter, de minnit you look at him?'

Peter shook his head and grinned solemnly. 'No, Mistah Delgado, him doan't no brown man,' he answered, laughing. 'Him is dark for true, but still him real buckra. Him stoppin' up at house along ob de massa!'

Delgado turned to his work once more, doggedly. 'If him buckra, an' if him stoppin' up wit dem Dupuy,' he said half aloud, but so that the wondering Peter could easily overhear it, 'when de great an' terrible day come, he will be cut off wit all de household. An' de day doan't gwine to be delayed long now, neider.' A mumbled Arabic sentence, which Peter of course could not understand, gave point and terror to this last prediction. Peter turned away, thinking to himself that Louis Delgado was a terrible obeah man and sorcerer for certain, and that whoever crossed his path, had better think twice before he offended so powerful an antagonist.

Meanwhile, Harry Noel was still riding on to Orange Grove. As he reached the garden gate, Tom Dupuy met him, out for a walk in the cool of the evening with big Slot, his great Cuban bloodhound. As Harry drew near, Slot burst away suddenly with a leap from his master, and before Harry could foresee what was going to happen, the huge brute had sprung up at him fiercely, and was attacking him with his mighty teeth and paws, as though about to drag him from his seat forcibly with his slobbering canines. Harry hit out at the beast a vicious blow from the butt-end of his riding-whip, and at the same moment Tom Dupuy, sauntering up somewhat more lazily than politeness or even common humanity perhaps demanded, caught the dog steadily by the neck and held him back by main force, still struggling vehemently and pulling at the collar. His great slobbering jaws opened hungrily towards the angry Englishman, and his eyes gleamed with the fierce light of a starving carnivore in sight and smell of his natural prey.

'Precious vicious dog you keep, Mr Dupuy,' Harry exclaimed, not over good-humouredly, for the brute had made its teeth meet through the flap of his coat lappets: 'you oughtn't to let him go at large, I fancy.'

Tom Dupuy stooped and patted his huge favourite lovingly on the head with very little hypocritical show of penitence or apology. 'He don't often go off this way,' he answered coolly. 'He's a Cuban bloodhound, Slot is; pure-blooded—the same kind we used to train in the good old days to hunt up the runaway niggers; and they often go at a black man or a brown man—that's what they're meant for. The moment they smell African blood, they're after it, like a greyhound after a hare, as quick as lightning. But I never knew Slot before go for a white man! It's very singular—ex-cessively singular. I never before knew him go for a real white man.'

'If he was my dog,' Harry Noel answered, walking his pony up to the door with a sharp lookout on the ugly mouth of the straining and quivering bloodhound, 'he'd never have the chance again, I can tell you, to go for another. The brute's most dangerous—a most bloodthirsty creature. And indeed, I'm not sentimental myself on the matter of niggers; but I don't know that in a country where there are so many niggers knocking about casually everywhere, any man has got a right to keep a dog that darts straight at them as a greyhound darts at a hare, according to your own confession. It doesn't seem to me exactly right or proper somehow.'

Tom Dupuy glanced carelessly at the struggling brute and answered with a coarse laugh: 'I see, Mr Noel, you've been taking counsel already with your friend Hawthorn. Well, well, in my opinion, I expect there's just about a pair of you!'

(To be continued.)

TOBACCO CULTIVATION.

The question of the cultivation of tobacco has recently been brought within the range of practical agriculture. In both Houses of Parliament the government has announced that permission will be given to grow this plant, and cure it in proper manner, as experiments, in various parts of the country, and more especially in Ireland. The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the chair, determined to help the government in the matter, provided the government gave a grant towards the experiments. The subject thus becomes one of special moment. It is very doubtful, however, whether any experiments that can be made will give us much more information than we at present have regarding this crop. That it can be grown in this country is certain. To take up the first seed catalogue that comes to our hand—that of Messrs Carter & Co.—we find that for a long series of years past, the seed of no fewer than seven varieties of Nicotiana is announced as for sale. The plants are grown in many gardens, and the leaves are dried and used as fumigants against insects. In fact, so simple is the growth of the plant, that the only directions given are to 'Sow on heat, and transplant to good, rich, loamy soil, or sow out of doors in May.' That the plant can be grown is certain; but if grown on an agricultural scale, it will have to bear with the usual effects of climate, injurious insects, and the thousand-and-one ills which plant-life is heir to. That is, so far as the plant is concerned. The great difficulty in every country will begin with the curing, and

is the cause of the tobacco crop being gradually given up.

So far as Europe is concerned, there has been a great decrease in tobacco cultivation during recent years. In the Netherlands, the acreage is at present something like half what it was ten or twelve years ago. In Belgium, the decrease in area has been considerable, but not to so great an extent. In Austro-Hungary the acreage under tobacco was in 1884 less by 8768 acres than two years previously. In Germany, the area of the crop fell from 1881 to 1883 by over 12,000 acres. Italy, with its magnificent climate, grows only 8202 acres; while in France, where the government purchase the crop, only 32,800 acres were grown last year. It is to America, however, that we must turn for our best information as to the growth of tobacco. In the last four census years, this crop was grown to the following extent: 1850, crop of 199,752,655 pounds; 1860, crop of 434,209,461 pounds; 1870, 262,735,341 pounds; and 1880, crop of 472,661,117 pounds, grown on 638,841 acres. Here we find that although there was a great decrease in the growth of this crop after the war, it gradually picked up again, and the crop is now as large as ever. In 1883, 451,545,641 pounds were grown on an area of 638,739 acres. Its total value was £8,091,072.

The method of cultivation adopted in the United States cannot fail to be of use to the English or Irish grower. In the first place, a word should be said upon the position of tobacco in crop rotations. Travellers in South America have often noticed the desolate appearance of some portions of the country. This is due to the exhaustion of the soil by continuous tobacco-growing. A very large proportion of what was known as tobacco land has thus been reduced to a condition of poverty, and has been left to itself, and is covered with weeds. A good authority declares that this fault can be easily remedied, and that by growing tobacco as a rotation crop. After two crops of tobacco have been taken from the land, and after this a crop of corn, and then a crop of clover or vetches, after the latter have been cut or fed off, the land may be again prepared for another crop of tobacco. A word may be said here also on manures. In the best tobacco plantations, two hundred pounds of nitrate of soda and two hundred and fifty pounds of superphosphate per acre are used—the former bringing up a heavier crop, and the latter improving its quality. Besides these, large applications of farmyard manure are made. Taking Wisconsin as the State more particularly to be treated of, we find that the seed-beds are burned lightly, and a liberal allowance of manure worked in, to the depth of six inches, with a hoe or spade. This work of preparation begins in July, when the manure is applied. The bed is reworked in August, and again in September, for the purpose of keeping down any weeds or grass that may spring up; and finally, in November, it is hoed and raked and prepared to receive the seed, which is either sown in the Fall or early in the succeeding spring. When sown in the Fall, the seed is not previously sprouted. After sowing, the bed is compacted by rolling, tramping, or clapping with a board. The plants are carefully nursed by liquid manuring and by weeding. The young plants are generally large enough for transplanting by the 1st of June.

The land for the main crop—that is, into which the plants are transplanted from the seed-bed—is ploughed in the Fall after the crop of the previous year, and twice in the spring—in May, and just before the 1st of June. Coarse and rough manures are applied with the autumn ploughing, and finer well-rotted sorts in May. After the last ploughing, the land is thoroughly pulverised by harrows or drags, and marked off for the plant. The varieties of tobacco grown are either the seed-leaf or the Spanish. If the former, the plants are placed two and a half feet by three feet apart; but if the latter, three feet by a foot and a half. Thus, if the seed-leaf variety, some five thousand five hundred plants are used to the acre; and if the Spanish, nine thousand six hundred. As soon as the soil is in proper condition to work after the plants have been set out, a cultivator with five teeth is run between the rows, and this is kept up once or twice a week, until the field has been gone over five or six times. The crop is hoed twice—once after the cultivator has been run through the first time. Very little earth is put round the plant, level cultivation being preferred. In some portions of the district, a horse-hoe is used in cultivating the crop; this implement, from its peculiar construction, enables the operator to go very near each plant and stir every portion of the soil. In very small patches, the cultivation is done entirely with the hoe, which is kept up every week until the plants are so large that they cannot be worked without breaking the leaves.

The next operations are termed 'topping' and 'suckering.' In about forty-eight or fifty days after the plants are set, if the crop has been well cultivated and the weather seasonable, the flower-buds make their appearance, and are pinched out, leaving from fourteen to sixteen leaves on each plant. None of the bottom leaves are taken off, but all are left to mature, or dry up, serving as a protection against the dirt. Fields, however, are often seen in full blossom before the tobacco is topped, and this results in great damage to the crop. Tobacco is suckered twice—once in about a week after it is topped, and again just before it is cut, which is generally about two weeks after topping. 'Suckering' consists in the removal of young suckers, which at this time make their appearance in large numbers. As has been noted, tobacco is generally ready for harvesting in two weeks after being topped; but there is considerable variation in the time on various soils. On warm sandy loams, the plant will be as ripe in twelve days as it will be on heavy clayey soils in eighteen days. This is one of the reasons why sandy loams are preferred.

Harvesting commences early in August, and continues without intermission into September. The time preferred for cutting is from two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly sundown, because at that time tobacco is less liable to be blistered by the heat of the sun. The instrument used for cutting is a hatchet, the plants being cut off nearly on a level with the ground, and laid back on the rows to 'wilt.' After wilting, they are speared on laths. Of the large seed-leaf variety,

only about six plants are put on a lath, but of the smaller Spanish (or Havana) variety, ten are not considered too many. After being speared on the laths, the latter are carefully put on a long wagon-frame, made for the purpose, and carried to the sheds, where they are arranged on the tier poles or racks, from six to ten inches apart, according to the size of the plant, but never so close as to permit them to touch each other. It requires six weeks to cure the Spanish variety perfectly, and two months to cure the seed-leaf. If the weather is dry, after the crop is out, the doors are kept closed during the day and opened at night; but extreme care must be taken not to cure too rapidly. In muggy, sultry weather, as much air as possible should be given, thorough ventilation being indispensable, to prevent 'pole-sweat.' Continuous damp weather and continuous dry weather are both to be feared. It is believed by many good growers that white veins are the result of a drought after the tobacco has been harvested, and it is said that no crop cured when there is plenty of rain is ever affected with them. Inferences of this kind, however, are too often drawn without considering a sufficient number of cases to warrant the enunciation of a general law. This is the view put forth by Mr Killebrew, in an able paper on Tobacco-culture written for the American government. He, however, further points out that it is a well-established truth, deduced from the universal experience of the cultivation of seed-leaf tobacco in every State, that a crop cannot be cured without the alternations of moist and dry atmospheres.

A few words may be said on the curing of tobacco generally. Three systems are adopted in the United States. It may be (1) air-dried; (2) dried by open-fire heat from charcoal or wood fires in the barn; or (3) by flues which convey heat from ovens and heaters built outside the barn. The last method is said to be the best, as a better control can be had over the temperature. No regular rule can be given, as the heat must be regulated according to circumstances, and must change with the weather. The main thing is to dry the tobacco gradually to secure a good colour, and to prevent mould. When the tobacco is dry, it must be kept so by gentle fires in wet or damp weather, and it is not touched for the purpose of 'bulking' until it has become soft and pliable. Artificial sweating is believed by some to be accompanied with less risk than sweating by the natural process; and second stories of warehouses are sometimes prepared as sweating chambers by being closely ceiled or plastered. These are heated by furnaces, and the temperature maintained at from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty degrees.

After curing, the tobacco is prepared for market. This consists of stripping the leaves from the stalks, tying them up in large bundles, and afterwards sorting them. After being sorted in 'grades,' these are tied up in 'hands' of from eighteen to twenty leaves, securely wrapped with a leaf at the butt-end, and 'bulked' in piles, with the heads out and the tails overlapping in the centre of the bulk. Here it remains until the 'fatty stems' are thoroughly cured, when it is sold to the dealers. These latter pack it in barrels and sweat the leaves still further; but into this subject we need not go, as it can have but little interest to the farmer who intends growing tobacco in this country.

So far as the cost of growing tobacco is concerned, a large and successful grower in Pennsylvania, some two years ago, published the following statement of cost and returns from a field of nine and a half acres: 215¾ days' labour of men from preparing the seed-bed up to the hanging in the barn, £43; team-work, 38½ days, with feed for 42½ days, £30; curing, stripping, and marketing, £15: total, £88. The net receipts were £174; thus showing a profit of £86. This was in a fairly good year.

These few notes show us that tobacco is a crop requiring a great expenditure of labour and care, and that even in America the profits of thirty pounds per acre, about which we have heard so much, are not always realised. The probabilities, however, are so much against our getting really fine qualities of tobacco, that it is doubtful if the necessary capital will be put into the business.

'WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.'

I WRITE these pages as a warning. I don't suppose any one will profit by it. From the time of Cassandra downwards, nobody has ever paid attention to warnings. But that is not my affair.

A London newspaper, some years ago, gave up several columns of its valuable space to the question: 'What shall we do with our Boys?' I perused the correspondence with a strong personal interest, for I myself am the proprietor of a boy—several boys, in point of fact; but I refer more particularly to my eldest, aged nineteen, as to whom I felt that it was time something was settled. I have a great belief—partly derived from the before-mentioned correspondence, and partly from my own observation—in studying a boy's natural bent, and finding him an occupation in accordance with it. Such being the case, I began to study Augustus with a view to finding out his special aptitude; but, unless a really remarkable faculty of outgrowing his trousers may be so regarded, I could not for some time discover that he had any. By dint, however, of careful observation and cross-examination of the household, I elicited that he was addicted to making extremely offensive smells in the back kitchen with chemicals, and that he had what he called a 'collection' of beetles and other unpleasant insects stuck on pins in a box in his bedroom. It appeared, therefore, that his proclivities were scientific, and I ultimately decided to make an analyst of him. Accordingly, after disposing of sundry painful but presumably necessary arrangements as to premium, Augustus was duly articled to a Public Analyst. I use capital letters, because I observed that Mr Scrutin himself always did so. Why, I cannot say. Possibly, a public analyst—without capitals—would not command the same amount of public confidence. On consideration, I don't suppose he would.

Augustus' first demand on taking up his new

occupation was a microscope. 'And while you're about it,' he suggested, 'it had better be a good one.' At first, I was inclined to suspect that this was an artful device for the further indulgence of his entomological vices, and that the implement would be devoted to post-mortem examinations of deceased caterpillars or other kindred abominations. He assured me, however, that such was not the case, and that the microscope was nowadays 'the very sheet-anchor of analytical science.' The 'sheet-anchor' completely took the wind out of my sails. (I feel that there is rather a confusion of metaphor here, but, not being a nautical person, I don't feel competent to set it right.) I surrendered, humbly remarking that I supposed a five-pound note would cover it. The youthful analyst laughed me to scorn. The very least, he assured me, that a good working microscope could be got for would be ten or twelve pounds. Ultimately, I agreed to purchase one at ten guineas, and congratulated myself that at anyrate *that* was done with. On the contrary, it was only just begun. No sooner had my analyst secured his microscope, than he began to insist upon the purchase of a number of auxiliary appliances, which, it appeared, no respectable microscope would be seen without. He broke them to me by degrees. At first he only mentioned, if I remember right, an 'achromatic condenser,' at two guineas. Next came a 'double nosepiece' (why 'double,' I don't know); then a polarising apparatus and a camera lucida (four pounds ten); then a micrometer and a microtome (three guineas more); then somebody's prism, at one pound five; and somebody else's microspectroscope, at I don't know how much. Here, however, I put my foot down. *I* am compelled to regard the sordid consideration of price, though science doesn't.

The microscope and its subsidiary apparatus were duly delivered; but my analyst appeared to be in no particular hurry to convey them to the laboratory where he was studying. On my making a remark to this effect, he replied: 'Haven't taken them to the laboratory? No; and I'm not going to. Mr Scrutin has got a precious sight better microscope than mine—cost sixty guineas without the little extra articles, and they were about thirty more. *He's* got a microspectroscope, if you like!'

I refrained from arguing the point, and mildly remarked that in that case he might have used Mr Scrutin's microscope, and saved me some twenty guineas. But he rejected the idea with scorn, and explained that *his* microscope was not for laboratory use, but for 'private study.'

So far as my observation went, my analyst's private study had hitherto been confined to a short pipe and the last number of some penny dreadful; but I did not think it wise to check his new-born ardour; I contented myself by observing that I only hoped he would 'stick to it.'

'No fear of that,' he rejoined, as indignantly as a limpet might have done in answer to the same observation. 'Why, microscopy is the most fascinating study out.—Just take a squint at *that*, now.'

I looked down the tube, but couldn't see anything at all, and made a remark to that effect.

'Oh, that's because you haven't got the focus. —*Now*, try again.'

I tried again, and saw a sort of network of red fibre.

'I'll bet sixpence you can't tell me what *that* is!' he exclaimed triumphantly.

I owned the soft impeachment.

'That's the maxillary gland of a rat.'

'Dear me!' I said.

'Yes. Isn't it lovely? Here's another.—Now, just look at that.' (A queer granular-looking object.) 'You don't know what that is?'

'Give it up,' I said.

'That's a section of the epidermis of the great toe.'

'Great toe!' I exclaimed in disgust. 'What on earth have analysts got to do with great toes?'

'Oh, nothing particular,' he said airily. 'But we like to have as much variety as possible. I should like to have a section of everything, if I could get it.—Here's another pretty slide; that is the section of a diseased potato; and this one is a bit of a frog's leg.'

'Very instructive, I daresay,' I remarked; 'but I hope you haven't made me spend twenty pounds merely to improve your acquaintance with frogs' legs and diseased potatoes. Mr Scrutin surely doesn't analyse such things as these?'

'I can't say we do much in frogs' legs,' he said; 'but there are lots of things adulterated with potato. Flour and arrowroot, and butter, and cocoa, and—and—a heap of things. And the potato's just as likely to be diseased as not. It *may* be, anyhow, and there you are! If you don't know what diseased potato looks like, you're done.'

'A pleasant lookout,' I replied, 'if half-a-dozen of the commonest articles of food are habitually adulterated.'

'Bless you, that's nothing,' he replied. 'If *that* was all, there wouldn't be much harm done. There are a jolly sight worse adulterations than that. In fact, pretty nearly everything's adulterated, and some of 'em with rank poisons.'

'Rank poisons! That's manslaughter!'

'O no; it isn't,' he calmly rejoined. 'Of course, they don't put in enough to kill you right off. And if you find something disagreeing with you, you can't swear what it is. It *may* be the nux vomica in the beer; but it's just as likely to be entozoa in the water, or copper in the last bottle of pickles. However, you're all right *now*. With an analyst in the family, at anyrate you shan't be poisoned without knowing it. *I'll* let you know what you are eating and drinking.—This fellow'—and he patted the microscope affectionately—'will tell you all about that.'

And it did. From that day forth I have never enjoyed a meal, and I never expect to do so again. I have always been particular to deal at respectable establishments, and to pay a fair price, in the hope of insuring a good article. I have, or had, a very tolerable appetite, and till that dreadful microscope came into the house, I used to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life. But now all is changed. My analyst began by undermining my faith in our baker. Now, if there was one of our tradesmen in whom, more than another, I had confidence, it was the baker, who supplied what seemed to me a good,

solid, satisfying article, with no nonsense about it. But one day, shortly after the conversation I have recorded, my analyst remarked at breakfast-time: 'We had a turn at bread yesterday at the laboratory—examined five samples; and found three of 'em adulterated. And do you know'—holding up a piece of our own bread and smelling it critically—'I rather fancy this of ours is rather dicky.'

'Nonsense!' I cried. 'It's very good bread—capital bread!'

'*You* may think so,' he continued calmly; 'but you're not an analyst. I shall take a sample of this to the laboratory, and you shall have my report upon it.'

'Take it, by all means. But if you find anything wrong about that bread, I'll eat my hat!'

'Better not make rash promises. I'll take a good big sample, and you shall have my report on it to-night.'

On his return home in the evening, he began: 'I've been having a go-in at your bread. It's not pure, of course; but there isn't very much the matter with it. There's a little potato, and a little rice, and a little alum; and with those additions, it takes up a good deal more water than it ought, so you don't get your proper weight.'

'Ahem!' I said, 'if that's the case, we'll change our baker. I'm not going to pay for a mixture of potatoes and water, and call it bread. But as for alum, that's all nonsense. If they put *that* in, we should taste it.'

'O no; you wouldn't. When alum is put in bread, it decomposes and forms sulphate of potash, an aperient salt. It disagrees with you, of course, but you don't taste it. As for changing your baker, the next fellow you tried might be a jolly sight worse; *he* might put in bone-dust, or plaster of Paris, or sulphate of copper. And besides, half the adulterations are in the flour already, before it reaches the baker. Of course, that doesn't prevent his doing a little more on his own account.'

And with that the matter dropped, so far as the bread was concerned; but my confidence was rudely shaken.

A few days later, my analyst remarked: 'I don't think much of this milk;' and he forthwith appropriated a sample for analytical purposes; but, happily, was compelled to own that it wasn't quite so bad as he expected. It had more than its proper proportion of water; but that *might* arise—he charitably suggested—from the cow being unwell. To make up the deficiency, it had been fortified with treacle and coloured with arnatto, but these my analyst appeared to regard as quite every-day falsifications.

'It's a rascally shame,' I said. 'If one can't put faith in the milk-jug, it's a bad lookout for the Blue Ribbon gentlemen. However, let us hope that the tea and coffee are all right.'

'Not likely!' he rejoined. 'Nearly all tea is "faced," as they call it, more or less, and the facing is itself an adulteration. As for coffee, you don't expect to get *that* pure, do you? It's sure to be mixed with chicory, anyhow, and very probably with roasted acorns, beans, mahogany sawdust, or old tan. Baked horse-liver occasionally; but that's an extreme case. If by any remote chance there wasn't anything wrong in the original coffee, you get it in the chicory; and very often there are adulterations in both; so you get 'em twice over.'

'If that's the case, no more ground coffee for me. We'll grind our own, and then we are sure to be safe.'

'You mustn't make too cocksure of that. Some years ago, an ingenious firm took out a patent for a machine to mould chicory into the shape of coffee-berries. Smart chaps those! And of course they can put anything they like into the chicory before they work it up.'

'That's pleasant, certainly. Then how is one to secure pure coffee?'

'You can't secure it, except by sending a sample to us, or some other shop of the same sort, to have it analysed; and if it's wrong, prosecute your grocer for adulteration. After doing that a few times, he might find it didn't pay, and give it up.'

'And how much would that cost?'

'Analysis of a sample of coffee, one guinea; analysis of butter, five guineas; analysis of milk, one guinea; analysis of tea, one guinea. Those are the regular charges for private analyses.'

'Rather expensive, it seems.—And how much would it cost to prosecute?'

'Ah, that I can't tell you,' said my analyst. 'Another fiver, or more, I daresay.—But look at the satisfaction.'

I did look at it, but ultimately decided to give my grocer the benefit of the doubt, and cherish a fond hope that he was better than his fellows. The subject dropped. But a few days later, there chanced to be apple-pudding on the table. With the dish in question my analyst had always been in the habit of consuming brown sugar, and a good deal of it. Now, however, on the sugar-basin—best Demerara—being offered to him, he put on an expression as if he had been invited to partake of black draught.

'Raw sugar! No, thank you.'

'Hillo, what's wrong with the sugar? Is that adulterated too?'

'Very probably,' he loftily replied. 'But that's a small matter. The genuine article is bad enough.'

'Bad enough!' indignantly interposed my analyst's mamma. 'That's Mr Grittles's very best moist—threepence-three-farthings a pound!'

'I daresay it is. If it was fourpence, it wouldn't make any difference.—Did you ever hear of the sugar-mite, *Acarus sacchari*'——

'No; I can't say I ever did,' I said, 'and I don't want to, either. We have had enough of this sort of thing, and I am not going to have any more agonies over every article we eat.'

I had again put my foot down. But it was too late. I had even forbidden my analyst, under penalty of forfeiture of his pocket-money for several months to come, telling us anything whatever about the food we eat or the drink we imbibe; but the mischief was done. I have lost my confidence in my fellow-man, and still more in my fellow-man's productions. I may try in an imperfect way to protect our household. I may give the strictest orders that none but the refinedest of sugar shall be admitted into our store-cupboard; but who is to answer for the man who makes the jam and the marmalade, or the other man who makes the Madeira

cakes and the three-cornered tarts? And how much is there that we have *not* heard? I have silenced my analyst's lips, it is true; but there is also a language of the eyes, and still more a language of the nose, and when, with a scornful tip-tilt of the latter, he says, 'No, thank you,' to anything, my appetite is destroyed for that meal. I can't take a pill or a black draught without my disordered imagination picturing my chemist 'pestling a poisoned poison' behind his counter. I can't even eat a new-laid egg or crack a nut without wondering what it is adulterated with. This is morbid, no doubt. I am quite aware that it is morbid, but I can't help it. I am like Governor Sancho in the island of Barataria: my choicest dishes are whisked away from me—or rendered nauseous, which is as bad—at the bidding of a grim being who calls himself Analytical Science. He may not know anything about it, or he may be lying; but meanwhile he has spoilt my appetite, and the dish may go away untasted for me.

Truly, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The moral of my painful story is obvious. I intend to bring up the rest of my family, if possible, to occupations involving no knowledge whatever.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

About two years ago, we recorded an interesting discovery which had been made on the coast of Norway, that of a viking war-ship, which had formed the tomb of some forgotten Danish freebooter. We have now to chronicle a somewhat similar find, which has recently been unearthed at Brigg, in Lincolnshire. While the workmen were excavating the ground for a new gas-holder, they came upon a block of oak, which ultimately proved to be an ancient British vessel of extraordinary size. It is cut out of a solid piece of wood, and measures forty-eight feet in length, fifty-two inches in width, and thirty-three inches in depth. The boat is in a wonderfully good state of preservation, owing, no doubt, to the clayey nature of the soil in which it lies, and which has effectually sealed up every cranny against the intrusion of the air. The discovery of this prehistoric relic is of such interest, that it is to be hoped some way of preserving it from the action of the weather will be found before it is too late.

Only a few years ago, an ancient wooden causeway was discovered in the same neighbourhood—a causeway made of squared balks of timber fifteen feet long and ten inches square. The ends of these logs were bored with holes for the reception of pegs, so that the whole structure could be firmly fastened to the earth. This was evidently a necessary precaution; for the causeway crosses the valley of the river Ancholme, and would be subject to removal by the action of the tidal waters. It is believed that an extensive shallow lagoon once existed in the Ancholme valley, and that this was slowly filled up with alluvium. It is to this silting up with a non-porous soil that the preservation of both the boat and the causeway is due.

The *Times of India* raises a curious point about a certain meteor of unusual brilliancy which was seen in India on a certain night in January last. Curiously enough, a meteor which was described by eye-witnesses in almost the same language which was used by the Indian observers, passed over London on the same evening. It was travelling in an easterly direction, and appeared about two hours and a half before the meteor noted in India. The question raised by this double appearance is: Are these two meteors really one and the same? The distance between the two points of observation is between five and six thousand miles, which would give a rate of movement for the meteor of thirty-five and a half miles per minute. The question is a startling one, which we should think could be easily answered by consulting the logs of various vessels which were near the presumed track of the meteor on the night of its occurrence. Such an unusual appearance could not fail to have been recorded.

The celebrated Christy Ethnographical Collection has now been added to the British Museum, and for the first time it may be said that the country which has the best opportunities of studying prehistoric and semi-barbarous peoples in all the countries of the world, is not behind its neighbours in its collection of objects for promoting that study. Mr Henry Christy, who died in 1865, left his wonderful collection to four trustees, to deal with it as they might think fit in the best interests of science. These trustees offered the collection to the national Museum on the very wise condition, that it was not to become the property of the Museum until it should be publicly exhibited there. This proviso has prevented the collection being packed away into cellars for an indefinite time, a fate which has befallen too many treasures intrusted to the national Museum.

The delegates of the French Chambers of Commerce who accompanied M. de Lesseps during the late survey of the Panama Canal works, have now returned with hopeful tales of the ultimate success of the grand project for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Briefly put, the matter stands thus: let money be supplied, and the work can be brought to a glorious termination. M. de Lesseps affirms that the canal can be opened for traffic as soon as 1889; and he points to the circumstance that all contracts expire in 1888. But contractors are but mortal, and it is believed by experts that the hard Culebra rocks, which present the most formidable obstacle to the prosecution of the work, cannot be cut through in less than five years. These rocks are more than a mile in length, and in some spots they rise to a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet above the canal level.

In a recent article on 'The National Egg-supply,' a contemporary gives some interesting particulars regarding the productiveness of different kinds of fowls. The laying power of each hen is said to be on an average one hundred eggs per annum. This seems a small average. Some fowls will lay as many as two hundred and twenty per annum, but the larger proportion yield not more than from sixty-five to one hundred and twenty per annum. Care and proper food have much to do with productiveness, as all

keepers of fowls know well. A large portion of our egg-supply comes from Ireland, where the birds are not nearly so well tended as they are in England and Scotland. A score of Irish eggs selected at random from a large crate weighed a little under two pounds. The eggs from good Dorkings will weigh six ounces more than this. The eggs from Spanish fowls weigh two pounds fourteen ounces per score; while those from Leghorns weigh as much as three pounds for the same quantity. The total cost of our annual egg-supply is calculated to be nearly seven millions sterling.

Mr W. K. Brooks, of the John Hopkins University of America, has put forward a new observation regarding oyster spat, which may account for the failure of the fisheries in many parts of this country. He remarks that the young oyster as it settles upon the bottom of the sea is in some localities so covered with sediment that it is killed at a very early stage of existence. He holds that the tender oyster should find a resting-place which must be clean as well as free from destructive pests. He recommends the employment of floating frames furnished with a bottom of galvanised wire-netting for the reception of the fry. Under such conditions, it is found that oysters grow with wonderful rapidity.

Anglers know well that the voracious pike is a fish most tenacious of life, and that hours after he has lain in the fishing-creel apparently dead, he is quite capable of giving a snap with his sharp teeth. But few are aware how long a pike will live out of his proper element. A Paris fishmonger recently received a quantity of fish from Rotterdam which were packed in ice. Among these was a pike over two feet long, which, on unpacking, was seen slightly to move its gills. The fish was placed in fresh water, with the result that in a few hours it was fully alive and very active. This fish, as far as can be learnt, was actually out of the water for three days, during which time it travelled nearly three hundred miles. It is now in the Trocadero Aquarium, and seems to have fully recovered from its curious experience.

The *Sanitary Record* informs metropolitan householders that their peace is threatened with a new danger. A London resident found that each time the water was turned on to his house, a plentiful supply of coal-gas was delivered gratis at the same time and through the same pipes. The explanation of the matter is as follows: in the particular street where this strange thing happened, the soil round the water main is completely saturated with gas from leaky pipes. When the water is turned off, there is a vacuum formed in the main, and gas is sucked in through imperfect joints, to be delivered to the unfortunate residents directly the water is again turned on. The matter can of course be easily remedied; but the serious lesson taught by the incident is that gas can find its way to water-pipes, and that sewer-gas may as easily do so as coal-gas.

The last application of rock-oil is a petroleum engine, which we saw working lately in London. In general appearance, it is like a gas engine; but it has a tank fixed above the cylinder which contains a supply of petroleum. This liquid is conveyed by a small pipe and pump to the cylinder at the rate of about four drops per stroke of the piston rod. It is ignited by a spirit-lamp after having been mingled with sufficient air to form an explosive mixture. The working cost of the engine is calculated at three-halfpence per horse-power per hour for petroleum, and one-sixth of that sum for lubricating. The engine will be valuable where gas is not to be obtained and where steam is inadmissible.

Mr William Anderson lately delivered an interesting lecture before the Royal Institution 'On New Applications of the Mechanical Properties of Cork to the Arts.' He showed that cork was unique among solid substances in being capable of cubical compression both from forces applied in opposite directions and from pressure from all sides. This is shown when cork is immersed in water and is subjected to hydraulic pressure. The phenomenon in question is due to the peculiar cellular structure of the material, which causes it to behave more like a gas when under pressure than like a solid. Mr Anderson proposes to use cork instead of air in the air-vessels of water-raising machinery, and he showed by experiment how well fitted it was for doing this duty. He also proposes to use it in connection with gun-carriages in the following way: the carriage is to be furnished with hydraulic compressors in the customary manner, but the water in the cylinders is to be driven by the recoil of the gun into a vessel filled with cork. This will represent a store of energy which will run the gun out again when loaded, by the aid of a tap which will liberate the water from the compressed cork. The lecture certainly exhibited cork in a new character, and called attention to many ways in which it can be used with advantage.

The nebula in the Pleiades, so strangely discovered by photography, although it was quite invisible to ordinary telescopic scrutiny, has now been detected by more than one observer. It is, however, as may be guessed, an extremely faint object. MM. Perrotin and Thollon, of the observatory at Nice, say that they have seen it, but admit at the same time that this was only because they knew from the Paris photograph that it existed.

The number of valuable substances which can be extracted from coal-tar is marvellous, and would surprise gas manufacturers of a generation ago, who gladly gave away the tar to any one who would take it. The last product of the black and ill-smelling fluid is a substance which has been named Saccharin, on account of its extreme sweetness, and the discovery is due to Professor Fahlberg. Saccharin is said to be two hundred and thirty times sweeter than the best cane-sugar. It has a great interest for the medical profession, for it can be used to render palatable the food of patients suffering from diabetes, and has been already adopted for this service in one of the Berlin hospitals. At present, the new sweetener costs forty shillings per pound. It has been ascertained by experiment that saccharin is innocuous; and we may feel sure that if its price can be reduced, it will become a formidable rival to sugar.

The chief of the United States Geological Survey, Major Powell, has discovered near California what he believes to be the oldest human habitations on the American continent.

The mountains in the vicinity are covered with beds of lava, in which have been excavated square rooms, lined with a kind of cement made with lava. Although these rock-dwellers were of prehistoric time, their work shows traces of an advanced civilisation. Several articles of pottery have been found in these cave-dwellings, as well as a kind of cloth made of woven hair. Wrapped in such a cloth, which tumbled into dust when touched, there was found a small image resembling a man. No fewer than sixty groups of these villages in the lava have been found.

Mr Eric S. Bruce, who has been experimenting during the past year for the government with a balloon for signalling purposes, which he has invented, is about to exhibit a balloon of the same kind at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. This aërostat will have a capacity of eighty thousand cubic feet, sufficient to give it the necessary lifting power to carry up several passengers. The balloon will be a captive one, like that exhibited at Paris in 1878, and will, like its huge forerunner, be hauled down to the earth after each ascent, by steam-power. It will ascend for the amusement of visitors during the daytime, telephonic communication being maintained between the car and the earth; while at night it will be illuminated by the electric light, so that Mr Bruce's method of signalling may be fully demonstrated.

The number of deep wells sunk in London and its neighbourhood during the past thirty years has had the effect of lowering the general water level in the chalk to the amount of about twelve inches annually. But there is still a very large quantity available—so the experts say—without sinking shafts to extraordinary depths. Much interest attaches to the subject at the present time on account of the threatened action of the London corporation to sink wells for themselves, as the strongest protest they can offer against the high charges of the Water Company supplying the city.

The title of one of Turner's best pictures, 'The *Téméraire* towed to her last Moorings,' comes to the mind as one hears that the *Great Eastern*, the largest steamship ever built, too large, indeed, to be profitably worked, has steamed round to Liverpool to serve as a show-place during the Maritime Exhibition there. After this last duty is done, this monument of Brunel's wonderful skill will take up her position as a coal-hulk.

People who rejoice in the possession of wealth and who have plenty of time on their hands, generally develop into 'collectors.' Coins, pictures, books, china, orchids, postage-stamps, &c., have their periods as the fashionable things to gather together. The last craze of this kind is devoted to engraved plates. Old copper plates are perhaps the best; and the way to preserve and exhibit them is as follows: the plate is rolled with ink and polished, just as if an impression were required of it. It is then set aside for the ink to dry, when it receives a coating of clear varnish, to protect it from the oxidising action of the air. It is now framed and hung up like an ordinary picture.

The Kyrle Societies have seldom reason to congratulate iron manufacturers on the progress of their art; but it seems as if they might heartily rejoice in a Report recently made at the instance of the North-eastern Steel Company as to the utilisation of an important by-product of the steel manufacture. The Report is on the results of experiments made to test the value of basic cinder as a manure, and is the joint work of Professor Wrightson and Dr Munro, of the College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury. Basic cinder, or basic steel slag, is the broken-up and useless lining of the converters used in the Thomas-Gilchrist process for dephosphorising iron, and is a bulky by-product of the manufacture. It contains from sixteen to nineteen per cent. of phosphoric acid combined with lime and other bases; and the Report in question puts it beyond a doubt that the undissolved phosphates of the cinder have an available and remarkable value for manurial purposes. Extensive and elaborate experiments conducted at Downton and elsewhere showed decisively that this heretofore inconvenient substance is an excellent fertiliser for swedes and other turnips, as well as for grass. It seems to be positively better for this purpose than ground coprolites, and only a little less effective than superphosphate. This interesting Report is published at the *Daily Exchange* Offices, Middlesborough. Similar experiments have been attended with like success in Germany; and from *Le Temps* it would appear that enterprising agricultural chemists are already in treaty with some of the blast-furnaces of Alsace-Lorraine for the purchase of all the slag produced by them.

The history of the recovery of a portion of the mails from the Cunard steamer *Oregon*, ought to supply chemists and inventors with a good deal of food for thought. Before the vessel sank, a portion of the mail was recovered, but by far the greater portion went down with her. This was the case with the registered letters, the portion of the mail containing securities, coupons, &c., to the value of at least one hundred thousand pounds, besides drafts, letters of credit, &c., of which the value was unknown. A notice has been issued by the Liverpool postmaster which tells us that the whole of these registered letters have been recovered. The letters were thoroughly soaked, but the post-office authorities dried them as carefully as they could and sent them on to their destination. All the mail-matter that has been recovered was badly damaged by wetting, while the bags which were subjected to long-continued soaking at the bottom of the sea were very much damaged. In one case, a fifty pound note sent from Frome to Chicago was delivered only just recognisable, but still sufficient to insure its being honoured.

These facts have led an American scientific journal to urge the necessity for waterproof mailbags, waterproof paper, and waterproof ink. Waterproof mailbags alone will not be sufficient, as, in the process of handling them or raising them from a sunken vessel, they are liable to be rendered leaky. Waterproof paper, again, would be of no service unless it was accompanied by waterproof ink. The mailbags need only be waterproof in the ordinary acceptation of the term; and if there could be certainty that they would remain so, nothing more would be needed to protect documents or anything else placed in them; but as holes are likely to be worn or

torn in them, the only final resource is the production of paper and ink that will resist the prolonged action of sea-water. If such a paper and ink can be produced at a reasonable cost, they would meet with a ready market throughout the civilised world. But the paper must be lighter, more flexible, and more opaque than the waterproof parchment paper now obtainable.

The lesson which the loss of the *Oregon* seems to teach the commercial world is, that a convenient waterproof paper is required for transatlantic correspondence. Modern chemistry and mechanical invention ought to be able to meet this want.

No class of the community has received so much good advice as that to which the farmer belongs, and it would be a wonder if he did not resent some of it, and say that it is not good advice that is wanted most, but good seasons. However, when a practical lesson comes within one's reach for the better utilisation of available material, only a foolish person would neglect to learn it. In the model dairy at the Brighton Show, last summer, Professor Long gave an explanatory demonstration of the simple methods of making three kinds of soft cheese, by the employment of tinned-iron hoops, beech-boards, straw-mats, milk-vessels, draining-shelves, and a thermometer. In the Journal of the Bath and West of England Society, he has recently drawn attention to the subject again, and explains his method whereby the farmer may utilise his skim-milk by the profitable manufacture of soft cheese. It seems that anybody can learn the processes; and a few experiments will teach the practice of ripening the cheeses in an apartment having a regulated temperature proper for the development of the necessary white mould, followed by blue mould, producing the most accepted flavour.

From a gallon of 'whole' milk, costing sixpence, Professor Long made Brie cheese—the most famous of French varieties—worth, at ten days to three months old, from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence; from half a gallon of milk, half of it skim-milk, valued at twopence-halfpenny, he made Coulommiers, a round cheese worth at least eightpence; and from skim-milk only, costing about one penny, he made a square variety, of his own invention, named Graveley cheese, partaking of the qualities of the Limburg of Germany and the Livarot of France. We understand that nearly six millions of the delicious Brie cheeses are made annually in certain districts of France for the Parisian market. An important point will be gained, however, in this country, if some of our farmers begin to convert their skim-milk into a product which will sell at three or four times the value of the milk.

Honey-wine is said to be excellent; and Dzierzon—one of the most famous German writers on scientific bee-keeping—tells us that it is often manufactured by peasants in Eastern Europe. It is made as follows: Twenty-five pounds of honey are mixed with four and a half gallons of water in a bright copper boiler, the mixture being gently boiled and constantly skimmed during half an hour. Three pounds of finely powdered chalk are then gradually added, under constant stirring. The tough scum which rises to the surface is skimmed off, and when no more rises, the liquid is poured into a wooden vessel, where it is allowed to settle. The liquid is then carefully decanted into the cleaned kettle, mixed with six pounds of finely powdered and recently burned charcoal, and raised to boiling. It is now once more poured into the wooden vessel, allowed to cool, and then filtered through felt or flannel. It should be stated that the chalk is added to neutralise free acid, while the charcoal removes the waxy taste. The filtered liquor is then transferred to the boiler, mixed with the white of twenty-five eggs, and raised to boiling, when the coagulated albumen will have clarified the liquid. After having kept the liquid at a gentle boil for one hour longer, it is allowed to cool, and is then poured into a cask, which must not be quite full, and the bung-hole covered with a piece of clean linen. In this condition it is allowed to remain until fermentation has been completed. When it is perfectly clear, the liquid is drawn off into bottles. We are told by Dzierzon that this wine, if properly prepared, resembles the best brands of Madeira, and is a truly royal beverage. It keeps for any length of time, provided the bottles are stored in a cool cellar.

A NEW THEORY OF DEW.

THE explanation of the formation of dew and hoar-frost which Dr Wells published about seventy years ago, has been almost universally accepted as satisfactory ever since. Shortly stated, Dr Wells' 'Theory of Dew' is as follows: Air always contains a certain amount of moisture in the form of invisible vapour. The hotter the air is, the more vapour will it contain. Thus, during a warm day, a good deal of moisture passes into the air; and when the temperature falls in the evening, some of it is deposited as a fine mist. But even when this mist does not appear, dew is formed. As soon as the sun is down, especially if it is a clear evening, the grass, trees, shrubs, and even the soil itself rapidly get cooled by radiating into space the heat which they contain. These cooled bodies in turn cool the warm air above them, and this causes it to deposit more or less of its moisture, which appears either as a film or in minute drops of dew. The points of the grass, small twigs, and all other good radiating surfaces are cooled the most; and accordingly we find the dewdrops most abundant on these bodies; whilst on metal or hard stone surfaces, which are poor radiators, we seldom or never find any dew. A clear, cloudless sky, which promotes radiation, is always favourable to the formation of dew; but on cloudy nights, little is formed, because the clouds return the heat radiated from the earth.

Hoar-frost is only dew deposited on bodies cooled below the freezing-point. It is formed in winter when the temperature of the air during the day is only a little over this point. At night, the grass and ground are soon cooled below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and what moisture is deposited appears as minute ice-crystals or hoar-frost.

Many experiments can be cited which tend to strengthen and confirm this explanation. Thus, every one is familiar with the fact of glass bottles, mirrors, &c., being covered with moisture on being brought into a warm room. The same thing happens with a cold cabbage leaf, or with a bundle of vegetables or a bunch of flowers. On a cold night, the windows of a warm room soon get dimmed. Still more striking is a phenomenon which frequently occurs in countries where the temperature is much below the freezing-point in winter. The houses are well heated, and if a number of people are together, as in a ballroom, the air soon becomes moisture-laden. If the ventilation is not over-good, it may happen that a door or window will be opened. With the rush of cold air from without, the merry-makers are often alarmed by being suddenly covered with hoar-frost, or sometimes even a shower of snow. This does not come from the outside, as it occurs most readily on cold, clear, starlit nights. It is the moisture of the air of the room suddenly cooled below freezing-point that appears as snow or hoar-frost. Many similar experiments may be noticed, all of which are satisfactorily accounted for on Dr Wells' theory.

Yet, within the last few months, Mr Aitken, in a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, has brought forward many observations, and the results of numerous experiments, which appear to prove that Dr Wells' theory of dew is not, after all, correct.

The essential difference between the old and the new theories is as to the source of the moisture which forms the dew. Instead of being condensed from the air above by the cooled vegetation, Mr Aitken maintains that it comes from the ground. The author of the original theory admitted that some of the dew might come from below, but affirmed that it must be an exceedingly small proportion. Mr Aitken's experiments, on the contrary, seem to prove that most if not the whole comes from the ground.

It is quite clear that the grass and soil do get rapidly cooled on dewy nights; but if they are below the temperature of the air above, the ground just under the surface is much warmer. Thermometers placed on the surface of grass were often found ten to eighteen degrees lower than those placed under the surface among the stems. In such circumstances, vapour must be rising from the soil, and part of it will condense on the grass, which has been cooled by radiation. By carefully weighing small squares of turf cut from a lawn before and after the appearance of dew on them, it was always found that they *lost* weight. If the dew had condensed out of the surrounding air, the turf would have *gained* in weight by the amount of dew deposited. It was thus clear that vapour was rising from the ground, only part of which was condensed on the grass, the remainder passing into the air.

Another experiment, pointing to the same conclusion, was made by inverting thin trays over the grass. On dewy nights these trays were always found wet on the under surface; and the grass below them was always much wetter than that freely exposed outside. The moisture rising from the ground was evidently trapped and condensed, instead of being allowed to pass freely into the atmosphere.

The explanation of the absence of dew on the surface of stones, roads, and other hard surfaces, on the old theory was, that these, being poor radiators, did not get much cooled. But closer observation shows that dew does form on stones and clods and gravel, only it is chiefly on the under surfaces. Thus, slates laid over both hard and gravelly roads are always found dripping wet on their under surfaces on dewy nights; while their upper surfaces and the surrounding roads are dry. During frost, too, clods and stones on the surface of the soil are almost always found to be covered with hoar-frost, showing that the moisture is trapped as it rises from the soil.

But perhaps the most interesting observations and experiments were those made to determine the origin of the 'dewdrops' on grass and vegetables. In the first place, it is found that these drops do not appear on all plants. Some are wet, while others growing alongside are dry, though there could be no great difference in their radiating power. Then the leaves do not get wet all over, but only at the edges and on the tips. A closer observation reveals the fact that these so-called 'dewdrops' are formed at the end of the minute veins of the leaves and grass, and are not now recognised as dew at all, but moisture exuded from the interior of the plants themselves. Moreover, these drops always appear before the true dew in the evening, and very often are seen when no true dew is formed. They even appear when the vegetables are placed under conditions where condensation of the surrounding water-vapour is impossible, and must, therefore, be due to the vital activity of the plants.

Another observation may be mentioned which clearly shows that moisture rising from below may become condensed on the cooled surfaces of loose material. If the weather is at all cold, the beard and moustaches get covered with moisture; and in very cold climates, the eyebrows, hair, and whiskers get covered with a coating of hoar-frost. The moisture which forms this certainly comes from the body, which is always at a much higher temperature than the surrounding air.

All these observations and experiments have led to the conclusion that moisture is constantly being given off from the earth; and that, except on the rare occasions when a warm moisture-laden wind blows gently over a previously cooled surface, it only returns to the surface of the ground after being condensed into rain, sleet, snow, or hail. Dew is only a portion of the outward current trapped on the exposed and cooled surfaces of the grass and other bodies.

COMRIE EARTHQUAKES.

REGARDING earth-tremors or earthquakes, which, curiously enough, seem to be mainly confined in Scotland to Comrie, in Perthshire, a correspondent writing from Comrie kindly favours us with the following notes as to the erection which is there devoted to the registering of earthquakes. Our correspondent says:

I recently visited the building with a view of giving you a few notes as to its history and

construction. I may state that about fourteen years ago, the British Association applied to Mr Drummond of Drumearn for leave to erect a house on his property, which he at once granted free of charge, and assisted to defray the cost of erection.

The reason why the British Association selected a site here and erected this earthquake-house at Comrie, was on account of the long-continued periodical shocks that had been felt in Upper Strathearn, particularly from the year 1780 to 1848. About the former date, they had been rather severely felt over the whole district, and damage to some extent done to buildings. On a sheet of water near to Lawers House, the ice was shattered to pieces. Some of the inhabitants at that time kept a record of their occurrence; and we believe the late Sir David Dundas, of Dunira, had a seismometer placed on his estate in Glenlednoch, to the north of Comrie; but there seems to be no evidence to show that it had ever indicated any shock. Coming down to the year 1839, the inhabitants of the village of Comrie were greatly alarmed, about eleven o'clock on the night of the 23d of October, by one of the most violent tremors that had been experienced there; and the good people rushed out of their houses and assembled in the old Secession Church for prayer, which was conducted by the Rev. R. T. Walker, the minister of that church. Many others fled to the hills. But no serious damage was done to property, save some rents in the chimneys. From 1839 to 1847, tremors continued to be more frequent, causing considerable alarm by the movements of furniture and crockery.

The work of erecting the building proposed by the British Association was carried out under the care of the late Dr James Bryce of Glasgow, who resided here for many seasons, and was well acquainted with the locality and its geological formation. The site chosen is a rising ground near Drumearn House, and is built on rock that is supposed to extend a considerable distance westward. The building is stone, and slated, and is about seven feet square inside. The floor is laid with Arbroath pavement, on solid rock, and is overlaid with fine sand, on which are placed two boards, at right angles to each other. These boards are six feet long by nine inches broad, and on each are placed, standing, nine round wooden pins, varying from the fourth of an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, but all of one height (eight inches).

The building is in excellent condition, and the pins or markers are in their places, awaiting the action of an earthquake to record the desired information as to the severity and direction of this now seemingly extinct agency of force in Upper Strathearn. The size of pin or cylinder thrown down, and the direction in which it falls, indicate the strength of shock as well as its direction. Any one who feels interested and may wish to visit the building will readily get access by applying to Mr Drummond.

Many theories have been propounded as to the cause of the earthquakes which have visited this district. The late Mr Patrick M'Farlane of Comrie, who took a great interest in them, erected a seismometer in the steeple of the parish church of Comrie, which was visited by many of the members of the British Association and others; but so far as we are aware, it never registered any markings. It was a very simple apparatus. The pendulum was of considerable length, and all but rested on a table overlaid with magnesia, which, being light, offered no resistance to the oscillation of the pendulum. A few slight shocks occurred between 1847 and 1877, but these attracted little notice.

I may remark that no earthquake had, till recently, been felt here for some years, consequently, there had been no registering. But on Sunday morning 18th April last, at one o'clock, and again on Thursday the 22d of the same month, about half-past five A.M., a slight earthquake occurred. I visited the earthquake-house on both occasions; but there were no markings, none of the pins having fallen.

WHICH?

If thou art false as thou art fair,
And false the fairest fair may be,
Again the wondrous power to snare,
Again the siren's self we see.
There 's danger in those dimpling smiles,
It glances from that witching e'e,
And he who would escape thy wiles,
Must quickly from the tempter flee.

For better far, as sages tell,
From fickle fair to bid adieu,
Than fall beneath the magic spell
Of charms the heart may ever rue.
Beware, if false, of beauty bright,
Beware that luring beacon's ray,
For, oh! the love that trusts its light,
May drift a wreck ere dawn of day.

But if thou 'rt true as thou art fair,
Art leal in heart, though seeming gay,
Wouldst ever constant prove, and ne'er
With faithful heart all faithless play,
Then thou 'rt a gem worth more than gold,
More precious than the ruby rare,
More to be prized than wealth untold,
True heart enshrined in form so fair.

JOHN NAPIER.

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HOSTESS AND GUEST.

BY MRS POWER O'DONOGHUE.

PART I.—THE DUTIES OF A HOSTESS.

I HAVE often thought that a few practical hints relative to the preparations for and treatment of a guest who comes to be a member of the household for a while, would not, perhaps, be thrown away upon the general company of readers. I therefore venture to offer these hints in homely fashion, feeling that I am, as it were, treading upon almost new ground, for the matter is one that appears to me to have been, considering its importance, wonderfully little discussed.

Before entering upon my subject, I would wish to say that my observations and advice are not addressed to those heads of families who have large establishments and a numerous staff of servants at command; such, of course, have merely to signify to the housekeeper or upper housemaid that a guest is expected, and give directions that such and such a room be prepared: the green, the yellow, blue, or any other colour, as the case may be. I desire rather to write for those heads of houses who belong to the middle classes, and for ladies who, for lack of means, can afford to keep but one servant, or at the most two.

It may, perhaps, be said that in the former case a visitor ought not to be invited at all; but that is mere nonsense, for there are times and circumstances when such a mark of civility is undoubtedly due, and when it cannot with propriety be avoided; nor need there be any reason, in a properly regulated household, why a guest should not be lodged and entertained quite as comfortably, if less luxuriously, in an unpretentious dwelling as within the lordliest halls. Of course, a great deal must depend upon the style of living to which the visitor is accustomed. It would, for instance, be unwise for a hostess with limited means at her command to undertake the entertaining of a wealthy nabob, who, from being born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, knows nothing of difficulties or struggles with the world, and is in consequence a mere mass of selfish exactitude and caprice. Nor would it be judicious for a person of moderate income to invite a gourmet, who lives to pamper his appetite, and is guilty of such vulgar pomposities as passing the wines beneath his nose before tasting them, in order that he may boast of his knowledge of the various vintages to which they belong. It is likewise unwise for a host or hostess of limited resources to extend an offer of hospitality to a fine lady or gentleman who cannot travel without a maid or valet in attendance upon them. Strange servants are an intolerable nuisance among a household, and it is usual for those who have had experience of them, to declare that they would rather entertain a dozen guests in the dining-room than cater for one in the kitchen or servants' hall.

In the event of a hostess deeming it a necessity—which sometimes occurs—to invite a guest whose household and style of living are to her knowledge superior to her own, she should not be in the least ashamed to confess the fact, or feel in the smallest degree embarrassed about doing so. She should, on the contrary, refer to it—once only—with easy grace, exhibiting no trace of 'awkwardness,' for there is not any shame in being unable to cope with those who are wealthier than ourselves, nor can riches ever weigh against gentility of soul. Were we to ape what we cannot have—to strive after position which we cannot attain—to attempt style that we cannot keep up—to cheat honest tradesmen out of their lawful earnings in order to gratify some expensive taste which we have no right to indulge—then, indeed, might a blush lawfully arise; but there is nothing in upright frugality to make even the most sensitive feel ashamed.

I have said, refer to the matter once only, because I consider it a sign of extreme bad taste to keep perpetually offering apologies to visitors, in the event of things not being quite so grand or imposing as the hostess may desire. How

frequently we are put to the pain of listening to such sentences as: 'Do, pray, take some more; although I know it is not so good as you have at home'—'I hope you slept well, though I am afraid you missed your own fine big room,' &c. This display of deferential anxiety cannot be otherwise than painfully embarrassing to a visitor, and looks as though the hostess were either throwing out perpetual hints for compliments upon the excellence of her house and table, or as if she were really uncomfortably conscious of deficiencies which are perhaps noticeable to herself alone. A few words—the briefer the better—spoken to the guest on arrival, or inserted in the note of invitation, are sufficient to answer all purposes: 'You are aware, Miss—or Mr' (as the case may be), 'that our means are not sufficient to admit of any style; but I hope you will be comfortable, and I am sure you will be welcome.'

A hostess of moderate income, such as I am writing for, should always ascertain personally that the bedchamber intended for her guest's use is comfortably arranged and the bed-clothing properly aired. These are things which, if left to the care of the ordinary run of servants, will in most instances be performed in a very slovenly manner. As I intend that these observations shall be of a decidedly practical nature, I shall state plainly my ideas respecting the arrangement of a guest-chamber in an ordinary middle-class house. Ignoring, then, the existence of a family bathroom, the visitor's apartment should be provided with a bath, a large sponge, and a plentiful supply of towels. The first of these should be kept turned up in some spare corner by day, and laid down at night by the chamber-maid, with a square of oilcloth or felt underneath, to save the carpet from being wetted; for some persons are very untidy bathers, and make a terrible splashing when they indulge in a 'tub.' The sponge should be kept in a little basket, made to hook on to the lower rail of the towel-stand, which is in every way preferable to keeping it in a bag. Care should be taken that the looking-glass does not, when touched, make a low salaam—the upper end coming down upon the nose of the visitor, while the lower portion departs out of sight! This is very frequently the case in hotels and lodging-houses, and indeed in too many private dwellings also; and it can be so easily rectified by the bestowal of a little care upon the screws, that it is quite wonderful how persons can contentedly go on from month to month propping up the disabled toilet-mirror—or leaving others to do it—with a hairbrush, or pocket-handkerchief, or half a newspaper folded into a pad.

Be sure, also, if you are expecting a visitor, to leave the wardrobe in the guest-chamber perfectly empty, and all the shelves neatly swept and papered. Be certain to attend particularly to this matter, more especially if the expected visitor be a lady, for it is pitiable to contemplate the inconvenience which neglect of it may entail. See that every article of clothing is removed from drawers and wardrobe; and do not from negligence leave half-a-dozen dresses hanging up in the latter, or an array of laces and fineries folded away in the former. Nothing can possibly be more conducive to the discomfort of a lady-guest than—just when she has bolted her door and has divested herself of her outer garments to dress for some dinner or dance—to have the hostess knock and bounce in, with: 'I *beg* your pardon; I know you won't mind *me;* but I find the dress I want to wear is in your wardrobe.' Or, 'My opera-mantle is stowed away in one of your drawers.'

I have occasionally stayed at houses, and very frequently at hotels, where there was no such thing in my room as a wardrobe at all, in any shape or form—not even a shelved press, or a clothes-rack on the wall. This is dire misery, and is an unpardonable omission on the part of those in authority over the management of affairs. It is not by any means a matter of necessity that a costly glass-panelled wardrobe should be provided. Many households cannot afford such; but a neatly painted one is not an extravagance; and in the event of a narrow staircase or doorway preventing ingress to such a piece of furniture, there is an excellent plan for improvising a wardrobe, which I have seen tried with great success. Nail up a substantial clothes-rack in a recess of the room; suspend a brass rod across it, on which are curtains hung on rings, and cover in the top with strong calico, leaving a neat valance of the curtain-stuff, bordered with fringe, to hang over the edge. Any place, in short, which will allow of coats and dresses being hung up, to prevent the creasing which they suffer by folding, and to preserve them from dust, cannot fail to be acceptable to a visitor, when he or she comes to unpack.

Always make sure that the window-blinds are in perfect working order. They are at times too stiff, or too loose, or so much out of gear that if drawn down at night they remain immovable in the morning, and the guest is obliged to dress in semi-darkness. See, also, that the windows themselves are properly in order. Every window ought to be made to open both at top and bottom, as this admits of the immediate and thorough ventilation of the room. If, however, through defective carpentering in the first instance, the windows are hermetically sealed at the top—as is too frequently the case in old houses—make certain at all events that the lower sash opens and shuts with ease, and that when closed it does not admit a draught. Above all things, see that means are provided to prevent the shaking of windows in windy weather. Few things are so aggravating to the temper, and at the same time so wearying to the constitution, as being kept awake at night by the ceaseless and monotonous 'bang, bang' of a loose window-sash, which, after all, can be very easily remedied without adopting the old-fashioned method of thrusting a toothbrush handle or rack-comb between the sashes, to act as a sort of

wedge. Procure two neat flat pieces of wood, about four inches in length; drill a hole in the centre of each; affix one at each side of the window-frame with a screw, which you must not drive in too closely, but leave sufficient of the head for the wood to revolve or move upon. You will find that by slightly lifting the outer or lower end of the wood, the other end becomes pressed against the edge of the window-sash, which it holds perfectly steady; and that by declining or lowering this outer or lower end, the sash is released from pressure. The plan is an invention of my own; and I must not be considered egotistical for saying that it is an excellent one, as it will silence the noisiest window in an instant of time. A small bar of brass, treated in the same manner as the wood, looks more ornamental, and is of course stronger, where much pressure is desirable. Should there be any aperture or draught, a neat piece of cloth may be nailed along the sash, and will effectually exclude it.

Take especial care that the carpet does not wrinkle about the door, or in any other way prevent its shutting. I have seen some extremely awkward things occur from the neglect of this precaution. A relative of mine, who was of a very neat and systematic disposition, observed upon one occasion that there was a great crease in the carpet of his sitting-room at an hotel where he went to stay; and being of a practical turn of mind, he got out his own little hammer, and with the aid of a tack or two, soon set matters to rights. It happened, however, that the waiter was in the habit of overcoming difficulties by making a rush at the door; and as he followed this plan an hour later, when carrying in a heavy tray, the consequences were disastrous, for the door flew open with the greatest ease, and tray and waiter came tumbling into the room together.

You should make sure, also, that the bolt and lock of the door are in proper order. Many persons cannot sleep easily unless their door is fastened; and it is pleasanter for the hostess to expend a few pence upon the mending of a lock or bolt, than to hear her guest, at dead of night, dragging a heavy box or table, or chest of drawers, or some other unwieldy thing, across the floor of the chamber, to barricade the door against imaginary disturbances.

Ascertain, likewise, that there are night-lights, matches, and a substantial taper left in the room—as also writing materials, pins, hair-pins—if the expected guest be a lady—perfume, and a few amusing magazines or other specimens of light literature, as well as the Book of books; for some persons waken early, and enjoy a brief spell of reading before getting up.

These may perhaps appear very minute details to go into, but believe me the chamber in which they have been thoroughly attended to—no matter how plain and unpretentious it may be—will prove infinitely more comfortable than the most luxuriously furnished room in which they have been overlooked.

It is an excellent plan, in a limited household, to have various matters connected with housekeeping in readiness before the guest arrives. A good supply of fresh table-napkins; a number of knives, forks, and spoons arranged in a sideboard drawer in the dining-room; a few plates and glasses within the locker, in order to obviate the necessity for continually ringing the bell; a supply of sweets made; and a good marketing laid in. Many persons deem this an impossibility in warm weather; but few things are so, if properly managed. There are many kinds of sweets that will keep good for days; even those in the manufacture of which milk has been employed, will not sour if the milk be first boiled and slightly flavoured, or if condensed milk be used in place of fresh. Of course, a great deal depends also upon keeping such things in a perfectly cool atmosphere.

With regard to meat, a joint may be preserved for many days by wrapping it loosely in a fine cloth wrung out of vinegar, and hanging it in a draught of air. If the weather be very warm, the cloth must be remoistened twice, or even thrice a day. Tinned provisions are excellent in summer, and are invaluable in cases of emergency; tongues, curries, and soups being amongst the best of the eatables thus preserved.

A breakfast-table, to be comfortably set, should have a separate tea or coffee equipage for each individual, except in cases where the family is very large; then one may be made to serve for two persons. In like manner, no dinner-table can be said to be properly appointed where there is any handing about of salt-cellars, water-bottles, or other necessaries; nor can there be any excuse for it in these days of cheapness, when very neat little salt-cellars of moulded glass can be had for a penny apiece. I have even seen some as low as half that price and yet quite presentable.

Do not exercise your mind too much about amusing your guest. I have often thought that in some foreign countries, and notably in many parts of America, the relation of host and guest was a sort of double slavery. The host has the comfort and amusement of his guest so painfully at heart, that both undergo, for the time being, an amount of social misery that entirely spoils the freedom and pleasure of the visit. In our country it is different. Go to spend a week in an Englishman's house, and you may be sure that neither your host nor hostess will bother you with trifling matters unless you seem to desire it. Everything goes on as though you were not there, and yet, *per contra*, the house and its belongings are practically yours so long as you remain. I consider it the extreme of bad taste to pursue a visitor with continual offers of amusement. If treated as a member of the family and suffered to amuse himself, he will generally do very well, and will feel much happier and more at ease than when he is too closely looked after. I have heard persons complain bitterly of undue attentions and continual running after, from which they have suffered far more acutely than if actually neglected. 'Where is Mrs Dash? Who is sitting with her?' cries the flurried hostess. 'Good gracious! is it possible she has been left by herself? Go at once, Mary, or Julia, or Tommy, and sit with her, and amuse her until I have time to come.' And all the while, perhaps, the hapless Mrs Dash is struggling to get a letter or two written, or a bill or account made

up, and is congratulating herself upon the unwonted luxury of a few delicious moments of absolute quiet. She is revelling in the thought of being left alone, when, lo! Miss Mary, aged ten, comes awkwardly in, and stands sniffing in the window, or sits sideways upon the piano-stool, strumming with one hand at the notes, which is her idea of keeping the visitor company until mamma comes. Or Master Tommy, aged twelve, enters with a burst of noise, and proceeds to relate to the afflicted guest how he and Jack Jones are in the same Latin class; and how said Jones is beyond him in Euclid, though inferior in something else; and how Brown licked Black for calling him a dunce—with a variety of other information, by no means interesting to unconcerned parties. To this annoyance there are few of us who have not been subjected. A greater error of judgment can scarcely be committed. To make a guest feel comfortable and at home, leave him pretty much to his own devices. To be always striving to amuse him is a poor compliment to his own resources.

If in the winter-time a visitor comes to stay in your house, inquire early whether he prefers a fire in his bedroom at night, or a hot jar laid into the bed. If the latter, so much the better; it not only economises the coals, but is an immense saving of trouble to the housemaid in the mornings, as she has not then an additional grate to make up.

During the stay of your guest, if a lady, do not suffer her to pay anything towards the expenses of cabs, trains, or laundry, neither to defray the cost of her own concert or theatre tickets. Whilst in your house, she is, or ought to be, a member of your family, and it is not worth while, for the sake of a trifling additional outlay, to do anything which bears upon it the smallest stamp of meanness. If, however, the guest be a gentleman, there may—under certain circumstances—be some little relaxation of the rule; but where a lady is concerned, it cannot be too stringently adhered to.

Opinions vary as to the propriety of inviting a departing visitor to remain longer. The hostess should, I think, be guided by circumstances and surroundings. A lady cannot well press a gentleman to stay, unless he be a special friend or relative, or that it is her husband's desire that he should do so. It is, however, quite usual to ask a lady to extend her visit a few days beyond the time fixed by her for departure. Not to do so would appear in most cases inhospitable, or at all events coldly formal, which amounts to much the same thing. It is an excellent plan, however, when giving an invitation, to name the time that the recipient of it is intended to remain. 'We shall expect you to come to us for a fortnight;' or, 'Stay with us from Monday to Thursday,' will enable the guest to know precisely the limit to which his visit ought to be prolonged.

Make it a rule never to introduce any subject that could be unpleasant or embarrassing to a visitor. Avoid strictly the smallest allusion to household worries, as also questions of politics and religion; and if your household be, unhappily, one in which family jars are at times wont to figure, banish all such entirely out of view, for the time at least, if not for all time, as nothing can possibly be more painful to a guest than witnessing bickerings upon subjects with which he has no sort of sympathy. A visitor, remember, can have but one feeling upon all such dreary occasions: namely, an intense desire to get well out of the way with all convenient speed.

Be careful, also, that your guest shall see nothing of your share of household duties or drudgery, otherwise he, or she, will be made to feel excessively uncomfortable. A hostess who presides over a limited establishment will have many duties to perform, and countless little matters to engage her attention and need her helping hand; but a visitor should not on any account be permitted to witness these things. A well-bred orderly hostess will get her work done quietly and without fuss, nor will she ever exhibit that bustling, anxious demeanour which is the characteristic of so many really kind and otherwise excellent entertainers.

It will not be out of place here to speak a warning word to ladies—mistresses of households—who allow their overwhelming anxiety respecting the success of the dinner preparations to appear on their countenances during the progress of the meal. Which of us is unfamiliar with the flushed face, eager eyes, and look of tortured suspense with which some hostesses regard the carrying in of the various dishes? I am now, of course, speaking of plain, old-fashioned family dinners, where the joints and sweets are laid upon the table. The hostess may be, and probably is, engaged in conversation with the guest who occupies the seat on her right or left hand, as the case may be; but the preoccupied manner, the wandering thoughts, the painful effort at appearing interested in whatever topic may be under discussion, are only too apparent—as are likewise the harassed look if, on the lifting of the covers, anything is discovered to be wrong, and the palpable look of relief if, on the other hand, there seems to be no reasonable ground for apprehension or complaint. All such facial reflexes of the soul can and ought to be avoided. They are frequently the result of nervousness, and are in such cases a misfortune, yet one which is quite curable and capable of being easily overcome. A hostess who cannot preserve her serenity upon even the most crucial occasions, is lacking in one of the most essential qualities of an entertainer. The thoughtless spilling of her best wine, the soiling of her whitest tablecloth, nay, even the smashing of a whole trayful of her best old family china, should not cause one muscle of her countenance to change.

On the other hand, an affected ignorance respecting the contents of the day's bill of fare is at times almost as fatal as the opposite extreme. I was myself present at a dinner-party at which one of the untutored stable-helpers had been brought in, on an emergency, to assist. 'What are these, John?' inquired the languid hostess, as John tremblingly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right elbow. 'I don't know ma'am, raally,' he replied; 'but I think they're tuppence apiece!'

I shall conclude this portion of my subject by remarking, that if a hostess has a lady-visitor in her house and does not keep a carriage, she ought, when the guest is about to depart, to

make arrangements that a cab or other vehicle shall be in waiting at the door in good time, to convey the visitor to train, boat, or whatever else may lead to her destination. Gentlemen are usually understood to see after such matters for themselves.

IN ALL SHADES.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'BABYLON,' 'STRANGE STORIES,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN spite of his vigorous dislike for Tom Dupuy, Harry Noel continued to stop on at Orange Grove for some weeks together, retained there irresistibly by the potent spell of Nora's presence. He couldn't tear himself away from Nora. And Nora, too, though she could never conquer her instinctive prejudice against the dark young Englishman—a prejudice that seemed to be almost ingrained in her very nature—couldn't help feeling on her side, also, that it was very pleasant to have Harry Noel staying in the house with her; he was such a relief and change after Tom Dupuy and the other sugar-growing young gentlemen of Trinidad! He had some other ideas in his head beside vacuum pans and saccharometers and centrifugals; he could talk about something else besides the crop and the cutting and the boiling. Harry was careful not to recur for the present to the subject of their last conversation at Southampton; he left that important issue aside for a while, till Nora had time to make his acquaintance for herself afresh. A year had passed since she came to Trinidad; she might have changed her mind meanwhile. At nineteen or twenty, one's views often undergo a rapid expansion. In any case, it would be best to let her have a little time to get to know him better. In his own heart, Harry Noel had inklings of a certain not wholly unbecoming consciousness that he cut a very decent figure indeed in Nora's eyes, by the side of the awkward, sugar-growing young men of Trinidad.

One afternoon, a week or two later, he was out riding among the plains with Nora, attended behind by the negro groom, when they happened to pass the same corner where he had already met Louis Delgado. The old man was standing there again, cutlass in hand—the cutlass is the common agricultural implement and rural jack-of-all-trades of the West Indies, answering to plough, harrow, hoe, spade, reaping-hook, rake, and pruning-knife in England—and as Nora passed, he dropped her a grudging, half-satirical salutation, something between a bow and a courtesy, as is the primitive custom of the country.

'A very murderous-looking weapon, the thing that fellow's got in his hand,' Harry Noel said, in passing, to his pretty companion as they turned the corner. 'What on earth does he want to do with it, I wonder?'

'Oh, that!' Nora exclaimed carelessly, glancing back at it in an unconcerned fashion. 'That's only a cutlass. All our people work with cutlasses, you know. He's merely going to hoe up the canes with it.'

'Nasty things for the niggers to have in their hands, in case there should ever be any row in the island,' Harry murmured half aloud; for the sight of the wild-looking old man ran strangely in his head, and he couldn't help thinking to himself how much damage could easily be done by a sturdy negro with one of those rude and formidable weapons.

'Yes,' Nora answered with a childish laugh, 'those are just what they always hack us to pieces with, you know, whenever there comes a negro rising. Mr Hawthorn says there's very likely to be one soon. He thinks the negroes are ripe for rebellion. He knows more about them than any one else, you see; and he's thoroughly in the confidence of a great many of them, and he says they're almost all fearfully disaffected. That old man Delgado there, in particular—he's a shocking old man altogether. He hates papa and Tom Dupuy; and I believe if ever he got the chance, he'd cut every one of our throats in cold blood as soon as look at us.'

'I trust to goodness he won't get the chance, then,' Harry ejaculated earnestly. 'He seems a most uncivil, ill-conditioned, independent sort of a fellow altogether. I dropped my whip on the road by chance the very first afternoon I came here, and I asked this same man to pick it up for me; and, would you believe it, the old wretch wouldn't stoop to hand the thing to me; he told me I might just jump off my horse and pick it up for myself, if I wanted to get it! Now, you know, a labourer in England, though he's a white man like one's self, would never have dared to answer me that way. He'd have stooped down and picked it up instinctively, the moment he was asked to by any gentleman.'

'Mr Hawthorn says,' Nora answered, smiling, 'that our negroes here are a great deal more independent, and have a great deal more sense of freedom than English country-people, because they were emancipated straight off all in one day, and were told at once: "Now, from this time forth, you're every bit as free as your masters;" whereas the English peasants, he says, were never regularly emancipated at all, but only slowly and unconsciously came out of serfdom, so that there never was any one day when they felt to themselves that they had become freemen. I'm not quite sure whether that's exactly how he puts it, but I think it is. Anyhow, I know it's a fact that all one's negro women-servants out here are a great deal more independent and saucy than the white maids used to be over in England.'

'Independence,' Harry remarked, cracking his short whip with a sharp snap, 'is a very noble quality, considered in the abstract; but when it comes to taking it in the concrete, I should much prefer for my part not to have it in my own servants.'

(A sentiment, it may be observed in passing, by no means uncommon, even when not expressed, among people who make far more pretensions to democratic feeling than did Harry Noel.)

Louis Delgado, standing behind, and gazing with a malevolent gleam in his cold dark eyes after the retreating buckra figures, beckoned in

silence with his skinny hand to the black groom, who came back immediately and unhesitatingly, as if in prompt obedience to some superior officer.

'You is number forty-tree, I tink,' the old man said, looking at the groom closely. 'Yes, yes, dat's your number. Tell me; you know who is dis buckra from Englan'?'

'Dem callin' him Mistah Noel, sah,' the black groom answered, touching the brim of his hat respectfully.

'Yes, yes, I know him name; I know dat already,' Delgado answered with an impatient gesture. 'But what I want to know is jest dis—can you find out for me from de house-serbants, or anybody up at Orange Grove, where him fader an' him mudder come from? I want to know all about him.'

'Missy Rosina find dat out for me,' the groom answered, grinning broadly. 'Missy Rosina is de young le-ady's waitin'-maid; an' de young le-ady, him tell Rosina pretty well eberyting. Rosina, she is Isaac Pourtales' new sweetheart.'

Delgado nodded in instantaneous acquiescence. 'All right, number forty-tree,' he answered, cutting him short carelessly. 'Ride after buckra, an' say no more about it. I get it all out ob him now, surely. I know Missy Rosina well, for true. I gib him de lub of Isaac Pourtalès wit me obeah, I tellin' you. Send Missy Rosina to me dis ebenin'. I has plenty ting I want to talk about wit her.'

OLD CITY TREES.

It might seem to many, at first sight, almost ludicrous to be directed to search for poetry in that most prosaic of all places, the Old City of London. The busy cry of 'commerce,' which all day long deafens the ear and deadens the finer senses, excludes all thoughts beyond those which tend to the discovery of the state of the various markets—the price of stocks, the rate of exchange at Paris, Berlin, or St Petersburg—the condition, in fact, of all the monetary and mercantile affairs in the world. Yet if these 'toilers' had a moment to spare, and would look around them and reflect, they would find that there are spots in the City which have inspired many a poet.

Starting for a 'walk down Fleet Street,' and entering at the Middle Temple gate, we come upon a scene which has been immortalised by Shakspeare—the scene of the original factions of York and Lancaster. In this garden, Plantagenet says:

> 'Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
> In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
> Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.'

To which Somerset replies:

> 'Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.'

In the background of this garden, with its fine trees and flowers, where the great dramatist placed, in his imagination, this historical incident, may be seen the old walls and buttresses of the Middle Temple Hall. The descent into the garden is after the Italian fashion, from a court, in the centre of which stands that celebrated fountain of which nearly every noted author has spoken. Who does not remember Ruth Pinch—that devoted sister of Tom's, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, walking under the trees in Fountain Court, and meeting there—by the merest accident, of course—her lover? 'Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim, and vanished.' There is a graceful poem by L. E. L. (Miss Landon) on this much admired and petted fountain in the Temple Gardens:

> The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
> Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to mind:
> Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them they cast
> The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
> Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
> From the streets of the city that compass it round,
> Like the echo of fountain's or ocean's deep call;
> Yet the fountain's low singing is heard over all.

There is no place, one can see from reading Charles Lamb, which he loved more than the Temple to wander in. 'What a transition for a country-man visiting London for the first time,' he remarks in his *Essays*, 'the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent, ample squares, its classic green recesses! . . . What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I had made to rise and fall, how many times!' Among the Temple trees there was formerly a colony of rooks, brought there by Sir Edward Northey, a well-known lawyer in the time of Queen Anne, from his house at Epsom. The thought had in it a touch of humour. The rook, both in his plumage as well as in his habits, is a legal bird: he is strongly addicted to discussions, lives in communities, and has altogether the grave appearance of a 'learned brother.' But these rooks have ceased to assemble in the Temple Gardens for many years.

For a long time, also, a favourite residence of rooks was that beautiful tree which still stands at the left-hand corner of Wood Street, on turning out of Cheapside. As late as 1845, two new nests were built there; and a trace of them is still visible. The spot where the tree stands marks the site of the church of St Peter-in-Cheap, a church destroyed by the Great Fire. The terms of the lease of the low houses at this west corner, with their frontage in Cheapside, forbid the erection of another story, it is said, or the removal of this tree. Is it possible that Wordsworth, passing one summer day down Cheapside, observed

the tree, and gained the inspiration which led to the *Reverie of Poor Susan?*

> At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three years;
> Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
> In the silence of morning the song of the bird.
>
> 'Tis a note of enchantment. What ails her? She sees
> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Within one of the inner courts of the Bank of England there is a garden tastefully planted with trees and shrubs, some of considerable age; and in the centre there springs forth a large fountain, mushroom-shaped, which plays during the office hours for the benefit of the clerks who inhabit that portion of the building, and for the 'toilers' who pass in and out with their bills of exchange and their bags of gold. The sparrows which congregate here flutter from branch to branch, twittering, 'as though they called to one another,' as Charles Dickens describes it, 'Let us play at country;' a place where 'a few feet of garden,' he says in *Edwin Drood*, 'enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings.' This green spot, like many others still to be seen in the City of London, was once a churchyard; it belonged to the church of St Christopher in Threadneedle Street.

But one of the greenest spots in the City, although only a corner of it remains, is perhaps Drapers' Hall Gardens. It is shut in on all sides by newly constructed mansions, and only those who have business to transact among the stock-brokers, who have their offices in these buildings behind Throgmorton Street, have any suspicion of its existence. It may be reached by wandering through courts and alleys; it has almost a park-like appearance, if you are fortunate enough to gain a glimpse of it from an elevated and slightly distant point of view. Here there is also a fountain visible among the trees. But how different this garden once was! In the sixteenth century it was an estate, the property of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. It was purchased from him, in the reign of Henry VIII., by the Drapers' Company. The gardens then extended northwards as far as London Wall, and commanded a fine view of Highgate and the adjoining heights. In Ward's *London Spy*, it is spoken of as a fashionable promenade an hour before dinner-time.

In the neighbourhood of the Monument and of Thames Street, these gardens may be met with at nearly every turning by those who care to wander into nooks and corners in search of them. By walking up St Mary-at-Hill out of Thames Street, and entering through a narrow iron gateway with bars like a prison, above which may be seen in stone a grinning skull and crossbones, one comes upon some fine trees with their branches extending overhead in the passage-way. Or, again, when descending St Dunstan's Hill, hard by, what is more beautiful in the City than the trees in the churchyard of St Dunstan, with the gray and black masonry of the church, against the green leaves, with its four lofty towers rising above?

To the account of the trees and gardens mentioned above may be added a short statement of many others existing in out-of-the-way nooks and corners within the boundary of the city of London. Many of the small open patches where these trees are found were once undoubtedly burial-grounds of churches, or the sites of churches long since taken down. After the beautiful grounds of the Temple, the only other large open spaces within the boundaries of the City are Finsbury Square, Finsbury Circus, Charterhouse Square, and Trinity Square. All these are well laid out with grass, shrubs, trees, and flowers, and are used as promenading places by the inhabitants. It should be here mentioned that the trees referred to in this notice are all young, or at most middle-aged, and that no such thing as a really 'old' tree exists anywhere within the City of London.

We will now continue our ramble, or tour of inspection; and starting from Temple Bar, we proceed eastward down Fleet Street. Here the first trees we notice are two or three small and sickly specimens growing in the churchyard of St Bride, Fleet Street; they are not very ornamental, or much to look at. Passing on up Ludgate Hill, St Paul's Cathedral is reached. The grounds round the church are prettily laid out, and contain many trees, but all young, small, and weedy. Just to the east of St Paul's, in Watling Street, is a little inclosure very neatly planted with shrubs only, and having in its midst a large square altar-tomb of some departed City worthy. This spot was once a burying-ground, or the site of a church long since removed. Proceeding eastward, and turning down Queen Street, just out of Cannon Street, two tall and rather fine plane-trees are observed growing in the front of a grand old mansion, once, of course, the residence of a City magnate, but now cut up and let out as offices. These planes are worthy of remark as affording one of the few instances now occurring of trees found in private grounds inside the City.

We now pass up Queen Street into Cheapside, and thence into Aldersgate Street. Here we find the ground, once the churchyard of St Botolph, Aldersgate, has been beautifully laid out as a garden, planted with trees, flowers, and shrubs, and furnished with numerous seats, and affording a delightful promenade or resting-place in summer-time, and is much enjoyed by the immediate neighbourhood. Another plot of ground, lying on the west, but belonging to Christ Church, Newgate Street, has also been planted and laid out; but, because it belongs to another parish, it is separated from the St Botolph's garden by a low wall and railing, although the two grounds actually adjoin.

Continuing our walk northward, we arrive at Charterhouse, once celebrated for its high-class school, which has now been removed into the

country. Adjoining, is Charterhouse Square, laid out with trees, shrubs, and grass like an ordinary London square, and surrounded by private dwellings. Returning south, and then going east, we reach St Alban's, Wood Street, which has a little ground round it, decorated with four trees and shrubs. Close by is St Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury, with four trees round it. Just beyond is a small churchyard that once belonged to St Mary, Staining, containing two trees and shrubs; and a little farther is St Olave, Jewry, with six trees and shrubs, all weedy and sickly.

Passing on into Cannon Street, we turn down Lawrence Poultney Hill, where we discover a disused burial-ground, with a public passage-way passing through the midst of it. The plot is planted with eighteen sickly-looking, weedy trees, large and small, as well as some stunted shrubs. Passing over King William Street, we reach the top of Lombard Street, where one little sickly-looking tree is seen in front of the church of St Mary Woolnoth. Continuing down Lombard Street, and turning to the right, we come upon the disused burial-ground of St Nicholas Acon, situated in Nicholas Lane. This little plot is very neatly laid out with shrubs, and planted with three small trees. Passing on into King William Street, we ultimately reach London Bridge, where, close by in Thames Street, we find the large church of St Magnus-the-Martyr, with its tall and peculiar tower and spire, near the Monument. It has no churchyard, but a small inclosed space round it contains a dozen unhealthy-looking young trees. A little beyond this, close to the church of St Mary-at-Hill, three trees are observed growing in what is apparently the private ground or garden in the rear of a dwelling-house. A few minutes farther east, we come to the fine church of St Dunstan-in-the-East, standing in the midst of a well-kept churchyard, and having ten goodly young trees, of fair height and girth, which always have a very agreeable appearance in the summer-time. Still farther on east, we come to St Olave, Hart Street, with its little churchyard, planted with ten small trees; and close by we see the church of Allhallows (Barking), Tower Street. This fine old church is one of the few which escaped the great fire of 1666. It stands in a roomy churchyard, decorated with twenty-four trees, and having somewhat the appearance of a village church and churchyard.

We now emerge into one of the most interesting spots in all London, interesting not only in an historical sense, but peculiarly so from the terrible tragedies of which it was so constantly the theatre—namely, Tower Hill. This vast space, extending from the Tower gates northward to the Trinity House, was once entirely open; but now a small portion of its northern extremity is inclosed and neatly planted with grass, shrubs, and trees. As the Tower itself is situated outside the City boundaries, we must not include its trees and plantations in this notice, which strictly applies to trees *in* the City only. We therefore turn our steps westward; and in a little court, leading from Mark Lane to Fenchurch Street, called Star Alley, we come on a curious relic of the past, a gray medieval church tower, square in shape, with its stair turret at one corner, which once belonged to the church of Allhallows (Staining), Mark Lane. The nave of the church has long since been removed, and the small plot of ground round the old tower is now prettily laid out with six young trees, many shrubs, yuccas, and other ornamental plants.

Threading our way to Bishopsgate Street, we find the churchyard of St Botolph, through which a public footway leads to a neighbouring street. The ground, right and left, is tastefully laid out as a garden with pretty shrubs and trees, the effect being pleasing and agreeable, especially in summer. Nearly opposite is the ancient church of St Ethelburga, hidden behind the houses, with a small confined space at the back, in which are fine trees. Two or three more trees are found in a small inclosure in the vicinity at the back of this church. Close by is also the curious and interesting church of St Helen, Bishopsgate, and in the ground round it are four ill-looking, scraggy trees.

Returning southward, and reaching Cornhill, we find a little burial-ground in the rear of the fine church of St Michael, Cornhill, neatly laid out, and planted with three small trees. Close by is another large church, St Peter-upon-Cornhill, with its small confined churchyard, also neatly laid out, and planted with two small unhealthy-looking trees.

Taking our way westward, we pass Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street. The boys' playground is a large open *paved* courtyard, destitute of grass, trees, or shrubs; but in the private gardens in the rear, trees, shrubs, and flowers are to be found, having a pleasant appearance. A little way beyond, we find St Andrew's, Holborn, and in the open churchyard surrounding the church are many trees, but not much cultivation. Passing through the quaint old gateway, we find ourselves in the interior of Staple Inn, Holborn, with its Hall and gardens. The latter are neatly laid out with grass, shrubs, and trees, and carefully kept, affording a quiet retreat from the noise and racket of Holborn during the bright days of summer.

In conclusion, it may perhaps be worthy of remark that nearly all the places referred to are very small indeed, mere 'garden nooks;' some are churchyards surrounding churches; and for these reasons, apparently, none of them are open for the use of the public as places of recreation, except the cultivated churchyards of St Paul's Cathedral, and St Botolph, Aldersgate, close by; and the squares of Finsbury, Trinity, and Charterhouse, which are open to the immediate residents. St Botolph, Bishopsgate, has, as already stated, a footway through its prettily laid out churchyard.

It is at least remarkable how trees will suddenly appear in the City in the most out-of-the-way corners, where a green leaf would be about the last thing looked for; yet such is the case, as it has already been shown. There are two sickly, scraggy, young trees in a little court, up a narrow dirty lane, on the south side of St Paul's Cathedral, and at Stationers' Hall, where no one would dream of looking for vegetation; and two or three more in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, an inn devoted to law and lawyers. The peculiar character of 'City trees,' in nearly all cases, is that they are lanky, thin, and generally poor and unhealthy looking. It is rare,

indeed, to find a tall, well-grown tree in any of these odd nooks and corners of the old City; perhaps the three finest in size and height are two plane-trees in front of a private house—now used as offices—in Queen Street, Cheapside; and the well-known single tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside; but these instances are few and far between.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

SAINT QUINIANS—that quaint little town which nestles in a valley close by the cruel, tumbling North Sea—looked forward, sixty years ago, to market-day as the one weekly break in the monotony of its existence, just as it does now. On Wednesdays, Saint Quinians became the centre to which active life converged from a score of villages and hamlets that regarded it as their metropolis. Wednesday was a point in the calendar upon which hinged all arrangements, and by which all events were calculated: people met upon Wednesday who never saw each other at any other time; and the news of Wednesday was the latest obtainable by many folk even at an epoch when forty coaches left London every evening. And if Saint Quinians' shopkeepers looked forward to Wednesday as their busy day—if the farmers looked forward to it as the link which bound them with the outer world—if the local youth saved up their money and their spirits, and let them both out on Wednesday, Bertha West, who lived with her father in a solitary house on the shore, some four miles from the town, looked forward to it as the day when she met her sweetheart, Harry Symonds, and spent the happiest hours of her week. Every Wednesday, Harry Symonds met her at the old South Gate—the only one remaining to tell of days when Saint Quinians was a port of some fame, and contributed its quota of ships and men to the national navy—and if she was prevented from coming, a very miserable week was in store for the young man, as John West, the father of Bertha, did not approve of the attachment, for the rather selfish reason, that if his daughter married, he was left alone in the world.

They had been sweethearting in this semi-clandestine manner for more than a year, and Harry Symonds was beginning to face mentally the awkward problem of what was to be done, should the old man persist in his opposition to the match. Not only this; but the young man was aware that the pretty girl whom he had learned to regard as his own inalienable private property was the object of very marked attention on the part of a certain Jasper Rodley, a youth who bore no very high character in the town, who had suddenly disappeared from it for three years, and had as unexpectedly returned; and although Harry trusted Bertha implicitly, he thought that a settlement of affairs would be an advisable step. And so when, one bright spring Wednesday morning, he met the girl coming with her market baskets on her arm along the path over the sandhills, she observed that his face was serious, and very naturally jumped at the conclusion that something was wrong.

'Why, Harry,' she exclaimed, 'there's a face for a lover to make who sees his sweetheart only once a week! There's nothing wrong, is there?'

'No, dear,' replied the young man, his face instantly brightening at the sound of her voice; 'there's nothing wrong. I've been thinking, that's all. And how are matters at home? How's the father?'

'Just as usual, Harry. Father's been depressed all the week; but I've got him to set to work on his flagstaff and battery with two real guns, so that he'll be all right.'

'I wonder what depresses him?' asked Harry. 'You've always described him as such a jovial old seadog.'

'I don't know; but ever since the *Fancy Lass* was wrecked, he's been different at times.'

'And Mr Rodley—has he been annoying you with any of his attentions lately?' asked Harry.

'No. But I've seen him more than once about our house.'

'How did he find out where you lived? And what is he doing there?'

Bertha shook her head, and said: 'I don't know. I seem to think that there has been some acquaintance formed between father and him. He has never been inside the house, to my knowledge; but I fancy they meet now and then.'

The young man was silent for a few moments; then he continued: 'Well, never mind, Bertha. So long as we are true to each other, he cannot come between us. He's a queer fellow, and people say odd things about him. If you remember, he disappeared from Saint Quinians about the same time that my sad business with the bank took place.'

'You mean, when the bank's sovereigns were stolen, and you were dismissed for cul—cul—— What was it, Harry?'

'Culpable negligence, my dear.'

'Yes, that was it; and a great shame it was!' cried the girl warmly. 'I wonder where the sovereigns went to?'

'Ah! where indeed?' asked Harry. 'They were never traced. But old Cusack, our cashier, who disappeared with them, took good care that they never should be traced. It's my belief that they went to sea, for three thousand pounds in sovereigns are not carried away so easily. However, after all, it did me no harm. Every one agreed that I was cruelly treated. I got a new berth immediately; and I'm much better off now than I should have been if I'd remained in the bank's service; so well off, in fact, Bertha, that I'm beginning to think it almost time for us to come to some decision as to what we shall do.'

'O Harry! there's plenty of time to think about that; and it's—it's so pleasant making love; and besides, I must break it gently to father, for he has no idea of parting with me yet.'

'But he surely can't expect that you should spend your life in that tumble-down old smuggler's cottage.—Hillo! there's Rodley, skulking about like a whipped cur. We'll go on.'

So the happy pair proceeded into the market,

Harry holding the girl's baskets whilst she made her usual purchases, until the clock striking ten warned the young man that he was due at his office. He saw Bertha on her road home as far as the South Gate, and was hurrying across the market-place, when he caught sight of Jasper Rodley walking swiftly in the direction taken by Bertha. He stopped and watched. He saw Rodley catch the girl up just as she was disappearing beneath the archway, raise his hat, and continue by her side in spite of Bertha's evident annoyance. Harry Symonds retraced his steps so far that he could watch the progress of the pair out of the town. Suddenly, he observed Mr Rodley attempt to put his arms round Bertha's waist, whereupon the girl struggled, got free, and ran on.

This was too much for Harry. He ran out by the gate, and, coming up to Bertha and her tormentor, said to him: 'Mr Rodley, what do you mean by daring to force your attentions where they are not wanted?'

Jasper Rodley, a tall, well-built young fellow, of about Harry's age and size, started at first; but, shoving his hands into his pockets, surveyed his questioner for a moment with disdain, and asked: 'And what has that to do with you, Mr Dismissed Bank-clerk?'

Harry was itching to thrash him on the spot; but respect for Bertha's presence induced him to bottle up his wrath as best he could, and reply: 'You've no right to bother any girl if she doesn't want to have anything to do with you. And look here—your character hereabouts isn't so high that you can afford to call other people names, so I warn you to keep a civil tongue in your head, or something might be done that you wouldn't like, and something might be said that would make you look a little small.'

This last bit was added at random, but it seemed to have a strange effect upon Rodley, who turned pale for a moment, but recovered himself and retorted: 'Done and said, indeed! You couldn't do much that I'm afraid of, and at anyrate people couldn't say of me what they do of you. How about these sovereigns, eh?'

'Look here, Rodley. If I did my duty, I should give you a thrashing on the spot. Just be off.—Miss West is betrothed to me. That's enough. Do you hear?'

Jasper Rodley walked off, with a savage scowl on his face and an imprecation on his lips.

'O Harry dear!' cried the girl, who was trembling with fright, 'I'm so glad you didn't fight.'

'Fight with a cur like that!' exclaimed Harry. 'Men of his kidney don't fight.—What has he been saying to you, my darling?'

'Oh, such terrible things, Harry! He says that he will marry me whether I like it or not—that father is in his power, and has consented; and that I had better make up my mind to give you up before it is too late.'

'Why, what on earth can he mean? Your father in the power of a rascal like that—to consent to your marrying him! He's only trying to frighten you. And yet you say that you have seen him with your father. I think I shall tackle Mr Jasper at once and make him explain his dark speeches. There's one thing—I'm not going to have him continue his tormenting of you, whether your father is in his power or not.—And now, good-bye, dearest; you're safe now.'

So the girl pursued her homeward road; and Harry Symonds walked rapidly back into the town. Just within the gate, he came up with Jasper Rodley. 'Rodley,' he said, 'I'm going to the office to give an excuse for my absence. Kindly wait here until I come back, as I want to speak to you.'

'If you want to speak to me, you'd better do so at once; I've other things to attend to, and I'm not going to hang about here waiting for you.'

'Very well, then,' said Harry; 'let's go where people can't remark us. Here, we'll turn on to the ramparts.'

So they went along the pleasant walk which ran upon what had been, in old, stirring times, the walls of Saint Quinians, a broad path, bounded by shrubs and trees on one side, and by the deep stony ditch on the other.

'I want an explanation from you,' said Harry, 'about what you have just said to Miss West concerning her father being in your power and your determination to marry her.'

'That's easily given,' replied Rodley. 'At a word from me, old Captain West could be ruined and disgraced. I'm as much in love with Bertha'——

'Miss West, if you please.'

'I said "Bertha," and I repeat it,' continued Rodley. 'I'm as much in love with her as you are, and I intend to marry her. If I can't marry her, I ruin her father.'

'How can you ruin him?'

'It's very likely I should tell you—isn't it?' answered Rodley with a sneer.

'I intend to find out.'

'Very well then, find out,' retorted Rodley.—'And now I must be off.'

'You don't go until I have an explanation,' cried Harry. 'I don't believe a word of what you say, and I believe you are only trying to terrify the poor girl into submission.'

'Come now, Symonds, don't be a fool; we're men of the world, and it's time we understood one another. I tell you once and for all, if Bertha West does not marry me, I'll have her father up in the felon's dock.—There; I've said more than I intended, so good-morning.'

He endeavoured to push past Harry; but the latter barred the way, saying: 'You'll have poor old Captain West up as a felon! Why, man, you're mad! A simple old man like that, who never stirs beyond his garden, who never said an evil thing of any one, much less did a wrong to any one! Come, be more explicit.'

'I've said more than I intended,' continued Rodley; 'and you don't get another word out of me.'

Again he tried to get past Harry, and again Harry prevented him, saying: 'Neither of us shall budge from here until I find out more about this.'

Rodley made a desperate effort to get past Harry. The two men struggled together, and as they were evenly matched in weight and strength, the issue was doubtful. Suddenly, Rodley loosened his hold of Harry's arms, stooped, caught him by the legs, and jerked him

over the steep side of the rampart. Harry fell heavily, struck a projecting mass of stone halfway down, and rolled amongst the sharp stones and rubbish at the bottom, where he lay motionless and bleeding. Rodley did not stop to look after him, but walked rapidly back into the town.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

One of the most remarkable judicial systems of olden times was the trial by ordeal, a mode of procedure founded on the presumption that, should a person be wrongfully accused, heaven would interpose, and in some marked way make his innocence undeniable. With the exception of China, this test was of almost universal adoption in the middle ages; and, whilst still surviving amongst the uneducated portion of most civilised communities, is even nowadays largely practised by uncultured races. As far as its origin is concerned, it may be traced back to remote antiquity; and the bitter water by which conjugal infidelity was revealed—an ordeal pure and simple—will readily occur to the biblical student as an interesting instance in Hebrew legislation and history. Herodotus relates how King Amasis—whose reign immediately preceded the invasion of Cambyses—'was, when a private person, fond of drinking and jesting, and by no means inclined to serious business. As soon, however, as means failed him for the indulgence of his amusements, he used to go about pilfering; and such persons as accused him of having stolen their property—on his denying it—were wont to take him to the oracle of the place, where he was oftentimes convicted, and occasionally acquitted.' The Greeks had their ordeals, a good illustration of which occurs in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, where the soldiers offer to prove their innocence in various ways:

> Ready with hands to bear the red-hot iron,
> To pass through fire, and by the gods to swear,
> That we nor did the deed, nor do we know
> Who counselled it, nor who performed it.

This mode of purgation, the scholiast tells us, was in common use at that time.

There was also the water ordeal, and a certain fountain near Ephesus was specially employed for this purpose. As soon as the accused had sworn to her innocence, she entered the water with a tablet affixed to her neck, on which was inscribed her oath. If she were innocent, the water remained stationary; but if guilty, it gradually rose until the tablet floated. Traces of the same system are to be met with in the history of ancient Rome; and amongst notable instances may be quoted that of the vestal Tuccia, who proved her purity by carrying water in a sieve; and that of Claudia Quinta, who cleared her character by dragging a ship against the current of the Tiber, after it had run aground, and resisted every effort made to remove it. But, as Mr Lea points out in his essay on *The Ordeal*, 'instances such as these had no influence on the forms and principles of Roman jurisprudence, which was based on reason, and not on superstition. With the exception of the use of torture, the accused was not required to exculpate himself. He was presumed to be innocent, and the burden of proof lay not on him, but on the prosecutor.'

The ordeal trial prevailed in France from before the time of Charlemagne down to the eleventh century. The ancient Germans, too, were in the habit of resorting to divination; and their superstitious notions, writes Mr Gibson, led them to invent many methods of purgation or trial now unknown to the law. It should be added, also, that the Germans were specially tardy in throwing off this relic of barbarism; for, at a period when most vulgar ordeals were falling into disuse, the nobles of Southern Germany established the water ordeal as the mode of deciding doubtful claims on fiefs; and in Northern Germany it was instituted for the settlement of conflicting titles on land. Indeed, as recently as the commencement of the present century, the populace of Hela, near Danzig, twice plunged into the sea an old woman, reputed to be a sorceress, who, on persistently rising to the surface, was pronounced guilty, and beaten to death. Grotius mentions many instances of water ordeal in Bithynia, Sardinia, and other countries, having been in use in Iceland from a very early period.

In the primitive jurisprudence of Russia, ordeal by boiling water was enjoined in cases of minor importance; and in the eleventh century we find burning iron ordered 'where the matter at stake amounted to more than half a grivna of gold.' A curious survival of ordeal superstition still prevails to a very large extent in Southern Russia. When a theft is committed in a household, the servants are summoned together, and a sorceress is sent for. Should no confession be made by the guilty party, the sorceress rolls up as many little balls of bread as there are suspected persons present. She then takes one of these balls, and addressing the nearest servant, uses this formula: 'If you have committed the theft, the ball will sink to the bottom of the vase; but if you are innocent, it will float on the water.' The accuracy of this trial, however, is seldom tested, as the guilty person invariably confesses before his turn arrives to undergo the ordeal.

Again, in Spain, trial by ordeal was largely practised; and it may be remembered how, during the pontificate of Gregory VII., it was debated whether the Gregorian ritual or the Mozarabic ritual contained the form of worship most acceptable to the Deity. When the chance of deciding this contest amicably seemed hopeless, the nobles resolved to arrange the controversy in their customary manner, and, according to the historian Robertson, the champions—one chosen by either side—met and fought. But in the year 1222, in Castile and Leon, the Council of Palencia

threatened with excommunication all concerned in administering the ordeal of fire or water—a circumstance which is important, as pointing to the disappearance of this mode of trial in Spain.

Furthermore, the practice of trial by ordeal was under the Danish kings substituted for the trial by combat, which, until the close of the ninth century, had been resorted to among the Danes for the detection of guilt and the acquittal of innocence. In Sweden, says Mr Gibson, the clergy 'presided at the trial by ordeal; and it was performed only in the sanctuary, or in the presence of ministers of the church, and according to a solemn ritual.' And yet, as he rightly observes, its abolition in Europe was due to the continued remonstrances of the clergy themselves. One form of ordeal practised in Sweden was popularly known as the *trux iarn*, and consisted in the accused carrying a red-hot iron, and depositing it in a hole twelve paces from the starting-point. In accordance with the accustomed mode of procedure, the accused fasted on bread and water on Monday and Tuesday, the ordeal being held on Wednesday, previous to which the hand or foot was washed. It was then allowed to touch nothing until it came in contact with the iron, after which it was wrapped up and sealed until Saturday, when it was opened in the presence of the accuser and the judges.

In the years 1815 and 1816, Belgium, says Mr Lea, was disgraced by ordeal trials performed on unfortunate persons suspected of witchcraft; and in 1728, in Hungary, thirteen persons suspected of a similar offence were, by order of the court, subjected to the ordeal of cold water, and then to that of the balance. Referring to the ordeal of the balance, Mr Tylor informs us that the use of the Bible as a counterpoise is on record as recently as 1759, at Aylesbury in this country, where one Susannah Haynokes, accused of witchcraft, was formally weighed against the Bible in the parish church. In Lombardy, ordeal by hot water was a form of procedure much resorted to; and in Burgundy this was also supplemented by the trial by hot iron.

The instances thus quoted show how universally practised throughout Europe in bygone years was the trial by ordeal; and if we would still see it employed with the enthusiastic faith of the middle ages, we must turn to eastern countries, where, owing to the slow advance of civilisation, many of their institutions still retain their primitive form. Indeed, as Mr Isaac Disraeli remarks, 'ordeals are the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced enough in civilisation to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtle distinctions, and elaborate investigations which a court of law demands.' This is specially true in the case of India at the present day, where the same ordeals are practised as were in use five or six centuries ago. Thus, the guilt or innocence of an accused person is still tested by his 'ability to carry red-hot iron, to plunge his hand unhurt in boiling oil, to pass through fire, to remain under water, to swallow consecrated rice, to drink water in which an idol has been immersed, and by various other forms which retain their hold on public veneration.' Professor Monier Williams, too, says that trial by ordeal is recognised by the code of Manu, and quotes the subjoined rules: 'Let him cause a man (whose veracity is doubted) to take hold of fire, or dive under water, or touch the heads of his wife and sons one by one. The man whom flaming fire burns not and water forces not up, and who suffers no harm, must be instantly held innocent of perjury.'

In Japan, ordeals extensively prevail; and amongst the many superstitious practices kept up, we are told how the 'goo'—a paper inscribed with certain cabalistic characters—is rolled up and swallowed by an accused person, this being commonly supposed to give him no internal rest, if guilty, until he confesses. A similar mode of procedure is practised by the Siamese, and under a variety of forms was prevalent in former years. With it, too, we may compare the mouthful of rice taken by all of a suspected household in India, which the thief's nervous fear often prevents him from swallowing.

Formerly, this practice was observed in our own country with the corsned or trial-slice of consecrated bread or cheese. Even now, says Mr Tylor, peasants have not forgotten the old formula: 'May this bit choke me if I lie.'

In Tibet, a popular ordeal consists in both plaintiff and defendant thrusting their arms into a caldron of boiling water containing a black and white stone, victory being assigned to the one who is fortunate enough to obtain the white. Such an even-handed mode of procedure, if generally used, must, as Mr Lea remarks, 'exert a powerful influence in repressing litigation.'

Among further curious specimens of ordeal trial mentioned by this author may be noticed those in use in certain parts of Africa. Thus, the Kalabarese draw a white and black line on the skull of a chimpanzee, which is then held up before the accused, 'when an attraction of the white line towards him indicates his innocence, or an inclination of the black towards him pronounces his guilt.' In Madagascar, a decoction of the nut of the Tangena—a deadly poison—is administered to the accused. If it act as an emetic, this is considered a proof of innocence; but if it fail to do so, the guilt of the accused is confirmed. Dr Livingstone describes a similar ordeal as practised in Africa, and tells us how 'when a man suspects that any of his wives have bewitched him, he sends for the witch-doctor, and all the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant called "foho." They all drink it, each one holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. Those who vomit it are considered innocent; but those whom it purges are pronounced guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and slaughter a cock, as a thank-offering to their guardian spirits.'

It should be noted, too, that such modes of trial have been introduced with much effect into medieval poetry and romance. Thus, says Mr Gibson, 'there was the mantle mentioned in a ballad of which Queen Guenever is the principal heroine, and which is supposed to have suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's girdle.'

Lastly, as far as our own country is concerned, trial by ordeal existed from a very early period. When the Anglo-Saxons were unable to decide as to the guilt of an accused person, they invariably resorted to this test, the law requiring that the accuser should swear that he believed the accused to be guilty, and that his oath should be supported by a number of friends who swore to their belief in his statement and to his general truthfulness. Trials of this kind, however, were often fraudulently conducted. Thus, when William Rufus caused forty Englishmen of good quality and fortune to be tried by the ordeal of hot iron, they all escaped unhurt, and were acquitted. But upon this the king declared that he would try them by his own court. According to the legendary account, it was by this mode of ordeal that Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, was tried in order to clear her character from the imputation of an intrigue with Alwyn, Bishop of Winchester. Then there was the ordeal known as the 'corsned,' or morsel of execration, already alluded to, which consisted of a piece of bread, weighing about an ounce, being given to the accused person, that, if he were guilty, it might cause convulsions and paleness and find no passage; but turn to health and nourishment if he were innocent. The sudden and fatal appeal to this trial by Godwin, Earl of Kent, in the year 1053, when accused of the murder of Ælfred, the brother of Edward the Confessor, ranks amongst the most curious traditions of English history. Hallam relates how 'a citizen of London, suspected of murder, having failed in the ordeal of cold water, was hanged by order of Henry II., though he had offered five hundred marks to save his life. It appears as if the ordeal were permitted to persons already convicted by the verdict of a jury.'

Ordeals were abolished in England about the commencement of Henry III.'s reign. An edict dated January 27, 1219, directs the judges then starting on their circuits to employ other modes of proof, 'seeing that the judgment of fire and water is forbidden by the Church of Rome.' Matthew Paris, enumerating the notable occurrences of the first half of the thirteenth century, alludes to the disuse of the ordeal. But it was no easy matter to root out such a deep-rooted superstition, instances of which were of constant occurrence. Thus, the belief that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed afresh at the approach, or touch, of the murderer long retained its hold on the popular mind; and in a note to the *Fair Maid of Perth*, we are told how this bleeding of a corpse was urged as an evidence of guilt in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh as late as the year 1668. An interesting survival of this notion still exists in the north of England, where we are told that 'touching of the corpse by those who come to look at it is still expected by the poor who visit their house while a dead body is lying in it, in token that they wished no ill to the departed, and were in peace and amity with him.'

Another of the few ordeals that still linger in popular memory may be seen occasionally in some country village, where persons suspected of theft are made to hold a Bible hanging to a key, which is supposed to turn in the hands of the thief—a survival of the old classic and medieval ordeal described in *Hudibras* as 'th' oracle of sieve and shears, that turns as certain as the spheres.' But instances of this kind are mostly confined to the uncultured part of the community, for, happily, ordeals have long since had their day, and are now discarded from the laws of the more civilised nations.

A NORMAN STRONGHOLD.

The lover of antiquity may well lament when he sees our ancient fortresses nearly levelled to the ground; but the friend of rational freedom will rejoice, when he reflects on the design for which such works were erected, and on the many calamities to which they have given occasion. Amongst the existing but dismantled and ruined fortresses connecting the present with the sanguinary scene of strife and bloodshed of the past, is the famous castle of Pontefract, in Yorkshire, which sustained two memorable sieges by Cromwell's soldiery. This celebrated edifice is supposed to be of Saxon origin; and the site of it is perfectly agreeable to their mode of fortification. While the Romans formed their camps on a plain or on the level ground, and defended them by a fosse and a vallum, the Saxons raised the area of their camps and castles, if the ground was level, or selected hills as places best adapted for defence and security. The elevated rock on which the castle is built stands wholly insulated, forming a site which, without much trouble or expense, might soon be converted into a stronghold. In support of the theory as to its Saxon origin, it may be mentioned that, since the demolition of the castle, it has been found that the great round tower stood upon a raised hill of stiff hard clay, of which material the Saxons usually made their foundations.

After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy received a grant of the place, and about 1076, all his vast possessions being confirmed to him, he soon after began to erect the castle. This noble structure cost immense expense and labour, and no one, unless in possession of a princely revenue, could have completed it. This formidable structure and magnificent palace was carried forward for the space of twelve years with unremitting attention. Ilbert de Lacy, when he laid the foundation stone of the castle, gave it the name of Pontfrete, because the situation, as he conceived, resembled the place so called in Normandy where he was born. Historians, however, have differed much respecting the origin of the name. Thomas de Castleford, who was bred a Benedictine monk, and who wrote the history of this place, accounts for it by the following miracle. William, Archbishop of York, and son of the sister of King Stephen, returning from Rome, was met by such crowds of people desirous to see him and receive his blessing, that a wooden bridge over the river Aire, near to this place, gave way and broke down, by which accident vast numbers fell into the river. The

bishop, affected at the danger of so many persons, is said to have prayed with such fervour and success that no one perished. To perpetuate so striking and so signal a miracle, the pious Normans, says Thomas, gave the name of Pontefract or Broken-bridge to this place.

The tower of York minster, distant upwards of twenty miles, is distinctly visible from this elevated rock. The situation of the castle contributed greatly to its strength, and rendered it almost impregnable. It was not surrounded by any contiguous hills, and the only way it could be taken was by blockade. The staterooms of the castle were large, and accommodated with offices suitable for the residence of a prince. The style of the building shows it to be Norman; though it has received various additions and improvements of a later date.

The barbican was situated on the west side of the outer yard beyond the mainguard. Barbicans were watch-towers, meant for the accommodation of the outer guard and for the protection of the main entrance to the castle. They were sometimes advanced beyond the ditch, to which they were joined by drawbridges. The north side of the barbican area was formed by the south wall of the ballium or castle-yard, in the centre of which was the porter's lodge, the grand entrance into the yard of the castle. The whole of this area was sometimes called the barbican, and within it stood the king's stables and a large barn. A deep moat was cut on the west side of the castle. Within the wall of the ballium or great castle-yard were the lodgings and barracks for the garrison and artificers, the chapel of St Clement, and the magazine. The magazine is cut out of a rock, the descent to which is by a passage four feet wide, with forty-three steps to the bottom. Near this place was a large dungeon, the entrance to which was at the seventeenth step of the passage, and was a yard in breadth; but it is now stopped up by the falling-in of the ruins. The wall, as you descend these steps, is inscribed with many names. The entrance into the ballium was usually through a strong machicolated and embattled gate between the two towers, secured by a herse or portcullis. Over this were the rooms intended for the porter of the castle. The towers served for the *corps de garde*. On an eminence at the western extremity of the ballium stood the keep or donjon, called the Round Tower. It was the citadel or last retreat of the garrison. The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, and having in consequence withstood the united injuries of time and weather, now remain more perfect than any other part of the castle. Here on the second story were the staterooms for the governor. The lights were admitted by small chinks, which answered the double purpose of windows, and served for embrasures whence the defenders might shoot with long and cross bows. The different stories were frequently vaulted and divided by strong arches; on the top was generally a platform with an embattled parapet, whence the garrison could see and command the exterior works.

Tradition says Richard II. was confined and murdered here by a blow with a battleaxe from Sir Piers Exton. Fabian and Rapin inform us 'that on Richard's arrival at Pontefract Castle, Sir Piers Exton is related to have murdered the king in the following manner. On the king's arrival at the castle, he was closely confined in the great tower. Soon after, Sir Piers Exton, a domestic of Henry's, was sent down with eight ruffians to imbrue their hands with the blood of this unfortunate king. On the day of their arrival, Richard perceived at dinner that the victuals were not tasted as usual. He asked the reason of the taster; and upon his telling him that Exton had brought an order against it, the king took up a knife and struck him on the face. Exton with his eight attendants entered his chamber at that instant, and shutting the door, attempted to lay hold of Richard. He immediately perceived their fatal errand, and knew he was a lost man. With a noble resolution, he snatched a halbert or poleaxe from the foremost of them and defended himself so bravely that he slew four of his assailants. Whilst combating with the rest of the murderers, Exton got upon a chair behind him, and, with a poleaxe, discharged such a blow on his head as laid him down at his feet, where the miserable king ended his calamities.' Stow says 'that the most probable opinion is that he was starved to death by order of King Henry IV., suffering the most unheard-of cruelties, keeping him for fifteen days together in hunger, thirst, and cold, before he reached the end of his miseries.'

Henry IV., after his accession to the throne, and during the whole of his reign, honoured the castle at Pontefract, the paternal residence of his family, by his frequent residence. Many state documents were dated from this castle. After the battle of Shrewsbury, in which fell the valiant Hotspur and near six thousand of the rebels, the king marched to Pontefract, to watch the motions of the Scots and the Earl of Northumberland. He granted full power to certain persons to treat with the king of Scotland, in a document which is dated at Pontefract Castle, August 6, 1403. These and other similar acts of the king and many of his successors originated in this celebrated castle. Lord Rivers, Sir Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, were executed in this fortress in the reign of Edward V.

The castle of Pontefract was the only one that held out against the parliament in the reign of Charles I. The garrison long and obstinately maintained themselves against the overwhelming numbers of the besieging army under Fairfax, until famine and reduced numbers compelled them to capitulate. Great and numerous were the deeds of heroism and daring displayed in their sallies against their foes, who in more than one encounter were put to rout. The besiegers, seeing no prospects of taking the castle by the breach they had made, began to mine, in order to blow up some of the towers. On the discovery of this, the garrison sank several pits within the castle, and commenced their mines from them. The number of pits within and without the castle is said to have been above a hundred. No great advance was made against the brave defenders, even by the arrival of Cromwell himself, who adopted every measure to compel them to surrender the fortress. On the 30th of January 1649, Charles was beheaded. The

news of this event had no sooner reached the garrison, than they loyally proclaimed his son, Charles II. But the want of provisions and the hopelessness of relief were stronger than the enemy, and towards the end of March the garrison walked out of the castle. In compliance with an order, the fortress was dismantled, and rendered wholly untenable for the future. General Lambert, to whom the execution of this order was intrusted, soon rendered this stately and princely stronghold a heap of ruins. The buildings were unroofed, and all the valuable materials sold.

Thus fell this castle, which had successively been the stronghold of the brave and warlike Saxons, the residence of a proud and imperious Norman conqueror, the turreted seat of the high aspiring Dukes of Lancaster, the palace of princes and of kings, at some periods a nest of treachery and rebellion, and at others the last hope of vanquished royalty.

SOME SIMILES.

'THE child of the past and the parent of the future,' is not an unhappy simile for the—present. Happiness has been likened to a ghost; all talk about it, but few, if any, have ever seen it. Ambition's ladder rests against a star, remarks a clever writer, who also tells us that a proverb is a short truth sandwiched between wit and wisdom.

Eloquence is a coat of many colours judiciously blended. No one thing will make a man eloquent. Flattery has been termed a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency. Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us. Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together; and charity is an angel breathing on riches; while graves have been poetically called the footsteps of angels.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: 'Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he's mad in a minute.' The young lecturer's 'similes were gathered in a heap' when he expressed the whole body of his argument on Deceit in the following: 'O my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow.'

Plagiarists are a species of purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket.

It has been truly said that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are in bed: if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered. The man, we are told, who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him being underground.

A man at a dinner in evening dress has been likened to a conundrum: you can't tell whether he is a waiter or a guest. A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, said: 'That man doesn't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry.' An American critic in reviewing a poem, said: 'The rhythm sounds like turnips rolling over a barn-floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole.'

An amusing illustration was given by a parent when asked by his boy, 'What is understood by experimental and natural philosophy?' The answer was: 'If any one wants to borrow money, that is experimental philosophy. If the other man knocks him down, that is natural philosophy.' Curious and comical illustrations seem natural to many children. A little girl, suffering from the mumps, declared she felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck. 'Mamma,' said another youngster, alluding to a man whose neck was a series of great rolls of flesh, 'that man's got a double-chin on the back of his neck.' A little three-year-old, in admiring her baby brother, is said to have exclaimed: 'He's got a boiled head, like papa.'

Talking of curious similes—among the southern languages of India is the Teloogoo or Telinga, so rough in pronunciation that a traveller of the nation speaking it before a ruler of Bokhara, admitted that its sound resembled 'the tossing of a lot of pebbles in a sack.' A simile for scarlet stockings is firehose—laughter is the sound you hear when your hat blows off—and trying to do business without advertising is said to be 'like winking at a girl in the dark.' An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sauer-kraut, and potatoes. This would provoke Marryat's exclamation of, 'Such a metaphor I never *met afore*.' Much more complimentary was the old darkey's neat reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy. 'Lor, missy,' said he, 'I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar.' Wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole; you may watch the hole all day, and no mouse come out; but by-and-by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse and streams across the parlour.

Marrying a woman for her money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own finger.

An American writer says: 'A man with one idea always puts me in mind of an old goose trying to hatch out a paving-stone.' An editor's simile of man's career is summed up in the lines: 'Man's a vapour full of woes, starts a paper, busts, and goes.'

We all recollect how the Bath waters were associated in Weller's mind with the 'flavour of warm flat-irons.' The humorist who created that character was often reminded of a printer's parenthesis by the appearance of a bow-legged child; and the elongated pupils of a cat's eyes before a bright light were likened by him to 'two notes of admiration.'

Just as children call a locomotive 'a puff-puff,' savages will use sounding similes to supply the lack of language. The war-rockets sent amongst the Ashantees soon became known as 'shoo-shoos,' to describe their hissing; and we have heard that a fieldpiece firing shell was referred to by some of the Zulus as a 'boom—byby;' the first representing the report of the gun, the second the explosion of the projectile.

To touch on the poetic and romantic style of similes. Moore, if we rightly recollect, sings of 'rose-leaves steeped in milk' as a simile for a beautiful complexion. One of the gallant poets of France wrote of Mary Queen of Scots that her complexion was 'clear as a white egg with a blush on it;' and it certainly is probable that Elizabeth was as jealous of Mary's wonderful complexion as of her claims to the English throne. Beauty has been called a solitary kingdom. Another writer says: 'The red, white, and blue—the red cheeks, white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life can fight for.' A German poet refers to a fishing-rod as being typical of a young girl. He says: 'The eyes are the hooks, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.' Matrimony has been well likened to a barque in which two souls venture forth upon life's stormy sea with only their own frail help to aid them; the well-doing of their craft rests with themselves.

A French wit of a post-office turn of mind evolves the following: 'A married woman is a letter which has reached its address. A young girl is a letter not yet addressed.'

Home has been described as the rainbow of life. A laughing philosopher once, in a moral lecture, compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a peg made exactly to fit it, but which pegs, being stuck in hastily and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes; 'for how often do we see,' the orator pathetically concluded—'how often do we see the round man stuck in the three-cornered hole!' Sir Walter Scott, who alludes to this simile, says: 'This new illustration of the vagaries of fortune set the audience into convulsions of laughter, excepting one fat alderman, who seemed to make the case his own, and insisted that it was no jesting matter.'

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

In the month of February, these 'processionary caterpillars'—as they have come to be called—are seen in large numbers both at Arcachon and Biarritz. Sometimes chains of two and three hundred may be observed marching in solemn procession either on the *plage* or on the roads. It is clearly seen that they choose the smooth paths of life, as they are rarely, if ever, seen to perambulate the sandy, uneven forest, from which they emerge throughout the whole day. Not unfrequently, they mount the steps of a villa, to take a peep at the interior, to the dismay of invalids unaccustomed to such extraordinary, though perfectly harmless callers. On such occasions, they divide into small detachments, as if conscious that the presence of a whole battalion might prove inconvenient; for at other times, whatever be the length of the chain, or how oft soever divided, they invariably unite, and the one who starts as leader retains the post, as if by common consent, until their return to the nests they have left in the early morning. Alas! for the fruit-trees that fall in their way on what may be termed their foraging expeditions. They halt many times to regale themselves on succulent leaves, and when fully satisfied, return to their nests in the evening. These nests are longitudinal in form, similar to those of wasps, but smaller. They are composed of the dry needle-points of the pine, divided into minute particles; and are ingeniously woven together by gossamer threads as fine as those of the spider, but in appearance so silky as to resemble the work of the silkworm. As it covers the whole nest, the intention is evidently to keep the fabric together. Should any one, impelled by curiosity, attempt to pull the nest to pieces, to discover more of this texture, and afterwards touch his own eyes, inflammation may set in, and even death ensue. This enables us to understand how injurious so virulent a poison must be to the young trees. Many of large growth in the forest of Arcachon have been completely destroyed by these insects. They are never seen during the great heat of summer. In mid-winter, they leave the nests by shoals, unite, and burrow in the earth. There, underground, the long chain forms itself into a ball, and many of the caterpillars die. After a time, the rest emerge from their cocoon existence, and return to the trees, where they make fresh nests on the deserted ones of the preceding year.

BY THE RIVER.

We met at morning by the willowed river,
Long years ago, when both our hearts were young!
We met to watch the lights and shadows quiver,
And listen to the song the waters sung.
But deeper than the music of its flowing,
The tide of love flowed on from mind to mind;
While overhead the elder blooms were blowing,
And dewy fragrance filled the wooing wind.

We stand beside the waters of the river,
But now the moaning of the sea is near!
Far off the beacons 'mid the dimness quiver,
And rolling breakers fill our hearts with fear.
No longer choristers of morning greet us,
Or blossoms of the May-time droop above;
But shadows of the twilight rise to meet us,
And cloud the golden harvesting of love.

Ah! listen to the rushing of the river
Towards its haven in the restless sea,
While like a leaf upon its tide for ever
Our life flows onward to Eternity.
Oh, 'mid its eager tumult and commotion,
The whirl of waters, and the dash of foam,
May Love, the beacon, shining o'er the ocean,
Lead us together to our Father's home!

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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LIFE IN MARS.

The question as to the habitability of other worlds than ours has always been a very fascinating one, and, indeed, it is not surprising that it is so; for since the days when the earth was debased from her proud position as centre of the universe, and was assigned her proper place among the planets, there seemed to be no particular reason why she alone should produce life, and why other planets, apparently as suitable for this purpose as she is, should wander uninhabited through space.

Up to the present time, it must be confessed, we have met with nothing but disappointment in this branch of inquiry; for not only have we not detected living creatures on any other member of the solar system, but, with the single exception we are considering, there is apparently no other body whose surface is under conditions which would lead us to suppose that it might support life, or at least life in any form with which we are acquainted. It is of course useless to argue about the possibility of life under entirely different conditions; for instance, there might be some form of life on the sun; we can only say that it would be so different from what we know as life, that the term would be hardly applicable; and whether it is likely to exist or not, is a question which our limited experience does not allow us to answer one way or the other.

The moon, again, may be the home of living creatures; but they must be so constituted as to exist without air of any sort, which is rather contrary to our notions of life.

We will not here go to the length of examining in detail the conditions which obtain on the surface of all the bodies within range of our telescopes; but we may state that in none of them, with the exception of the planet Mars, is there any resemblance to our earth, and therefore life as we know it could not exist on them. With Mars, the case is different, and at first sight, there appears to be a state of things which approximates closely to that which obtains here. The planet Mars appears to the naked eye a deep red colour, and when examined with the telescope, we see that a large part of his surface is red; but between the red, and intersecting it in all directions, are patches and strips of a dull greenish hue. It was very soon conjectured that this green part was the Martial sea, and that the red was the land: this has been confirmed by later observations, and now no doubt exists on the point. The principal problem that we are here confronted with is this: assuming that what appears green on Mars is a liquid of some sort, can we assume that it is water, and not some other liquid with which perhaps we are unacquainted? This question appears at first sight impossible; for, unless we can bring some of the Martial sea down to the earth and analyse it, how can we determine its chemical constitution? The telescope evidently will not help us here, and we must call to our aid that powerful ally of the telescope—the spectroscope.

The method of observation employed is a question which we cannot enter into here; it must suffice to state results, which all tend to prove that these seas are composed of water similar to ours. It must not be understood that we have been able to determine this directly; the only fact that we know for certain about it is, that in the Martial atmosphere there is a considerable quantity of water-vapour, which it is only fair to assume has been raised by evaporation from the seas, which are therefore also water.

Some time ago, it was observed that situated at each pole of Mars there is a white patch, which increases and decreases at regular intervals. This had been observed for many years before the explanation was suggested by Herschel, that it was due to the freezing of the sea, and was exactly analogous to our Arctic and Antarctic Oceans. If this was true, the patch of ice would of course decrease in the Martial summer, and increase again as the winter came on. This was soon shown to be the fact. Thus we see that as far as regards the sea, Mars is very similar to our earth, with the exception, that the proportion of land is much larger. On the earth, the land is only about one-third of the area of the sea; while

on Mars, the land and sea surfaces seem to be about equal in extent. The land is much cut up by the water, which exists not so much in the form of a few large oceans, but rather as a number of curious-shaped narrow inlets and channels, which intersect the continents in all directions. The bright red colour of the land is a curious fact, for which no adequate explanation has as yet been suggested. Herschel considered it was due to the peculiar nature of the soil; but it certainly seems curious that in this point Mars should differ from all the other planets. The appearance of the earth seen from a similar distance would probably be a dirty green, or perhaps brown. In fact, on the earth we have no soil or rock, which occurs in any quantity, of the red colour which we observe on Mars. There is therefore no vegetation, unless we adopt the curious theory, advanced by a French savant, that in Mars the foliage is red. Unluckily, we have no instrument that can at all help us here; the telescope and spectroscope are alike useless, and, for the present, we must content ourselves with vain conjectures.

The next point that ought to engage our attention is the atmosphere, without which no life is possible. The method we use to determine whether a planet has an atmosphere is a very simple one: we have only to observe it pass in front of a fixed star; then, if there is no air round it, the light from the star will be extinguished instantaneously, as it is in the case of the moon; whereas, if it has an atmosphere, the light will gradually die away; because, instead of being cut off suddenly by an opaque body, it will be slowly diminished by the increasing thickness of the air that it is viewed through, and will very likely have entirely disappeared before the actual body of the planet is interposed. By applying this observation to Mars, it has been determined that it has an atmosphere, the exact thickness of which, however, we are unable to measure. It seems fair to assume that the amount of air which surrounds it is about the same proportion to the total mass of the planet as in the case of the earth. Without entering into calculations, we may state that if this is true, the pressure of the air at the surface of Mars would be about equal to five inches of mercury, or about one-sixth of the normal atmospheric pressure on the earth.

Now, given an atmosphere and a large extent of sea, we should naturally expect that clouds would form a prominent feature on the Martial surface; and observation has proved this to be the case. On several occasions, some of the features of the planet have been observed to be obscured by a sort of white film, which it is only fair to assume was a cloud. These clouds appear more markedly at the edge of the disc, or at those points where it would be morning or evening, and we may therefore assume that, similar to the earth, Mars is liable to mists or clouds forming at dawn and in the evening. It has been suggested that these white films are due not to clouds in the air, but to a deposition of snow on the surface, which disappears when the sun rises. There seems to be no particular reason for adopting this theory; it does not explain the observed phenomena better, nor does it seem more likely to be true.

The air on Mars being very much less dense than on the earth, it is presumable that the winds would move with much greater velocity; and for this reason, it has been thought that trees could not grow to any considerable height. We must, however, bear in mind that though the velocity would be high, the actual force of the wind would probably not be very great, on account of its excessive tenuity.

In an inquiry as to the probability of the existence of life, one of the most important points to be taken into account is the amount of heat available. Now, Mars is at such a distance from the sun that on the whole it would receive about two-fifths as much solar heat as we do. This does not, however, give the amount of heat that is actually received on the surface of the planet, a considerable proportion being absorbed by the atmosphere; and since our atmosphere is so much denser and thicker than that of Mars, it follows that we lose a much larger percentage of the solar heat. To calculate the exact amount of heat absorbed by a given thickness of air is a very difficult, if not impossible, problem; but it seems likely that, taking everything into account, the inhabitant of Mars will receive more heat from the sun than we do. This would have the effect of making the evaporation very large, and if so, the Martial atmosphere would be mostly composed of water-vapour.

According to Professor Langley, the true colour of the sun is blue; and its yellowness is due to the dirt always present in the air. To the inhabitants of Mars, it would most probably appear nearly white, unless, indeed, they also have volcanoes to fill the air with lava-dust.

Let us now sum up the facts we have stated, and determine as far as we can what sort of man the inhabitant of Mars must be.

In the first place, the force of gravitation at the surface is only just over one-third of its equivalent on the earth; a pound would therefore weigh about six ounces in Mars. If, therefore, we assume that the men are of such a size that their weight and activity are the same as ours, they would be about fourteen feet high on the average. This would make their strength very great; for not only would it be actually superior to ours, but, as every weight is so much smaller, it would be apparently proportionally increased. We should, therefore, expect to find that the Martialites have executed large engineering works; perhaps also their telescopes are much superior to ours, and we have been objects of interest for their observers. With regard to telescopes, it may be interesting to examine what is the effect of the highest magnifying power we can use. At his nearest approach, the distance from us to Mars is about thirty-seven million miles; and assuming that the highest power that can be used with advantage is twelve

hundred, we approach with our telescopes to a distance of thirty thousand miles, so that houses, or towns, or indeed any artificial works, would be hopelessly invisible. With regard to the supply of heat and light, we have seen that the Martialite is not worse off than we are. To him the sun would appear as a white, or perhaps blue disc about two-thirds of the diameter that it appears to us. The Martial day differs but slightly from ours; his year, however, is much longer, being about six hundred and eighty-seven of our days, which is about six hundred and fifty Martial days. The inclination of his axis to the plane of the orbit is such that his seasons would be very similar to ours. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of an extensive vegetation with his peculiar red colour; it is just possible, however, that some of the green patches, generally supposed to be seas, may in reality be large forests.

The most valid objection to the habitability of Mars lies in the fact of the extremely low atmospheric pressure, which, as we have seen, would probably average about five inches of mercury. The lowest pressure that a man has ever lived in, even for a short time, is about seven inches, which was reached by Coxwell and Glaisher in their famous balloon ascent. The aëronauts, however, narrowly escaped perishing, not only on account of the low pressure, but also because of the extreme cold.

It seems impossible that a man constituted exactly as we are could live for any length of time breathing air only one-sixth of the density of ours. But it is rather going out of our way to assume that the Martialites would be exactly the same as we are in every way; the chances are a million to one against it; and on the other hand, a very slight modification of the lung arrangement would suffice to make life perfectly possible under such conditions.

The nights on Mars would be very dark, for he has no satellite like our moon. He has, it is true, two moons, but they are so small that their illuminating power is *nil*, being respectively only sixty and forty miles in diameter. The smallest of these presents the curious phenomenon that it revolves round Mars faster than the planet turns on his own axis, and therefore would appear to rise in the west and set in the east.

Our earth, as seen from Mars, when at his nearest, would appear about the same size as Jupiter does to us; that is to say, would subtend an angle of about forty seconds. At his furthest distance, this would be reduced to fourteen.

We thus see that there is ample reason for assuming that this, the most interesting of all the planets, is the abode of creatures not essentially different from ourselves. Being considerably older than we are, the Martialites are probably much further advanced in the arts and sciences; and perhaps there may be some truth in the story of the Italian astronomer who says he has lately detected lights on the planet moving about in such a way as seems to indicate a deliberate intention to open communication with the earth. What the language of the lights is, we have not been informed; let us hope it is something more practical than the proposal of the Russian savant to communicate with the moon by cutting a huge figure of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid on the plains of Siberia, which, he said, any fool would understand.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXX.

THAT evening, Rosina Fleming went as she was bid to the old African's tent about half-past eleven, groping her way along the black moonless roads in fear and trembling, with infinite terror of the all-pervading and utterly ghastly West Indian ghosts or duppies. It was a fearful thing to go at that time of night to the hut of an obeah man; heaven knows what grinning, gibbering ghouls and phantoms one might chance to come across in such a place at such an hour. But it would have been more fearful still to stop away; for Delgado, who could so easily bring her Isaac Pourtalès for a lover by his powerful spells, could just as easily burn her to powder with his thunder and lightning, or send the awful duppies to torment her in her bed, as she lay awake trembling through the night-watches. So poor Rosina groped her way fearfully round to Delgado's hut with wild misgivings, and lifted the latch with quivering fingers, when she heard its owner's gruff, 'Come in den, missy,' echoing grimly from the inner recesses.

When she opened the door, however, she was somewhat relieved to find within a paraffin lamp burning brightly; and in place of ghouls or ghosts or duppies, Isaac Pourtalès himself, jauntily seated smoking a fresh tobacco-leaf cigarette of his own manufacture, in the corner of the hut where Louis Delgado was sitting cross-legged on the mud floor.

'Ebenin', missy,' Delgado said, rising with African politeness to greet her; while the brown Barbadian, without moving from his seat, allowed his lady-love to stoop down of herself to kiss him affectionately. 'I send for you dis ebenin' because we want to know suffin' about dis pusson dat callin' himself buckra, an' stoppin' now at Orange Grobe wit you. What you know about him, tell us dat, missy. You is Missy Dupuy own serbin'-le-ady: him gwine to tell you all him secret. What you know about dis pusson Noel?'

Thus adjured, Rosina Fleming, sitting down awkwardly on the side of the rude wooden settee, and with her big white eyes fixed abstractedly upon the grinning skull that decorated the bare mud wall just opposite her, pulled her turban straight upon her woolly locks with coquettish precision, and sticking one finger up to her mouth like a country child, began to pour forth all she could remember of the Orange Grove servants' gossip about Harry Noel. Delgado listened impatiently to the long recital without ever for a moment trying to interrupt her; for long experience had taught him the lesson that little was to be got out of his fellow-countrywomen by deliberate cross-questioning, but a great deal by allowing them quietly to tell their own stories at full length in their own rambling, childish fashion.

At last, when Rosina, with eyes kept always timidly askance, half the time upon the frightful

skull, and half the time on Isaac Pourtalès, had fairly come to the end of her tether, the old African ventured, with tentative cunning, to put a leading question: 'You ebber hear dem say at de table, missy, who him mudder and fader is, and where dem come from?'

'Him fader is very great gentleman ober in Englan',' Rosina answered confidently—'very grand gentleman, wit house an' serbant, an' coach an' horses, an' plenty cane-piece, an' rum an' sugar, an' yam garden an' plantain, becase I 'member Aunt Clemmy say so; an' de missy him say so himself too, sah. An' de missy say dat de pusson dat marry him will be real le-ady—same like de gubbernor le-ady; real le-ady, like dem hab in Englan'. De missy tellin' me all about him dis bery ebenin'.'

Delgado smiled. 'Den de missy in lub wit him himself, for certain,' he answered with true African shrewdness and cynicism. 'Ole-time folk has proverb, "When naygur woman say, 'Dat fowl fat,' him gwine to steal him same ebenin' for him pickany dinner." An' when le-ady tell you what happen to gal dat marry gentleman, him want to hab de gentleman himself for him own husband.'

'O no, sah; dat doan't so,' Rosina cried with sudden energy. 'De missy doan't lubbin' de buckra gentleman at all. She tell me him look altogedder too much like naygur.'

Delgado and Pourtalès exchanged meaning looks with one another, but neither of them answered a word to Rosina.

'An' him mudder?' Delgado inquired curiously after a moment's pause, taking a lazy puff at a cigarette which Isaac handed him.

'Him mudder!' Rosina said. 'Ah, dere now, I forgettin' clean what Uncle 'Zekiel, him what is butler up to de house dar, an' hear dem talk wit one anodder at dinner—I forgettin' clean what it was him tell me about him mudder.'

Delgado did not urge her to rack her feeble little memory on this important question, but waited silently, with consummate prudence, till she should think of it herself and come out with it spontaneously.

'Ha, dere now,' Rosina cried at last, after a minute or two of vacant and steady staring at the orbless eyeholes of the skull opposite; 'I is too chupid—too chupid altogedder. Mistah 'Zekiel, him tellin' me de odder marnin' dat Mistah Noel's mudder is le-ady from Barbadoes.—Dat whar you come from youself, Isaac, me fren'. You must be 'memberin' de family ober in Barbadoes.'

'How dem call de family?' Isaac asked cautiously. 'You ebber hear, Rosie, how dem call de family? Tell me, dar is good girl, an' I gwine to lub you better 'n ebber.'

Rosina hesitated, and cudgelled her poor brains eagerly a few minutes longer; then another happy flash of recollection came across her suddenly like an inspiration, and she cried out in a joyous tone: 'Yes, yes; I got him now, I got him now, Isaac! Him mudder family deir name is Budleigh, an' dem lib at place dem call de Wilderness. Mistah 'Zekiel tell me all about dem. Him say dat dis le-ady, what him name Missy Budleigh, marry de buckra gentleman fader, what him name Sir-waltah Noel.'

It was an enormous and unprecedented fetch of memory for a pure-blooded black woman, and Rosina Fleming was justly proud of it. She stood there grinning and smiling from ear to ear, so that even the skull upon the wall opposite was simply nowhere in the competition.

Delgado turned breathlessly to Isaac Pourtalès. 'You know dis fam'ly?' he asked with eager anticipation. 'You ebber hear ob dem? You larn at all whedder dem is buckra or only brown people?'

Louis Delgado laughed hoarsely. Brown man as he was himself, he chuckled and hugged himself with sardonic delight over the anticipated humiliation of a fellow brown man who thought himself a genuine buckra.

'Know dem, sah!' Isaac cried in a perfect ecstasy of malicious humour—'know de Budleighs ob de Wilderness! I tink for true I know dem! *Hé!* Mistah Delgado, me fren', I tellin' you de trut, sah; me own mudder an' Mrs. Budleigh ob de Wilderness is first-cousin, first-cousin to one anudder.'

It was perfectly true. Strange as such a relationship sounds to English ears, in the West Indies cases of the sort are as common as earthquakes. In many a cultivated light-brown family, where the young ladies of the household, pretty and well educated, expect and hope to marry an English officer of good connections, the visitor knows that, in some small room or other of the back premises, there still lingers on feebly an old black hag, wrinkled and toothless, full of strange oaths and incomprehensible African jargons, who is nevertheless the grandmother of the proud and handsome girls, busy over Mendelssohn's sonatas and the *Saturday Review*, in the front drawing-room. Into such a family it was that Sir Walter Noel, head of the great Lincolnshire house, had actually married. The Budleighs of the Wilderness had migrated to England before the abolition of slavery, when the future Lady Noel was still a baby; and getting easily into good society in London, had only been known as West Indian proprietors in those old days when to be a West Indian proprietor was still equivalent to wealth and prosperity, not, as now, to poverty and bankruptcy.

Strange to say, too, Lady Noel herself was not by any means so dark as her son Harry. The Lincolnshire Noels belonged themselves to the black-haired type so common in their county; and the union of the two strains had produced in Harry a complexion several degrees more swarthy than that of either of his handsome parents. In England, nobody would ever have noticed this little peculiarity; they merely said that Harry was the very image of the old Noel family portraits; but in Trinidad, where the abiding traces of negro blood are so familiarly known and so carefully looked for, it was almost impossible for him to pass a single day without his partially black descent being immediately suspected. He had 'thrown back,' as the colonists coarsely phrase it, to the dusky complexion of his quadroon ancestors.

Louis Delgado hugged himself and grinned at this glorious discovery. 'Ha, ha!' he cried, rocking himself rapidly to and fro in a perfect frenzy of gratified vindictiveness; 'him doan't buckra, den!—him doan't buckra! He hold himself so proud, an' look down on naygur; an'

after all, him doan't buckra, him only brown man! De Lard be praise, I gwine to humble him! I gwine to let him know him doan't buckra!'

'You will tell him?' Rosina Fleming asked curiously.

Delgado danced about the hut in a wild ecstasy, with his fingers snapping about in every direction, like the half-tamed African savage that he really was. 'Tell *him*, Missy Rosie!' he echoed contemptuously—'tell *him*, you sayin' to me! Yah, yah! you hab no sense, missy. I doan't gwine to tell *him*, for certain; I gwine to tell dat cheatin' scoundrel, Tom Dupuy, missy, so humble him in de end de wuss for all dat.'

Rosina gazed at him in puzzled bewilderment. 'Tom Dupuy!' she repeated slowly. 'You gwine to tell Tom Dupuy, you say, Mistah Delgado! What de debbel de use, I wonder, sah, ob tell Tom Dupuy dat de buckra gentleman an' Isaac is own cousin?'

Delgado executed another frantic *pas de seul* across the floor of the hut, to work off his mad excitement, and then answered gleefully: 'Ha, ha, Missy Rosie, you is woman, you is creole naygur gal—you doan't understan' de depth an' de wisdom ob African naygur. Look you here, me fren', I explain you all about it. De missy up at house, him fall in lub wit dis brown man, Noel. Tom Dupuy, him want for go an' marry de missy. Dat make Tom Dupuy hate de brown man. I tell him, Noel doan't no buckra—him common brown man, own cousin to Isaac Pourtalès. Den Tom Dupuy laugh at Noel! Ha, ha! I turn de hand ob one proud buckra to bring down de pride ob de odder!'

Isaac Pourtalès laughed too. 'Ha, ha!' he cried, 'him is proud buckra, an' him is me own cousin! I hate him!'

Rosina gazed at her mulatto lover in rueful silence. She liked the English stranger—he had given her a shilling one day to post a letter for him—but still, she daren't go back upon Isaac and Louis Delgado. 'Him is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn,' she murmured apologetically at last after a minute's severe reflection—'great fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn. Dem is old-time fren' in Englan' togedder; and when Mistah Tom Dupuy speak bad 'bout Mistah Hawtorn, Mistah Noel him flare up like angry naygur, an' him gib him de lie, an' him speak out well for him!'

Delgado checked himself, and looked closely at the hesitating negress with more deliberation. 'Him is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn,' he said in a meditative voice—'him is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn! De fren' ob de Lard's fren' shall come to no harm. I gwine to tell Tom Dupuy, I must humble de buckra. But in de great an' terrible day, dem shall not hurt a hair of him head, if de Lard wills it.' And then he added somewhat louder, in his own sonorous and mystic Arabic: 'The effendi's brother is dear to Allah even as the good effendi himself is.'

Isaac Pourtalès made a wry face aside to himself. Evidently he had settled in his own mind that whatever might be Delgado's private opinion about the friends of the Lord's friend, he himself was not going to be bound, when the moment for action actually arrived, by anybody else's ideas of promises.

By-and-by, Rosina rose to go. 'You is comin' wit me, Isaac?' she asked coquettishly, with her finger stuck once more in coy reserve at the corner of her mouth, and her head a little on one side, bewitching negress fashion.

Isaac hesitated; it does not do for a brown man to be too condescending and familiar with a nigger girl, even if she does happen to be his sweetheart. Besides, Delgado signed to him with his withered finger that he wanted him to stop a few minutes longer. 'No, Missy Rosie,' the mulatto answered, yawning quietly; 'I doan't gwine yet. You know de road to house, I tink. Ebenin', le-ady.'

Rosina gave a sighing, sidelong look of disappointed affection, took her lover's hand a little coldly in her own black fingers, and sidled out of the hut with much reluctance, half-frightened still at the horrid prospect of once more facing alone the irrepressible and ubiquitous ghouls.

As soon as she was fairly out of earshot, Louis Delgado approached at once close to the mulatto's ear and murmured in a mysterious hollow undertone: 'Next Wednesday.'

The mulatto started. 'So soon as dat!' he cried. 'Den you has got de pistols?'

Delgado, with his wrinkled finger placed upon his lip, moved stealthily to a corner of his hut, and slowly opened a chest, occupied on the top by his mouldy obeah mummery of loose alligators' teeth and well-cleaned little human knuckle-bones. Carefully removing this superstitious rubbish from the top of the box with an undisguised sneer—for Isaac as a brown man was *ex officio* superior to obeah—he took from beneath it a couple of dozen old navy pistols, of a disused pattern, bought cheap from a marine store-dealer of doubtful honesty down at the harbour. Isaac's eyes gleamed brightly as soon as he saw the goodly array of real firearms. '*Hé, hé!*' he cried joyously, fingering the triggers with a loving touch, 'dat de ting to bring down de pride ob de proud buckra. Ha, ha! Next Wednesday, next Wednesday! We waited long, Mistah Delgado, for de Lard's delibberance; but de time come now, de time come at last, sah, an' we gwine to hab de island ob Trinidad all to ourselves.'

The old African bowed majestically. 'Slay ebbery male among dem,' he answered aloud in his deepest accents, with a not wholly unimpressive mouthing of his hollow vowels—'slay ebbery male, an' take de women captive, an' de maidens, an' de little ones; an' divide among you de spoil ob all deir cattle, an' all deir flocks, an' all deir goods, an' deir cities wherein dey dwell, an' all deir vineyards, an' deir goodly castles.'

Isaac Pourtalès' eyes gleamed hideously as he listened in delight to that awful quotation.

THE DUBLIN BANK GUARD.

After reading an article in *Chambers's Journal* for August 1885, headed 'The Bank Picket,' it struck me (says a correspondent) that a reminiscence of the Bank Guard in Dublin may not prove uninteresting. I say reminiscence, for, though the Bank Guard is mounted there now pretty much, I believe, as in the days of which I write—some eight-and-thirty years ago—the incident which my memory recalls in connection with it is a reminiscence of an event, the

actors in which, except myself, have passed away or have left the service; and in either case, I have not seen or heard of any of them for many years; but if one or two still survive, and this should meet their eye, I have no doubt the remembrance recalled by it will raise a hearty laugh at what was to them certainly no joke, and to me personally was a lesson never again to disobey orders.

The guard over the Bank of Ireland in Dublin was then—as I believe it is now—under the command of the senior subaltern for guard in the garrison, with a proper complement of non-commissioned officers and men; and was relieved, like all the other garrison guards, every twenty-four hours. The men's guardroom was a large apartment, flagged with stone, on the ground-floor of part of what was once the old Irish House of Parliament; and above it was the officer's guardroom, which was reached by a flight of stairs, at the bottom of which a door communicated on the left with the men's guardroom, and facing the stair-foot was a small heavy door leading into the street. In this door was a barred aperture about a foot square, closed by a sliding piece of wood, which could be drawn aside to permit the examination from within of any one outside; and inside the door, a sentry was posted during the night. Through the barred aperture, the 'Grand rounds'—as the field-officer on duty for the day was called—whispered the countersign to the officer of the guard when he visited the bank at night, after which he was admitted, to enable him to inspect the guard. To the left of the door outside was also a large iron-studded gate, leading into a small courtyard, where the guard paraded during the daytime; but this, as well as the small door, was locked and secured by heavy bars at sunset, and the keys of both were kept by the officer of the guard.

Immediately after the mounting of the new guard, every morning a knock at the door of the officer's room announced the arrival of the head-porter with a large book, in which the officer signed his name, rank, and regiment; and on the departure of the head-porter with the book, a half-sovereign was found on the table where the book had been. There were no meals provided for the officer, as for his more fortunate comrade mounting the Bank Picket in London; nor were the non-commissioned officers or men 'tipped,' as at the Bank of England; but they, as well as the officer, were left to shift for themselves in the way of food during the twenty-four hours, without even the assistance of a canteen vendor, so that the dinners and other meals had to be sent from the barracks—in the case of some regiments, a distance of two or three miles—there was no blanket or greatcoat either provided at the Bank of Ireland for the men; but the officer had some articles furnished for his use, for a consideration, which were exhumed towards night from a small closet in the officer's guardroom. There was no library or anything of that kind for men or officer; and they were left entirely to their own devices how to fill up the tedium of the twenty-four hours' duty.

The furniture of both guardrooms was scanty, that in the men's room consisting of a few forms and a guard-bed of wood, raised a couple of feet from the ground; while the officer's furniture was more luxurious, he having an old leather-covered couch, with four or five chairs to match, and a large table. There was, however, abundance of fuel; and candles of the mutton-fat order were liberally supplied at the rate of one to each room. Both apartments were large and lofty, the ceiling of the officer's being vaulted; and its walls, in my time, were covered with drawings in pencil and coloured chalks, more or less well done; and many very amusing, being caricatures of well-known staff and other officers, or sketches of various funny incidents which had taken place at guard-mountings and field-days, in which the figure of old Toby White, the well-known town major, was always prominent, as well as an adjutant of one of the regiments, famed for the peculiar peak which adorned his shako, and his feats of horsemanship, which seemed meant to illustrate the many ways one could fall off a horse without getting hurt. Over the vast mantel-piece were drawings of the breastplates of every regiment that had mounted the guard, all artistically and faithfully done. Like the gorgets, these breastplates have ceased for many years to be part of the uniform of the British infantry; but for the benefit of those who don't remember them, I may say that they served to clasp across the breast the broad white sword-belt worn in full uniform in the days of coatees and epaulets, and were very handsome, having, besides, the number of the regiment, the regimental badge, and the various battles authorised to be borne on the regimental colour, emblazoned on them.

Amongst the other drawings on the walls was, directly opposite the door leading from the stairs into the guardroom, the figure of a young lady clad in the full-dress uniform of a regiment dating many years anterior to the time of which I speak. She was represented as standing at the salute, with a drawn sword extended in her right hand, and the left at the shako peak shading the eyes. There was a legend—whence derived or how handed down, I am unable to say—that the young lady in the obsolete uniform was the wife of an officer of the guard who one night, many years ago, had become intoxicated on duty; and that she saved his commission by dressing herself in his uniform and turning out the guard to the field-officer when going his nightly rounds. This legend was, I have no doubt, as true as very many which are now implicitly believed; but be that as it may, it was an article of faith amongst the subalterns of the Dublin garrison, who always regarded the fair young figure in the quaint uniform with a certain amount of respect.

In those days, the guardrooms in Dublin were pretty generally ornamented with sketches, some of which were very well done. I may specify 'The Kildare Hunt,' round the wall of the upper castle guard; and a monument upon a wall facing the door in the lower castle guard, on which was the following inscription:

In Memory of
A Wigging received by a Subaltern of this Guard
from ———.

May whose end be as his life has been—peaceful!

That the above stung the officer in question, who was a well-known martinet, but, unfortunately, had seen no war-service, we soon had reason to know; for an order was issued that in future all commandants of guards were to certify in their guard Reports that the walls of their guard-rooms had not been defaced during their tour of duty.

One snowy, bitterly cold day in the winter of 1847–48, I found myself the occupant of the Bank Guard in Dublin, and in the proud position of commandant. The semi-darkness of the afternoon was fast verging on night, and I nodded, half asleep, over the huge fire which blazed on the hearth, when the door opened, and admitted, with a cold swirl of frosty air, the handsome, jolly face of a brother sub. and particular friend of mine, named Harry P——. The old room looked instantly bright and cheerful, and he sat until well after dark, smoking and chatting pleasantly. At length he rose to go, and told me that he was going to dine with his brother at Richmond Barracks; and that after mess, he, his brother, and another officer of his brother's regiment, were about to visit the theatre, where some popular performer was starring it. 'And I tell you what it is, old fellow,' he added, 'we'll all come here afterwards; and you have some oysters in, and give us a supper.'

It was in vain that I reminded him of the order that no one was to be admitted to the Bank Guard after tattoo except on duty. He laughed at my scruples; and at last, on his hinting that want of hospitality was at the bottom of my strict observance of standing orders, I was weak enough to give in; and the tempter descending the stairs, stopped to say, by way of encouragement: 'You know we shan't be with you before twelve o'clock; and by that time, the Grand rounds will have turned you out, and will be snug in bed in the upper castle.' So saying, without giving me time to recall my inconsiderate promise, he was off, and I had nothing left me but to call my servant; and between us, we managed to arrange, if not an elegant, at least a comfortable little supper, which was brought in from a neighbouring hotel. Fresh lights were placed upon the now well-furnished table, more coals added to the already roaring fire, beside which simmered a kettle of boiling water, ready to mix with what in the Irish capital is known as 'the materials;' and towards the 'sma' hours ayont the twal,' I sat waiting the arrival of my expected guests, as well as the field-officer of the day, who, to my great discomfort and uneasiness, had not up to this hour put in an appearance.

I hadn't long to wait after midnight had struck for Harry P—— and his companions, who didn't sympathise with me much concerning the non-arrival of the field-officer, Harry only remarking: 'Oh, he'll only just look at the guard, and be off to roost with as little delay as he can. The snow is falling fast, and no one with any brains will stay out in it longer than he can help.'

So, 'laying this flattering unction to our souls,' we proceeded, without further ceremony, to pay attention to the good things provided for the comfort of the body, and had already got through a fair lot of the bivalves, when suddenly the loud challenge of the sentry at the door below rang through the vaulted corridor: 'Who comes there?' The reply from outside was: 'Rounds;' then: 'What rounds?' Answer: 'Grand rounds,' followed by the sentry's: 'Stand, Grand rounds; Guard, turn out.'

This called me to take my part in the ceremony; and my visitors, still looking on the affair as a prime joke, proceeded to ensconce themselves in the closet containing the officer's bedding, which, on account of the expected advent of company, had not as yet been disinterred. As he closed the door, I heard Harry P—— remark, by way of apology to the others: 'You know, his Satanic Majesty may prompt him to come upstairs, and so we had better not show till he goes.'

I now dashed down below, and after the accustomed interchange of question and answer at the barred window in the door, ordered his admission, and proceeded to the guard, which was turned out in the men's guardroom, to duly 'present arms' to the Grand rounds. (I may here remark, that to the sentry's shout of 'Guard, turn out' in the Bank Guard, the response was decidedly Irish, for the guard didn't turn out at all, in the literal sense of the word, at night, but 'fell in' on the stone flags of their guard-room.)

The field-officer on this occasion was a Major F——, of a Highland regiment, a jolly, pleasant-looking little man, who evidently enjoyed to the full the good things of this life; and after acknowledging the salute and receiving the report of 'All correct, sir,' he desired me to dismiss the guard, and as we left the room, said: 'I was looking at the bright light in your guardroom window as I came up, and envied you the roaring fire you must have inside, and I daresay a good glass of something hot also. If you don't mind, I'll come up and thaw a bit, for it's snowing hard, and most bitterly cold outside.'

What could I say, but—heaven forgive me—express the pleasure it would give me to do the hospitable; and so, with troubled heart, I bounded up the stairs ostensibly to fetch a candle to light the major up, but really to clear the room of the prisoners, had they left the closet, or, at all events, to warn them of approaching danger if they had not. In either case, I was, however, foiled, as the Grand rounds, though a portly-looking little man, and not active to all appearance, still had the use of his legs, well tried, no doubt, on many a good Highland moor and mountain; and in spite of my knowledge of the staircase, he was in the guardroom close at my heels. It was, however, to all appearance entirely without any occupants save ourselves, and only the remains of the supper looked suspicious. This at once attracted the major; and to his remark that I appeared to have had a party here, I replied loudly, in order to give notice to the prisoners, that some of our fellows had dropped in during the afternoon and had some lunch; that I had had my dinner after they had left, and that my servant had not yet removed the débris; that I dared say there were some oysters still left, and would the major let me get him a few, &c.? which caused the little man's eyes to twinkle as he toasted himself by the ample fire; and unbuckling his sword, he seated himself in a chair at the table, and fell to without more ceremony, remarking: 'You are

very kind. What Sybarites you —th fellows are! I'll just take an oyster or two, and qualify with a glass of hot toddy, to keep out the cold of this bitter night.'

After doing ample justice to the supper, he proceeded to undo a couple of the bottom buttons of his doublet, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, drew his chair closer to the fire, and lighting a cigar, settled himself comfortably for a chat. I, too, lighted a pipe, and with an affectation of enjoyment I was far from feeling, I sat opposite to him, and listened to what I have no doubt were very amusing anecdotes, but which fell unheeded upon ears strained to catch a sneeze or cough or other ill-timed sound from the closet. All, however, was quite still there; and after what seemed to me a century of anxious suspense, the Grand rounds finished his glass, and with profuse thanks for my hospitality, rebuckled himself into his sword-belt and took his departure.

It couldn't have been much more than an hour since he came up-stairs, and yet to me it seemed ages until the outer door again closed on him and I heard his muffled footsteps retreating over the soft snow. But if the time appeared long to me, what must it not have been to the prisoners caged in the stuffy closet! I found them peeping inquiringly out from their prison; and when the 'Coast clear' was announced, such a peal of laughter resounded through the old walls as made them ring again; and there being no fear of further disturbance, we straightway drank health and safe home to the jolly old Grand rounds; and seating ourselves at the table with appetites sharpened by the perils we had passed, we did ample justice to the remainder of the supper, and proved that 'all's well that ends well' in a most satisfactory manner. Far into the night, or rather well into the morning, was it before we parted; and as Harry shook my hand at the stair-foot, he said: 'Good-night, good-night, or rather morning. We are all much obliged for the night's amusement; but between you and me, old man, I don't think that I, for one, will ever again join a supper party in the Bank Guard.' To which I replied: 'No; nor will you ever catch me again giving one.'

I have since often thought, did Major F—— suspect that the closet had tenants? If he did, he kept it to himself; and though we often met afterwards, he never made any allusion to that night. He may have meant to teach me a lesson, or he may not; but if he did, he did it most kindly, and it has never been forgotten; nor ever since have I disregarded the resolution, 'Always stick to orders,' which I formed that winter's night upon the Bank Guard.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

AROUND a roaring fire in a little, lone, beetle-browed inn which stood by the sea about six miles from Saint Quinians, known as the *Lobster*, were assembled one evening, about a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, some half-dozen men, whose apparel and appearance proclaimed them fisher-folk. They were sitting simply smoking and drinking, not speaking, for it may be noted that men whose lives are spent in one continual struggle with danger and death are generally silent. It was a wild, wet evening, although it was April, and the great waves were tumbling on the rocky shore with a booming which never ceased, and which was audible above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain against the rickety casements, so that the assembly was not a little astonished to hear the voice of the landlord talking with a stranger, and presently to see a tall man, clad from head to foot in waterproofs, enter. All eyes were instantly fixed on him in a suspicious sort of manner, and more than one man rose, for in these days, coast-folk enjoyed almost as little peace on land as at sea, as preventive men were continually poking about in search of smugglers, and the press-gang was hard at work collecting hands for His Majesty's ships. But as the newcomer was alone, and saluted them with a 'good-evening' as he divested himself of his reeking overalls, their momentary alarm seemed to subside, and they made a space for him in the circle round the fire.

The visitor, who was no other than Jasper Rodley, ordered a stiff tumbler of grog and a new pipe, took his seat, and gazed intently at the leaping flames for some moments without speaking. 'It's a wretched evening for a walk,' he said presently; a remark which elicited a gruff murmur of assent from the circle; 'and the road from Saint Quinians is as hard to follow as the course between Deadland Shoal and the Painter Buoy,' he continued. He was evidently a sailor, so that eyes were again fixed on him with something of the original suspicion.

There was another pause, during which pipes were puffed vigorously and more than one mug emptied.

Jasper Rodley broke the silence. 'Doesn't a Captain West live somewhere hereabouts?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied a man. 'Can't mistake the house—a long white un, standing in a bit o' garden with a flagstaff in it, about two miles towards the town.'

'Strange sort of man, isn't he?' asked Rodley.

'Well, sir, he's strange in some things; but nobody don't know any harm of him,' replied the man; ''cos it's precious little folk see of him.'

'Said to be very rich, isn't he?' asked Rodley.

This question brought the eyes of the party to bear again upon the speaker, the problem troubling the rude minds being: 'If this chap wants to see the captain, and hails from Saint Quinians, why on earth does he go two miles farther than he need?' Mental conclusion arrived at—stranger up to no good.

'Well, no, mate,' replied the man to Rodley's question; 'he ain't what you'd call rich, not by no means, seein' that he's only a half-pay captain. But he's been richer durin' this last four year than he wur afore.'

'Lives all alone with his daughter, doesn't he?' continued Rodley.

Mental conclusion previously arrived at by the party is confirmed.

'Yes,' replied the man who acted as spokesman; 'lives with Miss Bertha, the cap'en do. She's a proper queen, she is. Partiest slip of a lass in these parts by a long way. But the cap'en

he keeps her uncommon close; can't a-bear her to be out of his sight; and when she goes into town a-marketin' on Wednesdays, we says it's about all the life she sees.'

Another silence ensued, during which the half-dozen pairs of eyes were taking stock of Rodley sideways, and endeavouring to solve the problem of his intentions from his dress and appearance.

At length Rodley said: 'Wasn't there a lugger wrecked off here about four years ago called the *Fancy Lass?*'

'Nobody heard of it,' replied the spokesman. 'There was a lugger of that name left Saint Quinians about four years agone; but she warn't never heard of no more; and bein' a smuggler, that ain't surprisin'.'

'I thought some bodies were washed ashore by the Locket Rock about that time,' observed Rodley.

'There's a sight o' poor chaps washed ashore hereabouts every gale,' replied the man. '"Tain't possible allus to say who they be or where they come from. Saint Quinians' churchyard is full on 'em.'

Not another word was spoken for at least twenty minutes. At the expiration of that time, Rodley rose, went to the door, looked out, remarked that the rain had stopped, put on his overalls, paid his reckoning, wished the company 'good-night,' and went out into the darkness.

'Didn't get much information out of these chaps!' he muttered as he pulled his hat down over his face against the driving wind and retraced his steps towards the captain's house. What with battling against the wind and stumbling about the uneven road in the dark, it was an hour before the solitary light in the captain's house met Rodley's gaze. He crossed the small garden and knocked.

Bertha opened the door, and asked timidly: 'Who is it?'

'I—Jasper Rodley,' was the reply.

She uttered a cry of alarm, and would have shut the door, but that Rodley had placed his foot in the opening. The captain hearing his daughter's cry, came hobbling along the passage hastily. When he beheld Rodley, a cloud came over his face, and he said: 'Hillo, mate, what is it at this time o' night?'

'I want a bed for to-night, and a few words with you, captain,' said Rodley, who by this time was fairly inside the house, and coolly taking his hat and coat off.

'But I've no room here. There's an inn farther down, where they'll put you up better than we can.'

'I'm a sailor, captain,' replied Rodley, 'and I don't mind where I shake down: that's of no consequence, but the talk is.'

The captain, who seemed to treat his evidently unwelcome visitor with a kind of deference, shrugged his shoulders, and led the way into the sitting-room, where the remains of a substantial meal graced the table. Jasper Rodley made himself very comfortable in an armchair; the captain, who was the wreck of a fine man, and who, being lame from a recent accident, used a stick, remained standing, as if uncertain how to proceed next; whilst poor Bertha stood, trembling with fright, by the door.

'Captain,' said the visitor, 'isn't ten o'clock the usual time for young ladies to go to bed?'

At this hint, the old man made a signal to his daughter, who retired.

'Now then,' continued Rodley, 'let's to business.'

'I'm not aware that I have any business with you,' said the captain.

'Well, you'll soon have some with me. Look here. We're men of the world, and we must understand each other. I've only met you twice before: each time you were coming from the same place, and each time you were astonished, in fact, alarmed, at seeing me.'

'Well, sir, and what of that?' asked the old sailor. 'Here am I, an old East India Company's skipper, living in a lonely place, where I don't see half-a-dozen people in the course of a month. You came upon me suddenly, just when it was getting dark, and I was naturally startled.'

'O no; that's not it,' continued Rodley. 'But we'll leave that for a bit. First of all, I'm head over heels in love with your daughter.'

'I'm sorry for it.'

'And I intend to marry her,' continued his visitor.

'That depends firstly whether she will have you, which I very much doubt,' said the captain; 'and secondly upon whether I let her go, which I also doubt.'

'So you think,' sneered Rodley. 'Now, then, to the other matter. Four years ago, you were a poor man.'

'So I am now,' retorted the captain.

'O no; you're very well off; your private bank is safe enough.'

The captain fidgeted uneasily in his chair at this.

'You see, I know more than you think,' said Rodley; and bending over and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he added: 'Is it not a little curious that you should have come into your fortune about the same time that the *Fancy Lass* was wrecked about a hundred yards from your house?'

The poor old captain's amazement and perplexity culminated here in a start which sent his pipe flying from his hand. 'Why, how do you know? Who told you?' gasped the old man. 'Not a soul escaped from her.'

Jasper Rodley looked searchingly at him for a moment, and said: 'Perhaps not. That's got nothing to do with what we are talking about.'

'And the boat went to pieces,' added the captain.

'You're almost as well up in the subject as I am,' said Rodley. 'But she was wrecked on Sherringham Shoal, and went to pieces on the Locket Rock.'

'Well?' asked the captain.

'And her cargo—valuable cargo it was,' continued Rodley, actually smiling with enjoyment at the misery he was causing—'her cargo was recovered.'

The old man rose and hobbled about the room in a state of pitiable agony. 'How do you know?' he asked desperately.

'The last time I met you,' replied Rodley, 'you were so startled that you dropped something—this.' He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a sovereign.

'What do you infer from that?'

'Why, what's the use of asking me what I infer? What's the most natural inference I should draw?'

The captain resumed his seat, and was silent for some minutes. In the meanwhile, Rodley filled another pipe and mixed himself a glass of grog.

At length the old man said: 'I understand the case to be this. You want to marry my daughter. If I refuse, you'll'——

'I will expose you as having taken property which does not belong to you,' replied Rodley.

'You must prove it,' cried the captain. 'Why shouldn't I keep my money where I think fit? This is a lonely house, in a dangerous neighbourhood; the folk all about are desperate men—wreckers, smugglers, old privateersmen, escaped pressed-men—men who, if they thought I kept money and valuables on the premises, would not hesitate to rob me; and what could we, a lame old man and a young girl, do to protect ourselves?'

'I can prove it,' continued Rodley quietly. 'But I'm not such a fool as to tell you how I can prove it. Look here; we need not waste words over it. You are in my power; you cannot escape. The price I put upon keeping silence upon a matter which would bring you into the felon's dock, is the hand of your daughter Bertha. I give you a week to decide, for the matter presses, and I do not intend to remain longer than I can help at Saint Quinians.'

'Then you would take my Bertha far away from me!' exclaimed the old man in horror.

'Not necessarily; my business is on the sea. When I am away, she would remain with you. It would comfort you, and relieve me of the expense of keeping up an establishment, and would thus be an agreeable arrangement for both parties. Is that a bargain?'

The old man bowed his head.

'Mind,' said Rodley, smiling, as he rose to go to bed, 'I shall keep strict watch on the—on the bank!'

THE CORACLE.

Having seen this boat of ancient Britain on those Welsh rivers where it has been wont to float since the commencement of the historic period—having seen a Welsh fisherman ferry his wife over the Towy in a coracle, we will endeavour to describe this antique relic and to relate a few leading facts of its history. Before the subjugation of the British, this boat of theirs was probably found in all parts of England; it is now confined to Wales, the last stronghold of the British after the arrival of the Saxons—or English, as they are now called. It is found, in fact, only in a few parts of Wales; and in the course of this short narrative we shall not ramble far in other regions, though it may be interesting to mention that boats exactly similar in structure to the coracle of Wales are frequently used in many parts of India for the purpose of crossing the rivers of that great country; and this forms one of those obscure links which Mr Borrow loved to dilate upon in his *Wild Wales*, a book of wonderful attraction both to the learned and to travellers and tourists. Joining all the links together into a connected chain, and taking language into account, the evidence is strong that the Welsh, or ancient British, were originally emigrants from India.

The antiquity of this queer little ark—for it is more ark than boat in shape—is undoubted. Herodotus describes the common boats of the Euphrates as having been in all respects similar in pattern and construction to the coracles of Wales. The materials for making these simple, home-built vessels were naturally such as the particular country might afford. In India they were made of wicker, covered with skins; and on the Euphrates they were of willow, covered with hides. In the salmon-fishing season, almost any day except Sunday from April till the end of August, coracles may still be observed on the rivers Towy and Teivy, having remained there unaltered from the time when the attention of Cæsar was attracted by them during his campaign in Britain. A fisherman still slings his boat over his back, and carries it home in that position; and on reaching his dwelling, he sets it erect against the house-wall, and leaves it there till he again goes fishing, when he carries it back to the water. An old Welsh adage runs, 'A man's load is his coracle;' and in former times, when this old-fashioned boat was covered with raw hides, the load must have been a heavy one. The hides, however, have now been discarded for a light covering made of waterproof canvas. The shape of the coracle remains unaltered. It is the broadest of boats in proportion to its length, hence it moves through the water under the alternate stroke of the paddle with a motion like the waddling of a duck.

The time arrived, as it usually does to men of genius, when Cæsar turned the idea of the coracle to good account. Ptolemy had destroyed his bridges, and the only boats that could have saved him were such as he could build quickly of any common materials which might come to hand. He remembered the coracle, which he had seen in Britain built of hazel, or willow, or any kind of rods that were capable of being woven so as to form a framework for the covering of skins. Cæsar immediately proceeded to construct his boats; and by means of a number of coracles of large size, but rapidly constructed, his army successfully crossed the river, which had stopped and endangered its march.

A Welsh coracle for one passenger upsets so easily that a stroke from a salmon's tail is said to be more than the cranky little boat can bear without being overturned. One person forms a full freight for a coracle of the usual size, besides the one who uses the paddle; and that person being the oarsman's wife, he places her cautiously in the stern, and declines a second passenger.

When there are two persons to be ferried over, one of them is usually taken across first, and the other is left on the bank, and brought over afterwards. During the voyage, certain precautions must be observed, which are well understood by all persons accustomed to this kind of navigation. But we remember on one occasion, when an English lady, a tourist, was in the act of crossing the river below Cardigan, some of her friends having already crossed, while others watched behind—for her precautions before setting out had been elaborate. She had no sooner reached

the middle of the stream than she rose suddenly to her feet, and the next moment was capsized and sprawling in the water. It is a 'rule of the road' never to stand up in a coracle.

This ancient boat possesses mythological as well as historical interest, since it was first used symbolically in some of the curious mystical rites of the Druids. Among the traditions of Bardism was that of the bursting of the 'lake of waters,' when all mankind were drowned except a single pair, who escaped to Wales in a naked vessel—that is, a ship without sails. According to the Triads, this ark of Wales contained a male and female of all living creatures including the parents of the Cymry, or Welsh people. This human couple were in due time deified, the Noah of the Cymry sharing this honour with his wife. His symbol was an ox; hers, a cow. A Bardish and very singular rite of sacrifice to one of these deities took place, curiously enough, at the very spot where the largest number of coracles is now stationed, a boat of this kind being used in the ceremony. At the mouth of the Teivy, in Cardigan Bay, where the coracles are now used in trawling and setting nets for the salmon-fishing, three miles below Cardigan, at the little fishing village of St Dogmels, the sacrifice was celebrated. At the appointed time, the Druids, clad in their emblematic white robes, and the Bards in robes of sky-blue, assembled at the spot, when the victim was placed in the coracle and the frail boat was turned adrift.

The coracle figured also on the important occasion of the probation of a Bard, when it was used by the neophyte, or probationer, in his passage to and from the island of Sarn Badrig, off the coast of Carnarvonshire. In rough weather this would be an impossible feat. Probably the Gwyddnaw (priest of the ship) selected a suitable day for this occasion. Having brought the novice to the shore, the usual confession was pronounced by him in these words: 'Though I love the sea-beach, I dread the open sea; a billow may come undulating over a stone!' The priest then spoke as follows, to reassure the novice: 'To the brave, to the magnanimous, to the amiable, to the generous, who boldly embarks, the landing-place of the Bards will prove the harbour of life.'

We will only add to this brief account of the coracle, or river-boat of ancient Britain, that the name is derived from *corwg*, a ship.

HOSTESS AND GUEST.

PART II.—THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

HAVING previously considered the question of the duties of a hostess, I now come to speak of those of a guest; and the subject being less exhaustive than the former one, can be treated with considerably more conciseness.

Firstly, then, when invited to stay at a friend's house, use your judgment with regard to the advisability of accepting the invitation. If it is proffered spontaneously and without any apparent object in view, avail yourself of it, if inclination prompts you; but if you have reason to think that you are only asked because the hostess thinks it 'necessary,' or deems it likely that you will 'expect it,' hasten to write an apology at once. Never, however, do this, nor the reverse of it, nor anything else, for the matter of that, on impulse—take time to consider: it won't occupy you long, and the result will repay you. On no account reply to invitations on postcards: such missives, although highly estimable and convenient in their proper place, should only be made use of for the conveyal of unimportant messages. A lady who favours you with an invitation to her house, may at least be considered worthy of such trifles as a sheet of note-paper and a penny stamp.

When you have made up your mind to avail yourself of an invitation, be sure to do so at the time specified by your hostess. Never select your own time, except when especially requested; should you be guilty of such a breach of etiquette, you would, in all probability, seriously incommode your entertainer. It is the custom in many families—especially those who live in the country—to invite a succession of visitors, one after another; and if an invited guest declines going at the time for which he is asked, he ought to remain absent altogether; for, to say, 'I cannot go to you next week, but shall be happy to do so the week following,' may considerably embarrass the head of the house to which he has been bidden.

Supposing, then, that you have accepted an invitation to a friend's abode, be very careful not to miss the train, or other mode of conveyance by which you have appointed to travel, lest your host's carriage—and perhaps some member of his family also—be kept, through your carelessness, waiting to receive you at your destination. Do not, on arriving at the house, make an unseemly fuss—as some persons do—about the disposal of your luggage; leave the carrying in and arranging of it entirely to the servants; and should anything go wrong, rectify it afterwards. Ascertain as early as possible the hours for meals, and be ready to the moment for such. Also, if it be customary in the household to have family prayer, be prepared always to attend it with punctuality, as nothing is more disturbing than to have droppers-in entering the room when the service is half concluded. Do not come down in the mornings before the shutters are opened or the rooms made up; servants feel much aggrieved by this practice, nor is it fair towards them. If you are, from habit, an early riser, remain in your chamber, where you can read or write without being in anybody's way; or, if the weather be fine, go out for a walk, quietly, without any slamming of doors or obtrusive noise or bustle. Always remember, when entering the house after walking, to clean your boots well upon the door-scraper and mat. Do not on any account neglect this most important admonition; even though there may not be any perceptible mud upon the soles of your footgear, a certain amount of dust will be sure to cling, and will by no means improve your host's carpets—*or* the tempers of his servants.

Do not eat immoderately at table, or in a

manner to occasion remark. If you are afflicted with an abnormal appetite, satisfy its first cravings in the privacy of your apartment with biscuits, sandwiches, or something else of your own providing. It is dreadful to eat and drink as though one had not for days enjoyed a meal. On the other hand, do not, from a feeling of false delicacy, abstain from eating enough. A healthy, hearty appetite is to be commended; nor is anything more distressing to a hospitable hostess than to see her viands unappreciated, while her guests leave table apparently unsatisfied with what has been provided. It is needless to add that temperance in drinking is all-important.

Be especially careful to avoid little *gaucheries*, of which even some well-bred persons are occasionally guilty. Those who are accustomed to live alone are particularly apt to fall into odd ways, because they have not, as a rule, anybody to please or consult except themselves. I have seen a man of title and position, who, through living an isolated life, had many strange oddities: ignoring the use of the butter-knife and using his own—touching the lips of the cruet-bottle with his finger—turning over the contents of the biscuit-box—helping himself to sugar without the aid of the spoon or tongs. Persons with whom he sat in company called him 'vulgar,' whereas he was in reality *outré* and odd. A learned man, caring nothing for conventionalities, and living wholly alone, he fell into strange habits, and they clung to him, which is abundant proof that we ought, each and all of us, to guard against such.

Carefully steer clear of topics of discourse that you think might by any possibility be distasteful to anybody present; and if your host and hostess, or other members of the household, should chance to disagree in your presence upon any point, whether of great or little importance, do not take any part in the discussion, or side with either combatant. Maintain complete silence—or, if you can adroitly change the subject, or turn the conversation into another channel, so much the better; but this sort of thing requires so large an amount of tact and address, that if not done nicely, it had better be left alone.

Endeavour at all times to be obliging in the household. Offer your services upon all necessary occasions, but do not force them or appear officious; it is bad taste, and is certain to worry your hostess. If an entertainment is to take place in the house, keep out of the way as much as possible during the preparations for it, unless you can be of some substantial use; and while the festivity is in progress, do all you can to oblige the entertainer and contribute to the enjoyment of the guests. If you can sing, dance, or recite, do all (if asked) without making a fuss about it. At the same time do not fall into the opposite extreme of giving the company too substantial proof of your prowess in the vocal or histrionic art. Some persons are a perfect nuisance in this respect; once they sit down to the piano, they cannot be induced to leave it, and keep on singing song after song, to the exclusion of others and the weariness of the assembled guests. Assist your hostess in effecting introductions, and, if necessary, in ascertaining that each person has visited the supper-room and that nobody has been overlooked. In short—feeling yourself for the time a member of the household—perform all such duties as would, were you in reality so, fall to your share.

Never give unnecessary trouble to servants. Avoid, as far as possible, slopping water over your washstand, drenching the floor when you take your bath, emptying the entire contents of the water-jug into the basin every time you wash your hands throughout the day; throwing your soiled linen carelessly about the room; leaving your wearing apparel scattered promiscuously over the bed and the backs of the chairs; calling for hot water when cold would serve you quite as well, or better; soiling three or four pairs of boots and shoes in the day; leaving damp umbrellas upon the hall-table instead of in the stand; and going in and out of the house an unlimited number of times for idle pastime, when once or twice would serve your purpose quite as well.

Be careful never to outstay your welcome. You can form a very good idea, from the nature and wording of your invitation, how long you are meant to remain, even though the time may not have been exactly specified; but if there is any doubt about the matter, do not take advantage of it by staying too long, or extend your visit to any unusual length unless decidedly pressed to do so. It is far better to go away leaving a wish for your return, than that there should be the very smallest feeling of an opposite nature in the minds of your entertainers.

Be particularly cautious during your visit never to allow yourself to appear in the way. Should your host or hostess be called upon to receive a long absent or favoured friend, or one who is a rare visitor, retire quietly for a while, as there may be things to talk about that your presence would forbid, or at all events hamper; but be sure that you withdraw gracefully and without fuss, having a fair pretext on your lips, if asked your reason for doing so, as—although a well-bred hostess will never under any circumstances allow it to appear that any member of her household is *de trop*—a ladylike or gentlemanlike guest will never permit the possibility of her feeling that such is in reality the case.

When Sunday comes round, attend worship with your entertainers, who will probably be pleased by your doing so, rather than that you should go wandering off to some distant church alone; and endeavour throughout the day to adapt your ways and doings to those of your host and hostess. If you do not like or approve their mode of passing the Sabbath-day, you can take your leave before the next comes round; but it is the worst possible taste for a visitor to isolate himself in his own apartment, because the household of which he is *pro tem.* a member sees no harm in certain things which stricter persons may; while, on the other hand, it is equally objectionable to appear to ignore the Sabbath, where those about you have been educated in a more rigid school.

Finally, be kind and courteous to all, but never servile, nor yet haughty, for the one is quite as bad as the other, and both are hateful in the extreme. If, when you are departing, your host,

or hostess, invites you to come again, you may feel justly satisfied that you have succeeded in making that most enviable thing—a good impression.

WHAT CAREER FOR TOM?

Ay, what was to be done with him? He had just completed his fifteenth year, was famous at cricket and football, rode his bicycle up and down the steepest gradients, was a fearless swimmer, and indeed the athletic paragon of his schoolmates. But he began to tire of his lessons, and to utter dark confidences to his sisters that 'Latin would be no use to a fellow when he grew up;' that 'he felt like a loafer as he went along the lanes to the grammar-school;' that 'Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde were going to business at Easter; and that if papa did not find him something to do, he should perhaps run away to sea.'

This last confidence, which was given on a windy night, when the rain plashed most dismally against the windows of the children's room, quite alarmed Tom's sisters, who were romantic and tender-hearted girls of seventeen and eighteen. They began to cry, and to beg the indignant lad not to do anything so dreadful. But the more they petitioned, the more stubborn Tom grew. Tears and entreaties only hardened him into firmer determination to doff his mortar-board cap for ever. How *could* he stay at school, when his chums, Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde, had gone to business! What did girls know of a fellow's vexation at being left with a lot of young boys, not one of whom could hold a bat or keep a goal! To sea he would go, unless papa got him some sort of a berth by Easter.

The poor girls were crying very bitterly, and the rain throbbed in sympathy against the panes, and Tom stamped up and down the floor, when his mamma came in. She was much surprised at the scene; for the children were always on the best of terms. She was still more surprised, and a little dismayed, when she learned the cause of the scene. Being a prudent and self-restraining woman, however, she did not say much; and with a few general remarks, 'that of course all boys must go to business in due time,' she terminated the painful discussion.

After supper, when her husband and self were alone, she startled the good easy man by relating what had taken place. Tom's father was the principal doctor of the neighbourhood, which was so salubrious and so poor that he must have left it long before, had he not possessed a little independency, which kept the household afloat. He was of an indolent turn, getting gray and fat, like his old cob. Want of work, magnificent health, and a managing wife, who took all the worries of life off his shoulders, made him oblivious of the young world growing round his hearth. He could not imagine that his boy and girls were weaving anticipatory tissues of *their* lives, that these young birds were getting fledged for flights far away from the home-nest. So, the announcement of Tom's rebellion against school, and his thoughts of evasion, came on the doctor as the greatest event he had known for years.

'Now you mention it, Maria,' said he, when he began to quieten down a bit—'now you mention it, Tom is really growing a big fellow. He'll be six feet high, if he's an inch, by his twentieth year. And what a square stiff back he's got! He takes after my mother's family; they were all strapping fellows. Yes, Tom's too big for school. He's like a salmon among minnows, among the grammar-school boys. Dear, dear, how lads do grow!'

'Yes, yes,' broke in Tom's mother, a little tartly—she had a temper of her own, as all managing women have—'Tom is big, and will be bigger; that goes without the saying. But what is to be done for the poor boy? What career do you propose for him?'

'Upon my life, I haven't the ghost of an idea, Maria. Now you have brought this matter on the carpet, it recalls a good deal I have heard of late. When I was at Bimpson's the other day, attending his wife of her seventh boy, Bimpson said to me, over a glass of wine: "Doctor, he *is* a fine child, I admit; but how he'll get bread and cheese, if he lives, I can't guess at all." And the poor fellow broke out into quite a jeremiad over the redundancy of boys just now. He has three lads waiting for careers, and the deuce an opening can he find! Then there is Clumpit the wheelwright—you know Clumpit, Maria? Well, I've been attending him for hypochondria. He can find nothing suitable for his eldest son; and it preys on his mind, because the mother won't let him go away from home to try his luck in some of the big towns. And old Burrows met me the other day, and quite pitifully asked me if I could advise him what to do with his grandson. I was really sorry for the poor old man. Of course, I could not help him.'

Tom's mother looked more anxious as the doctor went on ramblingly; and at last she said: 'All this leads to nothing. Tom must have a career arranged for him by us, or he will take the matter in his own hands. I can read his mind; I know him better than you, my dear. What must we do with him?'

'I tell you, again, Maria, I have not a ghost of an idea. Yet, I *do* know one thing—he shall not be a medical man!'

Here the doctor relighted his cigar and smoked in frowning thoughtfulness, until Tom's mother said decisively: 'Well, if *you* do not know what is to be done with the dear child, we must ask the opinion of our friends. I, for my part, cannot allow this subject to drop. It must be taken up and carried out to the needful end. I know too well your easy-going way. To-morrow, you will forget all about poor Tom. I say, and with emphasis, we must find a career for our boy. As you have no ideas, I shall write to such of our friends as have experience of the world; and ask them either to advise us, by coming over here to a sort of family council, or else to tell us by letter. Your connections and mine have among them a great deal of experience: they know what prospects there are for the rising generation better than we can know, in this out-of-the-way place. So, I tell you, my dear, my mind's made up; and to-morrow I will write the letters.'

'You are a genius, Maria, as I've often told you. I believe you would get us out of any

hobble, however formidable. I haven't the ghost of an idea; and you have the ideas themselves, heaps of them. Write, my dear, to all our relations that are likely to be of help to us; and we shall soon find a billet for Tom. God bless him! he is a good and clever boy, and deserves a splendid career. Don't forget my brother John; as a London lawyer, he will be a host of advice in himself. And be sure to ask your cousin Richard, the parson; he has always been fond of Tom; and besides, he's the shrewdest fellow I know, notwithstanding his cloth. He ought to have been a barrister. But, as that cannot be, he ought to be a bishop. How he would rule a diocese, Maria!'

In the course of a few weeks, the family council assembled, for the doctor was really much beloved by all his connections; and his wife had so couched her request for advice that it was quite irresistible. On a keen March day, uncles, cousins, and friends met; and after dining at the doctor's hospitable table, they began to consider what career would be most likely to assure Tom of a happy and prosperous future. The reverend cousin presided, at the general request; and he opened the subject as follows:

'When I got the letter which has brought me here to-day, I felt its appeal so strongly, that I made immediate arrangements to be present. Tom has always been an exemplary boy in conduct, though I must say his progress in the classics is deplorably slow. When I was his age, I read Homer for the pleasure it gave me; and I had Horace by heart. Now, a scholar Tom never will be; of that I have satisfied myself before dinner in a private talk with him. Well, the ground is so far cleared. Tom cannot be a scholar, *ergo*, he cannot be a clergyman; for of all things inappropriate, in my opinion, the extreme is an ignorant divine. In my profession, one ought to be steeped in Greek, permeated with Latin, and saturated with Hebrew. But even if Tom were a born student and of a serious order of mind, I could not advise his parents to devote him to the Church.'

Something like a blank fell on Tom's mother at the emphatic closure of the reverend cousin's speech. She had hoped that Tom might have gone to Oxford, as other grammar-school boys had done, and thence to some pretty rectory as a rural parson. While she sat in silent depression, the rest of the company talked in little knots, until the reverend president stopped them by saying: 'Now, Uncle John, I call upon you. No one is better able to say if the law promises fame and fortune for the rising generation, as it has done for the past generations since Cicero's time. Shall we make Tom an attorney or a barrister?'

'I am flattered by the manner you esteem my humble abilities,' answered Uncle John. 'It is a strange coincidence of thought. I have also come down from town expressly to deprecate the putting of our young hopeful to *my* profession. I believed I could lay my reasons before my brother and his good wife better by a few spoken words, than by any extent of correspondence; so I took an early train. Tom must not be a lawyer. Why, I proceed as briefly as I can to explain. First, the profession is more crowded than the market-place. Second, the crowd is daily increasing, because almost every family of the middle classes that has thriven during the past twenty or thirty years is sending a boy into a solicitor's office. The business is supposed to be very lucrative, and it is esteemed highly respectable, which allures the *parvenu* mind. As to the fiction of the law being a lucrative pursuit, I cannot understand how it originated, still less how it is maintained. A few solicitors, with quite exceptional luck and good connections, may attain to opulence. But the rank and file of the profession merely earn a decent livelihood. If you want to know what fortune does for lawyers in England, read the reports of wills and bequests in the newspapers. While these are telling us of manufacturing, banking, and trading millionaires dying in all parts of the country, they rarely record the demise of a lawyer worth twenty thousand pounds. No, no; the law is not a money-making trade. But it will be still less so, and that is why I warn Tom's parents against it.

'Let me elaborate a little. Since I was put on the rolls, Law Reform, as it is pleasantly called by certain politicians, has been hacking away at our fees continually, until now, certain branches of the profession are no longer remunerative at all. County courts, for instance, have deprived me of hundreds a year. The Judicature Act has damaged my practice still more seriously. However, I am not here to dwell upon my own misfortunes, but to prevent my nephew Tom from having worse, by following in my footsteps. Past law reforms are trifles to what are coming! In a few years, the most respectable and valuable department of my profession will be simply worthless. I refer to conveyancing. Even now, it is sadly shorn of its former profitableness. Soon it will be *non est*. Registration of titles is bound to come; with it goes the old system of mortgage deeds and all the costly methods of land transfer. As in America and the colonies, the transfer of real estate will be merely the business of government officials, and the vendor and purchaser; lawyers will be eliminated from such transactions altogether. Then, as regards commercial cases—Chambers of Commerce will go on with their simple methods of arbitration and conciliation, until at last the courts will hear no more of traders' contentions than if such did not exist.

'Last and worst of all, there is growing a steady abhorrence of legal conflicts in all ranks and classes. When I was apprenticed, even the poorest fellow would rush into law against a neighbour or relative with the greatest confidence; ay, and be ruined with a sort of grim satisfaction. In those days, everybody delighted in law. Now, if I am not vastly wide of the mark, men will submit to the rankest frauds and personal assaults as meekly as the most abject Asiatics. Yes, really, the English race, once litigious to a degree, is positively afraid of entering upon the most trumpery suit in the inferior courts. Finally, the lowest of our business, that of the criminal courts, is dwindling into insignificance. Judges are holiday-making in maiden assizes all over the country; police stipendiaries are becoming sinecurists; and as soon as the teetotalers have made another million

or two of converts, the income of legal men from criminals will be *nil*. What with popular education, milder manners, law reforms, land reforms, and the rest, no man would think of putting a youngster into the fast decaying legal profession.'

Uncle John spoke with such evident and crushing sincerity that Tom's father and mother uttered a simultaneous groan as he finished; and for a few minutes something like consternation kept all silent.

But the reverend president did not forget his duty, and afterwards resumed in these terms: 'My dear friends, I am sure we are all greatly indebted to Uncle John for his luminous remarks upon the actual and coming condition of the profession, of which he is so distinguished a member. Of course, our dear Tom cannot be a lawyer. Let us therefore proceed with our deliberations into another professional avenue; after the Law, Medicine comes, according to established usage. Tell us, therefore, my dear doctor, why you do not think of devoting Tom to your own pursuit. Of that, you must have far clearer and more accurate knowledge than any other person here present. Knowing how hopeless the Church and the Law are, do you not think it best to train Tom to succeed to your own practice?'

'I certainly am greatly surprised at what I have just heard of the degenerate state of two noble professions,' said Tom's father; 'indeed, I may express myself as stunned by the revelations. Yet, I do not think that the future of the Church and the Law is so discouraging as that of Medicine. If I saw the ghost of a prospect for my boy as a doctor, I would not have put you to the trouble you have so kindly taken to come here and advise me. It is my solemn conviction that in a few years general practitioners in medicine—and that means ninety-nine out of every hundred doctors in this country—will not gain salt. A few men of supreme ability in medicine will have that department of the profession to themselves; a few more will have the surgical. For the good old family doctor, there will be no place in the new house that John Bull is going to build.—You smile, dear friends, at my simile; but the prospect is not amusing to me. Uncle John tells us that his profession is crowded, and that "the cry is still they come." Yes, but they are *men* that come to the Law; whereas, women are swarming into our profession. Think of that, good folks! Realise what it means for the men-doctors of the next generation. All our practice among children and women will go to the doctoresses, as a matter of course. Women are naturally fitted for attending upon their own sex, and are, if truly feminine, born *medicos*. Now that they have proved themselves equal to all the tests of the continental dissecting-rooms and to brazen out the lectures, and now that they are taking such brilliant degrees, I, for one, throw up the game, and say, *place aux dames!*

'Just think! there are nearly a million more women than men in these happy islands, and they are all bound to live. And accentuate the thought by my assurance that there is no one so ambitious and remorseless in professional competition as a clever woman! While our male medical students are dissipating, idling, fooling, as they have always done since Hippocrates' days, their lady rivals are preparing to puzzle a John Hunter, a Claude Bernard, a Bichat, or any savant living or dead. I prophesy that, before the end of this century, women will sit in most of the high places of the medical profession. They have keener wits than men; they are more moral, more industrious, and more sympathetic. But I leave this part of the subject for another and more discouraging still—people are beginning to be their *own doctors!* When I was a young man, few persons were bold enough to quack themselves. Now; there are millions swallowing homeopathic pills and tinctures, and diagnosing their own ailments themselves! Add to them the other millions who feed themselves on patent medicines, and, I tell you, the field of operation is alarmingly diminishing for doctors of either sex. Nor have I yet unfolded more than a fraction of my sorrowful tale. Other multitudes, who, by all that is fair in social life, instead of following the good old plan of sending for the doctor when they have eaten, drunk, and worked, or pleasured too freely, now bolt away to some hydropathic palace, and positively turn a fit of sickness into a spell of luxury! Talk about the Sybarites of old! Go rather and look at our own, "packed," shampooed, handled, dandled, and fondled in the vast number of our hydropathic "Halls of Idleness" and sensuous convalescing sanatoria! Do not stay to deplore these lapses from the stern old British methods of phlebotomy, leeching, purging, and partaking of all that was nauseous, but receive my most startling confidence—the public don't believe in us as of old!

'You, my reverend cousin, have dissuaded us from educating Tom for your own profession; but that profession is still better than mine, for your benefice will benefit you to the end of life, while my fees are growing so steadily less that they will soon touch zero. You, Uncle John, draw a fearful picture of a non-litigious England; and I felt for you as you drew it. Yet my clients are still more pig-headed. Yours won't go to law; mine won't go to the doctor. Yes, I have at last reached the nethermost depth—the public will not sicken as it used to do. When I was walking the hospitals, zymotics were as regular as the tides; and all the year round, fevers and agues went their profitable course. Everybody had a bad cold at least once in the winter. Gout and rheumatism were solid annuities to most of us. Broken limbs were fairly common in most families. In short, as the proverb ran, "the doctor was never out of the house." Alas, all that has gone! People take such ridiculous care of themselves; "sanitation" is the chatter of every nincompoop; and the fuss about clean cowsheds, pure water, pure air, and the rest, is cutting off the doctor's income at the roots.—Have I said enough, dear friends, to prove to you that Tom cannot be a doctor?'

Tom's father fell into his chair overcome with his own rhetoric; Tom's mother furtively wiped two tributary tears from her eyes; the reverend cousin looked at the ceiling inquiringly; Uncle John frowned sardonically.

Uncle Lucas, the farmer, who had listened in

puzzled bewilderment to the recitals of his relatives, now got leisurely on to his feet, and broke in thus: 'Well, well, it's all over with gentlefolks, too, it seems to me. I thought that everybody was thriving but the poor farmers, and now I learn that our betters are no better off than ourselves! When our father made me a farmer against my inclination, I thought he was unfair. He had made you elder lads into gentlemen, and I felt slighted at being left among clodpolls in the village. But I begin to think I shall have the best of it after all. *I* am in no trouble to find careers for my two lads and three lassies. Since the labourers have begun to skulk over their work and to ask twice as much wages, I have taken the lads to help me. Well, we've pulled through a troublesome and disheartening time; and what's more, we've learned a lot. I tell you, we've found out how to make farming pay—by doing it ourselves, the lads in the fields, and the girls in the house and dairy. We've had to take hold of the rough end of the stick, truly. The girls had to give up many of the fal-lals that young ladies learn at boarding-school; and the boys had to wear corduroy and hobnailed shoes. But they are none the worse for the case-hardening they've got. Finer lads don't live in the shire; and as to the girls, they're as blithe as the birds; and that, I reckon, is as good a test of contentment as you can get. —Now, brother doctor, let me advise you what to do with your son Tom. The Church, the Law, and Medicine all shut their doors in his face. Open the gate of a field and turn him in to pick up what pasture he can find; and my word for it, he'll not die of hunger. Look at his big limbs and his love of action! Why, he is built for a husbandman. Even if you could put him to some gentlemanly way of making a living in town, he would not be so happy and so healthy as in the country. When he comes to spend a few days with us, the lad is in his element, and works with his cousins right handily. Put him in a field, brother, put him in a field.'

Uncle Lucas quite astonished his more cultured relatives by his long speech; still more, by the almost pathetic earnestness of his appeal.

The reverend cousin, who had smiled compassionately at the rude beginning of the harangue, grew attentive as it went on; and at the end, clapped his hands approvingly. 'Bravo, Uncle Lucas!' he cried; 'thou art the one wise man amongst us.—A farmer let Tom be, doctor. Churches may fall, legal systems vanish, the healing art be substituted by universal hygiene, but the tillage of the land must ever demand tillers. During the period of change that has set in so strongly, let us see what remains least affected by the mutations of time and circumstance. While man lives on the earth he must eat; and the purveyor of food, therefore, has a first lien upon all the productions of society. It flashed into my mind, as Uncle Lucas was speaking, that perhaps the greatest result of all the metamorphoses going on will be the sublimation of husbandry. From the beginning, it has been regarded as an inferior career, and has to a certain degree been shunned. The age of Feudalism has gone; the age of Gentility is going; the real age of Utility is coming. When it is established, the husbandman will be duly honoured and duly rewarded, as the pre-eminent citizen, as the venerated conduit through whose limbs and brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray.'

A pause followed, during which Tom's father began to smile hopefully, and his mother regained serenity.

'We educated men,' said the reverend cousin, concluding the business, 'have not done our duty by your class, Uncle Lucas. We have kept our intellectual children from your business, to the great retardation of agricultural science. Now that the professions are no longer profitable, we shall send some of our best youth to your pursuits. We will begin with Tom. In the fields, he will find a career open to every talent that providence has endowed him with.'

Uncle Lucas prevailed, and Tom 'was turned into a field.' What the result will be in these times of agricultural depression, is a thing of the future.

SKETCHES.

I.

In the far village by the shining sea,
Where the white sails, snow-gleaming in the light,
Creep up the tidal river to the quay,
And land the glistening captures of the night;
At the shading to a close
Of the brightness of the day,
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
Our meeting on the lonely way?

II.

Beyond the dreamy townlet, where the trees
With linkèd branches, golden shadows spread;
Where sweet wind-flowers bend before the breeze,
And many an arum lifts her hooded head;
Where the early primrose blows,
Long we lingered, loth to part:
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
Our earnest converse, heart to heart?

III.

The mossy stonework of the ancient span
That bridged the clear brown waters of the stream,
Where round the stepping-stones the eddies ran,
And slipped away with many a sunny gleam.
Still beside the river grows
Starry-eyed forget-me-not:
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
The drooping, faintly coloured knot?

IV.

In the home-garden, where the ivy crept
Around the ruined coping of the wall,
When in mine own, your trembling hand I kept,
And in the silence heard the night-bird's call.
Drear and cold the evening's close,
Sorrow of an adverse fate:
Have you forgotten, Lady Rose,
That parting by the wicket gate?

C. A. Dawson.

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ARACHNE AND MELISSA.

When Anne was queen and 'Mrs Freeman' was her mistress, two ladies known to fame as Arachne and Melissa came one day before the reading public. Those who are up in the literature of the time will remember their portraits, which expressed two well-defined and persistent types of humanity—those who get good from everything like Melissa, and those who draw only evil like Arachne. Now, each of these ladies has left behind her a long train of descendants—a wide-spreading *gens*, as the old Romans would have said—in the people who prefer to drink vinegar out of a leaden cup or wine out of a golden; who are to their surroundings as frost or as dew; who see the trodden backward path and the unsurmounted hills in front through spectacles tinted in black or in rose-colour; and who sing their Psalm of Life in the minor key, discordantly, or in the major, with full harmonies. These are the descendants of the Arachne (spider-born) and Melissa (honey-maker) who, in Queen Anne's time, sucked poison or gathered honey; and we meet them at all four corners of our way.

The Arachnides are for the most part characterised by a strange and chilling silence, when a few words would remove a painful impression or enlighten a dangerous ignorance. When they do speak, their words fall like vocal icicles which freeze and cut at the same time; and they contrive to make their good advice more painful than other people's rebukes, and to give their information the form of a sarcastic reproach in that you did not know it all before. Their presence in society reminds one of the winter whose 'Breath was a chain which without a sound, The earth and the air and the water bound.' Where they are, freedom flags and gaiety declines; and only the most robust of those moral pachyderms who oppose their thick insensitiveness to all outside influences whatsoever, can withstand the lethal effect of the Arachnides. Their small pale eyes wither; their pinched lips paralyse; their very smiles are the fracture of a crystal more than the visible sign of a living, friendly heart; and they are the veritable 'freezing mixtures' of life. They take strong and unreasoning dislikes to quite innocent strangers and harmless acquaintances, and will not be convinced that they have no occasion to do so; they quarrel for a mere nothing with those who are so unfortunate as to be their friends and relations, and cannot be induced to make nor to receive an explanation. No one knows what has offended them, but all at once they become like anthropomorphous polar bears to those to whom they had been moderately human a little while before; and more intolerable than ever to those to whom they had been intolerable enough when things were at their best. Then they retreat into their own spiritual den to hammer away at that leaden cup from which they drink the deadly acid that vitiates all their life and destroys all their happiness. They make the worst of things in every direction. If a cloud has come across the sky of others' friendships, they do what they can to increase the trouble and to make that permanent which, by the nature of things and without their evil offices, would have been evanescent. They kill all the tender little sprouts of growing affection between two young people or two likely comrades; and what they cannot do by straightforward means, they do by crooked ones—which comes to the same thing in the end.

If any one is so ill advised as to take one of these Arachnides into his confidence, he is sure to smart for it. Has he complained of a common friend?—the grim confidant rasps the little abrasion till it becomes a gangrened sore, and never lets it alone till it has lost all power of healing. He does the same by the other—the one complained of—till what was a mere nothing in the beginning becomes a cancer which eats into the whole substance of their mutual love, and reduces it to something worse than death. At no time is one of these Arachnides a safe confidant; for so surely as the night follows on the day, so surely will your secret be divulged in one of these moments of pique and ill-temper for which the Spider-born are famous. Women of the Spider-born *gens* are

great in this kind of small treachery. Have you a false tooth?—a well-concealed twist of the poor weak spine?—a tress of hair that never grew on your own head?—a blemish on your shoulder beyond the line of the most *décolleté* dress, and to the world therefore as though it were not?—and has Arachne found out, or been told in an impulse of misdirected confidence, one or all these things? It is only a question of time. In time the whole of society will know the fact; and that perfect bit of porcelain which the Generals and the Colonels, the Bishops and the Archdeacons, admired so much, will ring cracked for ever after. You might just as well have advertised your secret in the *Times;* and so you find out when too late.

Egotist to their finger-tips, the Arachnides make their own small annoyances the one great thought of their lives. They do not make much account of their blessings, only of their misfortunes; and nothing is so large as a microscopic speck on one of their most luscious fruits. The fate of empires and the fall of nations are not so important as the change of a servant or the ill arrangement of a dinner. The loss of a hundred men in a battle does not touch them so much as the loss of a row of cabbages in their garden; and a burnt duster out of a set is a more serious affair in their eyes than a passenger-ship wrecked on the Cornish coast or a merchant-steamer burnt to the water's edge. On one thing only can they be made loquacious—on their own small sufferings. On these they will descant an hour by the clock, and more to come after. But speak to them of the heart-anguish of others, and they are unsympathetic, dumb, indifferent. Their fire burns for themselves alone; to all the world beyond they have only slag and ice to give.

As a physiognomical sign, the Arachnides do not often look you in the face. They glance rather than gaze with straight and level eyes; and they prefer the corners of their eyes to the centres.

How different it is with those others—those Melissides who drink their wine of life in deep draughts from golden cups; those singers of glad melodies; those lovers of their kind and rejoicers in the sunshine; those whose own jocund nature tints the whole outlook with roseate hues, eloquent of the fresh morning and the young day's hope! Wherever they are, things go more easily. They do not suffer troubles to arise, but put their broad backs to the work when strength is required—handle the difficulty with their delicate fingers where tact is needed—and by the marvellous power of their genial tempers, smooth all ruffled feathers and still all angry seas. Seeing life as a mixed web, where rare silks are shot through with the coarse fibres of roughened hemp or common cotton, they prefer not to linger on the hemp nor to fret over the cotton. They think the good is as true as the bad; and where they cannot cure they do not contemplate. When two friends fall apart, they do their level best to bring them together again; and when the skin of the over-sensitive shows signs of abrasion and inflammation, they treat it with an anodyne, not an irritant. They are too frank to be untruthful; but they are too genial to be parsimonious of praise or pinched in the matter of verbal accuracy. If a little embroidery can hide the poverty of the original stuff, well, they do embroider; and they think it no sin to expound a text already given. Thus they make a grudging admission on the part of A. that B. is not quite such a ruffian after all as Mr A. imagined, do as much good work as a positive statement that B. is a very fine fellow indeed, and A. has no fault to find with him anyhow. By which they knit up that weak bit of the rope, and the two friends, who had strayed so far apart, are hauled up into line as before.

When these workers in gold are, what common parlance calls friends, with the workers in lead, the former have a hard time of it. They are always at the point where the Arachnides are backing and the Melissides are pulling—where the one are trying to break and the other doing their best to hold. The Arachnite takes offence at a word, a look, a gesture, a thing done or not done; and the Melissite will not have it. 'Come, old fellow, what's up now?' he says in that round cheery voice of his which suggests honey and sunshine, or a strong west wind, or anything else you like both sweet and wholesome. Probably the Arachnite pinches his lips and says 'Nothing;' but 'nothing' does not answer the purpose, and an explanation is forced—if indeed that poor chilled soul can be forced into anything frank and human. If he cannot, then the other does his best to laugh away the cloud and to go on as before; but it all depends on the mood of the Spider-born whether this frankness will be an offence or a clearance—whether it will win the day or lose it for ever. Unlike the Arachnite, whose analogue is that liquid which, when it is struck or stirred ever so lightly, breaks at once into crystals, the Melissite is almost impossible to freeze. Even his anger has a touch of generous pity in it, in that a man should be such a fool or so wrong-headed; and where the one will not forgive the smallest mistake, the other will forget the gravest wrong and trust to better things in the future. Tender of heart, he nourishes all good impulses in himself, and recognises them with gladness in others; and essentially peace-loving, as the really strong ever are, he is slow to 'wash his spears,' and only when forced by self-respect, goes out to fight his foes. Generous as a master and genial as an administrator, he puts up with the worries and disappointments inevitable to his business, whatever it may be; not troubling the gods with his complaints because men are made of clay, and every now and then break in the handling and fly in the firing. On the contrary, he makes the best of things even when they are bad; and looks to the perfected work rather than to the abortive, which cannot now be mended. He believes in the doctrine of encouragement rather than in the theory of repression, and thinks when men know that they are trusted to do well, they do better than when they know that they are expected to do ill—with the handcuffs to follow. He has no great faith in gags and bearing-reins, whips and spurs, for any kind of team that he may have to manage. He trusts rather to the cheering voice and the guiding hand; and his choice of method is justified by its results. In all troublous times, the Melissite—he who looks at a man's circumstances from that man's own

standpoint, and not from one external, unintelligent and unsympathetic—escapes the doom accorded to the Arachnides, and lives in peaceful security where these others are not safe, however well protected. If such as he did not form what Matthew Arnold calls the *remnant*, society would stand still like the clogged wheels of a watch, and men would perish in the moral desert as they perish in the material. The righteous men who save cities are they who do good to their brother-men as well as they who pray to God; and 'he prayeth best who loveth best' is a phrase we all know by head, and some of us by heart and head as well.

In hours of doubt and danger, the Arachnite despairs; but the Melissite buckles to for the work of decision and deliverances, hoping while a ray of light remains, or a plank whole out of the wreck. The one cannot spell success; the other will not learn to say defeat; the one does not hold on, the other cannot be beaten off. Hence we seldom find the working Arachnides successful in life; and the bread which they have to bake for themselves is apt to be both scant in quantity and sour in quality. The others, on the contrary, for the most part succeed. They have not only a larger volume of life to bear them on, but they have also the art of making friends, such as those poor starved prison-pinched souls do not know. They are thus backed by their own strength, and given a helping hand by the strength of others; where the Arachnides get no extraneous aid, and soon come to the end of their own power. Then they complain of their ill-luck, or speak of secret enemies who work in the dark against them; and, if women, they go into the sunless labyrinth of 'nerves,' by which they excuse their jealousy and ill-temper, their sourness and crossness. They say severely that no one knows what they suffer, save those who are in like manner afflicted, and that they alone can measure the pain they endure. Perhaps the good-tempered interlocutor thinks to himself: 'A little honey mixed in with all thy vinegar, O Arachnite, would soften much of thy misery and reduce thy misfortunes to zero; and the milk of human kindness set to make cream is a better spiritual drink than the poison thou distillest and the vinegar which makes thee thin; and the poor thin whey, which is but serum with all the cream and cheese and butter taken out, is bad nourishment for men or babes.'

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Delgado had fixed 'the great and terrible day' for Wednesday evening. On Monday afternoon, Harry and Nora, accompanied by Mr Dupuy, went for a ride in the cool of dusk among the hills together. Trinidad that day was looking its very best. The tall and feathery bamboos that overhung the serpentine pathways stood out in exquisite clearness of outline, like Japanese designs, against the tender background of pearl-gray sky. The tree ferns rose lush and green among the bracken after yesterday's brief and refreshing thunder-shower. The scarlet hibiscus trees beside the negro huts were in the full blush of their first flowering season. The poinsettias, not, as in England, mere stiff standard plants from florists' cuttings, but rising proudly into graceful trees of free and rounded growth, with long drooping branches, spread all about their great rosettes of crimson leaflets to the gorgeous dying sunlight. The broad green foliage of the ribbed bananas in the negro gardens put to shame the flimsy tropical make-believes of Kew or Monte Carlo. For the first time, it seemed to Harry Noel he was riding through the true and beautiful tropics of poets and painters; and the reason was not difficult to guess, for Nora—Nora really seemed to be more kindly disposed to him. After all, she was not made of stone, and they had an interest in common which the rest of the house of Dupuy did not share with Nora—the interest in Edward and Marian Hawthorn. You can't have a better introduction to any girl's heart—though I daresay it may be very wicked indeed to acknowledge it—than a common attachment to somebody or something tabooed or opposed by the parental authorities.

Mr Dupuy rode first in the little single-file cavalcade, as became the senior; and Mr Dupuy's cob had somehow a strange habit of keeping fifty yards ahead of the other horses, which gave its owner on this particular occasion no little trouble. Harry and Nora followed behind at a respectful distance; and Harry, who had bought a new horse of his own the day before, and who brought up the rear on his fresh mount, seemed curiously undesirous of putting his latest purchase through its paces, as one might naturally have expected him to do under the circumstances. On the contrary, he hung about behind most unconscionably, delaying Nora by every means in his power; and Mr Dupuy, looking back from his cob every now and again, grew almost weary of calling out a dozen times over: 'Now then, Nora, you can canter up over this little bit of level, and catch me up, can't you, surely?'

'If it weren't for the old gentleman,' Harry thought to himself more than once, 'I really think I should take this opportunity of speaking again to Nora'—he always called her 'Nora' in his own heart—a well-known symptom of the advanced stages of the disease—though she was of course 'Miss Dupuy' alone in conversation. 'Or even if we were on a decent English road, now, where you can ride two abreast, and have a *tête-à-tête* quite as comfortably as in an ordinary drawing-room! But it's clearly impossible to propose to a girl when she's riding a whole horse's length in front of you on a one-horse pathway. You can't shout out to her: "My beloved, I adore you," at the top of your voice, as they do at the opera, especially with her own father—presumably devoted to the rival interest—hanging ahead within moderate earshot.' So Harry was compelled to repress for the present his ardent declaration, and continue talking to Nora Dupuy about Edward and Marian, a subject which, as he acutely perceived, was more likely to bring them into sympathy with one another than any alternative theme he could possibly have hit upon.

Presently, they descended again upon the plain, and Mr Dupuy was just about to rejoin them in

a narrow lane, almost wide enough for three abreast, and bordered by a prickly hedge of cactus and pinguin, when, to Nora's great surprise, Tom Dupuy, on his celebrated chestnut mare Sambo Gal, came cantering up in the opposite direction, as if on purpose to catch and meet them. Tom wasn't often to be found away from his canes at that time of day, and Nora had very little doubt indeed that he had caught a glimpse of Harry and herself from Pimento Valley, on the zigzag mountain path, without noticing her father on in front of them, and had ridden out with the express intention of breaking in upon their supposed *tête-à-tête*.

Mr Dupuy unconsciously prevented him from carrying out this natural design. Meeting his nephew first in the narrow pathway, he was just going to make him turn round and ride alongside with him, when Nora, seized with a sudden fancy, half whispered to Harry Noel: 'I'm not going to ride with Tom Dupuy; I can't endure him; I shall turn and ride back in the opposite direction.'

'We must tell your father,' Harry said, hesitating.

'Of course,' Nora answered decidedly.—'Papa,' she continued, raising her voice, 'we're going to ride back again and round by Delgado's hut, you know—the mountain-cabbage palm-tree way is so much prettier, and I want to show it to Mr Noel. You and Tom Dupuy can turn and follow us.—The cob always goes ahead, you see, Mr Noel, if once he's allowed to get in front of the other horses.'

They turned back once more in this reversed order, Nora and Harry Noel leading the way, and Mr Dupuy, abreast with Tom, following behind somewhat angrily, till they came to a point in the narrow lane where a gap in the hedge led into a patch of jungle on the right-hand side. An old negro had crept out of it just before them, carrying on his head, poised quite evenly, a big fagot of sticks for his out-door fireplace. The old man kept the middle of the lane, just in front of them, and made not the slightest movement to right or left, as if he had no particular intention of allowing them to pass. Harry had just given his new horse a tap with the whip, and they were trotting along to get well in front of the two followers, so he didn't greatly relish this untoward obstacle thrown so unexpectedly in his way. 'Get out of the road, will you, you there!' he shouted angrily. 'Don't you see a lady's coming? Stand aside this minute, my good fellow, and let her pass, I tell you.'

Delgado turned around, almost as the horse's nose was upon him, and looking the young man defiantly in the face, answered with an obvious sneer: 'Who is you, sah, dat you speak to me like-a dat? Dis is de Queen high-road, for naygur an' for buckra. You doan't got no right at all to turn me off it.'

Harry recognised his man at once, and the hot temper of the Lincolnshire Noels boiled up within him. He hit out at the fellow with his riding-whip viciously. Delgado didn't attempt to dodge the blow—a negro never does—but merely turned his head haughtily, so that the bundle of sticks pushed hard against the horse's nose, and set it bleeding with the force of the sudden turn. Delgado knew it would: the sticks, in fact, were prickly acacia. The horse plunged and reared a little, and backed up in fright against the cactus hedge. The sharp cactus spines and the long aloe-like needles of the pinguin leaves in the hedgerow goaded his flank severely as he backed against them. He gave another plunge, and hit up wildly against Nora's mount. Nora kept her seat bravely, but with some difficulty. Harry was furious. Forgetting himself entirely, he knocked the bundle of sticks off the old man's head with a sudden swish of his thick riding-crop, and then proceeded to lay the whip twice or three times about Delgado's ears with angry vehemence. To his great surprise, Delgado stood, erect and motionless, as if he didn't even notice the blows. Appeased by what he took to be the man's submissiveness, Harry dug his heel into his horse's side and hurried forward to rejoin Nora, who had ridden ahead hastily to avoid the turmoil.

'He's an ill-conditioned, rude, bad-blooded fellow, that nigger there,' he said apologetically to his pretty companion. 'I know him before. He's the very same man I told you of the other evening, that wouldn't pick my whip up for me the first day I came to Trinidad. I'm glad he's had a taste of it to-day for his continual impudence.'

'He'll have you up for assault, you may be sure, Mr Noel,' Nora answered earnestly. 'And if Mr Hawthorn tries the case, he'll give it against you, for he'll never allow any white man to strike a negro. That man's name is Delgado; he's an African, you know—an imported African—and a regular savage; and he had a fearful quarrel once with papa and Tom Dupuy about the wages, which papa has never forgiven. But Mr Hawthorn *does* say'—and Nora dropped her voice a little—'that he's really had a great deal of provocation, and that Tom Dupuy behaved abominably, which of course is very probable, for what can you expect from Tom Dupuy, Mr Noel?—But still'—and this she said very loudly—'all the negroes themselves will tell you that Louis Delgado's a regular rattlesnake, and you must put your foot firmly down upon him if you want to crush him.'

'If you put your foot on rattlesnake,' Louis Delgado cried aloud from behind, in angry accents, 'you crush rattlesnake; but rattlesnake sting you, so you die.' And then he muttered to himself in lower tones: 'An' de rattlesnake has got sting in him tail dat will hurt dat mulatto man from Englan', still, dat tink himself proper buckra.'

Tom Dupuy and his uncle had just reached the spot when Louis Delgado said angrily to himself, in negro soliloquy, this offensive sentence. Tom reined in and looked smilingly at his uncle as Delgado said it. 'So you know something, too, about this confounded Englishman, you wretched nigger you!' he said condescendingly. 'You've found out that our friend Noel's a woolly-headed mulatto, have you, Delgado?'

Louis Delgado's eyes sparkled with gratified malevolence as he answered with a cunning smile: 'Aha, Mistah Tom Dupuy, you glad to hear dat, sah! You want to get some information from de poor naygur dis ebenin', do you! No, no, sah; de Dupuys an' me, we is not fren';

we is at variance one wit de odder. I doan't gwine to tell you nuffin' at all, sah, about de buckra from Englan'. But when mule kick too much, I say to him often: "Ha, ha, me fren', you is too proud. You tink you is horse. I s'pose you doan't rightly remember dat your own fader wasn't nuffin' but a common jackass!"'

He loved to play with both his intended victims at once, as a cat plays with a captured mouse before she kills it. Keep him in suspense as long as you can—that's the point of the game. Dandle him, and torture him, and hold him off; but never tell him the truth outright, for good or for evil, as long as you can possibly help it.

'Do you really know anything,' Tom Dupuy asked eagerly, 'or are you only guessing, like all the rest of us? Do you mean to tell me you've got any proof that the fellow's a nigger?—Come, come, Delgado, we may have quarrelled, but you needn't be nasty about it. I've got a grudge against this man Noel, and I don't mind paying you liberally for anything you can tell me against him.'

But Delgado shook his head doggedly. 'I doan't want your money, sah,' he answered with a slow drawl; 'I want more dan your money, if I want anyting. But I doan't gwine to help you agin me own colour. Buckra for buckra, an' colour for colour! If you want to find out about him, why doan't you write to de buckra gentlemen over in Barbadoes?'

He kept the pair of white men there, dawdling and parleying, for twenty minutes nearly, while Harry and Nora went riding away alone towards the mountain cabbage-palms. It pleased Delgado thus to be able to hold the two together on the tenter-hooks of suspense—to exercise his power before the two buckras. At last, Tom Dupuy condescended to direct entreaty. 'Delgado,' he said with much magnanimity, 'you know I don't often ask a favour of a nigger—it ain't the way with us Dupuys; it don't run in the family—but still, I ask you as a personal favour to tell me whatever you know about this matter: I have reasons of my own which make me ask you as a personal favour.'

Delgado's eyes glistened horribly. 'Buckra,' he answered with a hideous grin, dropping all the usual polite formulas, 'I will tell you for true den; I will tell you all about it. Dat man Noel is son ob brown gal from ole Barbadoes. Her name is Budleigh, an' her fam'ly is brown folks dat lib at place dem call de Wilderness. I hear all about dem from Isaac Pourtalès. Pourtalès an' dis man Noel, dem is bot' cousin. De man is brown just same like Isaac Pourtalès!'

'By George, Uncle Theodore!' Tom Dupuy cried exultantly, 'Delgado's right—right to the letter. Pourtalès is a Barbadoes man: his father was one of the Pourtalèses of this island who settled in Barbadoes, and his mother must have been one of these brown Budleighs. Noel told us himself the other day his mother was a Budleigh—a Budleigh of the Wilderness. He's been over in Barbadoes looking after their property.—By Jove, Delgado, I'd rather have a piece of news like that than a hundred pounds!—We shall stick a pin, after all, Uncle Theodore, in that confounded, stuck-up, fal-lal mulatto-man.'

'It's too late to follow them up by the mountain-cabbages,' Mr Theodore Dupuy exclaimed with an anxious sigh—how did he know but that at that very moment this undoubted brown man might be proposing (hang his impudence) to his daughter Nora?—'it's too late to follow them, if we mean to dress for dinner. We must go home straight by the road, and even then we won't overtake them before they're back at Orange Grove, I'm afraid, Tom.'

Delgado stood in the middle of the lane and watched them retreating at an easy canter; then he solemnly replaced the bundle of sticks on the top of his head, spread out his hands and fingers in the most expressively derisive African attitudes, and began to dance with wild glee a sort of imaginary triumphal war-dance over his intended slaughter. 'Ha, ha,' he cried aloud, 'Wednesday ebenin'—Wednesday ebenin'! De great and terrible day ob de Lard comin' for true on Wednesday ebenin'! Slay, slay, slay, an' leave not one libbin' soul behind in de land ob de Amalekites. Dat is de first an' de last good turn I ebber gwine to do for Tom Dupuy, for certain. I doan't want his money, I tell him, but I want de blood ob him. On Wednesday night, I gwine to get it. Ha, ha! We gwine to slay de remnant ob de Amalekites.' He paused a moment, and poised the bundle more evenly on his head; then he went on, walking homewards more quietly, but talking to himself aloud, in a clear, angry, guttural voice, as negroes will do, under the influence of powerful excitement. 'What for I doan't tell dat man Noel himself dat he is mulatto when him hit me?' he asked himself with rhetorical earnestness. 'Becase I doan't want to go an' spoil de fun ob de whole discovery. If *I* tell him, dat doan't nuffin'—even before de missy. Tom Dupuy is proper buckra: he hate Noel, an' Noel hate him! He gwine to tell it so it sting Noel. He gwine to disgrace dat proud man before de buckras an' before de missy!'

He paused again, and chewed violently for a minute or two at a piece of cane he pulled out of his pocket; then he spat out the dry refuse with a fierce explosion of laughter, and went on again: 'But I doan't gwine to punish Noel like I gwine to punish de Dupuys an' de missy. Noel is fren' ob Mistah Hawtorn, de fren' ob de naygur: dat wine to be imputed to him for righteousness. 'n de great and terrible day, de angel gwine to pass ober Noel, same as him pass ober de house ob Israel; but de house ob de Dupuy shall perish utterly, like de house ob Pharaoh, an' like de house ob Saul, king ob Israel, whose seed was destroyed out ob de land, so dat not one ob dem left.'

THE MODERN PRIZE SYSTEM.

It may be accepted as a principle that the education question admits of no final settlement in a state of progressive civilisation. Methods and forms, possibly the outcome of much thought and effort, established in one age, become cumbrous or altogether valueless in the next. They are found unsuited to the requirements of the later period, during which a demand has arisen for other kinds of knowledge, or for more advanced

teaching in subjects previously treated in an elementary manner only. Hence it follows that the minds of enlightened nations become directed to educational matters with a certain degree of periodicity: from time to time the education question becomes a burning one.

The most superficial reader of the daily papers or magazines cannot fail to have been struck latterly by the increasing attention bestowed on such matters by the people of these countries. So decided an influence is exerted by these considerations on the public just now, that we find them furnishing a test in some districts for parliamentary or other representatives. At social and literary gatherings, such questions as the following are warmly discussed: Should the State provide and maintain schools for the people, or should these be largely left to individual enterprise, as at present?—Should State interference take the form it has done in recent educational experiments, wherein two universities and one gigantic scheme of intermediate education have been framed on the lines of mere examining boards, disbursing public prize-money?—What is the relative value of the kinds of instruction ordinarily given in schools?—How may the desire for information be aroused among the masses, and in what way may the stimulus be best applied?

These and other questions of a kindred nature occupy the thoughts of many at this time. It is not our present purpose to deal with the whole question of education, but to consider very briefly one aspect of it—namely, prizes and their distribution.

If we inquire what inducements are offered to pupils to excel in special subjects or to proceed to higher branches of them, we find that the same general plan is followed in all our institutions, from the most elementary to the highest—namely, money prizes or their equivalent in books or medals, the obtaining of which presupposes a competitive examination. In most instances, the prize-money is paid in cash to the successful candidate. The age in which we live is eminently competitive, a fact early recognised by children at school, and still better understood in after-life. In comparing ourselves with our neighbours, may it not be a fact that we are an over-examined people? We may further ask, are examinations always fair tests of ability? Is the reward system, as we have it, the best means of promoting a higher culture?

Those who have had any experience at all of examinations must have been over and over again surprised at the order in which candidates known to them are placed on the Honour list. There is a certain element of chance about examinations rapidly conducted that cannot be eliminated, and which may lead to the disappointment of the most confident hopes. A diligent student, who has perhaps overtaxed himself physically in preparation for, or who is over-anxious about the examination, fails utterly, or is surpassed by some one of very superficial attainments. It seems to us that the verdict of a teacher, or, to prevent favouritism, of several teachers, as to the relative merits of the pupils long under their training and observation, has some advantages over the examination method at present in vogue, success in which is as often attained by an unhealthy effort of 'cramming,' as by patient and honest study. Doubtless, examinations for some purposes cannot be entirely dispensed with, but must remain as necessary evils. Still, their frequency could be reduced considerably with decided benefit to the physical, and possibly also to the intellectual, condition of the rising generation.

The second part of our question remains to be considered: Is the present reward system the best means of promoting higher culture? Let us suppose a case. There is a class of twenty pupils engaged upon a subject for which a valuable prize is offered. Possibly seventeen of these, from their former experience of their class-fellows, conclude that the prize lies between the remaining three, and that there is no use trying for it. The prize and perhaps the subject also have no longer any interest for them; they cease to study, or at all events do little. The three amongst whom the prize lies are the most diligent, who probably like the subject, or learning generally for its own sake, or who, from vanity or ambition, are anxious to excel. These are they to whom the stimulus is applied; but they are the very pupils that need no further stimulus. The spur is virtually withheld from those requiring it, and applied to those who need it not.

If it be conceded that the need of reform is indicated in such cases, we must avoid rushing to the opposite extreme in trying to effect it. No one will suggest that the method of reward as applied to donkey-races would meet the case. With our present light, we are not prepared to recommend a thorough-going remedy. Much may, however, be done for the cause of true culture by modifying the distribution of prizes. The current notion of a prize is, that it is a reward for something well done, due as soon as the meritorious act is accomplished. Etymologically considered, the word conveys nothing more than that. A higher estimate of the function of a prize might advantageously be substituted for the one implied in the above definition. If it were regarded as not merely a reward for something past and done, but also as a stimulus to further effort in the same direction, more lasting good might be effected, and a modification of the present system of distribution would become a necessity. For example: a large money prize obtained in a junior school, instead of being paid directly to the successful candidate, might be divided into two unequal sums, the smaller to provide a medal or book, &c., as a tangible evidence of distinction; the larger, to be applied as fees at a neighbouring high-school or college where the favourite subjects could be studied for a longer period free of cost to the pupil. The payment of the larger instalment could be made contingent upon the successful candidate desiring to prosecute his studies further. In the event of the pupil electing to abandon study in favour of trade or business, or from mere disinclination, the medal, book, &c., showing the position attained, might alone be presented, and the balance of the prize-money be forfeited.

Among other benefits resulting from this scheme we might instance—that cramming would be diminished to an appreciable extent. A common practice nowadays with many who enter for prize

examinations is to hurriedly prepare a large number of subjects, selected more with reference to their maximum of marks than to the tastes of the pupil, then to obtain the coveted prize, and subsequently to forget the mass of undigested information with which their memories have been surfeited, possibly never to return without disgust to the consideration of them.

We fancy such a modification as sketched above would influence favourably those who select a subject for its own sake and are desirous of knowing it perfectly. If successful in the elementary schools, the means are gained for following it up in a more advanced one till it is finally mastered, the information having been gradually imparted and more perfectly assimilated. On the other hand, the scheme would rather repel those alluded to before, who study hurriedly particular branches solely for the sake of the money to be gained, only so long as this is at once paid to them in the form of cash.

The plan recommended appears to be inconsistent with separate or private educational enterprises, many of which depend for their maintenance and efficiency on large fees. The want of uniformity in constitution and management of elementary schools, and the want of harmonious action resulting from the rivalry between them, scarcely offer the proper conditions for the full development of the plan. In a few large towns, where the relations between schools have rendered its introduction possible, it has been eminently successful. Pupils of marked intellectual power, belonging to the less opulent classes, have been induced by the operation of this system to proceed from primary to intermediate schools, and ultimately to the attainment of the highest distinctions at the English universities; following specially at each advancement the subjects of their choice.

Undoubtedly, a complete State-controlled educational scheme embracing all grades would render possible the general adoption of this method of applying large money prizes. In offering this suggestion as a plea in favour of State education we must bear in mind that the State system depends for its favourable reception on considerations of much greater moment, which cannot in our present limits be discussed.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

After a sleepless night of suspense and dread, Bertha, who was always up first in the little household, lingered in her room until long after her usual time, not daring to descend, for fear of meeting Jasper Rodley, and only did so at the personal summons of her father, who assured her that their visitor had gone.

Contrary to his usual habit, the captain was silent during breakfast; and the girl's heart, which had been brightened partly by the departure of Jasper Rodley, and partly by the thought that it was Wednesday, interpreted the silence of her father as ominous. After breakfast, she began to prepare as usual for her weekly visit to Saint Quinians' market.

'Bertha,' said her father, who had lighted his pipe and was stumping up and down the room, 'don't hurry to-day. An hour or so cannot make much difference. I want to speak to you.'

Pale and trembling, the girl took her seat at the open window, through which streamed the early sunshine.

'Jasper Rodley was talking to me for a long time last night,' continued the old man. 'I think he is a nice young fellow, and I am sure you have made an impression on him.'

Another person better versed in the art of approaching a delicate subject would have chosen a more circuitous mode of procedure; but the simple, blunt, old sailor knew very little about conversational wile and artifice, and could only go straight to the point.

Bertha did not answer, but sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the shining rocks and the tumbling sea beyond.

So her father continued: 'And I don't think you could do better, in case he should make any proposal to you about—about marriage, than accept him. In fact, it is my wish that you should do so.'

Bertha remained silent for some moments; then she moved from her seat, placed herself on the stool by her father's side, took his hand in hers, and said: 'Father, my dearest wish is to please you and to do all that you wish. I have but one other friend in the world besides you, and no other relation. You have been the best of fathers to me, and I have tried to be a good daughter to you; but I cannot, oh, I cannot obey you in this!'

'But, my lass,' continued the old man, who was evidently moved by the earnest manner in which the girl spoke, 'Jasper Rodley is a man of a thousand—good-looking, of respectable birth, and doing well. He would make you happy, and another important thing—he would not take you from me.'

'Oh, it is not that, father—no, no!' exclaimed the girl.

'But you must have some reason for not liking him?'

'Yes; I have the best of reasons, father. In the first place, you know very little about him, or you could not speak so highly of him as you do. He is a man of doubtful character, as you may find out by asking any one in Saint Quinians. In the second place, I—I don't love him, and could never get to love him, or even like him. And in the third place'——

'Well, lass, well?'

'In the third place, I am betrothed to another.'

'Betrothed to another!' exclaimed her father in amazement. 'Why, that is impossible! You never see any one; no one ever comes here; and I cannot believe that all this time you have been deceiving me by carrying on a secret acquaintance, when you have so often protested that you live for me, and me only.'

'I have never dared tell you, father,' cried the girl. 'But it is a weight off my mind, now that you know. And, father, remember that I am not a child, and that, fond as I am of you and the old home, I could not go through life without some love of another kind than that I feel for you.'

Bertha had never spoken to her father in this style before, and the old man looked at her with mingled astonishment and reproach. Then he said: 'Bertha, I have particular reasons for wishing you to marry Jasper Rodley: I am in his power.'

The girl recalled what Rodley had said to her on the previous Wednesday, and knew now that there was a mystery in which her father and Rodley were involved, a mystery which instinctively filled her with dread that, during all these years of peace and quiet, something had been enacted between them which had been carefully kept from her, and that the interview of the previous evening was but the climax of a long-gathering storm. Many little changes in her father's manner and habits during the past four years had mystified her; now they were partially accounted for, and yet, to her recollection, she had never seen Jasper Rodley before the present month.

'In his power, father!' she exclaimed. 'How can you be in his power?'

'That I cannot even tell you, my loved one.'

'If you went out into the world, and had business dealings with other men, I could perhaps understand that you, being so simple and good-minded, might be drawn into the power of bad men, father,' cried Bertha. 'But you see none but me; you get no letters; you never go even into Saint Quinians, and yet you are in the power of a stranger!'

The old man shook his head, and continued: 'It is kind of you, Bertha, to say that I am good-minded; but I am a rogue.'

'*You* a rogue—my own, good, dear father!' exclaimed the girl. 'No, no! Were a hundred Rodleys to swear on their knees that you were a rogue, I would tell them they lied!'

'Yet, it is true, lass,' said the old man sadly; 'and it is to save me from the consequences of being a rogue, that I ask you to accept Jasper Rodley's offer of marriage. You have a week in which to decide.'

'A week! Seven short days!' cried his daughter, springing from her seat. 'But there is time. I must go, father, now; don't keep me, for every minute is of value.'

The old man would have said something; but she hurried from the room, and in a few minutes had started.

Never before had the four miles between home and Saint Quinians seemed so long to Bertha; never before had she trod the familiar road unmindful of the beauties of nature around her, and on this April morning nature was very beautiful; but she had no eyes for the majestic green waves splintering into clouds of spray on the shining rocks, for the white-winged birds riding on the swell, for the sweet-scented herbage, or the blue sky glimmering between the dark branches of the pines. Simply she gazed on the gray-walled, red-roofed old town ahead of her, at the entrance of which some one would be waiting to greet her with open arms and glad smile. And her heart felt a little sinking as she gained the sandy eminence whence she generally got a first sight of his figure coming to meet her, and saw no one! She was later than usual, certainly; but he would have waited for her, she felt assured. He was not under the archway, nor coming up the street from the market-place; nor, when she arrived at the market-place, could she descry him anywhere.

'Ah, Miss Bertha!' said one of her market-friends. 'And how's the poor young gentleman gettin' on?'

'The poor young gentleman!' repeated Bertha. 'Why, Mrs Hardingson, who do you mean?'

'Why, who should I mean but Mr Symonds! Sure-ly you've heard of his a-bein' picked out of the South Fossy, half-dead and'——

Bertha almost dropped her baskets, and her blood ran cold within her; then, without waiting to hear further details, she hurried away to the office in which Harry was. The head partner received her with the utmost urbanity, and corroborated what the market-woman had said, stating, that when Harry did not appear at the office at the usual hour, a messenger was sent to his lodgings, who returned with the answer that nothing was known about him. Later in the day he was found lying insensible in the Old Town Ditch. The gentleman added, that although Harry had had a narrow escape, he was out of danger.

From the office, Bertha went to her lover's lodgings. The servant told her that Harry was in bed, very weak and excitable, but that the doctor spoke hopefully.

She sent him up a long written message, reproaching him with having kept the facts from her, and bidding him lose no precautions for getting better, as she had urgent need of him, but avoiding all direct allusion to what had taken place at home. A painfully scrawled answer came back to her to the effect that the doctor had assured him that within a week he ought to be able to get out, and sending her all sorts of loving messages.

Brief as all this is to tell, Bertha found that she had spent nearly two hours since her arrival in the town in finding out about Harry, so that, when she turned again into the market-place to begin her purchases, it was the usual hour when she was due at home; and by the time she had finished, the church bells were chiming three o'clock. As she turned out of the arch on to the homeward road, she felt bewildered and upset by the events of the past few hours as she had never felt before, and the central figure in the midst of her mental confusion was that of Jasper Rodley. Instinctively, she associated him with what had happened to Harry. All the circumstances pointed to him as being the author of the harm—the anger in which the two young men had parted, Harry's avowed intention of getting an explanation from Rodley, and the discovery of the former in the Town Ditch a few hours later. To such an extent were her feelings worked up, that she dreaded arriving at home, for fear that Jasper Rodley should be there to meet her and to push his suit; and so,

resolving to linger as long as possible, she turned from the direct road over the sandhills, and struck into a more devious path, which led amongst the rocks on the edge of the sea.

So busy was she communing with herself that she did not observe the tide, which she imagined was receding, to be rising fast, and had proceeded for two miles before she noticed that she was cut off from the sandhills by a broad, deep, rapidly increasing sheet of troubled water. For a moment she hesitated, yet not from fear, for familiarity since early childhood with rocks and tides had saved her more than once from a similar predicament, and had made her an expert in rock-scrambling; but from the fact that her absence of mind had caused her to miss the right path. However, she quickly decided; and in spite of being heavily handicapped by the burden of two baskets, struck straight up a ledge of fantastic rock which, she seemed to remember, communicated even at high tide with the shore. But, to her horror and dismay, when she arrived at the summit, she beheld a fast-running, angry current separating her from the sand, upon which, not a quarter of a mile away, stood her father's house. There was nothing to be done but to make for the rocks which towered above her on her right hand, and which she could see were never touched by the waves. Once up there, and she was safe; but the getting there was a problem even for her with her youthful strength and activity. As the rising water was already lapping at her heels and would advance to a level some inches above her head, there was no time for delay. Before starting, she shouted, in order to attract the attention of some one in the house; but the wind was blowing in her teeth, and she knew that she would need all her breath for the climb before her.

It was a quarter of an hour's race with the tide. At each one of Bertha's upward steps, the green water seemed to make a step. More than once she slipped back, and was over her ankles in water; but at length she reached her haven, and sank down on a table of dry rock, utterly exhausted, her hands torn and bleeding, her dress in tatters and drenched with water, safe from a fearful death, but face to face with the prospect of having to pass long dark hours in a wild desolate spot, and at the risk of being discovered by some of the lawless characters who made the rocks their homes, their castles, and their storehouses.

It was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to examine her place of refuge. When she did so, she found that she was on the very edge of one steep cliff, and at the foot of another as high, but not so inaccessible. She was well above the water, for, clinging to the sides of the cliff and springing up between the clefts of the rocks, were thick stunted bushes, and even here and there the tinted head of a hardy flower. But suddenly her attention was drawn from the geography of her surroundings to the mark of a boot on the patch of bright sand behind the rock. A tremor seized her at first, for she imagined that she must have chosen a smugglers' haunt as her place of refuge; but her fear turned into joy when she noticed that there was but the impression of a left foot, and that the spot the right foot would have occupied was marked by a hole such as the ferrule of a thick stick would make, and she knew that the traces were those of her father. The marks came up from below, and stopped abruptly at a thick bush. Something prompted the girl to stir this bush with her foot, and, to her surprise, it came away in a mass, and displayed an orifice in the rock just large enough to admit of one man passing. Her curiosity was now aroused, and overruling all considerations concerning her personal safety, and the advisability of getting home as soon as possible, she entered the opening, and found herself in a tolerably large cavern, the sandy floor of which was covered with marks corresponding to those outside, but which were especially numerous about a large round stone which, from its dissimilarity to the material of the cavern, seemed to have been brought from the beach below. Exerting all her strength, she moved the stone, and staggered back with an expression of amazement. On a wooden shelf placed in a hollow she beheld a dozen canvas bags, which, when she lifted them, clinked with the unmistakable sound of coin. But what startled her even more than the discovery itself was that each bag bore upon it, in half-effaced letters, the words, 'Faraday & Co., Saint Quinians.'

A terrible light now broke upon her. Faraday & Co. were the bankers in whose employ Harry Symonds had been when they were robbed four years previously of three thousand pounds in sovereigns; and she too well understood now what her father meant when he called himself a rogue, and what was the nature of the influence which Jasper Rodley had over him. She stood for some moments irresolute, sick at heart, her brain in a whirl, and every limb trembling. How should she act? Nothing that she could do would remove the fact that during the past four years her father had been making use of coin which belonged to other people, although, by taking the money away, she could screen him from the public shame of having it in his possession. Oh! she thought, if Harry could be with her but for five minutes to decide for her!

Daylight was fast fading away, so that every moment was of value. She decided that she would get home as soon as possible, tell her father of her discovery, persuade him to return the money to the bankers, making up the deficit which he had used, and informing them how and where he had found it. If this could be done without attracting the notice of Jasper Rodley, she might defy him to do his worst, and clear her father of all suspicion. So she replaced the stone, covered up the entrance to the cave with the bush, and followed the marks on the thin sand-path, which, to her joy led, over a ridge of rocks hitherto invisible to her, to the shore. Scarcely had she passed along, when the figure of Jasper Rodley rose from behind a rock close by the cavern entrance, his eyes bright with malignant satisfaction at having watched all her movements unseen.

Bertha found her father in a terrible state of anxiety, and she had to explain how she had been overtaken by the tide on her homeward journey, before she could broach the topic uppermost in her mind; and then, just as she was about to tell the captain of her discovery,

Mr Jasper Rodley walked into the room, and announced his intention of staying the night, so that she would have no opportunity of speaking to her father in private until the next day.

WONDERS OF MEMORY.

It 'all great people have great memories,' as Sir Arthur Helps declares in his delightful book entitled *Social Pressure*, it by no means follows that all those who are possessed of great memories are 'great people.' Many an instance might be cited to show that men of very moderate intellectual capacity may be endowed with a power of memory which is truly prodigious. In addition to this, there are plenty of well-authenticated examples of the extraordinary power of memory displayed even by idiots. In the Memoirs of Mrs Somerville there is a curious account of a most extraordinary verbal memory. 'There was an idiot in Edinburgh,' she tells us, 'of a respectable family who had a remarkable memory. He never failed to go to the kirk on Sunday; and on returning home, could repeat the sermon, saying: "Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose."—During the tour we made in the Highlands,' she adds, 'we met with another idiot who knew the Bible so perfectly, that if you asked him where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter.' These examples are sufficiently remarkable; but what shall be said of the case cited by Archdeacon Fearon in his valuable pamphlet on *Mental Vigour?* 'There was in my father's parish,' says the archdeacon, 'a man who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the name and age of the deceased, with the mourners at the funeral. But he was a complete fool. Out of the line of burials, he had but one idea, and could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted to feed himself.'

These phenomenal instances may be matched by the Sussex farm-labourer George Watson, as we find recorded in Hone's *Table Book*. Watson could neither read nor write, yet he was wont to perform wondrous feats of mental calculation, and his memory for events seemed to be almost faultless. 'But the most extraordinary circumstance,' says Hone, 'is the power he possesses of recollecting the events of every day from an early period of his life. Upon being asked what day of the week a given day of the month occurred, he immediately names it, and also mentions where he was and what was the state of the weather. A gentleman who had kept a diary put many questions to him, and his answers were invariably correct.'

Of a similar kind is the memory for which Daniel M'Cartney has become famous in the United States. The strange story of this man's achievements is told by Mr Henkle in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. M'Cartney, in 1869, declared that he could remember the day of the week for any date from January 1827, that is, from the time when he was nine years and four months old—forty-two and a half years. He has often been tested, and, so far as Mr Henkle's account goes, had not failed to tell his questioner 'what day it was,' and to give some information about the weather, and about his own whereabouts and doings on any one of the fifteen thousand or more dates that might be named. When Mr Henkle first met this man of marvellous memory, he was employed in the office of the Honourable T. K. Rukenbrod, editor of the *Salem Republican*, where nothing better could be found for M'Cartney to do than 'turn the wheel of the printing-press on two days of each week.' On the first formal examination this man underwent, his answers were tested by reference to the file of a newspaper which gave the day of the week along with the date. In one case his statement was disputed, for the day he named was not the same as that given by the paper; but on further inquiry, it was found that the newspaper was wrong, for the printer had made a mistake. Short-hand notes of the conversation were taken at subsequent interviews. The report of these is very curious reading. Take the following as a sample. '*Question.* October 8, 1828? *Answer* (in two seconds), Wednesday. It was cloudy and drizzled rain. I carried dinner to my father where he was getting out coal.—*Question.* February 21, 1829? *Answer* (in two seconds), Saturday. It was cloudy in the morning, and clear in the afternoon; there was a little snow on the ground. An uncle who lived near sold a horse-beast that day for thirty-five dollars.' And so the conversation ran on for hours, ranging over forty years of M'Cartney's personal history. Mr Henkle tells us that if he went over some of the dates again, after a few days' interval, the answers, although given in different terms, were essentially the same, 'showing distinctly that he remembered the facts, and not the words previously used.' M'Cartney's memory is not confined to dates and events; he is a rare calculator, can give the cube root of such numbers as 59, 319; or 571, 787, &c.; can repeat some two hundred and fifty hymns, and start about two hundred tunes; has a singularly extensive and accurate knowledge of geography, and never forgets the name of a person he has once seen or read of. With all this singular power of memory, however, he is not a man whose general grasp of mind is at all noteworthy.

The same may be said of scores of men whose one rich gift of memory has brought them into prominence. No one has claimed any high intellectual rank for the renowned 'Memory Corner Thompson,' who drew from actual memory, in twenty-two hours, at two sittings, in the presence of two well-known gentlemen, a correct plan of the parish of St James, Westminster, with parts of the parishes of St Marylebone, St Ann, and St Martin; which plan contained every square, street, lane, court, alley, market, church, chapel, and all public buildings, with all stable and other yards, also every public-house in the parish, and the corners of all streets, with all minutiæ, as pumps, posts, trees, houses that project and inject, bow-windows, Carlton House, St James's Palace, and the interior of the markets, without scale or reference to any plan, book, or paper whatever; who undertook to do the same for the parishes of St Andrew, Holborn, St Giles-in-the-Fields, St Paul's, Covent Garden, St Mary-le-Strand, St Clement's, and St George's; who could tell the corner of any great leading thoroughfare from

Hyde Park corner or Oxford Street to St Paul's; who could 'take an inventory of a gentleman's house from attic to ground-floor and write it out afterwards. He did this at Lord Nelson's at Merton, and at the Duke of Kent's, in the presence of two noblemen.'

Turning, now, from examples like the foregoing, which have been given to show that a great memory does not argue in all cases any unusual mental power in other directions, let us look at some of the 'great people' whose 'great memories' illustrate the correctness of Sir Arthur Helps's dictum. Running over a long list of examples, which the writer has prepared for his own use in the study of this subject, he has been struck with the fact, that the last three or four centuries appear to much greater advantage in this review than any similar period which preceded them. This, after all, is not surprising, when the circumstances of modern life are carefully considered; but it is not in accordance with common opinion. There is a notion abroad that the power of memory has declined since the invention of writing, and especially since the invention of printing and the universal spread of cheap books and newspapers. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a supposition. If we do not nowadays use the memory as the only registry of facts within our reach, we *do* use the memory even more than the ancients, for the simple reason that our knowledge travels over an immeasurably wider area, we have more to remember, and, as civilisation and culture advance, a good memory becomes more and more needful for the work of life; the general level of intelligence is being raised, and mental power is developed from age to age. In this general advancement and growth, memory has its share.

The verbal memory displayed by the old Greek rhapsodists and bards, or the Icelandic scalds, was undoubtedly remarkable, and is often held up to the envy of these degenerate days. Yet the modern Shah-nama-Khans, Koran Khans, and other singers and reciters of Persia, who 'will recite for hours together without stammering,' and the Calmuck national bards, whose songs and recitations 'sometimes last a whole day,' cannot surely be a whit behind, if indeed they do not far surpass the prodigies of early ages. We are often reminded of Greek gentlemen who knew their Homer by heart, in the days when Homer occupied the field almost alone and there was little else to learn. But what are their exploits by the side of men like Joseph Justus Scaliger, who 'committed Homer to memory in twenty-one days, and the whole Greek poets in three months?' Casaubon says of Scaliger: 'There was no subject on which any one could desire instruction which he was not capable of giving. He had read nothing which he did not forthwith remember. So extensive and accurate was his acquaintance with languages, that if during his lifetime he had made but this single acquisition, it would have appeared miraculous.'

Since the revival of learning in Europe, there have been scores, yea, hundreds of scholars who have known 'their Homer' by heart and a thousand other things besides. Bishop Saunderson, old Isaac Walton tells us, could repeat all the odes of Horace, all Tully's *Offices*, and the best part of Juvenal and Persius. Euler the mathematician and Leibnitz the philosopher could recite the *Æneid* from beginning to end. In their day, Porson, Elmsley, Parr, and Wakefield, held the foremost place as scholars, and all, of course, had rare memories; but the palm must be given to Porson, of whom endless stories are told. Before he went to Eton, he was able to repeat almost the whole of Horace, Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Livy. When, as a practical joke, a school-fellow slipped the wrong book into Porson's hand, just as he was about to read and translate, the boy was not disconcerted, but went on to read from his memory, as if nothing had occurred. In later life, his performances approached the miraculous. It would require all our space to give any fair idea of them; for he not only knew all the great Greek poets and prose writers pretty well by heart, but could recite whole plays of Shakspeare, or complete books from *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Barrow's sermons, scenes from Foote, Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*, scores of pages from Gibbon or Rapin. He is also said to have been able to repeat the whole of the *Moral Tale of the Dean of Badajos*, and Smollett's *Roderick Random* from the first page to the last.

Gilbert Wakefield's memory was also of the gigantic order, but it will not bear comparison with Porson's. There were few passages in Homer or Pindar which he could not recite at a moment's notice; Virgil and Horace he knew perfectly; and he could recite entire books from the Old and New Testaments without halting or failing in a single verse. There was also John Wyndham Bruce, whose leisure time was devoted to classical studies. His chief favourite was Æschylus, the whole of whose plays he had learnt by heart, including the twelve hundred lines of the *Agamemnon* collated by Robertellus. He knew his Horace in the same way, and was quite content, until one day he met with an old fellow-student at Bonn, who, when he made a quotation, would mention book, ode, and verse, remarking, that he did not regard any one as knowing Horace properly unless he could do that. Mr Bruce accordingly set to work at Horace again, and was not long before he could name the exact place occupied by a line in any of the famous odes. It would be hard to believe that Athenian lads could beat the English lads of fourteen years and under, of whom Archdeacon Fearon tells us in the pamphlet referred to above. It was the custom in the school to which he went for the boys to repeat at the end of one of the terms all the Latin and Greek poetry they had learnt during the year. The usual quantity for a boy to go in with was from eight to ten thousand lines, and it took about a week to hear them. 'One boy in my year,' he says, 'repeated the enormous quantity of fourteen thousand lines of Homer, Horace, and Virgil. I heard him say it.'

Ease in learning foreign languages is sometimes regarded as a mere matter of memory; while, however, this is not exactly true, it must be allowed, of course, that skilful linguists are endowed with powers of memory beyond the average. Here, also, we find that there are no examples in ancient times that will stand comparison with our great modern linguists. Our

modern facilities for travel and study place us at an immense advantage. Crassus, when prætor in Asia, was so familiar with the dialects of Greek, that he was able to try cases and pronounce judgment in any dialect that might chance to be spoken in his presence. 'Mithridates, king of twenty-two nations, administered their laws in as many languages,' and could harangue each division of his motley array of soldiers in its own language or dialect.

But what are such linguists as these by the side of the best examples of recent times? Keeping within the limits of the last hundred years, we have examples that have never been surpassed or even approached in former times. Sir William Jones knew thirteen languages well, and could read with comparative ease in thirty others. John Leyden, a very inferior man to his great contemporary, had a good acquaintance with fifteen of the leading European and Asiatic languages. Within the last few years we have lost two men who could have travelled from the hills of Connemara or the mountains of Wales to the Ural Mountains, or from Lisbon or Algiers to Ispahan or Delhi, and hardly met with a language in which they could not converse or write with ease. The reader will most likely have anticipated the names of two of the most remarkable linguists this country has produced—George Borrow and Edward Henry Palmer. When Borrow was at St Petersburg, he published a little book called *Targum*, in which he gave translations in prose and poetry from thirty different languages. Besides speaking the native tongue of every European nation, Palmer was so perfect a master of Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Turkish, and the language of the gipsies, that even natives were sometimes deceived as to his nationality. Mr Leland says that, one day in Paris, Palmer 'entered into conversation with a Zouave or Turco, a native Arab. After a while the man said: "Why do you wear these clothes?"—"Why, how should I dress?" exclaimed Palmer.—"Dress like what you are!" was the indignant reply—"like a *Muslim!*"'

Viscount Strangford may be placed in the same category with these; and the 'learned blacksmith' Elihu Burritt, whose friends claim for him that he knew all the languages of Europe and most of those of Asia, must not be left out of sight. But even these do not touch the highest limit of linguistic skill and power of memory. The most scientific linguist we have to name, and one of the most remarkable for the extent of his acquisitions, is Von der Gabelentz, who seems to have been equally at home with the Suahilis, the Samoyeds, the Hazaras, the Aimaks, the Dyaks, the Dakotas, and the Kiriris; who could translate from Chinese into Manchu, compile a grammar or correct the speech of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, Loyalty Islands, or New Caledonia. When we come to Cardinal Mezzofanti and Sir John Bowring, we find the 'highest record' as regards the mere number and variety of tongues that men have been known to acquire. No one can speak with absolute certainty as to the number of languages Mezzofanti could converse in with ease. Mrs Somerville says that he professed only fifty-two.

This brief review of the subject necessarily leaves out of account a vast number of the most extraordinary and interesting examples. Artists like Horace Vernet; mathematicians and calculators like Dr Wallis and Leonard Euler, or G. P. Bidder and young Colburn; musicians like Mozart; newspaper reporters like the unequalled 'Memory Woodfall;' literary men like Lord Macaulay and T. H. Buckle; chess-players like Paul Morphy and J. H. Blackbourne, have accomplished feats of memory as marvellous as any of those which have been mentioned.

A TRICK AT THE HELM.

DEAR BOB,—Come and lend me a hand, like a good fellow. The regatta here takes place the day after to-morrow, and the *Redbreast* is entered for it. There will be a very fair show of other crack 'Fives' for her to try her speed against, and I am more eager than usual to carry off the first prize. I think I ought to do it, if I can get a first-rate hand like yourself to come and help. You recollect my telling you how that crack-brained Irishman O'Gorman offered to bet me a hundred pounds that he would carry off as many first prizes as I would this season, and how, in a moment of irritation, I took the bet? Well, it has come to this—that we have each won nine prizes, and that Dartmouth Regatta is the last of the season. He can't possibly be here in the *Cruiskeen Lawn*, and consequently, the regatta represents considerably more to me than the twenty pounds which they offer for the winning boat. The *Redbreast* is out and away the best five-tonner here at present; and unless some wonderful crack arrives between this and then, my first prize and my bet ought to be a certainty, bar accidents. But I want you. Your experience of this part of the coast is greater than mine, and will be invaluable to me; and though Phipps is with me, and is a right good fellow in a race, still, he has not your skill and knowledge. Besides these weighty reasons, I want very much to show you my new little craft, and to enjoy a good dusting down together once more. So, just pack your bag, and come for three days at least, if you can't spare more, to your old chum,

JACK HETHERINGTON.

Such was the letter—dated 'YACHT *Redbreast*, DARTMOUTH'—which the Honourable Robert Mervyne took from his pocket more than once to peruse, as the train rolled him along the lovely Great Western coast-line, in answer to his friend's appeal. He was a fine broad-shouldered fellow, had pulled in his College Eight at Oxford, and, since that semi-boyish period, had done a great deal of genuine yachting-work, especially in Corinthian matches in the lower reaches of the Thames, where he had acquired a skill and experience in the handling of small craft under racing canvas which fully justified the confidence which Hetherington reposed in

him. Moreover, the coasts of Devon were well known to him; and to the local knowledge of the pilot and the technical skill of the yacht-sailor, he added that quickness of resource which so often makes the gentleman the superior of the professional. He was delighted at the opportunity afforded him by his friend's letter, and had not hesitated a moment in complying with the request conveyed therein. They were, in fact, far too old chums for either to fail the other at a pinch; and though it was near the end of August, he would still have time to get back for the First. So he smoked his cigar and gazed out at the glancing waters of the sparkling sea, as he whisked by Dawlish and Teignmouth towards the little old-fashioned town of Dartmouth, and allowed his thoughts to roam far ahead in pleasing anticipation of the delights of the coming struggle for the prize.

As the shades of evening drew on, the train ran into the neglected little station at Kingswear, and Mervyne found Hetherington waiting for him on the platform; but, to his surprise, there was a decided lack of cheerfulness on his countenance, which seemed to betoken some unpleasant news in the background. It was not long in coming forward. Hardly had his friend's modest bag been carried into the hotel—for the little *Redbreast* afforded poor accommodation for any but her owner—than the cause of his gloom came out.

'It is awfully good of you to come down, old chap,' he said; 'but I'm afraid it's a wild-goose chase after all, for I'm sorry to say that I can't possibly sail to-morrow. It's a dreadful nuisance,' he added, 'and a disgusting piece of roguery to boot.'

'Why, what's the matter?' asked Mervyne in surprise. 'Have they disqualified the *Redbreast*, or knocked a hole in her, or what has happened?'

'No,' said his friend; 'nothing of that sort. It's a bit of dirty underhand scheming on the part of that fellow O'Gorman, confound him! Knowing that he could not get over from Ireland himself to try conclusions with me, he has got that cad Brewster, the fellow who owns the *Cockyollybird*, and made himself so notorious at Southampton—to come round and sail against me; and I hear from the Wight that he left there three or four days ago with one or two of his own set, vowing that he will show me the way round the course, and knock one hundred pounds out of me into the bargain.'

'Well, but,' said Mervyne, 'we ain't going to be frightened by Brewster's brag. Being abroad all this summer, I have not seen the *Cockyollybird*; but from her record, the *Redbreast* ought to have a very fair chance against her.'

'Yes, yes! It isn't that; though, I fancy, she's a trifle better than we are in running,' replied Hetherington. 'But after that disgraceful affair at Southampton, a lot of small yacht-owners, myself among the number, put their heads together, and signed an agreement never to race against him again. One or two of those men are in the harbour now, and they won't sail if he does, neither of course can I. I'm pretty sure that O'Gorman knew that when he got him to come round; and of course he knows it too.'

'Then why should he boast so loudly about beating you?'

'Oh, that's just to carry it off with a high hand, and appear to be ignorant of the fact.'

'And the *Cockyollybird* is in?'

'Well, no; she isn't; but she's entered for the race, and she is sure to be here, bar accidents.'

'She must look pretty sharp, then,' said Mervyne, 'or she may be too late. Keep your courage up, old chap! Perhaps she won't get in, after all. Lots of things may happen between this and to-morrow morning.—But look here! Suppose she *does* come in, what shall you do? You can't race—of course, I see that, and I'm sorry for it; but I should like a bit of a sail, after coming all this way, and I want to see how the little craft behaves.'

'Oh, by all means,' replied Hetherington eagerly. 'I had thought of that. I can't lie in harbour and see all the craft going out to race; and I don't think I could bear to see the racing going on without being able to join in it. I vote for getting under way early in the morning, and making tracks to the eastwards, I mean to lay her up with Camper and Nicholson, and there is nothing more to keep me out now, confound it!'

'Capital! that will suit me first-rate. What time do you start?'

'Oh, any time in the early morning will do. The tide will be flowing about four A.M. But I daresay you won't like to turn out as early as that.—Tell you what—you'd better choose your own time to come on board, and then you can rouse me out, if I'm not already up.'

'All right! But what about Phipps?'

'Oh, he won't come with us. I've told him about Brewster, and, of course, he's very sorry; but the Carmichael girls are here in a big family schooner with an uncle of theirs; and you may be sure Phipps wouldn't let that chance slip. So it will be just you and I, that's all. And now, let's jump into the punt, and go on board for ten minutes, just to show you the little craft.'

So the two friends paddled off to the *Redbreast*, which was lying snugly under the land by the railway with other small craft of similar size and draught; and after the peculiar excellences of her interior fittings had been inspected by the aid of the little swing-lamp—for it was now nearly dark—and dilated upon enthusiastically by her owner, they went once more ashore together to dine at the hotel, and pass the evening over a game of billiards at the neighbouring Yacht Club. But as they landed, their attention was attracted by a smart little craft making the best of her way up the calm waters of the land-locked harbour in tow of a steam-launch. Hetherington looked at her long and earnestly; at last he said: 'Ah, there she is! That's the *Cockyollybird*, and that's Brewster steering, confound him! It's all up now. We'll get out of this to-morrow morning.'

They dined; but their quiet game of billiards at the club was rudely broken in upon by the appearance of the objectionable Brewster himself, with a couple of friends of similar kidney, who had also most unmistakably been dining, and who, in addition to their natural bluster and vulgarity, made themselves more than usually

disagreeable by half-facetious and wholly offensive observations as to the victory which they intended to score on the morrow, and the humiliation which they would inflict on those who imagined that they could sail against them; while 'my friend O'Gorman' was frequently referred to by Brewster himself, evidently for Hetherington's benefit; and whispered personalities were greeted by the precious trio with loud bursts of drunken laughter.

'I'd like to punch the fellow's head,' growled Hetherington to his friend, chafing angrily at the covert insults.

'Better let him alone,' said the other. 'There's no glory to be got out of a row with a drunken sweep like that. He knows he's an arrant cad, and it is that very knowledge which makes him carry on like this. Let's leave them to enjoy themselves in their own way; and we'll go and turn in, as we shall be up early to-morrow.'

So each went his way: Hetherington to his tiny yacht, the other to the hotel close by.

Mervyne was an ardent yachtsman, as has been said; and perhaps it was the anticipations of the morrow which made it impossible for him to take the rest which he had himself advised. Whatever the reason was, after tossing about for some hours in troubled and unrestful sleep, he finally found himself wide awake, and likely to remain so; and at last, jumping out of bed, he threw open his window and keenly inspected the weather. There was every prospect of a glorious day. He looked at his watch—it was about four o'clock. The sun had not yet risen; but the sky was clear and luminous with stars, and, as far as he could tell, there was a light breeze from the westward. He looked over the water. The riding lights of the crowded yachts were twinkling away, as if a town had sprung up in the night on the calm silent waters of the river. The hoarse hoot of a steamer caught his ear, and he could see her green eye winking at him as she made her cautious way in mid-stream to the expectant coal-hulk beyond. He could hear even the tinkle of her engine-room bell and the husky cry of 'Starboard!' from the pilot who was bringing her in; and as he leaned out of the window to follow her track, a man-of-war brig struck 'eight bells' with a clear musical ring, an example which was followed a second or two after by her consorts in the harbour, and by some few large yachts who conformed to naval fashion in this matter. He turned from the window and glanced into the dim room. At the other end was his bed, looking tumbled and unpromising, even in the gloom. He was too wide awake to turn in again. His mind was made up. The tide would be flowing; the wind seemed fair; he would dress and rouse up Hetherington, and they would get under way at once.

His determination was quickly carried out; and he soon found himself outside the hotel in search of a waterman to take him on board. This was by no means an easy task; but by the aid of a railway porter, he managed at last to knock up an individual, who consented, with many sleepy growls at the unusual hour, to convey him on board. Arrived alongside, he stepped lightly on the dainty deck, dismissing his surly friend with a tip so largely in excess of that worthy's expectations, as to make him instantly regret not having named a sum double at least of that which he had demanded. It was getting lighter now; and he took in at a glance the delicate lines, the admirable workmanship, and the business-like spars of the little craft, and then turned towards the hatch to rouse up his chum. But as he did so, he hesitated for the first time since leaving his bed. Hetherington was probably sleeping soundly. It would be a shame to spoil his sleep simply because he himself had failed to rest. He listened for a moment: he could hear Hetherington snoring away in the little cabin. Then another idea struck him. Why not get under way himself, without bothering Hetherington at all? Capital! it would be first-rate fun! He took a look round. The yacht was made fast to some private moorings, so he would not have to get her anchor up. He could easily make sail himself. Hetherington would be delighted to wake up and find himself at sea—that he was sure of. It was an admirable idea.

No sooner was the notion entertained, than it was put into execution. His rubber-soled shoes enabled him to walk over the deck with an entire absence of noise. He took off the sail-covers, and with his broad shoulders and muscular arms, he found no difficulty in hoisting her mainsail, though perhaps there was a wrinkle or two which he would have preferred to get rid of. Her head-sails were mere child's-play; and presently, he cast off her moorings, lowered them quietly overboard, and hurried aft to the tiller. With a gentle breeze from the north-west, the pretty boat yielded to the pressure of her snow-white canvas, and with an almost imperceptible incline to her mast, moved quietly out from the crowd of others among which she had been lying. Silently she slid through the placid and unruffled waters of the river, splashed with the white light of many a bright star, and with the redder gleams of the many riding-lamps, obeying every touch of her helm so readily as to send a thrill of pleasure through Mervyne's veins as he cleverly worked her into the open and pointed her head seawards. And indeed, with a lovely yacht beneath one's feet, with a fair wind, a calm sea, and a brilliant promise of dawn, the man must be sluggish indeed who does not experience a keen sense of enjoyment.

Once clear of the river and with a good offing, he turned her head eastwards, making a course for Portland Bill. The wind was, as he had imagined, in the north-west, and it being off the land, and by no means strong, the sea was extremely smooth and in places even glassy. The little beauty sped along on her course, making no fuss whatever, peeling the bright water evenly away from the polished surface of her sharp bow, and running it aft with a gentle little hiss, and only the faintest, dimmest suggestion of a shadowy wake astern. Mervyne would have liked to get her topsail up, but this he could not well attempt alone, and he feared to wake Hetherington, for, having got out of the harbour, he was now possessed with a boyish desire to see how far on his course he could reach before his chum awoke: however, the tide was in his favour, and he was making splendid way as it was, so, lighting his pipe, he gave himself up to all the exquisite enjoyment of the situation. The beautiful coast, with its brilliant colouring of vivid green and warm red, familiar to him as an oft studied book,

was itself a constantly changing object of interest and admiration; each trawler, with the early sun gleaming through the shining mists of morning upon her tanned canvas, was transfigured into a fairy barque, with sails of red and burnished gold. Even the long ugly steamers, with their graduated train of smoke fading away into the limitless haze astern of them, betrayed no vestige of their commonplace origin, but seemed to float in mid-air, shadowy and impalpable, throwing ever and anon a gleam of light from off their bows, more like a flash of summer lightning than the foam of churning water; while the buoyant motion of the little craft beneath him, the noiseless speed with which she sliced her way through the dimpling wavelets, the instant and intelligent response which she gave to the faintest movement of the helm, left him absolutely without a shadow to dim his sense of placid contentment.

He began to hope that Hetherington would sleep on for ever. So he smoked on, and noted with satisfaction that with the rising sun the breeze was freshening fast: little waves now lifted up their smiling heads and plashed playfully at the pretty craft as she cut through them; the tall mast inclined more decidedly before the eager wind; and the foot of the mainsail began its welcome chorus of flip-flip, flip-flip-flip as the breeze poured out of it. Berry Head was long past; Torbay was crossed; the Thatcher and the Oarstone were left faint and filmy in the far distance on the port quarter, and now the little vessel was getting a trifle more lively as the water deepened and the wind increased and the shore receded further and further; and still Hetherington slept. Mervyne could still hear him snoring at times. It was rather odd, he thought. Lazy fellow! He need not have been so careful not to wake him. He wondered what time it was. He took out his watch. Eight o'clock! And he was getting hungry too. He had better wake him; so, without leaving the helm, he began thumping over his chum's head on the deck with a stick. 'Hi! Hetherington! Jack! Wake up! Turn out! Get up, you lazy dog! Eight bells, do you hear?'

But not a sound did he evoke in response; only, as he stopped and listened, the same loud snoring broke upon his ear. Very odd! Hetherington was not usually so late or so heavy a sleeper. Next he slid back the hatch and shouted loudly to his chum to rouse up. Still no answer—still the same stertorous breathing.

'Why on earth don't he wake?' said Mervyne to himself, and, trusting the yacht to steer herself for a moment or two, he dived down the little hatchway and entered the tiny cabin. It was empty! He stared around in blank astonishment, nearly amounting to dismay, and as he did so, a snore of almost gigantic volume assailed his ears. It came from the forecastle. This was more surprising than ever, for Hetherington, he knew, had no crew on board. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he, in true Corinthian spirit, worked his little craft himself, with the assistance of one or two good friends and fellow-spirits like Phipps—no paid hands being permitted on board during a Corinthian race—and even when cruising, scrubbed decks and polished brasswork with his own hands, sleeping also on board in harbour, unlike men of more luxurious habits, who generally preferred the comforts of a hotel to the straitened accommodation of a five-tonner, even when it was their own.

Where, then, was Hetherington? and who was the occupant of the forecastle? He slid aside the little door which separated the cabin from the quarter assigned to the crew, when such an individual existed, and looked in. It was very dark in the little close den, but he could just discern a hammock stretched fore and aft under the deck, and in that hammock a bearded being sleeping a riotous sleep. He went up to the hammock and shook it. 'Here! rouse up, here! Where's your master?' he cried.

The figure grunted, shifted its position slowly and uneasily, and seemed inclined to settle once more into repose, but the shaking being repeated and continued with increasing violence, a weather-stained, lurid, and sodden countenance, set in a wild tangle of hair and beard, appeared over the edge of the hammock, and after staring stupidly with vacant eyes a moment or two into the gloom, inquired thickly and with gin-saturated utterance, 'Wash up?' and then falling heavily back on its pillow, instantly resumed its state of stertorous insensibility. The man was hopelessly and helplessly drunk. But who could he be?

At that moment, a terrible suspicion flashed through Mervyne's mind like an electric shock. He turned, and bolted through the little cabin and up on deck like a shot. The first thing that caught his eye as he faced aft was the brass rudder-head, and on it, in necessarily small letters, unperceived by him before, was the one word, *Cockgollybird*. It was the wrong yacht!

Hetherington and Phipps both agree in asserting that they never had such a race as that in which they won the first prize at Dartmouth; but the former also adds that that fellow O'Gorman gave a lot of trouble before paying up the hundred pounds.

CHINA GRASS-CLOTH.

The well-known and popular China, or Chinese, grass-cloth, specimens of which, generally in the shape of handkerchiefs, are brought home by most travellers in the East, is now likely to become yet more popular and have a far more extensive market in Europe than was formerly the case. This China grass—*soie végétal*, the French call it—is the fibre, not of a grass, but of a species of nettle, the *Boehmeria nivea* and other specimens of the *urtica*. These nettles are carefully cultivated in China, where they grow in great quantities, as they do in India and Ceylon. In India, hitherto, unfortunately, no marked or diligent attempt at cultivation has been made. These *urticas* are perennial herbaceous plants, having broad oval leaves, with a white down beneath. They are also free from the stinging character of ordinary nettles. In Ceylon and India, where the plants grow wild, these nettles are cut just about the time of seeding, bleached by the assistance of the heavy night-dews and hot mid-day suns, and the fibres

gathered together and spun into ropes or thin twine, from which coarse matting is made. This primitive way of treating the nettles is not followed in China, and indeed the employment of the fibre-silk for commercial purposes seems to be a Chinese secret.

The government of India, seeing what a great benefit might be expected to arise could a practical and inexpensive method of gathering the 'vegetable silk' be found, offered some time back a reward to stimulate inventors in discovering an economical method for preparing the fibre of the China grass. Such discovery has at last been made; three French gentlemen have been successful in perfecting two different inventions which would seem to completely meet the existing difficulty. Messieurs Frémy and Urbain of Paris have invented a method for converting the fibres of the plants into *filasse* ready for spinning. This method, however, would not have been of much use had not a M. Favier constructed a machine for gathering these fibres by decorticating the stems of the nettles by means of steam. Thus, the fibre is not only collected cheaply and easily, but the glutinous matter adhering to it, and which proved such a stumbling-block to our manufacturers, is removed at the same time. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these inventions. The *urtica* grows in immense quantities all over India; and now that the plant and its fibres can be utilised economically, doubtless much careful attention will be given to the question of cultivation and the harvesting of these nettles.

Not only is the texture of the cloth manufactured from this fibre very beautiful—it is principally remarkable for its splendid gloss and peculiar transparency—but it is extremely strong and durable. 'Belting' for machinery has already been made with China grass-fibre, and on being tested, it was found that it could bear a strain of eight thousand three hundred and twenty-six pounds to the square inch; whereas leather could only sustain a pressure of four thousand two hundred and thirty-nine pounds to the square inch. A piece of water-hose made of the same fibre was subjected to the high pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch, and it was proved that it only 'sweated' as much as a good ordinary hose does under a pressure of one hundred pounds. So much for its strength and durability, two great advantages. And, moreover, it is probable, having regard to these proved facts, that, although the texture of grass-cloth is so light and transparent, it would offer a considerable and prolonged resistance to heat and flames.

As to its beauty, most of our readers have had many opportunities already of forming an opinion on this head. So soon as manufacturers and *costumiers* have had a sufficient time for experimenting, we may expect to see grass-cloth very generally used for dress fabrics, hangings, curtains, and in many other ways.

Should these inventions, when put to the test and tried on a large scale, be found to answer as well as the trial experiments, a little time is only wanted, when a most important and valuable industry will arise in India, and, more than probably, give work to many thousands of hands at home. At all events, if all goes right, India will be the richer in the near future by many millions of pounds sterling. And it is even likely that serious attempts at acclimatisation and careful cultivation of these useful nettles will be made in other of our semi-tropical colonies and possessions.

THE POET'S TREASURES.

The laughing streams all crystal bright,
How sweet their murmuring song,
As, strewn with blossoms and flecked with light,
They joyously dance along!
They glance through the valleys like silver wings;
They twinkle, they gleam, they shine;
And while my heart in rapture sings,
They whisper they are mine!

Like a maiden's tresses so sleek, so fine,
They ripple, and wave, and curl;
They blush 'neath the sunset like rosy wine,
And sing like a happy girl.
When, weary, I sink on the emerald sod,
They dimple, and seem to say:
'We are balm fresh flung from the hand of God;
Come, bathe in our fairy spray.'

The warbling birds are my minstrels all;
Ah! they know that I love them well,
For I hasten forth, when their voices call,
To forest or leafy dell;
On buoyant pinions they come and go,
Capricious, and wild, and free,
And I sing to the children of toil and woe
The songs they sing to me.

The trees are mine, and the humble flowers
That sigh 'mid the rustling grass,
When steeped in the fragrance of summer showers,
The amorous zephyrs pass.
When the world grows cold, and I turn away
From its fickle and loveless throng,
They nestle around me, and seem to say:
'We love you, poor child of song!'

They kiss the dust from my weary feet;
They tremble, and blush, and sigh;
And the bonny daisy, so fresh, so sweet,
A tear in her golden eye,
Seemeth to me, in her gown of white,
More lovely than all the rest,
With the beauty of summer in her sight,
And its sunshine in her breast.

I own not one inch of the land, not I,
Nor jewels nor silks I wear,
Yet, free to roam 'neath the azure sky,
I am wealthy beyond compare.
To the plodding worldling, let pomp and pride
And the treasures of earth be given,
While I rest content on the fair hillside,
Rich, rich in the gifts of heaven!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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BLOCKADES AND BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

For three-quarters of a century, England differed from the other great maritime states of Europe as to the way in which blockade should be defined. To begin with, it may be enough to explain that a territory is said to be blockaded when access to or egress from its seaports is prevented by the naval forces of another state. When a state, for purposes of its own, fiscal or hygienic, declares that certain of its own ports shall be closed against foreign vessels, that decree must be respected by other states to whose notice it is duly brought, provided that those ports are really under the control of the executive of that state. But that is not a blockade; it is a mere closure of ports, which any government, in virtue of its inherent sovereignty within the borders of its own territory, is quite entitled to announce. Blockade is essentially a war measure. When the President of the United States, in April 1861, proclaimed that a forcible blockade of the Southern States would be forthwith instituted, England and France immediately declared their neutrality, and although that meant that they recognised the Confederates as belligerents, and not as rebels, their action was unobjectionable, because, whenever the Northern States issued that proclamation, they by implication admitted that they were engaged in war, and not merely in the suppression of a rebellion. In recent times, however, recourse has been had to what has been termed 'pacific blockade;' thus, the coasts of Greece were blockaded in 1827 by the English, French, and Russian squadrons, although all three powers professed to be at peace with Turkey (under whose dominion Greece then was); and from 1845 to 1848, France and England prevented access to La Plata, although no war was declared. To admit such procedure as legitimate would simply mean that one state might put in force against another measures destructive of the trade of neutral countries, and yet expect those countries to view the whole operations as pacific. This objection might not apply to that pacific blockade which we have this year seen put in force against Greece, for we know that every vessel flying the flag of any other state than Greece has been unmolested. But the liberty allowed to other nations did nothing to mitigate the coercion applied to Greek trading-vessels, and had the object of the blockaders been merely to divert to their own merchantmen the carrying trade of the Archipelago, they could scarcely have devised a measure better fitted to attain that end. Lord Palmerston at least had a decided opinion as to how far such action was in accordance with law: his own words are: 'The French and English blockade of the Plata has been from first to last illegal.' In truth, pacific blockade is a contradiction in terms. In practice, it is enforced by the same methods as blockade between belligerents; and a recent Dutch writer has well pointed out that the sole reason why it has not yet met with the unanimous disapproval of European powers is that hitherto it has been levelled against only the weakest states.

It had from time out of mind been reckoned a perfectly regular proceeding to declare a port or a territory under blockade, and to affix penalties to the violation of that declaration, although, in point of fact, not a single vessel should be present to enforce its observance. But gradually this tenet met with less toleration; and in 1780, when America and France were combined against England, the three great powers of the North, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, entered into a league known as the 'Armed Neutrality,' with the object of evading the severe but ancient method of dealing with neutral commerce which Great Britain adopted. One of the articles which this confederacy agreed upon was: 'A port is blockaded only when evident danger attends the attempt to run into it'—a principle which boldly denied the right of any power to close by a mere edict a single hostile port. But Britain doggedly persisted in the exercise of a right which had undoubtedly the sanction of custom; and the maritime powers of Europe were to wrangle and recriminate through still darker years before agreement could be reached. On the 21st of

November 1806, Napoleon promulgated the famous Berlin Decree, which announced that every port in Great Britain was blockaded; and by an Order in Council, issued a year afterwards, the British government declared France and all the states which owned her supremacy to be subject to the same embargo. However far short the English performance might fall of their announced intention, the egregious pretentiousness of the French decree will be apparent enough to any one who remembers Macaulay's saying of the Emperor: 'The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch.' Yet, both governments were only carrying to its logical issue the old doctrine which neither had renounced—that a valid blockade might be constituted by mere notification. It was only in 1856 that, with the express purpose of removing as far as possible the uncertainty which hung over the rules of naval war, the great powers concurred in the Declaration of Paris, which has been called 'a sort of doctrinal annex' to the treaty of that year. Important as has been the operation of all the rules contained in that Declaration, the only one which concerns us here is the fourth: 'Blockades in order to be binding must be effective—that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.' This being practically an adoption of the principle for which the neutrals of 1780 had so strenuously contended, was an argumentative victory for them; but it was far more; it was a triumph for those thinkers who have always maintained that all law must rest upon a basis of fact, that except in so far as law declares the relation which ought to subsist between facts which a previous analysis has ascertained, it is useless, and even mischievous.

The first fifteen years of the present century were marked by all that turbulence which had characterised the closing years of that which went before, and there were not wanting in both periods instances of blockades perseveringly prosecuted and gallantly resisted. In the beginning of 1800, for example, Genoa was the only city in Italy held by the French; the Austrian troops invested it by land, and English war-ships blocked the passage seaward. The beleaguered Genoese saw the usual incidents of an old-fashioned blockade. From time to time, one of the light privateers which lay behind the little island of Capraja, north-east of Corsica, would succeed in eluding all the vigilance of Admiral Keith's squadron, and carry in provisions enough to prolong for a while the desperate resistance of Massena's garrison; and now the blockaders would retaliate by 'cutting out' a galley from beneath the very guns of the harbour. One day a gale might drive the jealous sentinels to sea; but on the next, they were back at their old stations, there to wait with patience until pestilence and famine should bring the city to its doom. Sixty years later and in another hemisphere, the maritime world was to see how far the new appliances of elaborate science had altered the modes in which blockades were to be enforced and evaded.

On the 27th of April 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation in which the following announcement appeared: 'A competent force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels from the ports' of the Southern States. 'If, therefore, with a view to violate such blockade, any vessel shall attempt to leave any of said ports, she will be duly warned; and if she shall again attempt to enter or leave a blockaded port, she will be captured.' All Europe was prepared to watch and to deride this attempt to lock up a coast-line of thirty-five hundred miles against the intrusion of traders, whose appetite for gain would be whetted to the keenest by artificially raised prices. Already, indeed, the scheme had been ridiculed as a 'material impossibility' by European statesmen, who pointed to the fact that not one of all the blockades established during the preceding seventy-five years had succeeded in excluding trade even where the coast to be watched was comparatively limited. But as a set-off against the long and broken stretch of coast which lay open to the operations of the blockade-runners, there were difficulties in their way which were at the outset of the struggle too lightly esteemed. Almost the whole extent of the seaboard was protected by a treacherous fringe of long low islands, scarcely rising above the surface of the water; the channels between and behind these were winding and intricate; and when these obstacles were passed, there still remained the crucial bar to imperil the entrance to every harbour.

The conditions of the impending conflict were new, and sagacious men foresaw that under them the risk of neutral powers being entangled in disputes with the belligerents was immensely increased. The agency of steam was to be employed for the first time to enforce a blockade on a gigantic scale. It was plain that a blockading squadron was no longer liable to be blown off the port it was watching by continued gales; but it was not so easy to say how far this new motive-power would alter the chances of the blockade-runners. The naval strength of the Northern States was at the beginning of the war so puny that the blockade when first instituted was little better than one of those 'paper blockades' which the voice of international law had condemned at Paris seven years before; for many months, indeed, the trade of the Confederacy with Europe was but little affected. It was in view of this that the *New York Tribune* urged Lincoln's government to economise their sea-force, and close entrance channels by means of sunken hulks. This plan was adopted at Charleston, and carried out under the superintendence of an officer whose aim was 'to establish a combination of artificial interruptions and irregularities resembling on a small scale those of Hell-gate,' that rock which so long impeded the navigation to New York harbour, and which was removed only a few months ago.

In Europe, both military critics and Chambers of Commerce protested against this barbarous method of making good a blockade; but the stone-laden whale-ships sunk at Charleston did no permanent damage to the port, for before the war closed, the hulks broke up, and the harbour was filled with floating timber. But it was quickly felt that only an adequate fleet could render the blockade effective, and in

response to the ceaseless activity of the dock-yards, the northern war-ships multiplied with marvellous rapidity. The blockade grew strict. Gradually, the pressure of diminished imports began to tell on the resources of the Southern States; iron, liquors, machinery, articles of domestic use, medicinal drugs and appliances of all kinds became scarce. In Richmond, a yard of ordinary calico which was formerly sold for twelve and a half cents, brought thirty dollars; a pair of French gloves was worth one hundred and fifty dollars; and the price of salt had risen to a dollar a pound. The export trade, too, was being slowly strangled; immense stores of cotton and tobacco lay waiting shipment at every port. A bale of cotton worth forty dollars at Charleston would have brought two hundred at New York; and some idea of the price it might have yielded at Liverpool may be obtained from a consideration of the fact that half a million of English cotton-workers were subsisting only upon charity.

But the war sent trade into new channels. Nassau, the capital of New Providence, one of the Bahamas group, became one huge depôt for the goods which sought a market in the forbidden ports. Articles of household economy and of field equipment lay piled in heterogeneous masses on her wharfs, the cotton which had escaped the grasp of the Federals lay in her warehouses for reshipment to Europe; her coal-stores overflowed with the mineral which was to feed the greedy furnaces of the blockade-runners lying at anchor in the bay, and the patois of every seafaring people in Europe could be daily heard upon her quays. Hardly less numerous and varied were the groups of sailors, merchants, adventurers, and spies, who discussed the fortunes of the war upon the white-glancing terraces of Hamilton in the Bermudas.

Blockade-running had now become a business speculation. But the great bulk of the trade was in very few hands, for the risks were great, and the capital involved was large. The initial cost of a blockade-runner was heavy; the officers were highly paid; a pilot well acquainted with the port to be attempted often demanded one thousand pounds for his services; and besides all this, it is to be remembered that on a fair calculation not above one trip in four was successful. It is computed that in three years there were built or despatched from the Clyde no less than one hundred and eleven swift steamers specially designed for the adventurous trade with the Confederate ports. Almost any day in August 1864, one of these vessels might have been seen cruising about at the Tail of the Bank, preparing to try her speed against the swiftest passenger steamers of the river. The *Douglas* was in those days the fastest boat on the Mersey; but one of the new blockade-runners, named the *Colonel Lamb*, easily beat her, attaining on the trial a speed of sixteen and three-quarter knots (or about nineteen miles) per hour. A careful observer might almost have guessed the character of the enterprise for which a blockade-runner was designed by a scrutiny of her build. Two taper masts and a couple of short smoke-stacks were all that appeared above the deck; her object was to glide in the darkness past her watchers, and the tall spars of a heavily-rigged ship would have been too conspicuous a mark for eager eyes. Her hull was painted white, for experience showed that on dark nights or in thick weather that colour most easily escaped observation. Although she had considerable stowage-room, her draught was light, and she was propelled by paddle or side wheels, in order that she might turn readily in narrow or shallow waters. To aid their war-vessels in capturing and destroying light-heeled cruisers such as this, the Federal government built twenty-three small gunboats. They, too, drew but little water, and rarely exceeded five hundred tons burden. For armament they carried one eleven-inch pivot-gun and three howitzers—two of twenty-four pounds, and one of twenty pounds—well-chosen weapons for the work they had to do. Their weak point was their rate of speed, which did not amount to more than nine or ten knots an hour. So deficient were they in this respect, that a blockade-runner has been known to run out, get damaged, and sail round a gunboat into port again.

There was so much in blockade-running that was attractive to the adventurous, that we are hardly surprised to learn that officers of our navy engaged in the work, wholly forgetful of the neutral position to which their country's policy bound them. The remonstrances, however, which were made to our government on that subject, and the Gazette Order which they elicited, would probably prevent those who had an official status from taking their capture so phlegmatically as the youth who took his passage out in a blockade-runner with the intention of enjoying a tour through the Southern States, and who, when the vessel was captured, wrote home saying that he would now explore the Northern States, 'which would do quite as well.' One can well imagine the tiptoe of expectation to which every one on board would rise as the Bermudas sank into the distance, and the time drew near which was to decide the fortune of their enterprise. How warily they lie off until the evening favours their approach, and then, with every light but the engine-fires extinguished, speed quietly but rapidly past the large looming hulls of the outer blockaders. But they have yet to run the gantlet of the inner cordon of gunboats, and now comes the real crisis of their venture. Shall they steam with cunning effrontery slowly and ostentatiously close past a gunboat? The plan offers a chance of success, for some of their watchers have once been blockade-runners themselves, and in the darkness the similarity of build might deceive. No; they perceive what seems to be a practicable gap in the line, and driving their engines to their utmost pitch, they rest their fate upon their speed. Yet they are detected: there goes a heavy swivel gun; the alarm is raised, and now a perfect fusillade rages round the intruder. But everything is against good practice; only one shot takes effect in her hull, that going clean through the bow; and with little other damage, the daring vessel steams into Wilmington with a valuable cargo of liquors, leather, and iron.

Blockade-running soon became almost as much an art as a trade, and there were some grumblers in this country who made it a ground of complaint that no English officers had been sent to

observe the new development in this branch of naval warfare. The most ingenious expedients were resorted to on both sides. A system of signalling by means of blue lights and rockets was in many cases established between the forts and their friends in the offing. The steamer *Hansa* ran into Wilmington while Fort Fisher was being bombarded, and prevented pursuit by boldly sailing close past the powder-ship, which shortly afterwards blew up. Occasionally, a furious cannonade was begun from some adjacent fort, so as to draw off the blockading squadron, and leave the entrance free, if only for a few hours. The blockaders had their tricks too. Sometimes heavy smoke was seen rising as from a ship on fire; but when the blockade-runner steered to render help, she found out too late that the supposed burning vessel was a Federal cruiser, which had resorted to this device in order to bring the swifter craft within range of her guns. One dark rainy night the *Petrel* ran out of Charleston, and shortly afterwards fell in with what appeared to be a large merchant vessel. Hoping to crown a successful run with the capture of a valuable prize, she gave chase, and fired a shot to bring the stranger to. The reply was a single broadside, so well directed that there was no need for another. The supposed merchantman was the frigate *St Lawrence*. A favourite ruse of the privateer *Jeff Davis* was to hoist the French flag of distress, and when a ship bore down in response to this appeal, she would, under pretence of handing in a letter, send aboard a boat's crew armed to the teeth.

But of all the remarkable incidents of this remarkable blockade there was none more noteworthy than the voyage of the British ship *Emily St Pierre*. The story rivals the inventions of a sea-romancer. This vessel left Calcutta with orders to make the coast of South Carolina and see if the blockade of Charleston was still in force. Now, although this was a proceeding not in any way illegal, she was nevertheless captured by a Federal warship; a prize crew of two officers and thirteen men was put on board; and her own crew, with the exception of the master, the cook, and the steward, was taken out of her. Thus manned, she was being steered for a northern port, when her deposed captain persuaded his cook and steward to assist him in making one effort to regain possession of the ship. They caught the mate asleep in his berth, ironed and gagged him; the prize-master they found on deck, and treated similarly; three seamen who had the watch on deck were asked to go down into the scuttle—a storeroom near the helm—for a coil of rigging. The captain gave them this order as if he had accepted the inevitable, and was aiding the captors to navigate the ship. As soon as the three leaped down, the hatch was closed, and they were prisoners. The remainder of the prize crew, who were in the forecastle, were shut down and liberated one by one; but those who would give no promise of help to their new master were confined beside the unfortunates in the scuttle. Three, indeed, consented, but only one of them was a sailor; and with this crew of five, a vessel of eight hundred and eighty-four tons was brought to Liverpool through thirty days of bad weather. It is only a fitting conclusion to such a tale of daring to record that the intrepid seaman who conceived and carried out the enterprise was a native of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, which had already numbered among her sons the renowned Paul Jones.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'THIS is awkward, Tom, awfully awkward,' Mr Theodore Dupuy said to his nephew as they rode homeward. 'We must manage somehow to get rid of this man as early as possible. Of course, we can't keep him in the house any longer with your cousin Nora, now that we know he's really nothing more—baronet or no baronet—than a common mulatto. But at the same time, you see, we can't get rid of him anyhow by any possibility before the dinner to-morrow evening. I've asked several of the best people in Trinidad especially to meet him, and I don't want to go and stultify myself openly before the eyes of the whole island. What the dickens can we do about it?'

'If you'd taken my advice, Uncle Theodore,' Tom Dupuy answered sullenly, in spite of his triumph, 'you'd have got rid of him long ago. As it is, you'll have to keep him on now till after Tuesday, and then we must manage somehow to dismiss him politely.'

They rode on without another word till they reached the house; there, they found Nora and Harry had arrived before them, and had gone in to dress for dinner. Mr Dupuy followed their example; but Tom, who had made up his mind suddenly to stop, loitered about on the lawn under the big star-apple tree, waiting in the cool till the young Englishman should make his appearance.

Meanwhile, Nora, in her own dressing-room, attended by Rosina Fleming and Aunt Clemmy, was thinking over the afternoon's ride very much to her own satisfaction. Mr Noel was really after all a very nice fellow: if he hadn't been so dreadfully dark—but there, he was really just one shade too dusky in the face ever to please a West Indian fancy. And yet, he was certainly very much in love with her! The very persistence with which he avoided reopening the subject, while he went on paying her such very marked attention, showed in itself how thoroughly in earnest he was. 'He'll propose to me again to-morrow—I'm quite sure he will,' Nora thought to herself, as Rosina fastened up her hair with a sprig of plumbago and a little delicate spray of wild maiden-hair. 'He was almost going to propose to me as we came along by the mountain-cabbages this afternoon, only I saw him hesitating, and I turned the current of the conversation. I wonder why I turned it? I'm sure I don't know why. I wonder whether it was because I didn't know whether I should answer "Yes" or "No," if he were really to ask me? I think one ought to decide in one's own mind beforehand what one's going to say in such a case, especially when a man has asked one already. He's awfully nice. I wish he was just a shade or two lighter. I believe Tom really fancies—he's so dark—it isn't quite right with him.'

Isaac Pourtalès, lounging about that minute, watching for Rosina, whom he had come to talk with, saw Nora flit for a second past the open window of the passage, in her light and gauze-like evening dress, with open neck in front, and the flowers twined in her pretty hair; and he said to himself as he glanced up at her: 'De word ob de Lard say right, "Take captive de women!"'

At the same moment, Tom Dupuy, strolling idly on the lawn in the thickening twilight, caught sight of Pourtalès, and beckoned him towards him with an imperious finger. 'Come here,' he said; 'I want to talk with you, you nigger there.—You're Isaac Pourtalès, aren't you?—I thought so. Then come and tell me all you know about this confounded cousin of yours—this man Noel.'

Isaac Pourtalès, nothing loth, poured forth at once in Tom Dupuy's listening ear the whole story, so far as he knew it, of Lady Noel's antecedents in Barbadoes. While the two men, the white and the brown, were still conversing under the shade of the star-apple tree, Nora, who had come down to the drawing-room meanwhile, strolled out for a minute, beguiled by the cool air, on to the smoothly kept lawn in front of the drawing-room window. Tom saw her, and beckoned her to him with his finger, exactly as he had beckoned the tall mulatto. Nora gazed at the beckoning hand with the intensest disdain, and then turned away, as if perfectly unconscious of his ungainly gesture, to examine the tuberoses and great bell-shaped brugmansias of the garden border.

Tom walked up to her angrily and rudely. 'Didn't you see me calling you, miss?' he said in his harsh drawl, with no pretence of unnecessary politeness. 'Didn't you see I wanted to speak to you?'

'I saw you making signs to somebody with your hand, as if you took me for a servant,' Nora answered coldly; 'and not having been accustomed in England to be called in that way, I thought you must have made a mistake as to whom you were dealing with.'

Tom started and muttered an ugly oath. 'In England,' he repeated. 'Oh, ah, in England. West Indian gentlemen, it seems, aren't good enough for you, miss, since this fellow Noel has come out to make up to you. I suppose you don't happen to know that he's a West Indian too, and a precious queer sort of one into the bargain? I know you mean to marry him, miss; but all I can tell you is, your father and I are not going to permit it.'

'I don't wish to marry him,' Nora answered, flushing fiery red all over ('Him is pretty for true when him blush like dat,' Isaac Pourtalès said to himself from the shade of the star-apple tree). 'But if I did, I wouldn't listen to anything *you* might choose to say against him, Tom Dupuy; so that's plain speaking enough for you.'

Tom sneered. 'O no,' he said; 'I always knew you'd end by marrying a woolly-headed mulatto; and this man's one, I don't mind telling you. He's a brown man born; his mother, though she *is* Lady Noel—fine sort of a Lady, indeed—is nothing better than a Barbadoes brown girl; and he's own cousin to Isaac Pourtalès over yonder! He is, I swear to you.—Isaac, come here, sir!'

Nora gave a little suppressed scream of surprise and horror as the tall mulatto, in his ragged shirt, leering horribly, emerged unexpectedly, like a black spectre, from the shadows opposite.

'Isaac,' the young planter said with a malicious smile, 'who is this young man, I want to know, that calls himself *Mister* Noel?'

Isaac Pourtalès touched his slouching hat awkwardly as he answered, under his breath, with an ugly scowl: 'Him me own cousin, sah, an' me mudder cousin. Him an' me mudder is fam'ly long ago in ole Barbadoes.'

'There you are, Nora!' Tom Dupuy cried out to her triumphantly. 'You see what sort of person your fine English friend has turned out to be.'

'Tom Dupuy,' Nora cried in her wrath—but in her own heart she knew it wasn't true—'if you tell me this, trying to set me against Mr Noel, you've failed in your purpose, sir: what you say has no effect upon me. I do not care for him; you are quite mistaken about that; but if I did, I don't mind telling you, your wicked scheming would only make me like him all the better. Tom Dupuy, no real gentleman would ever try so to undermine another man's position.'

At that moment, Harry Noel, just descending to the drawing-room, strolled out to meet them on the lawn, quite unconscious of this little family altercation. Nora glanced hastily from Tom Dupuy, in his planter coat and high riding-boots, to Harry Noel, looking so tall and handsome in his evening dress, and couldn't help noticing in her own mind which of the two was the truest gentleman. 'Mr Noel,' she said, accepting his half-proffered arm with a natural and instinctively gracious movement, 'will you take me in to dinner? I see it's ready.'

Tom Dupuy, crest-fallen and astonished, followed after, and muttered to himself with deeper conviction than ever that he always knew that girl Nora would end in the longrun by marrying a confounded woolly-headed mulatto.

(To be continued.)

THE ASCENT OF CLOUDY MOUNTAIN, NEW GUINEA.

BY CAPTAIN CYPRIAN BRIDGE, R.N.

The Rev. James Chalmers—known all along the southern coast of New Guinea, throughout the original British protectorate in fact, as 'Ta-ma-té'—will always be held responsible for the first ascent of Cloudy Mountain. Taking advantage of the presence of Commodore Erskine's squadron at South Cape, he instilled into the minds of some of the officers a desire to get to the summit. With the persuasive eloquence of which his many friends know him to be a master, he expatiated on the honourable nature of the enterprise, dwelling on the fact that no white man had as yet attempted it. It is not wonderful that he excited considerable enthusiasm; nor is it, perhaps, wonderful that, as the climate is a moist one and as the warm tropical season was well advanced, some of the enthusiasm had greatly decreased

when the day for starting arrived. It was interesting to observe how many pressing engagements happened to prevent some of the more eager aspirants for alpine honours from attempting Cloudy Mountain, when the expedition was definitely determined on. One had arrears of correspondence to make up; another had promised to join a friend in a shooting excursion; whilst a third wisely took into consideration the fact of his being no longer young. It would have been well for at least one of the party that afterwards made the ascent if he also had remembered that the middle age is not the best time of life at which to try climbing almost precipitous elevations through trackless forests in the atmosphere of a hothouse.

On Friday, the 21st of November, the union-jack had been hoisted, and the British protectorate over the southern coast of New Guinea had been proclaimed with imposing ceremonies on Stacey Island, South Cape. Time, which is usually deficient when naval officers visit places from which interesting excursions can be made, did not allow of the start for the summit of the mountain being deferred till the following day. It was compulsory to get away as soon as possible after the ceremony. Mr Chalmers, whom no exertion can tire, made arrangements for collecting a body of native carriers. He advised each excursionist to take a change of clothes, a blanket, and enough food for twenty-four hours. By about eleven A.M. there were assembled at the village of Hanod, at the head of Bertha Lagoon, the following: Captain C. Bridge; Lieutenants R. N. Ommanney and M. Thomson; R. Millist, captain's steward, of H.M.S. *Espiègle;* Commander W. H. Henderson; Lieutenant T. C. Fenton; Mr Glaysher, engineer; Mr T. W. Stirling, midshipman; four blue-jackets, and one R.M. artilleryman of H.M.S. *Nelson;* Lieutenant John L. Marx, commanding H.M.S. *Swinger;* Sub-lieutenant A. Pearson, of H.M.S. *Dart;* and Mr Stuart of Sydney, New South Wales.

The tribes inhabiting the country about South Cape are of the dark race, and were cannibals, until their recent renunciation of the practice, under the influence of the missionaries. They are a much merrier and more talkative people than the non-cannibal light-coloured race, which dwells farther to the westward. The work of selecting carriers proceeded with much vociferation; the carriers themselves, their friends, and all the ladies of the village—in this part of New Guinea the influence of woman is great—considering it necessary to address lengthy speeches in a loud tone to the white strangers. That not one of these understood a sentence of what was being said to them, by no means discouraged the eloquence of the villagers. 'Ta-ma-té's' extraordinary faculty of influencing the natives in a cheery way soon introduced order into what looked very much like hopeless confusion. With the aid of the teacher Biga, who could speak both the Motu and the South Cape languages, he chose a sufficient number of carriers, appointed as guide an elderly native who professed to have been to the top of the mountain, and set about distributing the loads to be carried. The wages agreed upon were a small 'trade' knife and three sticks of tobacco, value in all about eightpence per man. Some biscuit and a little extra tobacco were given afterwards, to keep up the spirits of the party during the journey.

Though not much troubled with clothes, our new friends were, at all events relatively to the western tribes, decently clad. The women wear a becoming petticoat of leaves and fibre, coming down to the knee. They often put on several of these garments one above the other, the effect being much the same as that of a capacious crinoline. In New Guinea, the women are tattooed from forehead to ankles, occasionally in very elaborate patterns. The name Papua given to New Guinea is said to mean 'woolly-headed,' and the appellation has been well bestowed. The men of both races 'tease' their hair out into a prodigious mop. So do the girls. Married women cut theirs short. The bushy wig which many of the natives of this region seem to be wearing decidedly improves their appearance. When their hair is cut short, the similarity of their features to those of African negroes becomes more obvious. They are not tall; but they have well-shaped limbs, and many of them are sturdy fellows. The usual weight for a native carrier is twenty-five pounds. But, as the number of travellers likely to ascend Cloudy Mountain had greatly fallen off, we found ourselves with more carriers than we could supply loads for. The result was that some at all events had very light burdens. One man, for instance, carried an empty tin case for specimens of plants; another, a few sheets of blotting-paper between two thin pieces of board provided for the same purpose.

When officers land in the South Sea Islands, nicety of dress is not much attended to. A helmet or straw-hat, a shirt, a pair of flannel trousers, and boots or shoes more remarkable for utility than elegance, are found quite sufficient. In a moist hot climate, the less clothing the better; and in countries in which there are no roads, not many paths, and where, as a rule, progress is only possible through thick forest and over muddy ground, the fewer garments worn, the fewer there are to be cleaned at the end of an excursion.

For the first half-hour after leaving the village on Bertha Lagoon, the way ran across a mangrove swamp of soft mud, interspersed with pools of black-looking water, and studded with the peculiar and aggravating knobs that the roots of the mangrove bush delight to form. It was worth while to note the care with which most of the excursionists began to pick their way; some even evinced a desire not to wet their boots. To keep the nether garments clean was clearly in general considered an object worth trying for. But after a few rapid and involuntary descents from slippery logs, seductively resembling bridges, placed across the most forbidding sloughs, a determination to push on straight and discontinue efforts to circumvent puddles, became universally apparent. When the swamp had been left behind some distance, our carriers, who belonged to a humorous race, kindly informed us, through the interpreters—their faces beaming with delight as the information was imparted—that they could have taken us by a route which would have avoided it altogether. This statement was proved to be true on our return, as some of the party escaped traversing the swamp

a second time by taking a path which led to the westward of it, and others descended in canoes the lower part of a river that discharges itself into the lagoon. When asked why they had not let us know of the existence of a more agreeable road, our native friends made the unanswerable reply, that none of our party had suggested to them any wish to avoid the mangroves.

For an hour we had now to move along through a well-timbered country, occasionally passing small cultivated patches, where yams, bananas, and taro were grown. The path in most places was not difficult; but it lost itself from time to time in a stream of clear water, whose frequent rapids showed that we had begun to ascend. Repeated wadings had at all events the advantage of removing all traces of our passage across the swamp. The scenery was highly picturesque, especially at some of the reaches of the little river. The pebbly banks were crowned with a rich vegetation; the number and variety of the trees and shrubs—amongst which the wild plantain, palms of various kinds, and the pandanus were conspicuous—were at least as great as in most tropical lands. Glimpses of lofty wooded heights were frequently obtained. A few tuneful birds were heard, and we saw some azure-hued kingfishers. But, as a rule, particularly as the lower country was left, the music of the woods was monopolised by screeching white cockatoos. The scene was greatly enlivened by the number and beauty of the butterflies which flitted amongst the bushes. One of our party had provided himself with a net; and, though occasional bad shots at some peculiarly nimble *lepidoptera* were made, his 'bag' turned out a very good one. On a broad stretch of gravel and pebbles by the side of the water, towards one o'clock, a halt was made for luncheon. The spot was fairly shady, and the heat, considering our position, was not excessive. A biscuit or two was handed to the carriers, and—what delighted them still more—a few small fragments of tobacco. The New Guinea fashion of smoking is peculiar. The pipe is a bamboo tube about two feet long and two inches in diameter, with one end closed. Near this end, a small hole like the mouth-hole of a flute is made, and in it a piece of leaf, twisted into a pointed cup or 'horn' containing a little tobacco, is inserted. Applying a light to the tobacco, the smoker sucks vigorously at the open end of the tube; when this is filled with smoke, he puts his lips to the small hole and takes several 'draws,' after which the tobacco has to be replenished and the pipe relighted. Politeness flourishes throughout the south-western Pacific Isles; even the naked cannibals of New Britain exhibit to friends that true courtesy which consists in doing as one would be done by. The New Guinean who lights the pipe, when he has filled it with smoke, usually hands it to some one else to have the first whiff. On the present occasion, the pipe was offered first to the white man, to whom, so long as he behaves to them becomingly, Pacific Island natives are almost invariably polite.

The lateness of our start rendered any but a short halt impossible, so the repast was a hasty one. The increasing steepness showed that we had begun the ascent in earnest. A path there certainly was, but, as a rule, it was not easily discerned amid the thick growth of tropical shrubs. As far as the density of the forest would allow us to examine the country to any distance, we appeared to be mounting the ridge of a spur of the main mountain mass. A deep valley lay on either hand, at the bottom of which we could hear the rumbling of a stream. The number of cockatoos increased as we got higher, and some were shot for culinary purposes subsequently. We saw some handsome pigeons, and at least one small flight of the large beaked bird called toucan, though probably it differs from the South American bird to which that name rightly belongs. Ignorance of ornithology made some of us doubt if it were the hornbill or *hauroo*, one of which we heard afterwards overhead puffing like a locomotive, on our way down. The profusion of ferns, palms, orchids, and flowering shrubs was striking. The ascent was really a climb, as the hands had to be used nearly as much as the feet. At one or two points, the face of a steep water-worn rock had to be scaled. Frequent short halts became absolutely necessary; and the head of our long and straggling line of white men and carriers usually resumed the work of ascending as the rear reached the point at which the former had rested. When the afternoon had well advanced—the only watch in the company having been broken at a specially stiff bit of climbing, the exact time could not be told—we had reached a comparatively open space, which our guide declared to be the summit. The impossibility of this being so was demonstrated by the appearance of the true summit, of which a temporary break in the clouds usually hiding it, now permitted a glimpse. Our guide thereupon asserted that it was the only summit which he knew; that no native of the country had ever attempted to mount higher; and that, anyhow, no path was to be found farther on. These assertions were probably true. The correctness at least of the last was soon established beyond the chance of doubt; subsequent progress disclosed the fact that the path, which for the last hour had been scarcely visible by the naked eye, ceased altogether.

When the rear of the line came up, these questions were being debated: Should arrangements be made for camping for the night on the spot then occupied? or should a further attempt to reach the summit be made? Lieutenant Fenton and Mr Stirling settled the matter as far as they were concerned by pushing on with the determination of crowning the mountain by themselves, if no one else cared to follow them. 'Ta-ma-té' reviewed the situation in a short and fitting address, which closed with a reminder that not even a native, it was now proved, had ever got to the top. This was enough to prevent any flagging of the enthusiasm necessary to carry the travellers higher. Even the oldest member of the party, who had already begun to doubt the wisdom of joining in such an enterprise by one who had years ago qualified as a member of the 'senior' United Service Club, unhesitatingly gave his vote for a continuance of the ascent and for the conquest of the virgin height.

It had been held that the previous part of the journey had afforded instances of some rather

pretty climbing. It was child's play to what followed. Path there was none; the vegetation became if possible denser; and the only practicable line of advance ran along the edge of a ridge nearly as 'sharp and perilous' as the bridge leading to the Mohammedan Paradise. This ridge was so steep that, thickly clothed as it was with trees, shrubs, and creepers, it was frequently impossible to advance without pulling one's self up by one's hands. In selecting something to lay hold of to effect this, great care had to be exercised. The 'lawyer' palm, which sends out trailing shoots admirably adapted to the purpose of tripping up the unwary, is studded with thorns in the very part where it is most natural for a climber requiring its aid to seize it. In the most difficult places, there flourished an especially exasperating variety of pandanus. This tree has many uses, and in this instance it seemed to have been purposely placed just where it might best help the ascending traveller. The pyramid of stalks or aërial roots, which unite several feet above the surface of the soil to form the trunk, always looked so inviting to those in want of a 'lift,' that no experience was sufficient to prevent repeated recourse to its assistance. Unhappily, each stalk of a diameter convenient for grasping by the hand was studded with sharp prickles, almost invariably hidden by a coating of deliciously soft moss. It was not until the weight of the body was thrown on the hand encircling one of these deceptive stalks, that the situation was fully realised. In the absence of a path, it was of some advantage to keep amongst the rearward members of the party. A few persons in front quickly made a trail, which was not very often lost, particularly when the leaders had had the forethought to break branches off adjacent shrubs, so that the fractures served as guideposts to those following. The great steepness of the sides of the spur on the ridge of which was the line of advance, rendered it most desirable not to stray from the path, as serious injury, if not complete destruction, would in such case have been inevitable. Sometimes a climber dislodged a stone that went crashing amongst the thick growth with which the precipitous sides were covered, downwards for hundreds of feet, till the noise of its fall died away in the distance.

Clouds were collecting about the mountain, and the sun was about to set, when at length the whole party stood upon the summit. There was a comparatively level space, perhaps thirty feet square, thickly overgrown with trees and shrubs. The moist heat on the way up had been great enough to render every one's clothes dripping wet, even had not occasional thick mists drenched our scanty garments. It was so late that no time was to be lost in making arrangements for spending the night on the top of the mountain. Tomahawks were brought into requisition, and several trees were felled and laid one on another along two sides of a small square, thus forming a low wall, under shelter of which a bivouac might be formed. Many showers had fallen on the higher parts of the mountain during the day, and so general was the humidity that it was difficult to light a fire. When this was at length accomplished, a meal was prepared, and soon despatched. The kindling of a fire incited the native carriers to do the same on every available spot, amongst others at a point dead to windward of the bivouac, to the grievous annoyance of the travellers' eyes, till a more suitable place was substituted.

With leaves and twigs plentifully strewed under the lee of the felled logs, the white men had managed to get themselves 'littered down' for the night. The small rain which had been falling nearly ever since the summit had been reached, turned into sharp showers, and showed symptoms of continuing. The supply of water was found to be very short, as, trusting to the statements of the natives before it was ascertained that their knowledge of the country did not extend beyond the termination of the path, it was thought unnecessary to carry a large supply to the end of the journey, where, it was anticipated, it would be found in abundance. The prospect for the night was not cheering. Those who had brought a change of clothing now put it on in place of the dripping garments hitherto worn, and rolling themselves in their blankets, lay down to sleep, or to try to sleep. Many things conspired to prevent slumber. It was soon discovered that some of the party had no blanket. Mr Chalmers at once set himself to rectify this, and did so in characteristic fashion. He borrowed a knife, and, cutting his own blanket in two, insisted upon its being accepted by a companion who had none. It is related of one of the several Saints Martin—on board men-of-war, we cannot be expected to be very familiar with the hagiology, so it will be well not to attempt to specify which of them it was—that seeing a beggar in want of a cloak, he gave him his own. Now, seriously, without in the least desiring to disparage the charity of the saint, it may be pointed out that beggars are usually met with in the streets of towns, and that to give away a cloak therein is at the best not more meritorious than giving to a companion half of your only blanket at the beginning of a rainy night on the summit of a distant mountain. But this was not all. It was decided that the best protection against rain would be the erection of some sort of tent. 'Ta-ma-té' was soon employed in helping to construct this shelter, and in spite of all opposition, persisted in contributing the remaining portion of his blanket to form the roof.

Contenting himself with as much of a companion's blanket as could be spared to him, he made himself, as he protested, extremely comfortable; and that all might be as merry as possible, started a musical entertainment by favouring the company with *Auld Langsyne*. His jollity was contagious. There was a succession of songs. When these had been concluded with a 'fore-bitter' of formidable length on the death of Lord Nelson by a seaman of H.M.S. *Nelson* gifted with a fine voice, the natives were invited to take up the singing. They complied without much hesitation. They sang in a low and rather plaintive tone, with a curious deep *tremolo* uttered from time to time in unison. At length, as some began to grow sleepy, Mr Chalmers asked for silence, so that the teacher Riga might be able to conduct the evening devotions. This he did in an extempore prayer, attentively

followed by the natives, and, if not understood, at all events reverently listened to, by the white men. To one at least of the latter, sleep was impossible. Fatigue must be indeed overwhelming which will enable one to slumber when, in the midst of the only available sleeping-place, a point of rock is so situated that it almost forces a passage between the ribs. Luckily, there were no mosquitoes or other voracious insects. But there was an unpleasant many-legged black slug four or five inches long which evinced an unconquerable predilection for crawling over the naked human body. It was far from pleasant to find this animal just effecting a passage between the neckband of the shirt and the skin, or trying to coil itself round the ear of the side which happened to be uppermost. A careful member of our party, before lying down, had stretched a line between two trees, and on it had hung his wet clothes. Looking about him in the night, he discovered that the clothes had disappeared, and his announcement of this discovery elicited from a companion the intelligence that the natives were wearing them. This statement, so to speak, brought down the house. The natives heartily joined in the hilarious applause with which it was received. The same reception was extended to occasional ejaculations from other companions of the bivouac, such as, 'By Jove! there's a native with my shirt on!' Subsequent reflections convinced the owners that it was fortunate that the temporary borrowing of their clothes by their native friends had been looked upon as part of the fun of the excursion. Had any one been so ill-conditioned as to maltreat or scold the merry, intelligent carriers, they would, almost to a certainty, have stolen away in the night, and have left the white men to get themselves and their things home as best they could. One native gentleman displayed so much ingenuity in the mode of wearing one of the more unmentionable garments, which he somehow or other succeeded in converting into a kind of sleeved waistcoat, that the appreciative owner made him a present of it. The new possessor had a proper pride in this acquisition, and wore it in his village after the descent; indeed, he had the honour of being introduced to the commodore whilst clad in it.

'Ta-ma-té,' who, with universal assent, had established a genial despotism over the bivouac, issued a decree that every one should make a joke, and that the joke adjudged the best should be sent to a newspaper for publication. Either this was trying the loyalty of his contented subjects too severely, or the labour of incubating jokes was too great for wearied mountaineers, for, after one or two feeble endeavours to comply with his edict, a general silence fell upon the company.

In the morning, after a not absolutely perfect night's rest, deficiency of water rendered abstaining from even an attempt at breakfast compulsory. There was little, therefore, to delay the ceremony of hoisting the union-jack—providently brought for the purpose by Lieutenant Fenton—upon the newly crowned summit. A suitable tree was cut down and lopped; the flag was secured to it; and a hole having been dug in which to insert it, the flagstaff was reared amidst a very good imitation of three cheers from the natives, and the real thing from the white men. The descent then began; and much of it was effected by a different route from that of the ascent. Orchids, ferns, and other plants were collected on the way. Sore hands, barked shins, added to want of sleep and to a long fast, made the descent seem to some even more fatiguing than the climb of the day before. The interval before water was reached appeared excessive, and before a halt could be made for breakfast, interminable. By two P.M. the travellers were back on board their ships, proud of the distinction of being the first to ascend a mountain summit in Eastern New Guinea.

TREASURE TROVE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

Upon Jasper Rodley's entrance into the house, Bertha had retired to her own room, pleading that she was suffering from the excitement, the fatigue, and the exposure she had undergone; but she could hear a conversation kept up in the dining-room until a late hour, and instinctively felt that Rodley had not come again without a reason. To her surprise, the next morning she found that both her father and his visitor were already downstairs, Jasper Rodley looking out of the window and whistling to himself, the captain with evident agitation marked on his movements and face.

'Bertha,' he said, without even giving her the usual morning greeting, 'Mr Rodley has come here especially to say that from information he has received, it will be necessary for you at once to decide what course you intend to adopt. There is a chance, he says, that the great evil hanging over our heads may be averted, but it depends upon your answer.'

'Mr Rodley must give me until this evening to think over the matter. I am going into Saint Quinians, if possible to see Harry—that is, Mr Symonds, for even Mr Rodley will admit that plighted troths are not to be broken in this abrupt manner. I shall be home before dark.'

'Then I will see you on your road,' said Rodley, 'as I am going into the town.'

'You need not trouble,' said Bertha. 'The road is quite familiar to me, and I have no fear of being molested.' Then, without waiting to hear whether Jasper Rodley objected or not to the arrangement, she left the house.

In exactly an hour's time, she walked into the town. At the old gate she was confronted by rather a pretty girl, who laid a hand gently on her arm, and said: 'You are Miss West, I believe?'

Bertha replied in the affirmative.

'You are in an unhappy and terrible position, and you have very little time to spare, I think?' added the girl.

Bertha looked at her wonderingly, for she could not recall ever having seen her before.

'I mean,' explained the girl, who observed that Bertha was surprised at this acquaintance on the part of a stranger with her affairs—'I mean with regard to that man, Jasper Rodley.—Yes, I know all about it; and I want, not only to be your friend, but to see that evil-doing meets with its just reward.'

The girl was poorly dressed; but her accent and mode of expression were those of an educated woman, and, moreover, she had such a thin, sorrow-lined face, that Bertha felt she could trust her.

'Let me be with you to-day,' continued the girl, 'and you may thank me for it some day. I have long wanted to see you, and have waited here for you often. Never mind who I am—that you shall find out later.'

'Very well,' said Bertha, who naturally clung to the friendship of one of her own sex. 'I am going to see Mr Symonds—my betrothed.'

'The gentleman who was obliged to leave Faraday's Bank, four years ago; yes, I remember,' said the girl.

They crossed the market-place together, and were soon at Harry Symonds' lodgings. The servant, in reply to Bertha's inquiries, said that the young man was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, but that the doctor had ordered him to keep perfectly quiet and to be free from all excitement. So Bertha wrote him a note describing all that had taken place, and begging for an immediate answer. In the course of twenty minutes, the servant handed her a piece of paper, on which was scrawled as follows:

MY DEAREST LOVE—This is written with my left hand, as my right is yet in a sling. I wish I could say all that I want to; but as every moment is of value to you, I will simply keep to business. Take a postchaise home; get the money out of the cavern, and send it here. John Sargent the fisherman is to be trusted; let him come back with it in the postchaise. I will return it to the bank, making up out of my savings whatever difference there is from the original amount stolen. Lose no time, my darling, and God bless you!—Ever your affectionate HARRY.

Bertha and the girl hurried away; and just as they entered the *Dolphin Inn* to order the chaise, they espied Jasper Rodley entering the town watchhouse, the local headquarters of the civil force which in those days performed, or rather was supposed to perform, the duties of our modern constabulary.

'Miss West,' said the girl, 'I had better remain in the town for the present. At what hour to-day is Jasper Rodley coming to your house?'

'I said I would be home by dark. He will be there before then, to receive my final answer.'

'Very well, then; I will be there about that time,' continued the girl.

'Will you not even tell me your name?' asked Bertha.

'Yes. My name is Patience Crowell. Till to-night, good-bye. Keep up your spirits; all will end well.'

In a few minutes the postchaise was ready, and in order to escape the notice of Jasper Rodley, was driven round to the town gate, where Bertha jumped in. She stopped at John Sargent's cottage, and mentioned her errand.

'Why,' said the old fisherman, 'I'm too glad to do anythin' for Master Symonds. He saved my life once at Saint Quinians' jetty, and I've never had no chance of doin' suthin' for him in return like.—Come along, miss; if it's to the end of the world, come along!'

As Jasper Rodley might pass by at any moment, Bertha thought it best to keep the chaise out of sight, whilst she and the fisherman, provided with a large net-basket, proceeded to the cliffs. In half an hour's time the bags of coin were safely stowed away in the postchaise; John Sargent jumped in, the chaise rattled off; and Bertha, with a light heart and a heightened colour, returned home.

The captain was stumping up and down the little gravelled space in his garden, which from the presence there of half-a-dozen old cannon and a flagstaff, he delighted to call the Battery. When he beheld Bertha, he welcomed her with a sad smile, and putting her arm in his, said: 'Bertha, lass, I've been thinking over this business ever since you went away this morning, and the more I've thought about it, the more I've called myself a mean, cowardly, selfish old fool.'

'Why, father?'

'Because, look here. I've been telling you to make yourself miserable for life by marrying a man you despise and dislike, just so that I may get off the punishment that's due to me. I'm an old man, and in the ordinary course of things, I can't have many years before me. You're a girl with all your life before you, and yet I'm wicked enough to tell you to give up all your long life so that my few years shouldn't be disturbed.'

'But father'—— began Bertha.

'Let me speak!' interposed the old man. 'I've been doing a wicked thing all these four years; but I know what's right. When this man asks you to be his wife to-night, you say "No;" mind, you say "No." If you don't, I will; and you won't marry without my permission.'

'Dear father, you leave it to me. I do not promise anything except that by no act of mine shall one hair of your head be touched.—Let us talk of other things, for Jasper Rodley will be here soon.'

So they walked up and down until the sun began to sink behind the hills inland and the air grew chilly. They had scarcely got into the house, when Jasper Rodley appeared. He bowed formally to Bertha, and offered his hand to the captain, which was declined. 'Miss West,' he said, 'I think I have given you fair time for decision. I have not been so exacting as circumstances justified.'

Bertha said nothing in reply, but sat in a chair by the window, and looked out on the sea as if nothing unusual was taking place.

So Jasper Rodley continued: 'I will speak then at once, and to the point. Miss West, will you accept me for your husband?'

'No, I will not,' replied Bertha, in a low, firm voice.

Mr Rodley was evidently unprepared for this, and looked at her with open mouth. 'That is your final answer?' he asked, after a pause. 'You are prepared to see your father, whom you love so dearly, taken from here in custody to be brought up as a common felon?'

'Yes. That is, Mr Rodley, if you can prove anything against him. Of what do you accuse him?'

'I accuse him of having lived during the past four years upon money which was not his, but which was stolen from Faraday's Bank in Saint Quinians, which was taken off in a vessel called the *Fancy Lass*, the said vessel being wrecked off this coast.'

'Very well,' continued Bertha. 'What is your proof that he knows anything about this money?'

'One moment before I answer that. You refuse to marry me if I can bring no proof. You will marry me if I do?'

'Show me the proof first,' answered Bertha.

'You must follow me, then.'

'Not alone.—Father, you must come with me.'

So the trio proceeded out into the dusk, and, conducted by Jasper Rodley, followed the path leading to the cliffs. Bertha observed that they were followed at a little distance by a man closely enveloped in a long coat, and as they ascended the ledge of rock communicating with the shore, noticed two other figures—those of a man and a woman—watching them.

'It's a very nice little hiding-place,' remarked Rodley, when they arrived at the bushes—'a very nice little hiding-place, and it seems almost a pity to make it public property; but a proof is demanded, and sentimental feelings must give way.' He smiled as he said this, and kicked the bush aside with his feet, thus uncovering the cavern entrance. They entered the hole, which was now quite dark; but Rodley had come prepared, and struck a light. He then rolled away the stone, and without looking himself, gave Bertha the light and bade her satisfy her doubts.

'There is nothing here,' she said.

'Nothing!' exclaimed Rodley, taking the light from her hand and examining the cavity. 'Why!—Gracious powers! no more there is! There has been robbery! Some one has been here and has sacked the bank!' His face was positively ghastly in the weird light as he said this, and under his breath he continued a fire of horrible execrations.

'Well, Mr Rodley,' said Bertha, smiling, 'and the proof?'

Rodley did not answer, but moved as if to leave the cavern, when a woman's figure confronted him at the entrance, and a ringing voice said: 'Proof! No! He has no proof!'

Rodley staggered back with a cry of rage and surprise. 'Patience! Why—how have you got here? I left you at Yarmouth!—Ha! I see it all now!'

'Yes,' cried the girl, 'of course you do. I gave you fair warning, when I found out that you were beginning to forsake me for another; but not until after I had begged and entreated you, with tears in my eyes, to remember the solemn protestations of love you had made me, and the solemn troth which we had plighted together.'

'Let me go!' roared Rodley; 'you're mad!'

'No, no—not so fast!' cried the girl. She made a signal to some one without, and a man entered.

'Jasper Rodley,' continued Patience, 'this constable has a warrant for your apprehension on the charge of having been concerned in the bank robbery four years ago.—Yes, you may look fiercely at me. I swore that the secret in my keeping should never be divulged. I loved you so much, that I was ready even to marry a thief. But as you have broken your faith with me, I consider myself free of all obligations.—Captain West, it was this man who planned the robbery, who had the coin conveyed to his boat, the *Fancy Lass*, and who alone was saved from the wreck.'

Rodley made a desperate rush for the cave entrance; but the constable held him fast, and took him off.

'There, Miss West!' cried the girl; 'I have done my duty, and I have satisfied my revenge. My mission is accomplished. Good-bye, and all happiness be with you.' And before Bertha could stop her, she had disappeared.

Jasper Rodley was convicted on the charge of robbery, and received a heavy sentence, which he did not live to fulfil. Harry Symonds paid in to the bank the entire sum stolen, the authorities of which offered him immediately the position of manager, which he declined. He and Bertha were married shortly afterwards; but they could not induce the old captain to move to the house they had taken, for he could not get over the shame of the exposure, and declared that he was only fit for the hermit life he had chosen; but no one outside the little circle ever knew that he had been indirectly concerned in the robbery; and neither Harry nor Bertha alluded to it after.

Of Patience Crowell, who had so opportunely appeared on the scene, nothing was ever known.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Dr Gustav Jaeger, whose sanitary clothing reform made some little stir a year or two back, seeks to apply the principle involved in his theory to furniture. This theory teaches that cotton, linen, and other stuffs of vegetable origin retain a power of absorbing those noxious animal exhalations which as plants they digest. Dead fibre, or wood, will, he maintains, act in the same manner, and will throw off the deleterious matter, to the prejudice of living beings, whenever there is a change of temperature. This, he holds, is the reason why a room which has been shut up for some days has an unpleasant odour attaching to it, and which is very apparent in German government offices, which are fitted with innumerable shelves and pigeon-holes made of plain unpainted wood. For sanitary reasons, therefore, the back and unseen parts of furniture should be varnished, painted, or treated with some kind of composition, to fill the pores of the wood; hence it is that so-called sanitary furniture has in Germany become an article of commerce, and is likely to find its way to this and other countries.

Such large quantities of ice are now made by various artificial processes, that ice is no longer a luxury which can only be procured by the rich, but is an article of commerce which can be purchased at a very low price in all large towns in the kingdom. It is not generally known that the artificial product is far purer than natural ice, but such, according to M. Bischoff of Berlin,

who has made a scientific analysis of specimens, is the case.

All honest persons rejoice greatly when a notorious evil-doer is run to earth, and much the same satisfaction is experienced when science points with unerring finger to the source of disease, for then the first step has been taken in its eradication. Many, therefore, will rejoice when they read the recently issued Report of Mr W. H. Power, the Inspector of the Local Government Board, concerning an epidemic of scarlatina which occurred in London last year. The story is most interesting, but too long to quote in full. Suffice it to say that the disease in question has, after the most painstaking inquiries, been traced to the milk given by certain cows which were affected with a skin disease showing itself in the region of the teats and udders. We know to our cost that certain diseases can be transferred from the lower animals to man. 'Woolsorters' disease' is traced to the same germ which produces splenic fever in cattle and sheep, a malady which has been so ably dealt with by M. Pasteur. The terrible glanders in horses is transferable to man. Jenner was led to the splendid discovery of vaccination from observing the effects of cowpox on milkmaids; and now we have scarlatina traced directly to the cowhouse. Dr Klein, the famous pathologist, has been engaged to report upon this new revelation concerning milk, and we may reasonably hope that his researches will bear fruitful results.

A new method of etching on glass has been devised. The ink is of a waxy composition, and requires to be heated to render it fluid. It is applied to the glass with a special form of pen, which can be kept in a hot condition by a gas or electrical attachment. When the drawing is complete, the plate is etched by fluoric acid, which of course only attacks and dissolves those portions not covered by the protective ink. The result is a drawing in raised lines, which can be made to furnish an electrotype, or can, if required, be used direct as a block to print from.

Springs in mid-ocean are not unknown, and, if we remember rightly, there is more than one of the kind at which ships have endeavoured to renew their stores of fresh water. But an ocean oil-well is certainly a rarity. The captain of a British schooner reports that in March last, while bound for New Orleans, his vessel passed over a submarine spring of petroleum, which bubbled up all round the ship, and extended over the surface of the sea for some hundred yards. It seems to be a moot-point whether this phenomenon is a mere freak of nature, or whether it is caused by the sunken cargo of some ill-fated oil-ship. In the latter case, the gradual leakage of casks would account for the strange appearance.

Inventors of gas apparatus should note that the municipal authorities of Brussels have decided upon holding a competition, with a view to ascertain the best means of using gas for heating and cooking purposes. A large sum is to be offered in prizes to the successful competitors. Apparatus for trial must be forwarded not later than September next, and all particulars regarding the matter may be obtained from the chief engineer, M. Wybauw, Rue de l'Etuve, Brussels.

In the island of Skye, large deposits of the very useful mineral called diatomite have recently been found. Under the German name of *kieselguhr*, this absorbent earth has been extensively used in the manufacture of dynamite, which consists of nitro-glycerine rendered more safe for handling by admixture with this porous body. It is also used as a non-conducting compound for coating the exterior of steam-pipes and boilers, as a siliceous glaze for pottery, for the manufacture of silicate paints, and for many minor purposes. In this particular deposit the varieties of diatoms are singularly few, only sixteen species of these wonderful microscopic organisms being represented. The deposit is estimated to yield a total of between one and two hundred tons.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr A. B. Griffiths read a most instructive paper on 'The Effect of Ferrous Sulphate in destroying the Spores of Parasitic Fungi.' The value of this salt—the common 'green vitriol' of commerce—as a plant-food has long ago been established; but Dr Griffiths points out the important antiseptic property it possesses in destroying certain low forms of plant-life. As a preventive of potato disease, it is most effectual, although the spores of that fungus possess such vitality that they may be kept as dry dust for eight months without losing their power for mischief. Dr Griffiths also notes that in damp warm weather, the potato disease is actually encouraged by the use of potash manures. He advocates the treatment of manure with a weak solution of the iron salt before its application to the land. Wheat when treated with the sulphate is rendered proof against mildew.

A clever method of damascening metals by electrolysis is described in a French technical journal. The process consists of two distinct operations, and is based on the well-known fact, that when two copper plates are hung in a bath of sulphate of copper and connected with the opposite poles of a battery, a transfer of metal from one to the other will take place. In the case before us, a copper plate is covered with a thin layer of insulating material, as in the etching process, and this is drawn upon with an etching needle so as to lay bare the metal beneath. This is now submitted to the action of the electric current, so that the metal is eaten away to a certain depth in the exposed parts. The plate is next washed with acid, to remove all traces of oxide of copper in the bitten-in lines, and is then transferred to another bath by which metallic silver or nickel is deposited in the etched parts, with the result that the sunk lines are ultimately completely filled with the new metal. When the plate is relieved of its waxy coating and is polished, it is impossible to say whether or not the beautiful inlaid appearance has been produced by a mechanical process or by skilled handiwork.

Two remarkable finds of old coins have lately occurred—one at Milverton, a suburb of Leamington; and the other at Aberdeen. In the first case, some labourers were digging foundations, when they found a Roman amphora, which they immediately smashed to ascertain its contents. It contained nearly three hundred coins in silver and copper. These were of very early date, and

put in the ground. A few years ago, such wheat was commonly sold as a curiosity; and we believe that many purchasers succeeded in raising a small crop from it. Professor Bentley, who has recently commenced a series of lectures on the Physiology of Plants, asserts most emphatically that no grains which with certainty have been identified as contemporaneous with the deposit of the mummified corpse, have ever come to life. In cases where the so-called mummy wheat has germinated, it has been introduced into the coffin shortly before, or at the time of discovery of the body. Professor Bentley does not name a limit to the time during which seeds retain their vitality, but he says that very few will germinate after being three years old.

Dr Kosmann of Breslau has designed a safety cartridge for use in fiery mines, but it has not yet passed the ordeal of practical employment. It depends for its efficiency upon the sudden evolution of a large volume of hydrogen gas, which is brought about by the action of dilute acid upon finely divided zinc. The 'cartridge' consists of a glass cylinder pinched into a narrow tube at the centre, so that interiorly it is divided into two compartments. One of these contains the powdered zinc, and the other the dilute acid, the passage between them being closed by a rubber cork. The borehole into which it is inserted is first of all made gas-tight by a lining of clay; then the cartridge is put in position, with an iron rod in connection with it so placed that, when struck with a hammer from the outside of the hole, it will drive in the rubber cork, and so bring the acid into contact with the zinc. We shall be interested to hear how the method answers in practice.

JACK, THE BUSHRANGER.

AN AUSTRALIAN REMINISCENCE.

READING in your *Journal* (writes a correspondent) an article headed, 'A Bushranger Interviewed,' recalls to my memory a strange incident which occurred some years ago to my own brother, when on his way from Sydney to the gold-fields, and for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

At the time of his arrival in Australia, the country was in a state of panic: a reign of terror existed, caused by the daring outrages committed on parties on the journey to and from the diggings. Robbery with violence, escorts shot down, and large consignments of gold carried off, were of daily occurrence. The bush was infested by a gang of desperate bushrangers, whose leader, under the cognomen of 'Jack,' seemed to bear a charmed life. For years he had evaded all the efforts made to capture him, though the military scoured the bush. No sooner was an outrage perpetrated, than all trace of the perpetrators was lost, as if the ground had swallowed them. He had a perfect knowledge of the most secret movements of the parties he attacked. He seemed ubiquitous, outrages occurring in such rapid succession and far apart. Such an air of mystery hung about him, that a superstitious feeling mingled with the moral terror he inspired. He was represented by some persons who had seen him, as a fine powerful-lo[illegible] Skye, large deposits of the bidding in his appear[illegible]alled diatomite have recently

Even the mad t[illegible] the German name of induce the bravest [illegible]ent earth has been exten- journey alone. The [illegible] manufacture of dynamite, large cavalcades, well [illegible]ro-glycerine rendered more fight for their lives a[illegible] admixture with this porous parties my brother [illegible]as a non-conducting com- handsome young fellow, all [illegible] of steam-pipes adventure, and he soon became a general favourite. The 'track'—for there were no roads at that time—ran for the greater distance through the bush, some parts of which were so dense as scarcely to admit daylight. Every man was well armed. My brother had brought with him a first-class revolver, purchased in London. This he kept with other valuables carefully hidden on his person, his other belongings being stowed away in one of the wagons. When they bivouacked for the night, care was taken that it should be in an open space, where a good look-out could be kept, to make sure against a sudden surprise. The wagons were placed in the middle, sentries posted, and scouts placed so that the flight of a bird or the fall of a leaf could not pass unnoticed. All were on the *qui vive*. For some days all went well, nothing unusual or alarming occurring. They were then well into the bush, and consequently, if possible more vigilant, believing that even a mouse could not intrude itself amongst them.

One morning it was found that, during the night, they had been, spite of all their vigilance, mysteriously and unaccountably joined by a stranger, who stood in their midst as if one of themselves. No one could imagine how or whence he came, and utter astonishment prevailed. He was a fine portly man, from thirty-five to forty years of age, with an open, prepossessing countenance and good address—one who, under other circumstances, would have been looked upon as an acquisition to the party. Not in the least taken aback or abashed by the scant welcome he received or the undisguised surprise his presence created, he came forward boldly, and told a most plausible story, to the effect that he was a stranger making his way to the gold-fields, that, notwithstanding the stories he had heard in Sydney of 'Jack' and his comrades, he had ventured so far alone; but as he got farther into the bush he lost heart, and determined to join the first party he met.

It looked strange that he had no luggage of any kind, not even provisions, or anything to indicate that he was bound for a long journey. He made no attempt to account for his mysterious appearance, entered into the arrangements of the cavalcade, and made himself quite at home. Every man amongst them, with the exception of my brother, believed that no one but 'Jack' himself could have so taken them by surprise, the general belief being, that it could only be from personal experience the terrible bushranger derived the perfect knowledge he displayed when making his raids.

The party agreed that the wisest course would be to await the progress of events, watch his every movement, and let him see that they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, if driven to do so.

The stranger seemed to have an unlimited